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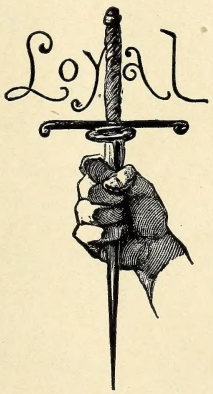
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New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 20

March, 1899 — August, 1899



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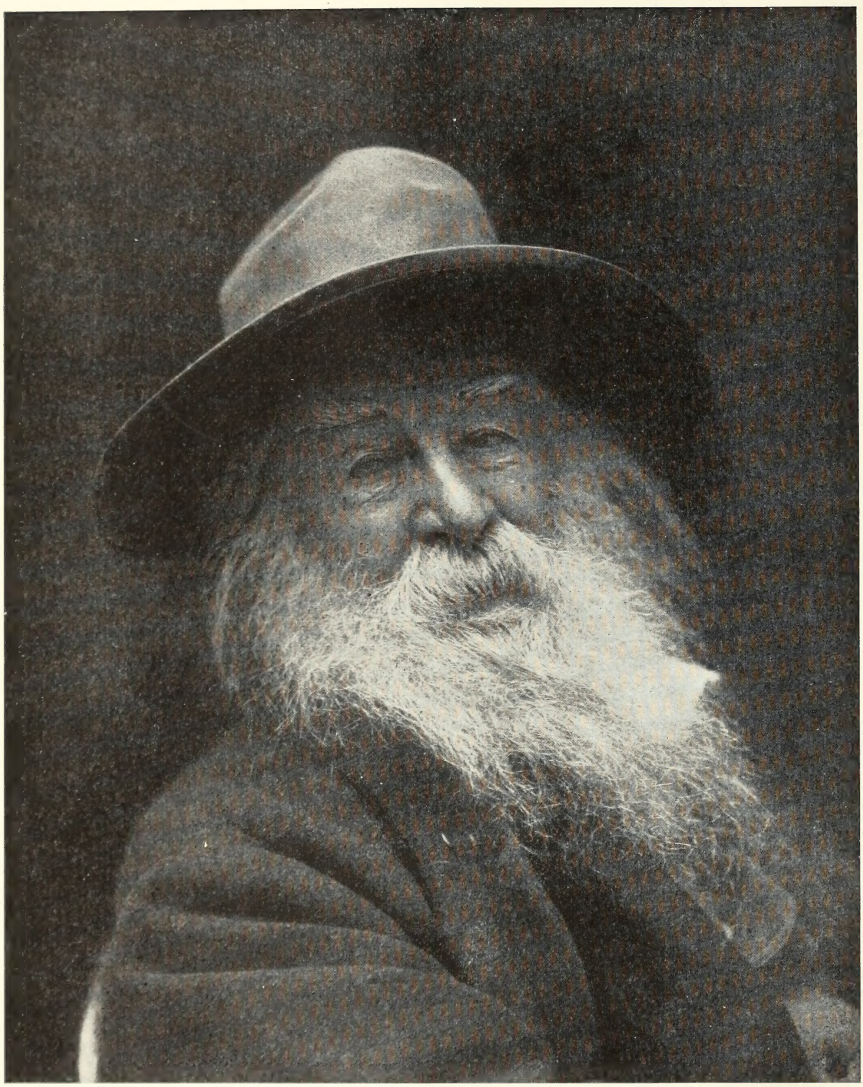
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Walt Whitman
Sept: '87

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. MARCH, 1899. VOL. XX. NO. 1.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY OF SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Walter Gilman Page.

IT was in grateful memory of the founders of the republic and in sympathy with the revival of interest in our country's history marking the period of the centennial of our independence, that the Society of the Sons of the Revolution was formed. Instituted on the birthday of Washington, February 22, 1876,—the original roll of membership being preserved in the library of the New York Historical Society,—the association took fuller and firmer shape on the centennial celebration of the anniversary of the formal evacuation of New York by the British, December 3, 1883. It was incorporated as a society of the state of New York, May 3, 1884. Numbers were attracted to an organization so patriotic in its object and rapidly becoming so popular; and, with added numbers, there arose in the minds of many descendants of Revolutionary sires outside of the state of New York the wish to share in this patriotic purpose of honoring our fathers' memory.

Pennsylvania was the first to organize a state society of the Sons of the Revolution, independent of the parent society of New York. The District of Columbia followed; Iowa, New Jersey and Geogia successively organized societies; and these six state societies united in a general or national organization, in March, 1890.

On the evening of October 1, 1891, in response to a call for organization issued September 23, some twenty-five or thirty gentlemen met in the anteroom of Faneuil Hall and formed a Society of Sons of the Revolution in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, electing the following list of officers: William Leverett Chase, president; Hazard Stevens, vice-president; Frank Harrison Briggs, treasurer; Henry Dexter Warren, secretary; Walter Kendall Watkins, registrar; Francis Ellingwood Abbot, historian; and Eben Norton Horsford, Andrew Robeson, William Curtis Capell, Theodore Harold Clapp, Arthur Henry Dutton, Gilbert Hodges, Charles Howard Bailey, Jr., Walter Gilman Page and Winthrop Wetherbee, as a board of managers.

On October 9, 1891, a charter was granted the society by the secretary of the Commonwealth. October 24 the first meeting of the board of managers was held, and it was at once decided that immediate action should be taken towards fulfilling the requirements of the constitution of the society, which were "to perpetuate the memory of the men who, in the military, naval and civil service of the

colonies and of the Continental Congress, by their acts or counsel achieved the independence of the country; to inspire the members of the society with the patriotic spirit of their forefathers; and to promote the feeling of friendship among them."

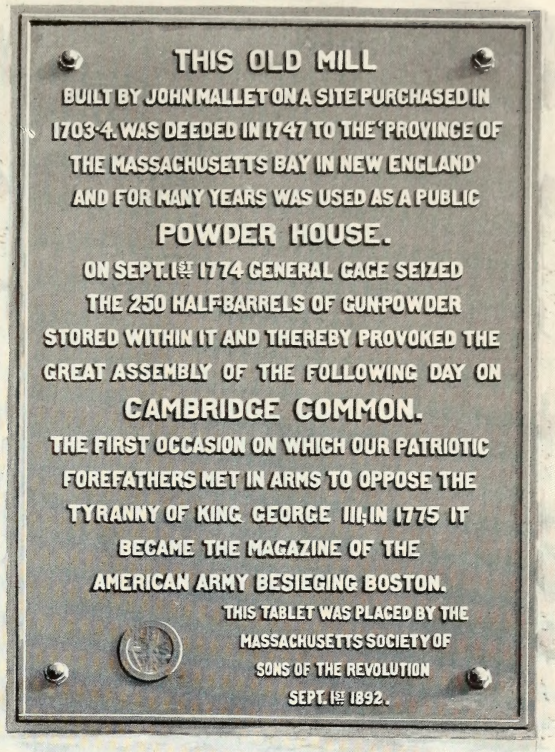
A committee of three was appointed as the "tablet committee," whose duty should be to select sites of important events connected with our Revolutionary history, and to commemorate them with tablets descriptive of these events. The committee proceeded immediately to act in accordance with the vote of the board; and the first site selected for commemoration was the Green Dragon Tavern, which stood on Union Street, not far from Hanover. Through the courtesy of the Lodge of St. Andrew, the present owners of the property, a suitable place for the reception of the tablet was provided in the front wall of a building then in process of erection upon the site, as nearly as this can be determined, of the Green Dragon Tavern. The tablet was unveiled without formality on August 19, and placed in the keeping of St. Andrew's Lodge.

Towering lone and grim at the summit of a solitary hill, its peculiar shape and time-worn walls making it a conspicuous feature in the landscape, the Old Powder House at Somerville has always been an object of curiosity to the visiting stranger; but while its form was so familiar to the public, its true history was not as well known. The Powder House, or old mill, has few rivals in the country in historical interest. The exact date when it was built is not known. It was originally a gristmill and was undoubtedly built several years previous to 1720, and for some time after that it continued to grind the corn for the neighboring farmers. After varied experience as a powder house, it came in 1836 into the possession of Nathan Tufts, in whose family it remained until turned over to the city of Somerville in 1892. This old relic of bygone days is about thirty feet high, with a diameter of fifteen feet at



THE OLD POWDER HOUSE, SOMERVILLE.

the base. Its walls, which are of bluestone, probably quarried on the hillside, are two feet thick. Within, the structure formerly had three lofts, supported by heavy beams. These have been removed, and the interior is entirely empty. Originally it had but one entrance, that on the southwest side. A narrow porch of brick stood over the door at one time, but this has fallen down, and most of the bricks have been removed. It now bears upon its northerly side a bronze tablet, measuring thirty by forty-two inches, presented to the city of Somerville on November 21, 1892, and accepted by the city government, December 14, 1892, by the passage of the following order:



"Ordered, that the bronze memorial tablet recently placed upon the Old Powder House, and presented to the city by the Massachusetts Society of Sons of the Revolution, by its letter of presentation received this day, be and hereby is accepted by the City Council for and in behalf of the city, with a hearty concurrence in the sentiment expressed by the society in its letter of presentation, that 'the tablet may serve to remind the present generation, and the generations which shall follow, of the patriotic deeds of our heroic forefathers.'"

The society observed the one hundred and sixty-first anniversary of the birth of Washington by holding a commemorative service in King's Chapel, February 22, 1893. The scholarly oration by Francis Ellingwood Abbot, historian of the society, had for its theme "The Boston Tea Party." *

The printing of the Revolutionary records in the office of the secretary of state engaged the active interest of a committee appointed by the board of managers.

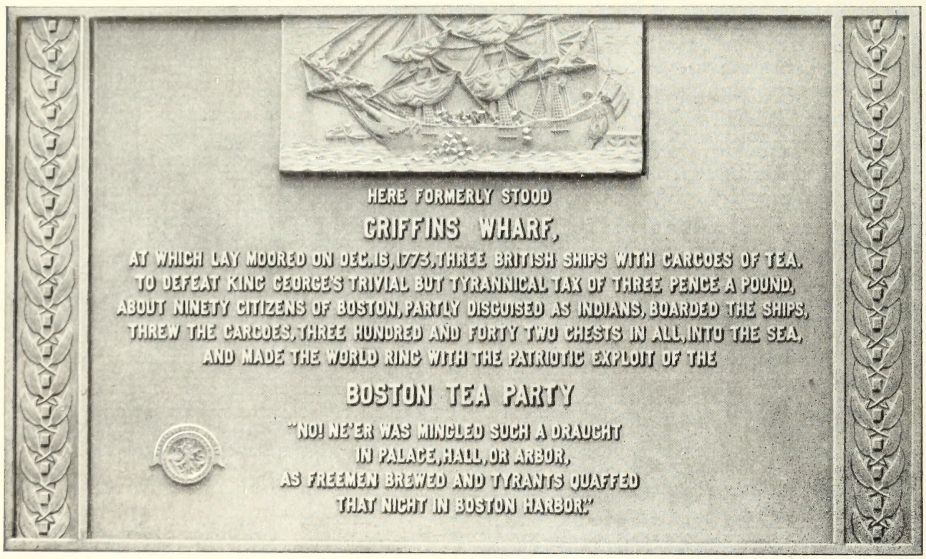
On Tuesday, April 4, 1893, a public meeting was held at Chickering Hall, called by a committee of the Sons of the Revolution, to take action regarding the protection of all public parks in Massachusetts, including Boston Common in particular, against attack by interested parties representing syndicates or corporations. This meeting, over which the late Colonel Henry Lee presided, was composed of many of Boston's distinguished citizens, and made a spirited and effective protest, which, for that time at least, preserved the integrity of the Common for the use and benefit of the people.

The same year the society placed two bronze tablets, one to mark the

*This address, fully illustrated, was published in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for June, 1893.

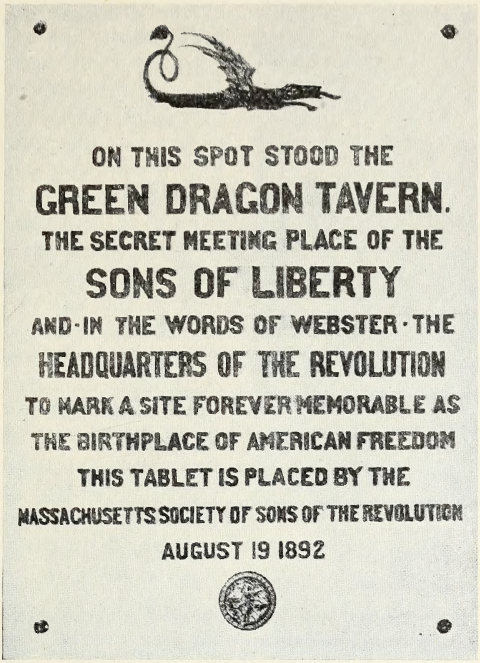
site of the home of Samuel Adams, on the corner of Winter Street and Winter Place, and the other, the finest tablet yet placed in Boston, to commemorate the destruction of the tea, December 16, 1773.

The home of Samuel Adams was a three-story wooden house fronting on the street, with an L, and in the rear a garden. A substantial looking building, built early in the eighteenth century and originally painted yellow, in its later days it had taken on a dingy and weather-beaten appearance. Its front door, ornamented with a brass knocker, was surmounted over its arched entrance by a bow window. A single step admitted to the broad entry, from which heavily capped banisters led to the upper stories. On the ground floor, with their windows descending to within two feet of the ground, were parlors, one of which was used as a library by Mr. Adams. The parlor was spacious, having a large fireplace, with its huge brass andirons and its surrounding of blue tiles. On the walls were paintings of Mr. and Mrs. Adams and pictures of prominent Americans. The thoroughfare which is now known as Winter Street had formerly been known as Blott's Lane and Bannister's Lane; and in the early part of the century the houses on the same side of the street were of a similar style to that of Mr. Adams, with the exception of a few small shops, one of which, a barber's, stood next to Mr. Adams's residence and between it and Tremont Street. On pleasant days, in his declining years, Mr. Adams's erect figure, a little above the medium height, in tie wig, cocked hat, buckled shoes, knee breeches and red cloak, would be seen in front of his domicile.



The Tea Party tablet was unveiled on the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the deed of which it marks the site, at the corner of Pearl Street and Atlantic Avenue. The inscriptions for tablets placed up to this time were written by Francis Ellingwood Abbot, Ph. D., historian of the society.

On February 22, 1894, in the Old South Meeting-house, fine framed photogravures of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington, known as the Athenæum portrait, were presented to the school children of Boston, in behalf of the society, by Rev. Edward



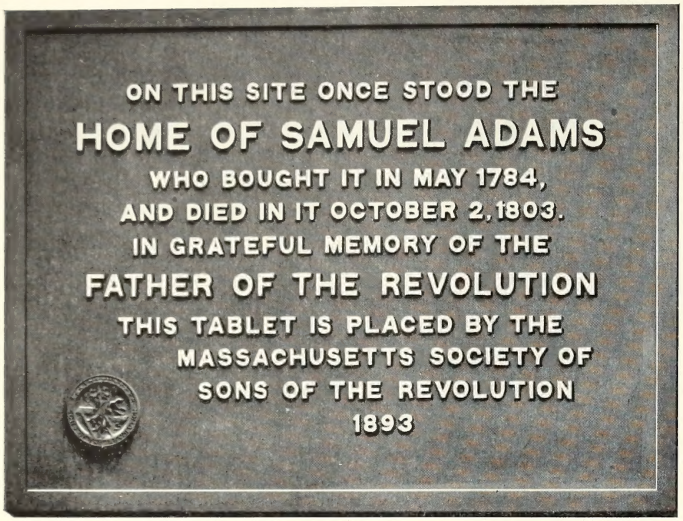
Everett Hale. Every public school building in the city received a copy of this portrait; and the society continues the work from time to time, as new buildings are completed and occupied. Over eleven hundred dollars was spent in this way; and the hearty appreciation on the part of teachers, pupils and public of a fine example thus set for all our cities made it one of the most popular acts in the history of the society. To assist in the making of patriotic citizens is one of the most pleasing of all the obligations incumbent upon a public-spirited organization.

On March 15, 1895, the society held a public meeting in the Old South Meeting-house, on which occasion Mr. Edward W. McGlenen delivered his lecture on "Paul Revere and the Nineteenth of April," illustrated by numerous stereopticon views. On March 28, 1895, the city government was petitioned to pass an ordinance that the flags belonging to the city of Boston should be displayed upon the public buildings and grounds annually on the fourteenth day of June, this being the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the national ensign of the United States. This ordinance was passed and approved by Mayor Curtis, December 30, 1895; but an order was passed by the city government at its meeting in March, pending a report from the committee on ordinances, that the flag should be displayed June 14, 1895, which was done, this being the first official recognition in Boston of the birthday of our national emblem. Special exercises were also held in all the schools of the city, while the press gave its enthusiastic support by calling public attention to the anniversary. On January 20, 1896, the board of managers in behalf of the society sent a petition to the representatives of Massachusetts in Congress, to use their efforts to adopt a bill preventing the use of the national ensign as an advertising medium.

April 2, 1898, a tablet was placed on the façade of the American House, on Hanover Street, Boston, to mark



LOVING CUP PRESENTED TO THE SOCIETY BY COLONEL WILLIAM L. CHASE.



the site of the home of General Joseph Warren. The tablet measures twenty-four by thirty-six inches, and the inscription for it was written by Dr. Samuel A. Green, secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Warren lived here from 1770 up to the time of his death at Bunker Hill.

On the one hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the battle of Lexington, that "glorious morning for America," the Sons of the Revolution gathered about the tomb of Samuel Adams in the old Granary Burying Ground. For ninety-five years the spot where the mortal remains of Samuel Adams were laid away had been unmarked, and almost unknown, at least to a large proportion of the citizens of Boston. On March 26, 1898, by order of the trustees of the cemetery department of the city, the tomb was opened for purposes of identification, though it was well known that Samuel Adams was buried in the Checkley tomb, the property of his wife. It was necessary to remove the earth to about the depth of three feet before the two stone slabs which lay across the short flight of steps leading down into the mouth of the tomb could be reached. The tomb was found to be in excellent condition, perfectly intact, constructed solidly of brick throughout, the roof being slightly curved. Every indication furnished satisfactory evidence, and left no doubts, if any existed, that the great organizer of the Revolution was laid to rest in the Checkley tomb. Samuel Adams Wells, grandson of Samuel Adams, made the following memorandum, which appears in the appendix of a volume of poems by John Witt Randall,* great-grandson of Adams:

"Samuel Adams was buried in the Checkley tomb, which adjoins the westerly sidewalk of Tremont Street in Boston. His bones were gathered into a box by his grandson and deposited in a corner of the vault. "Teste, S. A. WELLS."

The rugged granite boulder with its tablet of bronze is in perfect keeping with the ancient character of the old burying ground, in which it has found a permanent abiding place. No other form of memorial would have been so appropriate, and the selection was a happy one, typifying as it so well does the bold and firm nature of the man whose illustrious memory it guards. Placed at the head of the flight of steps leading down to the entrance of the tomb, it was unveiled with simple but impressive speech, and presented to the city which Samuel Adams loved so well.

In the same line of tombs, but on the opposite side of the entrance to the old Granary and equally distant from it, interred in the Longley tomb, repose the remains of the fiery orator and ardent patriot, James Otis. The proofs of this fact are so interesting in themselves that perhaps no

*"Consolations of Solitude," by John Witt Randall, Boston, 1856, page 253.

apology is needed for recording them in this connection at some length. That the location of the burial place of James Otis, one of the great leaders in the Revolution, should have been forgotten for over half a century, seems almost incredible; but many circumstances tended to veil it from public knowledge. For many years queries have appeared in the daily press and historical publications asking for information on the subject. Conjectures were made that he was buried at West Barnstable, where he was born, while many have believed that he was buried at Andover, where he was killed by lightning; and this latter supposition was strengthened by the fact of his request shortly before his death to be buried on a knoll directly in the rear of Mr. Osgood's house at Andover. Local historians had looked in vain for any clew that would lead to solution of the mystery. But by collating probate records, family history gathered from various sources, and the traditions of one family connected with the Cunningham family, of the generation contemporary with James Otis, the tomb in which were interred the remains of the Hon. James Otis, the distinguished patriot of the Revolution, was finally discovered. Thomas Bridgman, who wrote a book of epitaphs of the Granary Burying Ground, does not mention the name of Otis. The bronze tablets on the iron gates do not record the fact that James Otis is buried within the grounds. But our records are conclusive that James Otis was buried in that burying ground after his remains were brought from Andover to his dwelling in Boston, and the funeral cortêge that marched from the house to the ground was one of the largest ever beheld in Boston. In the records of St. John's Masonic Lodge of Boston is recorded the fact that James Otis was made a Mason in the year 1752, and was a member of that lodge. This lodge escorted his remains to the tomb. The newspapers published at the time of Mr. Otis's death and funeral furnish but meagre accounts. The Boston *Gazette or Country Journal* under date of Boston, May 26, 1783, says:

"We hear from Andover that last Friday Evening the House of Mr. Isaac Osgood



MEMORIAL TO SAMUEL ADAMS, GRANARY BURYING GROUND, BOSTON.

was set on fire and much shattered by Lightning, by which the Hon. James Otis, Esq., of this Town, leaning upon his Cane at the front Door, was instantly killed. Several Persons were in the House at the Time, some of whom were violently affected by the shock, but, immediately recovering, ran to Mr. Otis' Support; but he had expired without a groan. The Friends and Acquaintances of the Deceased are informed his Funeral is to be To-Morrow from his House near the County Court House. Freemasons are to precede the Corps."

The *Massachusetts Spy*, under date of May 29, 1783, contains almost exactly the same account as above, with the following addition:

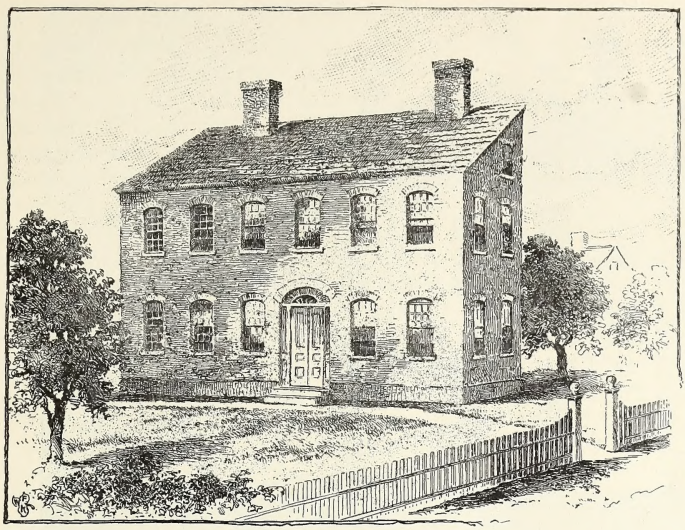
"His remains were honourably interred last Tuesday afternoon, preceded by the honourable fraternity of free and accepted masons, and followed by a long train of respectable friends."

Mr. Otis's room in the Osgood house at Andover was on the left side of the front door; and at his death he was standing in the doorway of the room to the right. The lightning struck the chimney and followed a rafter of the roof, which rested on one of the timbers to which the doorpost was attached. The casing of the door was split and the nails torn out. Mr. Otis's family were notified as soon as possible of the sudden death of Mr. Otis, and Samuel Allyne Otis, the youngest brother of Mr. Otis, proceeded at once to Andover and brought his remains to Boston.

Colonel Joseph May, a prominent citizen of Boston, for many years a member of the King's Chapel congregation, who died in Boston in 1841, and to whose memory a marble tablet was placed on the wall of King's Chapel, was well versed in the history of Boston. He came to breakfast after his usual morning walk, and said to the family: "I have seen something wonderfully interesting this morning. As I passed the old Granary Burying Ground, I saw that the tomb was open in which I knew were the remains of James Otis, and with the help of the sexton I opened the lid of Otis's coffin,—and behold! the coffin was full of the fibrous roots of the



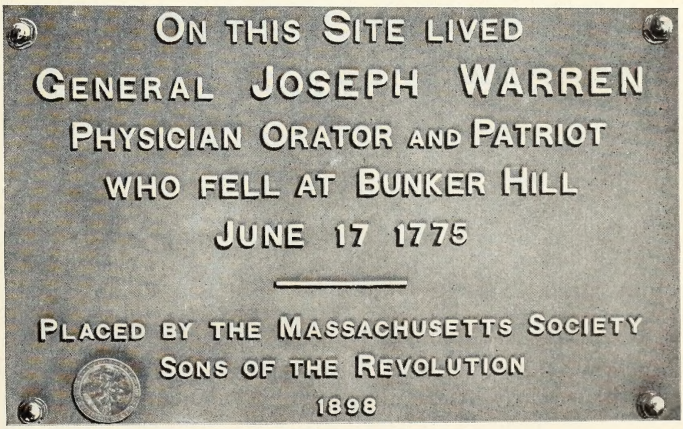
MEMORIAL TO JAMES OTIS, GRANARY BURYING GROUND, BOSTON.



HOME OF GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.
Formerly standing on Hanover Street, Boston.

elm, especially thick and matted about the skull; and, going out, I looked up at the noble elm,—and there, in transfigured glory, was all that was material of James Otis." The elm referred to was undoubtedly one of the gigantic Paddock elms, which formerly stood on the Tremont Street sidewalk in front of the burying ground. It is known that the roots of these trees were cut away from under the row of tombs on the front of the burying ground, having penetrated the flooring of the tombs. This work was done in order to lay the large granite wall, in front of the tombs, on which the iron fence was placed. It may be stated that Colonel Joseph May was the only person living in 1835 who was able to identify the spot where the victims of the massacre on State Street were buried in the Granary Burying Ground. He stood on the tomb with his father in the year 1770, being but ten years old, and witnessed the interment. He noted that the tomb was but a few feet from a larch tree. In 1835, when the city government proposed to erect a monument to their memory, Mr. May guided the committee to this tomb, and the remains were identified as the victims of the conflict on State St.

The remains of James Otis were interred in the Nathaniel Cunningham, Sr., tomb, numbered 40 on the Tremont Street front of the Granary Burying Ground, between the Park Street Church front and the gate of the burying ground. This tomb was built by Nathaniel Cunningham, Sr., a wealthy merchant of Boston, in 1726 (Boston records). Nathaniel Cunningham, Sr., his mother, Ruth Cunningham, his son, Nathaniel Cunningham, Jr., the Hon. James Otis, Ruth (Cunningham) Otis, wife of James Otis and daughter of Nathaniel





HOME OF GENERAL RUFUS PUTNAM, RUTLAND, MASSACHUSETTS.

Cunningham, Sr., and a number of others of this family are buried in this tomb. The slate slab on the tomb bears the inscription only of George Longley, 1809. The absence of the names of Cunningham and Otis from the tomb slab, together with the early death of Mr. Otis's family, caused the identification of this tomb with the name of Otis to be obscured. The tomb, after the death of Nathaniel Cunningham, Sr., was held by Ruth, Sarah and Nathaniel Cunningham, Jr. Nathaniel Cunningham, Jr., dying soon after his father, left the two daughters, his sisters, Ruth and Sarah, heirs of the tomb. Ruth married James Otis, and, as her husband never owned a tomb, caused his remains to be placed in this tomb, of which she was part owner and which contained the remains of her ancestors.

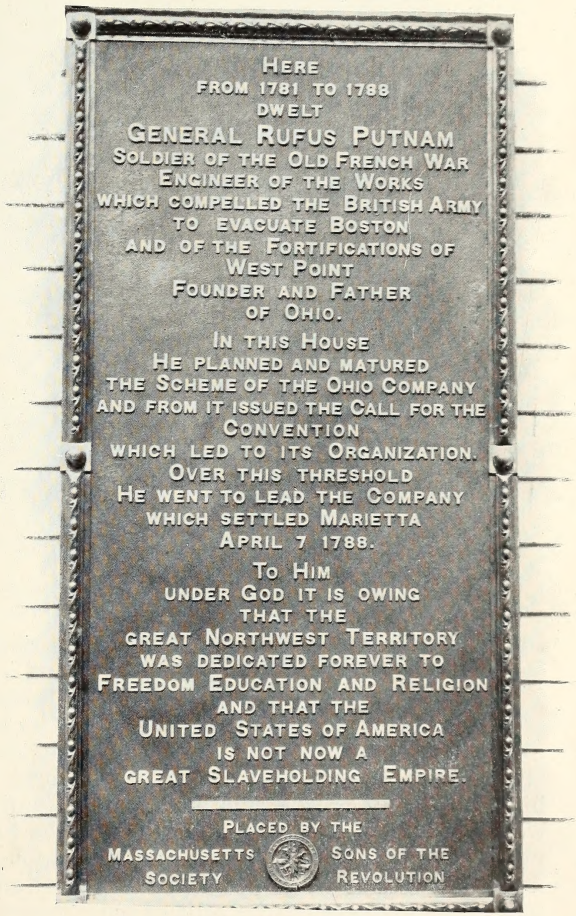
Besides the heirship to the Cunningham tomb by the James Otis family, traditions have been handed down by well-known families that James Otis's remains were buried in the Cunningham tomb. In the items of expense in settling the estate of James Otis appears a charge made by his brother, Samuel Allyne Otis: expenses to Andover, £5.8; also the bill for the coffin, £12.6.

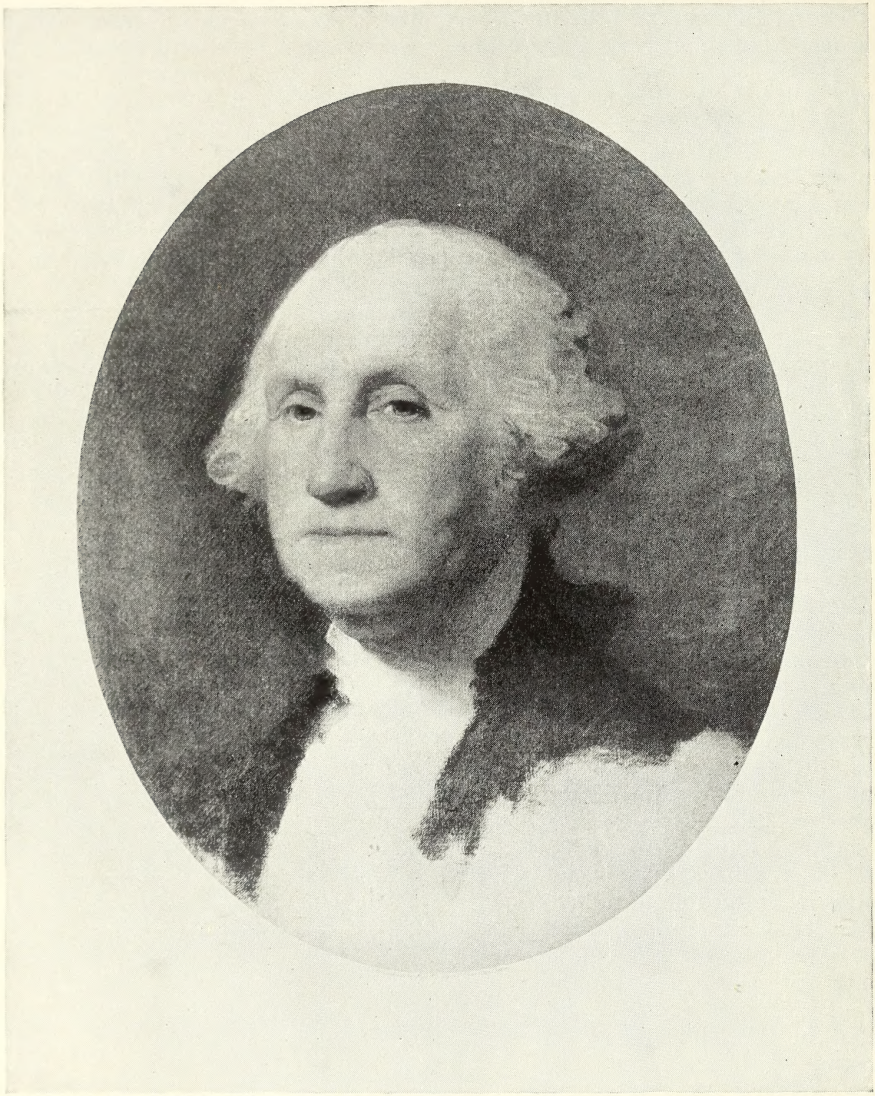
On July 15, 1898, the anniversary of the storming of Stony Point by Anthony Wayne, a boulder and tablet in memory of Otis, similar to the memorial already dedicated to the memory of Samuel Adams, was unveiled in the presence of a large gathering and presented by the Sons of the Revolution to Mayor Quincy, who accepted the gift in behalf of the city. These two simple monuments shall bear witness to generations yet unborn, that the descendants of the men who stood behind Adams and Otis, perhaps tardily, yet worthily honored their memories. The inscriptions for the Adams and Otis tablets were written by Dr. Samuel A. Green.

September 17, 1898, was a perfect day; and on the morning of that day the members of the society with invited guests took the train for Rutland, Massachusetts, the home of General Rufus Putnam, the founder of Ohio. It was in every sense a "field day," made memorable by the brilliant oration of Senator Hoar on the life and services

of General Putnam, and the unveiling of a large and handsome bronze tablet, placed upon the old Putnam home, a lasting tribute to an honorable and historic career. The oration was given in the old Congregational Church before a large and deeply interested audience. In beginning his oration Senator Hoar said: "This society does well to mark with visible and enduring tablets the spots where great deeds have been performed or great men have been born or dwelt." His apostrophe to Putnam was particularly thrilling: "Bootblack and blacksmith's assistant at Sutton; millwright's apprentice at Brookfield; town constable at Rutland; friend of Washington; deliverer under Washington of Massachusetts from the foreign invader; builder of our stronghold and citadel of West Point; engineer of the great constitutional fortress of American liberty; faithful over a few things, ruler over many things—we come to-day to your dwelling as to a shrine."

In the spring of 1898 the Sons of the Revolution named a committee for the purpose of securing the coöperation of other patriotic societies in the proposed adornment of the classrooms of the new schoolhouse named, in honor of Paul Revere, the "Paul Revere School," situated in the North End of Boston on Prince Street. In response to a circular issued by the committee, the societies to whom it was sent quickly and cordially responded, and a joint committee was formed to carry out the plan in detail. The efforts of this committee resulted in the complete adornment of four rooms and one of the corridors, the engravings and plaster casts selected representing the men and events connected with the war for independence. These pictures were formally presented to the city of Boston on October 19, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis. The exercises were of a patriotic nature, the participants being the pupils of the Hancock School and the representatives of the various societies. The occasion was a noteworthy one in the modern history of the old North End, for gathered in the hall were the descendants of the men and women of old Boston, who, in the words of the engraved tablet which was placed upon the door of the room adorned by the Sons of the Revolution and which expressed the high purpose of their work, sought "to inspire patriotism and a love for





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STUART'S WASHINGTON.

Copy of the Portrait presented to each of the Boston Public Schools.

country" among the pupils of the Paul Revere School.

The annual social gatherings of the society on the nineteenth of April and the various meetings it has held have always been marked by speeches of a high order by representative men, whose patriotic utterances, free from partisan influences, have contributed much to form that *esprit de corps* and that ready response to the calls of patriotism for which the society is noted and which it has demonstrated practically in many a field of endeavor. The tribute which it annually pays to the memory of the country's honored dead who labored in the hall of the Continental Congress or fought upon the field of battle, by placing wreaths upon the statues erected in commemoration of their services and the graves where their ashes repose in peace, is

but illustrative of the spirit which animates the patriot sons of patriot sires. The constant readiness to secure in the halls of legislation laws to protect the flag from dishonor, or the erection of public memorials to keep alive in the hearts of the people the memory of some patriot, ever eager to inspire all who love their country with the "spirit of '76," the spirit of patriotism, devotion, heroism and sacrifice, promulgating practical patriotism—such is the mission of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

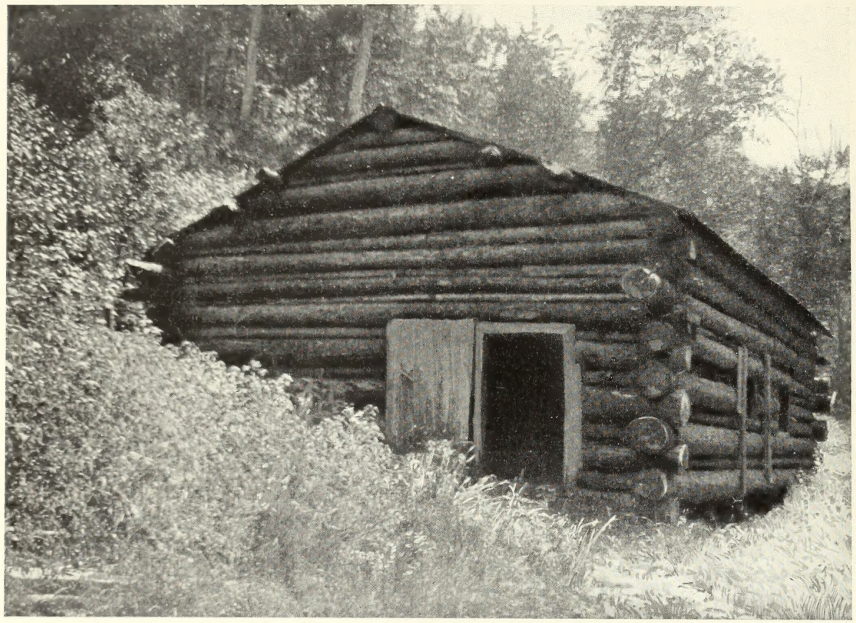
"The only good from such orders as the Sons of the Revolution," said President Chase, at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Society in 1895, "may be the highest good, if we realize the sacred trust of duties, a proud legacy committed to our faithful keeping, to preserve in their purity, to broaden and ennoble by our own self-sacrifice and transmit to those who come after us with no spot or stain, unless it be our holy privilege to pour our blood upon the altar of American liberty and go to our God and our fathers with the only crown we revere, that of martyrdom for principles which have dignified and elevated living, and will shed eternal lustre over dying to maintain and perpetuate."

WHERE GRANDSIRE LIVED.

By Florence Josephine Boyce.

TENANTLESS stands the old log house, save for the phœbe's nest,—
No sound of life but the whir of wings and the call of the feathered mate;
The pink wild rose has clambered up till it meets the roof at the west;
And there in the open door is the place where the goodwife used to wait
When the day was done and the echoes told no more of the woodman's blow;—
For this was the home where grandsire lived when he was a lad, you know.

There was a fireplace, grandsire said, and a crane where the kettle hung,
A ladder reaching up to the loft that he climbed when he went to bed.
"When shepherds watched their flocks by night," was a hymn that his mother sung
After the chores were finished and the evening prayers were said;
And grandsire told of the wolves that came so near he could hear them bark,
And the owls that perched in the tops of trees and hooted out in the dark.



Back of the cabin I saw to-day a little old apple tree,—
And grandsire planted it there himself when he was a lad, you know;
A honeysuckle down by the wall was flaunting its flowers to me
Beside a spreading lilac bush that told of the long ago,
Till I almost saw up the hillside path fresh steps in the sandy loam,
Where grandsire came at the set of sun and followed the bell-cow home.

Empty the log house stands to-day, for the years have passed since then;
The door swings back and the crannying wind goes sighing in heedless quest;
The ones who dwelt in the cabin home have followed the paths of men,
And no voice breaks on the silence now but a call from the phœbe's nest.
But a charm still lingers about the place that no other spot can give,—
For dear to my heart is the old log house where grandsire used to live.

AN ELECTRICAL FARM.

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

THE rapid advances in the application of electricity as a mechanical power has revolutionized many industries; but the effect upon agriculture has only been incidentally felt until quite recently. When the substitution of electricity for horses as motive power on street railroads became general a few years ago, the farmer experienced the greatest loss, for it practically closed up the most profitable market for the light horses he had been accustomed to breed for the trade; but otherwise the sudden inauguration of the age of electricity brought comparatively few changes in the quiet life of the farm. It cheapened the lighting of cities, increased the power of machinery, abolished the horse cars, and performed a thousand and one services for the mechanical world at less than half the former cost; and yet the farmer plodded on as before, content to reap his harvests and sow his seed without the aid of this new invisible force that was creating such a revolution all around him.

But science has never known any limit to its field, and it has invaded the province of the farmer with a persistent energy that never acknowledges defeat. It has trained its corps of professors and students in the agricultural colleges until they have become adepts in the science of farming, and then, with a blessing upon their heads, it has bidden them go forth into the field of practical husbandry to coöperate with the weary toilers of the farm. Science has erected barriers in the path of the devastating armies of insect pests, and told them to go so far and no farther; it has studied the relations of the soil and water to plant life, and laid bare the secret processes of food assimilation and plant growth; it has analyzed the component parts of the soil and fertilizers, and formulated rules for the guidance of the farmer; it has brought seeds from the uttermost parts of the earth, and increased the yield of each acre tenfold; it has lightened the labor of all who would listen to its tale of discovery and invention, and scattered broadcast throughout the land mechanical contrivances to help man in his fight against the forces of nature.

Young men now go forth from the agricultural colleges equipped with all the knowledge necessary to make them masters of the soil, and in the greatest laboratory of nature they study the wonderful problems of life, growth and maturity, while they earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Under their scientific direction the face of the earth is transformed; the revolution in the trades and industries of our cities is a mere bagatelle in comparison. The farm teems with life and activity as of yore, but behind it there is a power that guides, directs, measures and analyzes; nothing is haphazard, everything is exact. Primitive methods are no longer tolerated on the farm of the East or West; modern inventions have made such conditions a pecuniary impossibility.

But the age of electricity is more than likely to create as great changes in ten years as plodding science accomplished in fifty. With a full equipment of past knowledge and inventions, the scientific farmer of today finds electricity brought to his door to open up new fields that he never dreamt of before even in the youthful days of his most ardent am-

bition. Electricity as a generative and motive force is older than the hills, but its application to-day on the farm is new, wonderful and mystifying. It promises to bring the agricultural millennium nearer by two centuries; it opens the door to Elysian fields that may attract our youth back to the farms of their forefathers, to re-create and rejuvenate as none ever before prophesied.

Myriads of wonderful agricultural inventions have carried primitive farming from its early conditions up to a state of progress and perfection that worthily entitles it to the dignity of a science; but in view of the present outlook these useful creations of man's brain and hands were merely the preparations for the grand revolution. Without them the application of electricity to the farm would be delayed another quarter of a century. They were the first essential steps in the emancipation of agriculture from the ban of senseless ridicule and opprobrium that had been heaped upon it by a generation of scoffers. While the world laughed in its ignorance, the farmer cast off the shackles that had bound him and emerged from the darkness as the chief representative of useful, practical, applied science. There he stands to-day on his model farm, hampered by inheritances from the past, it is true, but bravely overcoming all difficulties and advancing into the front ranks of the world's pioneer leaders.

The model farm of the future is presaged to-day in a few isolated examples, for it combines many old and new inventions, and includes others that have barely been tested absolutely; but it is so simple and practical in its workings that none can call it a fanciful picture. Electricity is the motive power and the great secret of the whole change. No city has ever been installed with a more complete electrical plant than the model farm. Here the force re-creates and stimulates life as well as drives the machinery and agricultural implements. It dominates every part of the farm life, and makes the owner of the place a king among men. Old methods have passed away in every sense of the word, and mute, obedient machinery does the work that hired hands formerly performed so clumsily. The horse is no longer a beast of burden; his entire absence on the farm is the most conspicuous evidence that electricity has supplanted him in the humblest walk of life.

Experiments with electricity for forcing the growth of plant life were made more than ten years ago. Spechneff applied the electric current to the seeds of plants, and afterward to the soil, and caused ordinary radishes to attain a length of seventeen inches and a diameter of over five. Lemstrom, pursuing independent investigations in the same field, demonstrated that the wheat plants on a given tract of land could be made to double their yield by judiciously applying the electric current to the seeds and soil. Following these discoveries, the directors of Cornell University installed a forcing house with electricity, and carried the experiments one step further. They applied the electric light to the plants at night, and endeavored to ascertain the effect upon the flowers, fruits and vegetables. The forcing house was divided into two compartments, one-half being subjected to the ordinary conditions of light and darkness, and the other half receiving the sunlight by day and the electric light at night. It took several years to arrive at any definite conclusions. But these important results were obtained and verified by repeated experiments at Cornell and other places: that the electric light greatly accelerated the growth of plants, and deepened and intensified the colors of some flowers, and faded others. In the case of some plants, such as spinach, radishes and lettuce, the light placed within five feet of them stimulated their growth so that they ran to seed even before edible leaves were formed. Others

within a short distance of the light were blasted and killed. But on the other hand, when the electric light was placed at a reasonable distance from the plants and enclosed in a globe of white "opal" glass, most of the vegetables were stimulated in their growth without any material injury to their quality. Many of the plants would have such an attraction for the arc light that they would incline at an angle of forty-five degrees toward it at night, and straighten up again in the daytime. The effect upon the growth and color of flowers was equally remarkable. The colors of the tulips were made deeper and richer for a few days, and violets were made to blossom in three weeks. Flowers placed too near the arc lights were invariably injured, but if kept at a proper distance no harm followed. The intensified colors, however, faded quicker than those produced by the ordinary methods of growth, and scarlet, dark red, blue and pink flowers invariably turned to a grayish white after being exposed to the sunlight for a few days. The effect of the light on the development of the plants was unquestioned, and the only unsolved problem was: What degree of light could they stand, and how could it best be applied?

While the arc light was being applied to the plants in this country, the French scientists were investigating and experimenting with another system of electroculture. The value of atmospheric electricity to our growing plants has long been recognized, and tests to distribute and collect this electricity in the atmosphere have been made for the ulterior purpose of applying it more directly to field and garden crops. This is Nature's method of stimulating the growth of the plants, and it was thought that better results could be obtained by following her lead than by attempting to introduce the powerful current artificially. It is now announced positively that the French scientists have succeeded in utilizing atmospheric electricity for stimulating plant growth. The new invention is called the geomagnetifere, and its object is to collect the electricity from the air and then distribute it evenly among the growing crops. An electrically installed field according to this system is so inexpensive that the farmer can afford to adopt it.

In the centre of the garden a pole forty to fifty feet high is erected, and on the top is placed a *chevaux de frise* of copper spikes. These copper spikes act as a collector of the electricity in the air, and being insulated from the pole by porcelain knobs and connected with the ground below by insulated copper wires they distribute the electricity among the growing crops. Under the soil of the garden a network of wires is permanently laid. The wires are made of galvanized iron, so that the cost is small, and they are buried to a depth of six feet, so that the electricity does not come into too direct contact with the seeds and plants. They do not interfere with the ordinary cultivation of the field, and yet they stimulate the plants in their growth, so that maturity is hastened and the yield on experimental grounds has been increased fifty per cent.

Lemstrom obtained his remarkable growth of wheat by exposing the plants to electricity diffused by a network of wires; but later tests seemed to show that as a rule the current generated from a battery was too harsh upon the average garden vegetable. The utilization of the atmospheric electricity, however, solves the problem better than any experiments so far made. The action of the atmospheric electricity is not so powerful as that generated from a dynamo, and it is distributed more evenly over the garden. The development of the plants in a garden thus installed is very uniform and satisfactory. The value of the arc light in forcing houses in the winter season may be of great value for certain varieties of vegeta-

bles, and even the dynamo will find its special use in the gardens and fields; but the French method of employing atmospheric electricity for stimulating plant growth appears the most serviceable. The comparative cost of the two systems is also an important consideration. The expense of installing a field with electricity generated by a dynamo, and the constant outlay of time and money to keep the machine running, make it unprofitable for the average farmer to adopt. The French system, however, is very inexpensive, as well as the most effective in operation.

The model farm of to-day and of the future must avail itself of the most economical systems of plant propagation, and the geomagnetifere must play an important part in its workings. Beneath the rich soil of the gardens where the delicate vegetables are growing, networks of invisible wires are laid, collecting and distributing the atmospheric electricity to all the plants. In the forcing houses similar arrangements are made for stimulating the winter vegetables and flowers for the market, while overhead powerful arc lights make the night as brilliant as day, and help to mature the plant growths in half the regular time required by nature. In the fields of wheat and corn the more powerful currents from a storage house work out similar results, lessening the season of growth and doubling the yield per acre. Excessive droughts and the danger from late and early frosts are thus partly avoided on the electric farm, while if necessary two crops can be raised in one season where formerly only one could be grown. The electric power that the farmer has at his command enables him to regulate the growth of his plants to suit the seasons or the markets. One portion of the garden can be forced, while the other half is kept back several weeks. There is no limit to the use of the new invisible power which he gathers from the atmosphere around him or generates from the wasted force of the neighboring stream of water.

This leads to the examination of the source of the new power that propels the machinery on the farm. A small stream of water that formerly flowed across the farms in an irregular course, fertilizing the lower meadows and irrigating the upland districts, has been widened and deepened near its source, forming a large storage reservoir. This artificial pond has been dammed in at its lower end, and as the water tumbles over the open watergates it turns several large turbine wheels. These wheels do not move the machinery of a flour mill, but constantly manufacture electricity for use on the farm. By means of the huge storage reservoir the work of making electricity can go on through the driest season, for the water power never gives out and the electric power is always ready to do its work. From this storage house the motive power is conducted to all parts of the farm. The forcing houses for winter plants are connected with the power house by overhead wires similar to those which disfigure the city streets for trolley lines. The great barn and living house are lighted by electric lights that get their source of energy in the same place. Movable cables radiate from the storage house to every part of the fields, and to these electric motors are attached for performing the various labors assigned to them by the inventive genius of man.

The electric machinery worked by the motors is full of interest. Here are huge plows that turn over six furrows of fresh soil at once, hay-rakes and reapers which perform their duties automatically; electric weed-killers and fertilizers, corn-huskers and shellers, hay-choppers and gigantic threshing and fanning mills. Electric vehicles rush across the extensive fields with loads of grain, hay or vegetables, moving with their broad tires without difficulty over the rough, uneven surface, and behind the plows and harrows the automatic seeders fol-

low in close succession, dropping the corn, wheat or other seeds at regular intervals in the freshly turned furrows. Everything is performed by machinery, guided by disciplined hands, and propelled by the new motive power that has caused all the revolution.

An examination of these new farm implements in detail may give one a better idea of their value. As far back as 1892 an electric plow was patented in this country by an inventor in Minnesota, but prior to that time several electric machines had been in practical use in Europe. Threshing machines and hay presses especially had been run by electric motive power in the various European countries; and Congress, taking note of the attempts to introduce electricity on the farms abroad, favored the passage of a bill to provide for experiments with electricity as a motive power for agricultural machinery. This was regarded as the signal for general activity in this direction, and a great number of inventors started in to help solve the problem. The Patent Office at Washington was bombarded with applications for patents on all sorts of electrical farm machinery, many of them being worthy and others almost worthless. An electric plow was soon operated in western Kansas and proved successful.

But it required a cheaper production of electricity to make the new farm machinery of general value to the agricultural community. The electric motors were too expensive, and for a time the inventors waited for further developments. Then came the successful harnessing of Niagara, and the general cheapening of the process of manufacturing electricity and distributing it from a central power house. The trolley cars appeared in the land like mushrooms on a summer's day. Great projects were talked of, and the railroad problem and cheap, clean transportation questions were attacked vigorously by the advocates of the electric lines. One discovery after another followed, until all sorts of wild schemes were set afloat, and people talked of harnessing the waves and tides of the ocean and rivers and making even the winds and tornadoes manufacture electricity to turn the wheels and machinery of commerce.

Out of all this smoke and flame a great deal of solid, substantial progress emerged, and the world was the richer for the inventions that succeeded, if not wiser for those that failed. The farm machinery was not forgotten in the general scramble to invent new electric cars, new transportation lines, and rapid transit schemes. It is true that a great deal of the electrical agricultural machinery comes to this country via Europe, where, strange to say, more persistent efforts have been made to introduce the new power upon the farms. The rapid transit problem absorbed most of the best talent in this country, leaving often only second-rate inventors to take up the less profitable field of agricultural machinery. While the electric plow has been invented in this country, the most serviceable and practical machine is said to come from Vienna. However, as merits belong to several of the lately invented plows, it may be beyond the province of any writer to say which will prove the successful competitor upon our farms.

There are two general types of these electric plows which will serve to illustrate the general principle of operation in each class. The first type is propelled by a fixed motor. The field selected for plowing is divided into sections of exactly the width of the cable used for pulling the plows. A heavy, powerful electric motor on wheels is stationed at either side of the field, and a strong cable connects them. This cable winds and unwinds upon a spool as the machinery is set in motion. To this cable the plow, which is capable of turning from three to six furrows of soil at once, is firmly attached. When the electric motor on one side of the field is set in mo-

tion, it winds up the cable and drags the plow toward it, and when it reaches that side of the field it turns around, and the reverse action of the other motor repeats the operation. The plow moves rapidly across the field, turning the dark, fresh furrows of soil as smoothly as the old hand plow. Each time the trip is made across the field the electric motors are moved an equal distance away from the last furrows.

The second type of electric plow is run by a movable motor attached to the plow itself. The cable is fixed to an anchor on the opposite side of the field, and the electric motor follows this cable, dragging the heavy plow with it. Through a rather elaborate system of machinery, the farmer manages to guide the plow across the field to suit himself, cutting the new furrows in a line as straight as a crow flies. The small cultivators and harrows are propelled in a similar way. They are either attached to the heavy cables, or they run by means of a small electric motor that can be removed from them in a few moments.

In the great barns of the new model farm, huge threshing machines, fanning mills, corn shellers, hay and feed choppers and similar implements are run by the electric current that comes over the wires from the power house. Night and day the threshers hum and sing to a tune more lively than ever before heard on a farm, and as fast as the grain pours out of the screens it is carried to the fanning mills, where the chaff is separated from it. The great hay and grain reapers and binders are propelled by the same invisible power, supplied to them by movable cables or overhead wires. The hay is loaded on the broad-tired, eight-wheel trucks, and carted to the barns to be deposited in the loft by overhead tramways.

Even the weeding is accomplished by electricity. The force that stimulates plant growth and gives motive power to all the machinery can also kill and destroy. Electrocution is applied to the weeds just as successfully as to prisoners in our jails. The delicate current of electricity may give life and vigor to plant life, but a powerful current destroys every germ of life, animal or vegetable. In the spring of the year the new weed destroyer goes over the field and annihilates weeds, insects and larvæ. As the vehicle moves along a series of many wire brushes drags on the earth and kills everything that comes into contact with it. A field overgrown with rank weeds can thus be cleared in a comparatively short time of every noxious growth. Death is just as sure and sudden as if each plant received a lightning stroke from the summer clouds. The weeder goes over the field after a storm, so that the wet stalks will act as more perfect conductors.

There comes from Buda-Pesth the first electric tree destroyer; the farmer who has extensive woodlands to clear finds science ready to help him in this respect. The tree-destroying machines were invented to fell the giant trees in the forests of Galicia. They are comparatively simple in their construction, but veritable giants in their operations. A small motor carried upon a movable truck is drawn up to the noble product of the forest and secured to it by chains and steel clamps. The automatic saw-chisel is next put in position, and when the electric current is turned on it eats its way rapidly into the huge trunk and nearly severs it in two. While the machine is being adjusted to another tree, the first one is easily pulled over by ropes and sawed up by a huge saw operated by another motor.

To complete the picture of the model farm, the owner should travel from one part of the extensive estate to another in his automobile victoria or upon a motor bicycle. Where electricity can be obtained so cheaply, thousands of the newest inventions can be introduced without difficulty. In his spacious living quarters his wife no longer stews over obstinate wood

or coal fires; she simply turns on the electric current when needed and cooks the dinner without fuss or worry. Electric fans turned by the power that cooks her dinner and lights her house make the atmosphere of the midsummer day delightful and refreshing. There is no longer any tri-weekly churning to try one's temper, for the near-by creamery converts the cream into butter by the latest and most approved methods. Even the drinking water is pumped up from artesian wells by electricity, and supplied in a cool and refreshing stream to all who ask for it.

The model farm thus electrically installed must naturally be a mammoth affair, for all the improvements and inventions required can only pay for themselves when operated upon a large scale. But a farm ten miles square can be conducted with less labor and less friction by the new method than a hundred-acre one could by the slow systems of past years. Distance has been annihilated on the place by the introduction of the electric motors, and one may ride around his farm before noon and inspect all the works without half the labor formerly required. Good roads must of necessity run in all directions, cutting the farm up into large sections, so that any part of it can be reached in a comparatively short time.

The difficulty of finding streams of water large enough to produce all the electricity needed on such a farm will occur to those living in the great prairie regions; but now that science has found a way to conduct the electric current a long distance, this obstacle is easily overcome. The water power of the Niagara, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Spokane, the Columbia and many smaller rivers may be employed to manufacture the electricity for agricultural purposes. The current can be conducted through the rich farming regions, and distributed to all willing to pay for it. The cost to each individual would be much less than half what is now required to run the steam plows, threshing machines, reapers and other heavy farm implements. The money saved on the board of horses would alone pay for the use of the electric power.

A BUSINESS TRIP SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

From the Journal of Chandler Holbrook, Edited by Herbert Elmer Mills.



THE changes in methods of transportation, travel, communication and conduct of business, which have been part of our century's industrial revolution, have been described and commented upon to a degree almost tiresome; but in spite of all that has been said, perhaps many of us do not fully appreciate these changes, because we have no contact with the life of the past, no adequate comprehension of that which has been supplanted. The mere sight of a canal boat or an old stagecoach is often more instructive and suggestive than pages of description and statistics. A few pages of Arthur Young illuminate and make real to us much that we are told by economic historians. There has recently fallen into my hands through the kindness of Mr. Henry Booth of Poughkeepsie a manuscript account of a business trip made seventy years ago, that is similarly instructive, because such a graphic picture of the past. It contains many observations upon the state of manufactures, the general economic development of the

country, and the condition of the factory operatives in the early part of this century, that are worthy of record.

In 1827–28 Chandler Holbrook of Poughkeepsie was sent by the Manhattan Fire Insurance Company of New York to make a survey of the textile factories in the greater part of the eastern United States. It might be assumed that he was not appointed without some qualifications for the work, and we have his own statement: "I have been somewhat acquainted with manufactures for eighteen years." He continually shows himself a careful, independent and trained observer. The manuscript consists of his private diary and of copies of letters sent to the president of the company. The first record in his diary is October 27, 1827, and the last letter is dated October 3, 1828.

"I left the city on the 26th of October, 1827. Arriving at Poughkeepsie, I took my horse and gig and proceeded to Sharon in Connecticut, and in a direction through that state to Springfield in Massachusetts, then up the Connecticut River to Northfield, where I crossed into New Hampshire. Then, visiting every factory of any notoriety in that state, I proceeded to Saco in Maine, and on to Winthrop, about ten miles above Hallowell, on the Kennebec. Returning through Portland, Portsmouth and Boston, I then bent my way to Thompson in Connecticut and, pursuing a circuitous route, I again found myself in Worcester County in Massachusetts, and after a stay of several days among the manufactures there I again returned to Connecticut and by way of Hartford, New Haven, etc., returned to New York. My next tour was up the east side of the Hudson to Troy and Schaghticoke, from thence to Bennington, Vermont, then to Glens Falls on the Hudson and down to Waterford, thence to Schenectady and westward to Oneida County, northward to Watertown and Brownville, then to Auburn and west to Rochester. From this place I went to the falls of Niagara and returned to Rochester and, by way of Manlius, Chittengo, etc., to Utica, from there to Otsego County and down the west side of the Hudson through the counties of Greene, Ulster, Orange and Rockland to New York.

"My last journey was direct to Baltimore, and after visiting all the factories within twenty miles of that city, which comprise all of any notoriety in Maryland, I returned and made similar examinations in Delaware and Pennsylvania. Except those in Trenton, I have seen none in New Jersey. Thus I have been through the various parts of the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and also crossed the Niagara River into Canada. By reference to my journal of courses and distances I find that I have travelled 4,628 miles. . . . The number of factories visited is of cotton 143 and of woollen 28."

This itinerary is significant because it indicates roughly the textile manufacturing districts of the country at that time. His average daily journey, omitting Sundays, was only about sixteen miles. The average is lower than it would have been because of many delays on account of the weather and because of one or two short vacations. Still his usual day's journey, when he was actually at work, was not over twenty or thirty miles. Nor was this due to idleness, for he was a most industrious worker, often writing until after eleven o'clock until eyes or candles gave out. The entire work done in the year could be done now in a few weeks, probably. Another inconvenience was the slowness of communication, waiting for directions being not infrequent and letters always uncertain in their arrival.

Nearly all the journey was made by means of his own horse and gig. His accounts of the roads recall the emphatic language of Arthur Young's Tours. "Intolerable rough," "tremen-

dous bad," "most awful bad" are common descriptions, while "Mechanicsville to Waterford is the worst road I have ever seen," and the road from Rochester, New York, to Whitesboro is "intolerably bad." It took three days' hard driving to cover the sixty-eight miles between New York and Matteawan in February. Saturday, May 3, "Left Onandagua and rode to Syracuse to breakfast. This being a rainy day, as usual for many days past, put up for the day. The constant bad roads for a long distance and hard driving have fairly beat out my poor little horse. He is as poor as a snake and his spirits have entirely failed him, in addition to which his back and breast are badly galled. The roads from Rochester to this place have been intolerable." No wonder he wrote his employer: "Until there is a new coinage of words, I shall be unable to find any one that will convey any idea of the bad roads that I have had to encounter." Occasional mention of a log road is made, and one near Rome, New York, was twenty miles long. Two or three times he took advantage of steamboats, as between Troy and Albany, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and Philadelphia and Wilmington. The steamboat seems to have lost its novelty, for he mentions it casually, although possibly it was regarded as a somewhat dangerous means of conveyance, for he says: "After dinner took the steamboat for Philadelphia, where I arrived." Once or twice, as at Morristown, New Jersey, the canal boat was available. Holbrook took the stage from New York at six in the morning and reached Philadelphia at nine or ten in the evening; but the return was not so expeditious, for he says: "Left Philadelphia for New York about eleven A. M. Before we arrived at Princeton we capsized our coach with seven passengers—one was badly hurt. Poor I again got my head bruised. We lodged that night at Princeton. Sunday at seven we left Princeton—the travelling very bad—did not arrive in New York until nearly eight P. M."

Accidents were perhaps not so serious as in these days of railroad travel, but they were frequent in proportion to the distance travelled. "My horse got loose and ran about a mile over a rough, hilly road to the meeting-house, where he was stopped by a man and brought back. The cushion was lost, but no other damage appears to have befallen us, that is, me and my horse and gig—no upsetting or breaking anything. My cushion was returned me in the evening. My expense for bringing back horse, gig and cushion, seventy-nine cents." "In leaving Falmouth, it being very dark and slippery, I unfortunately capsized my gig and came with my head to the ground and was somewhat bruised and three slight cuts nearly through the skin on my temple. With much difficulty my horse was extricated, and not being able to ascertain how much damage was sustained and my head bleeding, I concluded to remain there for the night. . . . My capsize has caused me some pain and I have felt quite indisposed all day. My damage was in a pecuniary point but seventy-five cents, but how long I shall go with my head bound up is uncertain. I shall leave Maine without regret." Town streets were not of the best. "In riding [horseback] along the streets of Lansingburgh, my horse suddenly started, and down came 'Pil Garlic' where the mud was almost knee deep. Never was a more awful predicament seen. I was flat on my back, my horse jumping, one foot in the stirrup, which soon came to the ground or rather the mud. Keeping fast hold the bridle, I supported myself, and found when I was fairly up I had not been fairly in the mud. I let my horse take care of himself and I sculled to the shore or rather pavement." There were other hindrances. "In crossing the Androscoggin I was detained an hour and one-quarter, exposed to severe cold, and it was dangerous getting in and out of the

boat"; and at another ferry in Maine, "it was very difficult to get on board the scow on account of the ice." On January 21 he was not able to cross the Connecticut on account of floating ice. Occasionally he lost his way.

Of the inns he has comparatively little to say, except that he went to a "publick house." In York, Maine, he wrote: "This I can say with truth was the most indifferent public house I have found since I left home." On January 16 he "put up at the United States Hotel" in Hartford, Connecticut, but the next day went to the City Hotel; "the United States Hotel charges too high for me. One dollar twelve one-hundredths more than I paid for the same time and better accommodation in Portsmouth, N. H." As already indicated, Mr. Holbrook was not fond of Maine. In one letter indicating his route, he says: "Into Maine and *out of it* as soon as convenient." Again, "I cannot hear of much in Maine, and am doubtful whether a journey below Saco will be of any advantage"; and finally, "I am much pleased with your request to leave this part of the country, and shall start immediately."

But there was a brighter side to his journey. On November 12 he wrote that, notwithstanding the bad roads, he had made 650 miles in the four weeks past. Sometimes the roads were "very good" or "quite tolerable." "I rode on to Wells, nine miles, the most of the way in view of the blue waves of ocean. At Wells is a beautiful view of the water, the waves rolling in upon the beach in the most sublime grandeur. A few fishing boats were riding apparently at ease. Fish are here caught in abundance—the finest of rock cod. From this place commenced a good road; and from this place to Kennebunk, 10 miles, I rode in one hour. At Kennebunk I stopped and had an excellent dinner; remained an hour and a half and left for Saco, distance ten miles, which I rode in one and a quarter hours."

"Left the Syracuse House—one of the most elegant hotels in the United States. The main building is four stories, standing on a corner of the intersection of two streets, having two wings extending which form an obtuse angle. These are two stories. The whole is of brick painted white. On both fronts of the main building is a portico and railing for each story; on the roof a handsome balustrade, and on the top of the building a cupola with a bell. The rooms are well furnished and the hotel well kept and charges moderate." Courtesy to strangers seems to have been frequently lacking. In Newmarket, New Hampshire, "a gentleman observing I was a stranger accosted me at the door and invited me to walk into the reading-room opposite. I cordially accepted his invitation and tendered him my most hearty thanks for such unusual politeness." But Mr. Holbrook seems to have had little time for pleasures. "This evening for a great variety was spent in social intercourse with an elderly gentleman"; and after two months' travel his diary says, "Passed an hour or two very pleasantly, being the only social hours I have spent with one exception." But in February, while examining Baldwin and Wild's factory in Kinderhook, he writes: "Was very politely requested to dine with Mr. Wild, who also requested my staying with him as long as I shall stay in the village. The same request was made by Mr. Baldwin, with whom I took supper. I have never met with such particular attention since I commenced my peregrinations." At Watertown he "went for a short time into the ballroom, where was music and dancing"; and at Rochester "went to the circus, where was a very full house." In Windham, Connecticut, New Year's day, 1828, he "in the evening went down to the ballroom for a short time, and was very politely received by the company, a good list provided for me, politely urged to partake of the supper and other refreshments. This was a large party, nearly one hundred

ladies being present. Wrote this night till one-half past twelve." Two or three days after he writes: "Loaned my gig in the evening to a young gentleman to ride on a very interesting visit. The terms on which I lent him the gig were 'he was to kiss the pretty girl for me,' which he promised faithfully to do, and produced a certificate to that effect in the morning."

But the change in methods of travel was at hand, and by a happy coincidence our traveller was present on one important occasion marking the inception of railroad transportation. His account is of some historic interest. Baltimore, July 4, 1828: "Had a view of the splendid procession which was formed of all the mechanics, trades and occupations in the city to lay the corner stone of the Ohio and Baltimore Railroad. This was the most splendid procession ever witnessed in this city. . . . Among the rest and upon whom devolved the duty of laying the corner stone was the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, now in his 92d year and the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence of these United States. His appearance does not indicate more than seventy years. The day passed off without accident, noise or confusion. The greatest order everywhere prevailed. Among other things which attracted attention were two wagons from the Union Cotton Factory loaded with the females from that establishment; one wagon had sixty, and the other forty, females. The day was unusually fine, the evening was uncomfortably cold. Through the day and evening I saw but one individual intoxicated."

There are comparatively few political references, and these concern the fierce struggle then going on over protection. It will be remembered that this winter was marked by the consideration and passage of the "tariff of abominations," which among other things doubled the duties on woollen goods. In a letter of the 21st of January, 1828, he speaks of the "universal complaint of the unproductiveness of the woollen business." On October 27, 1827, at Germond's in Washington, Dutchess County, New York, he chanced upon a "Grand Convention" of "professing Republicans" for the nomination of candidates for the Assembly; and on February 18, 1828, he says: "At Mr. Germond's was a county convention for the purpose of passing resolutions against a revision of the tariff and opposed to any further protection on woollen goods. It was attended by the relatives and friends of Mr. J. J. Oakley, representative in Congress, and if these personal friends were stricken from the roll of those who cried 'aye,' any man would say it was a [word illegible] convention." In November, 1827, he was refused information about a factory in Nashua, New Hampshire, "until after the tariff has passed," and he was evidently considered a spy. The woollen industry generally was not flourishing, while the cotton industry was most prosperous. New cotton mills were going up, and some woollen factories were being changed to cotton. The cotton manufacturers evidently looked upon the protective system with less favor, for one of them in Peterboro, New Hampshire, complained that the commodities consumed by the 253 operatives in his mill paid the government a duty of $1,500.

On February 17, services in memory of Clinton were held, and Mr. Holbrook gives an account of those in Poughkeepsie, where he chanced to be: "This day was appointed to deliver sermons on the death of Mr. Clinton, governor of the state of New York. Every pulpit was draped in mourning—black broadcloth sufficient to make a full suit for each clergyman, one Episcopalian, one Presbyterian, one Dutch Reformed, one Methodist, one Baptist. The services were performed in the Dutch church. In the morning, sermon from the Rev. Mr. Cuyler from this text: 'Hear the rod and him who hath ap-

pointed it.' In the afternoon by Dr. Reed of the Episcopalian church from this text: 'A time to mourn.' In the evening by Rev. Mr. Welton of the Presbyterian church from this text: 'How are the mighty fallen!' or something like it—I don't remember exactly. The church was crowded to overflowing during the three services. Mr. Hutchinson of the Baptist church made a prayer before and after noon, and Mr. Richardson of the Methodist church in the evening,"—after all of which the people must have been heartily tired of Governor Clinton.

Incidentally we have in the diary descriptions of many places. Among the New England towns are "Portland, which is now the third in point of tonnage in the Union. Here appears an activity in business quite in contrast with the town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. There are now about 14,000 inhabitants"; Brunswick, Maine: "This appears a flourishing village, the college consisting of three handsome brick buildings at the west end of the town. This place carries on a considerable lumber trade, receiving their logs for 150 to 200 miles up the river. They have 28 saws in operation, but no other manufactory of any note."

Of more interest are brief accounts of some New York places. Watertown was growing rapidly, having increased thirty per cent in a year. In Sackett's Harbor "everything has a temporary appearance. The place owes its present size to the late war, and the cause being removed which gave it birth, almost everything has the appearance of dilapidation and decay. The armed vessels which sometimes thundered defiance at our enemy are now sunk in the lake or are in the more peaceful employment of the merchant in the carrying trade of the lake. The mammoth ship now on the stocks having a house over it was designed for 120 guns. The fine stone barracks near the shore of the lake make a very handsome and beautiful appearance and are undoubtedly the handsomest in the United States." "Oswego will undoubtedly be a place of importance, being connected with the Erie Canal and also lying on the lake shore." "Rochester far exceeds all that I have ever heard of its growth and business. There are here now about 13,000 inhabitants, eight places for religious worship, twelve flouring mills having fifty run of stone, a great variety of other mills, etc. In 1812 only one house stood where is now the bustle and business of a city." Lockport "is increasing with wonderful rapidity and will shortly be a place of much importance." Fort Niagara "is the oldest military post in the United States, the house having been built about 130 years. There are here no troops stationed. The colonel [Jewett] has charge of the fort and the property belonging to the government. The situation is without a superior for pleasantness and one of the finest places for fishing and fowling in the country. There I was shown the magazine in which 'tis said 'Morgan was confined and murdered.' The colonel is now indicted for being accessory to the 'doleful deed,' of which in my opinion he knows nothing." "The immense quantity of salt here [Syracuse] manufactured is truly astonishing to one unacquainted with the business. The salt duty paid to the state last year was $116,000. Apparently more than 100 acres are covered by the evaporating vats besides the immense number of boilers."

The Auburn state prison was established in 1816. "This is a splendid pile of buildings, displaying much neatness and good regulation. Nearly 600 convicts are here at constant labor, carrying on all kinds of mechanical labor. The expense of feeding and clothing each person is less than eight cents per day. Many of the weavers are employed for the Auburn factory at twenty-five cents per day, who make 6-4 and 7-8 bedtick and wove in March 3,700 yards of 6-4 and 4,200 yards 7-8 bedtick and 1,200 yards jeans."

The evidence of this observer as to the manufacturing industries can be of value only cumulatively, reinforcing and perhaps supplementing other accounts. It concerns only the cotton and woollen industries, with incidental reference to others. But the materials for the economic history of the United States yet to be written are in some fields scant, and all that may add to our knowledge is worth preserving. Negative evidence is of slight value, and it is not safe to infer that there were no textile establishments outside of the districts visited by Holbrook, although it is probable that he visited nearly all the regions where cotton and woollen factories existed in any numbers. These were the southwestern corner of Maine, the Merrimac Valley, the Connecticut Valley to Bellows Falls, the northeast corner of Connecticut, the Hudson Valley, the Mohawk Valley, and from Syracuse west to the Falls along the line of the "old road" of the New York Central system, the region just east of Lake Ontario, the vicinity of Philadelphia and of Wilmington, Delaware, and especially the vicinity of Baltimore. The growth of Manayunk near Philadelphia had been very rapid. "The factories in the neighborhood of Baltimore are scattered in every direction. 'Tis difficult to find two in the same direction." "I have particular surveys of seventeen factories (and one woollen) in the neighborhood of Baltimore, several of which are very extensive in their operations. Those that I have particularly surveyed have in operation 45,032 spindles, 788 looms, and employ 2,500 persons." Of others he took no survey, but from Maryland he writes: "I do not find that neatness of appearance and apparent comfort around the dwellings that I have frequently admired in my northern and eastern tour."

Although the factories were all in the New England and Middle States, there was no such localization as at present. Small factories, often of only a few thousand dollars capital, were scattered all over this region. Such concentration as did exist was due to the water power. Our textile industries passed through the same stages as the textile industries of England. The first effect of the introduction of machinery driven by water was to build up the factories away from cities where power could be had. Power could not be brought to the people in the towns, but the people could be taken to the waterfall. The introduction of steam has changed this tendency. One or two large factories are mentioned, as one in Ware, Massachusetts, with a capital of $525,000 and a product of 15,000 to 18,000 yards a week, and one at Saco costing $300,000 to $400,000.

As in England, the cotton industry developed the large factory much sooner than did the woollen industry. The woollen factories mentioned by Mr. Holbrook employed 40 to 70 hands. The cotton factories were generally larger. One is mentioned which employed 700 people, and those at Ware and Saco must, judging from the number of spindles running, have employed 500 and over 800 respectively. Improvements in cotton machinery were being made continually, and the cost of a suit of machinery from the picker to the loom was from $14 to $25 per spindle. The output was very different in different factories. In one case about 54 yards per loom per week for "fine goods No. 32 to 40"; in another 130 per loom per week of No. 25; and in another case, fineness not given, 107 yards per loom weekly. The cotton factories ran about 35 to 38 spindles to the loom.

"Silk manufacture is carried on in [Mansfield, Connecticut] more extensively than in any other town in the states. The last season has been unfavorable, and the quantity made is only 2,629 pounds. The manufacture is wholly domestic, and one person can make about twenty pounds with sufficient worms and trees. Two hun-

dred and sixty families are engaged in this business in a greater or less degree; the most made by any one family was seventy-five pounds, the least eight ounces. It is reeled and spun in families and sold in quantities to merchants and others, who have it colored and prepared for market. The price of the raw silk is about $4 per pound, but when finished it is not sold by weight. When well spun it is said to be superior to any other silk for strength. The culture of silk appears confined to the town of Mansfield." Although Holbrook visited other factories, he says little about them and little about industrial processes. Mention is made of "an extensive nail factory" in Ramapo, New Jersey, "consuming about 900 tons of iron annually"; and he describes a "method of bleaching or rather a finish of their white flannels by brimstone smoke. A room in the rear addition is appropriated to this. A small quantity of brimstone is put into an iron vessel of coals, which is then put into this room and the door closed to retain the smoke." There is naturally a great deal of information about mill construction and protection from fire. It is interesting to notice that this agent was then emphasizing the importance of certain points in modern mill construction.

The most important information, however, is that upon the condition of the mill operatives. It brings additional testimony, but of a somewhat earlier period than usual, in support of the statement that, in marked contrast with contemporaneous English conditions, there was comparatively little cause for criticism of the treatment of factory hands in America. In Newmarket, New Hampshire, were "girls, well dressed, cultivating some flowers, and what was somewhat remarkable, one weaver was also knitting." In a factory near Peterboro, New Hampshire, he notes in his diary: "Some flowers observed in the factory windows, a small library in the counting-room for the use of the persons employed," and also in a factory in Peterboro: "Here I found many flowers cultivated by the girls and some shrubbery round the building. A collection of valuable and interesting books for the use of the hands gratis." In a letter from Schaghticoke, New York, he notes as an apparent exception that "they employ a large number of children, and they do not appear to be under the best regulation; consequently their rooms are not in that clean order that I have been gratified in observing heretofore."

A letter written his employer at the conclusion of his tour gives a most interesting and valuable account of what he had observed in this connection: "Presuming that a few observations relative to the moral character and condition of the manufacturers taken as a community will be gratifying to you, I herewith furnish you with that which from personal observation and inquiry I obtained while on my late journey for the Manhattan Fire Insurance Company. I regret that I did not at first make inquiries concerning Sabbath schools, but I have no memorandums of any until I commenced my journey in this state. While in New Hampshire I generally had conversation with the proprietors respecting the characters of the persons employed and of the tendency of their establishments to the advancing or otherwise of moral principles. On this subject I found but one opinion, and that certainly was a favorable one.

"In New Hampshire they do not employ many children, finding it more advantageous to have grown persons. These are mostly females of families from the neighboring towns. In many of the factories they require that the applicant shall produce satisfactory recommendations of a good moral character before employment is given. I have in some instances found very handsome libraries left in the counting-room, and any persons employed by the company have the privilege of

taking any book for perusal gratis. They also discountenance the use of ardent spirits and do not allow its use in the workshops. The attentions of the managers not only extend to the persons while employed, but also to the boarding-houses, in order that no persons of immoral habits should locate themselves on their premises and by bad example or precept lead others astray.

"In the state of Connecticut I found many more children at work in the factories than I did in other states. This is partly owing to the vast number of factories in Massachusetts and Rhode Island which give employment to so many girls as weavers that grown persons cannot be obtained for the various branches of the establishments. There is another reason: poor persons with large families of children resort there for work and are anxious that as soon as a child is able to earn anything it should go into the mill, and as it affords some relief to the parents they are received; but as far as I could learn, it is a kind of labor not desired on the score of economy by the proprietors. At Humphreysville I was told by Dr. Deforest that several of the girls in his employ had the preceding summer been engaged as teachers of schools in the neighboring towns and were also re-engaged for the coming season. In this state [New York] I have memorandums of twenty Sabbath schools where the children of the factories regularly attend; some of them are exclusively for the factory children, others are in the neighborhood. Where the establishments are small and remote from a town or neighborhood, the number of children that could be brought together has been considered insufficient for a school of that kind. There is a disposition manifested among the children to attend school, and in some instances it is a part of the contract that they must do so. At Manlius I was told that twenty of the girls in that mill were attending a school for writing only. In Pennsylvania I found the same attention paid to the subject, and also at several mills in Delaware. I have memorandums of six schools near Philadelphia, three on the Brandywine and six near Baltimore. At the Savage factory they have lately commenced their school. They have a large proportion of grown help, and a great many of these cannot read or write. They are gratified in having an opportunity to go to school, and a very good effect is anticipated from this school. They have a large room very appropriately fitted up for public worship at this place, and clergymen of various denominations frequently officiate there. Many persons have deprecated the increase of manufacturing establishments in this country, believing it will have a tendency to vice and immorality. My own opinion was different, and from information received from every section of the country which I have visited and my personal observation, I do not hesitate to say that in a moral point of view the manufacturers will not suffer in comparison with any other class in the community, and if we look into our county courts, magistrates' offices, poorhouses, jails and penitentiaries, and say from whence do all these people come? I say they do not come from our manufactories. At the New York mills in Oneida County I was told by a person who had been in their employ for nearly two years that he had not heard a profane expression by any person in their employ during that time.

"That the condition of persons employed in our manufactories is benefited, is obvious to the most casual observer. If reasons were required, enough are at hand to satisfy the most scrupulous. The most prominent is constant employment and good wages. Casual employment leaves the person much leisure time, which requires occasional disbursements from previous earnings, and he soon finds more time for idleness than for labor. Habits are formed which are

pernicious, and ruin and poverty are too often found treading in the footsteps of those who depend on occasional employment. To see the benefit that has arisen to those who removed to our manufactories it would be necessary to have looked into their dwellings and around their premises previously to their removal. But it is sufficient now to look at those in similar situations to what these were in, to see the contrast. We see the manufacturers well fed and genteelly clothed. Often have I been told, when inquiring if all their children went to Sunday school, that a family had been lately employed whose children had not clothes suitable to appear in, but they would soon have them well clothed, when they would attend. I have frequently been told of persons who entered an establishment when first able to earn anything and who have constantly worked at the same establishment. Some have saved a few hundred, and some a few thousand dollars; their education has not been neglected; habits of industry are formed, and they are becoming and have become valuable members of society. These people are from what we call the laboring classes of the community, and it is with other laboring people that I compare them.

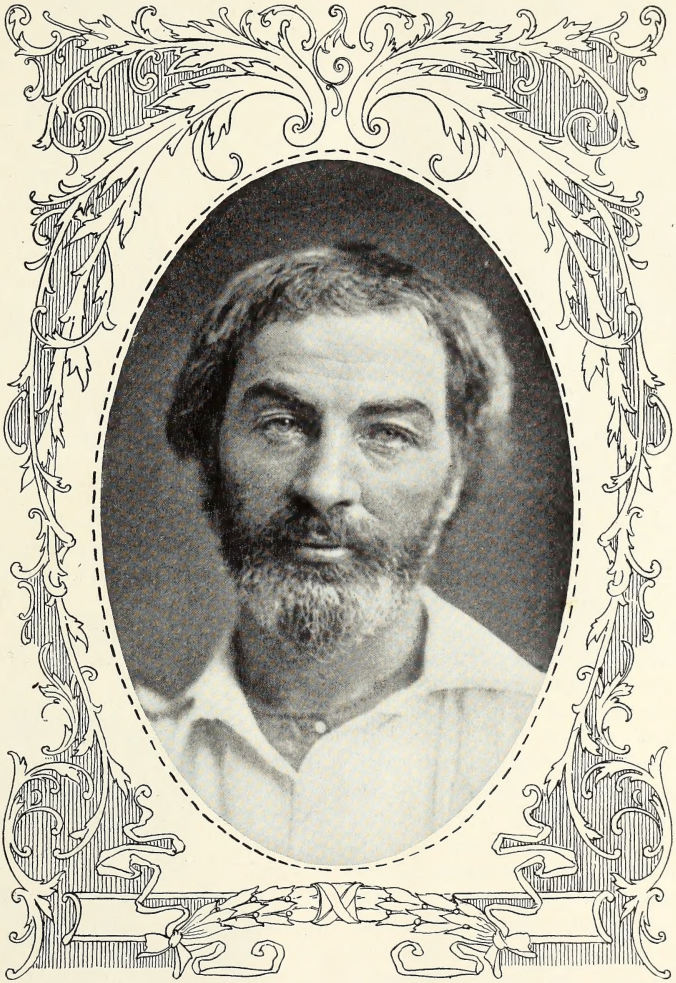
"Much has been said relative to the characters of the females employed in the factories. The information I have obtained on this subject is highly gratifying. I have often been told of mills which have been in operation for many years, and there had never been an instance known of unchaste or improper conduct. There prevails among the females an ambition to sustain a good moral character. There is a watchfulness among them, and they quickly detect an immoral intruder when sometimes the proprietors have been negligent or deceived. The introduction of the power loom by bringing more immediately together so many girls of larger growth and the high wages that have been obtained have contributed more than any other thing to form their character for good conduct. The work is not laborious. From the wages received, being more than could be obtained by the hitherto ordinary occupations of housework, they are enabled to dress with more neatness and taste. The occupation has been daily becoming more respectable and we find among the most deserving of the laboring community. I do not mean to say that these observations will apply universally, but generally as far as my observations have gone and from personal inquiry I believe they are correct. I have been somewhat acquainted with manufactories for eighteen years, and am highly gratified in finding such great improvement in the appearance and condition of the operatives. . . . From all I have seen and heard, I am happy to say, and I say it with sincerity, that our manufactories as now conducted have a tendency to improve the morals of the laboring people, that they will be more industrious and more intelligent—consequently more happy and better citizens."

Perhaps we cannot better leave this traveller of seventy years ago than by quoting from his diary of January 2, 1828: "Forty-one years bygone, saith my mother, came I—poor I—into this troublesome world. My sun has past its meridian and is fast descending. 'Alas, poor Yorick!' You have much to account for and very little to show on a settlement. Forty-one years gone never to return. Soon, very soon, it will be said, C.H. is dead! and what does he leave to tell he ever lived? Children he has none! Several persons he esteems as his friends, a wife he loves, parents he reveres, is thankful for favors received, and supplicates heaven for a continuance of its mercies."

PORTRAITS OF WALT WHITMAN.

By R. M. Bucke.

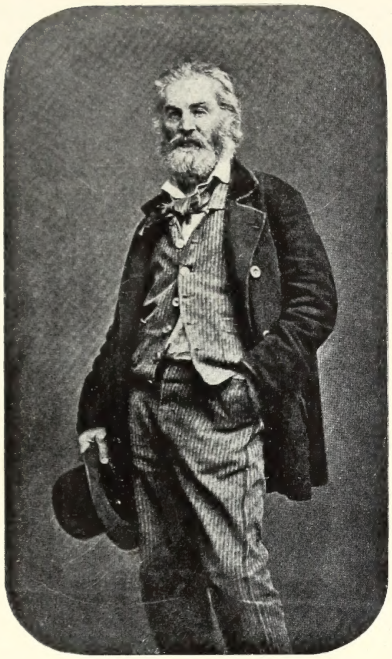
THERE are extant of Whitman one daguerreotype, several hundred photographs, perhaps a dozen oil paintings taken from life, besides crayon and other drawings, busts, three oil paintings, a crayon and a sepia etching by Gilchrist, and of course newspaper, magazine and other reproductions innumerable. In selecting likenesses for this article, the



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and probably half a dozen busts by Morse and other sculptors. Of these the writer has his full share, namely, over a hundred photographs, two difficulty has been out of the large number in hand to select those that ought to be used.

Whitman's ancestors were mostly



NUMBER 2. 1856.

farmers, stock-raisers and sailors. His father, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather Whitman were all born in the same house, which still stood only a few years ago at West Hills, Long Island. The poet himself was born in a more modern house close to the old homestead. For many generations, dating back a hundred years before the American Revolution, the Whitmans owned a large tract of property in that neighborhood, where they lived in patriarchal style surrounded by large families and by numerous black, woolly-headed slaves. Whitman's mother's family, the Van Velsors, lived on their own land a few miles away, at a place called Cold Springs. His mother's mother's family (named Williams) were a race of sailors. So also were his mother's father's mother's family, the Kossabones. Go back as far as we may, there is no sign of scholastic habits or of literary traits among his people in any direction, unless it be in the case of his great-grandfather's great-grandfather, Zachariah Whitman, born 1595, who was a clergyman. The poet's brothers and sisters were as innocent of literary propensities as were any of their ancestors, and this in spite of the fact that two of his brothers, George and Jeff, were exceedingly able men, who rose by sheer ability from the status of day laborers to wealth, reputation and influence.

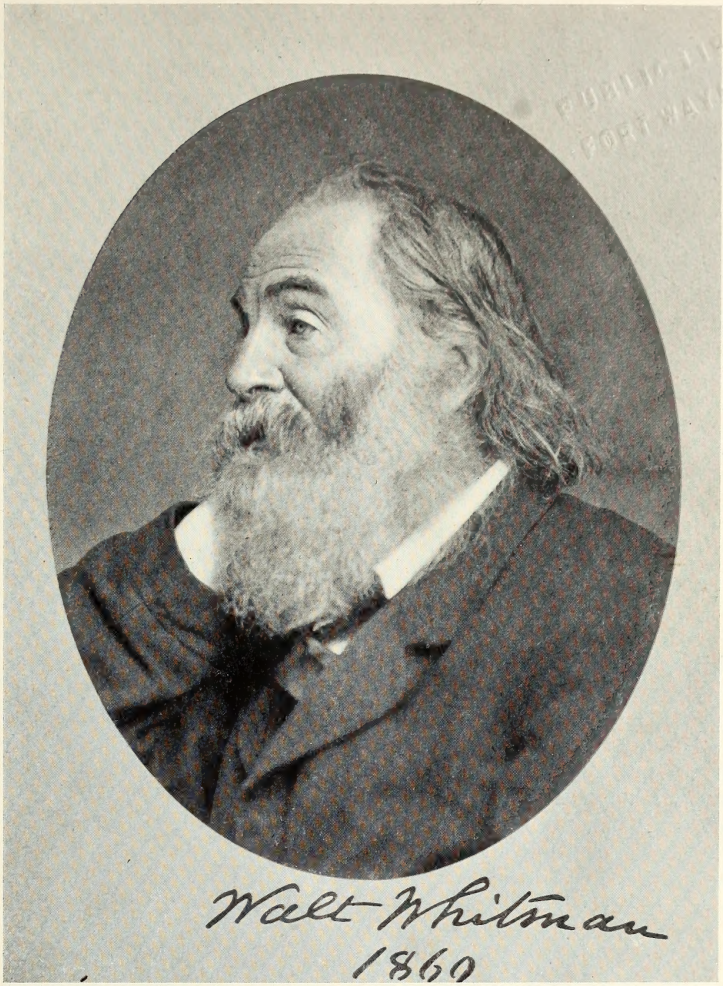
In this connection it should never be forgotten that Walt Whitman himself is about the most unliterary of all writers. He was not a student, not a reader, had little or no taste for letters. He never had many books, and those he had were in some back room or thrown in an out-of-the-way corner. He did not care for literature as such at all, could hardly read Tennyson, could not read Browning or Swinburne, probably never in his life read such a book as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" or Macaulay's "England" or Rawlinson's "Herodotus" or Bacon's "Organon" or Carlyle's "Frederic," as so many thousands have done for the pure love of reading. It is doubtful, though he often spoke and wrote about Carlyle, whether he ever read through his "French Revolution" or even his "Sartor Resartus."

Whitman's business was to live a



NUMBER 3. 1859.

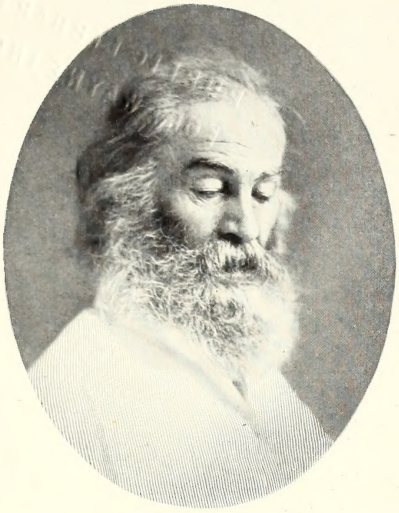
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NUMBER 4. AGE 41.

life and put that life on record. This business he attended to day in and day out for at least fifty years, since he probably entered consciously upon it quite early in life. Not only "Leaves of Grass," but all his prose—everything he ever wrote—is in one sense or another autobiographic; it all hinges and turns upon himself. He says somewhere that he writes nothing but his own name, that he repeats it over and over: "It never tires me."

Though the Whitmans had been well off, the poet's father was a poor man, who maintained a large family upon his daily wages as a carpenter. Walt Whitman and his brothers and sisters, as before intimated, belonged distinctly to the laboring class. Jesse and Andrew (two of the brothers) were never anything but day laborers. Hannah married a landscape painter, and Mary a ship carpenter. The poet himself was a printer, a school teacher, a newspaper editor, a carpenter and a house builder. Later he was a government clerk in Washington, after having been for two years an unpaid nurse in the hospitals, during which time he earned his bread



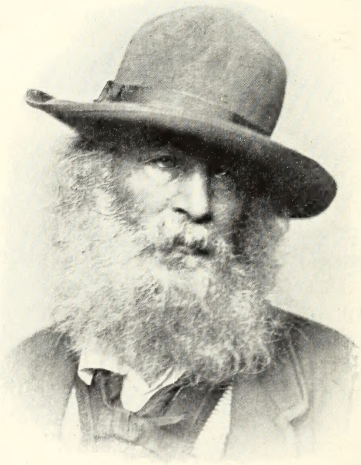
NUMBER 5. AGE 42, 1861.

writing letters to New York newspapers.

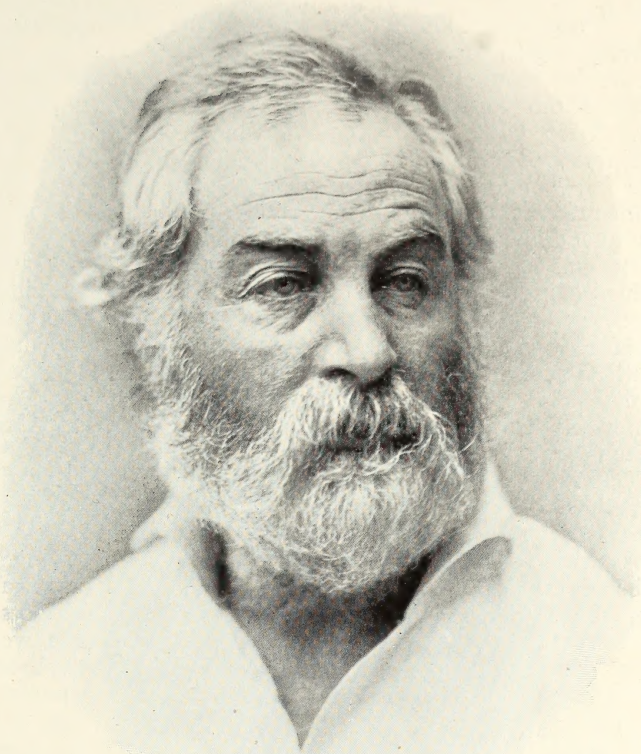
Before reaching the age of thirty, Walt Whitman had written a number of stories and sketches, including a long temperance tale called "Franklin Evans." If we gauged him by these, we should have to say, "This man will never do anything above mediocrity." Nevertheless, at the age of thirty-four to thirty-five he produced, Emerson being the judge, "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has contributed." How shall we account for this? What was it that converted this mediocre man, this house builder and carpenter, this carpenter's son, into the deepest thinker his country had produced? We are reminded by this case of another at which "many were astonished, and said, Is not this the carpenter's son, whence has this man these things? and they were offended at him." What had happened to cause the change?

Walt Whitman (page 15 of the 1855 edition of "Leaves of Grass") tells us what had occurred. He tells us of a marvellous rebirth which happened to him in June, 1853, in the beginning of his thirty-fifth year. He relates how his other new self came to him and took possession of him, and how there swiftly arose and spread around him the peace and joy and knowledge that pass all the art and argument of the earth, and how it came to him that all the men ever born were his brothers and the women his sisters and lovers, and how he saw that the basic fact of creation (its "kelson") is love. From that moment this carpenter too became a seer, the heavens were opened unto him also, and he saw and knew the Spirit of God. In this case also, as in others of the same class, there was, upon illumination, a characteristic brightness of the face, an irrepressible joyousness shining from his features and seeming to pervade his whole body. If I am not mistaken, something of this spiritual elevation can still be seen (though at four or five removes from its origin) in likeness number one, which must have been taken within a few months after the June day referred to.

Between the date of number one and number two, the first and second editions of "Leaves of Grass" were written and published. The first edition, in spite of Emerson's indorsement, failed to sell; its author could not



NUMBER 6. AGE 43, 1862.



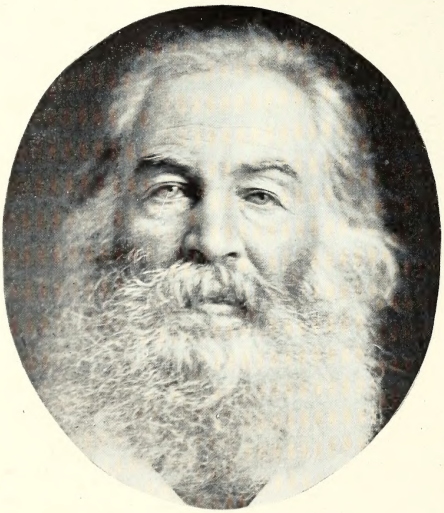
NUMBER 7. AGE 44, 1863.

even give it away,—for complimentary copies, we are told, were in many instances returned, often accompanied by insulting letters. The book was considered meaningless, badly written, filthy, atheistical and utterly reprehensible. The second edition contained a number of new poems and met with a worse reception even than the first. Fowler and Wells undertook its publication, but the clamor was so loud that they almost at once threw up their contract, and the issue was continued by the author. However, there was little or no sale, and for a time "Leaves of Grass" seemed to be dead.

Whitman, however, was not, it seems, the least discouraged. He probably foresaw the reception the book must meet. He went on his way as joyous and sympathetic as ever. Indeed the poems written during the next few years were, if possible, more exultant and optimistic than those of the two first editions. Then, in 1860, Thayer and Eldridge of Boston published the third edition, which had as its frontispiece portrait number three, which is a steel engraving from an oil painting made by Charles Hine, an artist friend of the poet's. With the publication of this third edition began such mod-

erate measure of success as "Leaves of Grass" has so far seen. The book began to sell. There was a lull in the storm of refusal which greeted the earlier editions. It seemed as if the "Leaves" were about to strike root and flourish. Then came the war. The book business was ruined, Thayer and Eldridge failed, and "Leaves of Grass" was once more out of print.

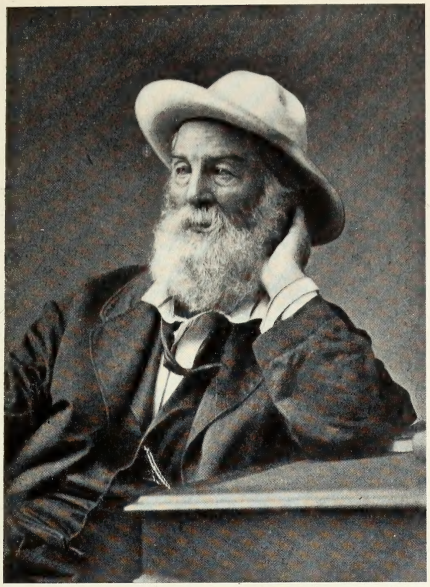
Portrait number four presents to us the poet as he was shortly after the issue of the third edition of his poems. Number three may have been taken a year or two before it was used in 1860. I have the authority of Whitman himself for the date of number four; it was probably taken at the end of 1860, number three having been painted, say, in 1857 or 1858. Number five was taken in 1861, in the early months of the war, that war which was to affect the poet so vitally; and (by what I suppose is an odd coincidence) his attitude and aspect in this photograph are as if the shadow of the national catastrophe, which was to crush him as well as so many thousand others, was already falling upon him and darkening his life. The same may be said of number six as of number five. Taken in the second year of the war, it shows or seems to show the poet suffering acutely (as he undoubtedly did suffer) under the calamity that had fallen upon his country. A large part of "Drum-Taps" must have been written this year, since he left the manuscript in New York, when he went to the front, in December, 1862.



NUMBER 8. AGE 49, 1868.

From that date until the end of the war, and even for some time after the war had ended, he devoted himself day and night, body and soul, to the alleviation of the suffering of the sick and wounded men on the battlefields and in the hospitals in and about Washington. His work in those years has never been realized and perhaps never will or can be realized. O'Connor, who was there and knew it well, has attempted to depict it. He says:

"How can I tell the nature and extent of that sublime ministration? During those years Washington was a city in whose unbuilt places and around whose borders were thickly planted dense white clusters of barracks. These were the hospitals—neat, orderly, rectangular, strange towns, whose every citizen lay drained with sickness or wrung with pain. There, in those long wards, in rows of cots on either side, were stretched in all attitudes and aspects of mutilation, of pale repose, of contorted anguish, of death, the martyrs of the war; and among them, with a soul that tenderly remembered the little children in many a dwelling mournful of those fathers, the worn and anxious wives haggard with thinking of those husbands, the girls weeping their spirits from their eyes for those lovers, the mothers who, from afar, yearned to the bedsides of those sons, walked Walt Whitman, in the spirit of Christ, soothing, healing, consoling, restoring, night and day, for years,—never failing, never tiring, constant, vigilant, faithful. At the red aceldama of Fredericksburg, he is in a hospital on the banks of the Rappahannock; he soothes, he comforts, he consoles, he assists to lift the wounded into the ambulances; he

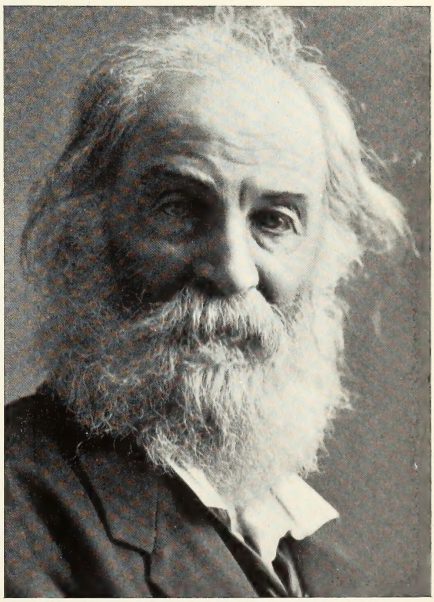


NUMBER 9. AGE 51, 1870.

helps to place the worst cases on the stretchers; his kiss is warm upon the pallid lips of some who are mere children, his tears drop upon the faces of the dying. He writes letters to fathers, mothers, brothers, wives, sweethearts. Some of the soldiers are poor penmen; some cannot get paper; some fear to write lest they should worry the folks at home. He writes for them all; he uses that genius that shall endure to the latest generation to say the felicitous, the consoling, the cheering, the kindest, the best word."

This is how he was employed for a couple of years before, and two or three years after, number seven was taken. He was now forty-five years old and in the full maturity of his splendid bodily and mental powers.

In 1868, when number eight was taken, the poet was employed as a clerk in the attorney-general's office in Washington. He had been previously for a short time in the Department of the Interior, but had been dismissed by its chief (the Hon. James Harlan) for having written an "indecent" book—"Leaves of Grass," to wit. Since number seven was taken, he has had much sickness from hospital malaria and over-emotional strain in his work among the sick. Number nine shows better than the preceding the failure of his vitality; but in numbers ten and eleven he seems, for the moment, to have rallied. During all this time he is still in Washington, in the attorney-general's office. Part of each month's salary he sends to his mother, who is now growing old. He lives economically, and most of what he has over he expends on the old soldiers who are still at the hospitals and to whom he still devotes a certain part of his time as well as means. Moreover, he is constantly adding to the "Leaves." Early in 1865 he prints "Drum-Taps." Then, upon Lincoln's assassination, in April, he withdrew the book from publication until he had prepared a sequel containing "President Lincoln's Burial Hymn" and other pieces. In 1867 he issued the fourth edition of the "Leaves," including "Drum-Taps" and all poems down to date. The butterfly in picture eleven represents, of course, Psyche, his soul, his fixed contemplation of which accords



NUMBER 10. AGE 52, 1871.

with his declaration: "I need no assurances; I am a man who is preoccupied of his own soul."

On the morning of the twenty-fourth of January, 1873, Walt Whitman awoke and found that his left side was paralyzed. This was the culmination of the sickness caused by the poisonous air and the more poisonous wounds and sores of the hospitals. From this time until the end he was an invalid. He left Washington and went to Camden, where then lived his mother with his brother George. He was getting a little better, when, on the twenty-third of May of this year, his mother died. He had lost, in February, his favorite sister, Mattie, Jeff's wife. The grief of these two deaths, especially that of his mother, crushed him, and for a long time he lived on the very brink of the grave. He continued on at Camden, but spent part of each summer with some former friends in the country at a place called Timber Creek, where he lived much alone in the woods and where he used to take sun baths naked or almost so. He always thought that these sun baths saved his life and brought back what little physical vigor he possessed after this period.

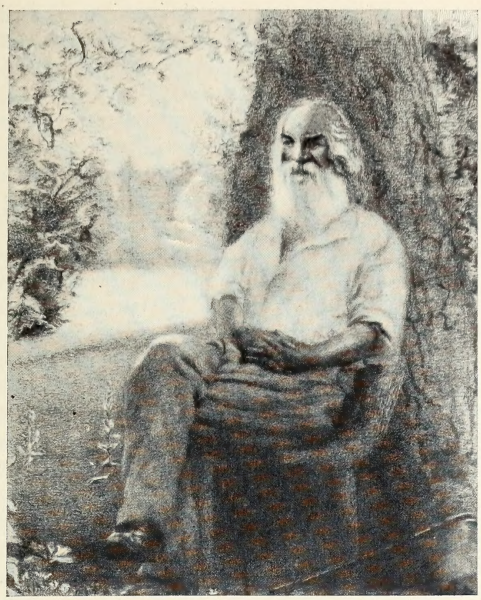


NUMBER 11. AGE 53, 1872.

Portrait number twelve is from a crayon sketch made out in the woods at Timber Creek by his friend, the English artist, H. H. Gilchrist, about the year 1877,—which sketch hangs in my office facing me now. The study for number thirteen was made by the same artist about the same date, not in the woods, but in Philadelphia. From the study a sepia etching was made for the present writer and hangs at present in his library. I am in the habit of calling it the "Buddha" likeness—just as I call number one the "Christ" likeness.

By 1879 Walt Whitman had improved much in health, though he still remained quite lame from his paralysis. It will be noticed how very much he has aged in the last eight years,—that is, since number ten was taken. In 1879, however, he was well enough to take a long railroad jaunt with some friends as far west as Denver, an account of which journey will be found in his Complete Prose Works (Small, Maynard and Company, 1898. Pp. 132 *et seq.*).

Fifteen and sixteen were taken in London, Ont., where the poet spent the summer of 1880 with the present writer. At that time he was sixty-one past; he was a large, exceedingly handsome man, with very white hair and more than the usual color in his face; in manner he was markedly quiet, unassuming and undemonstrative; he wore a white shirt with a large turn-down collar open at the throat, and a light gray tweed suit (the coat in the pictures is his overcoat, which was darker). His person and everything about him seemed constantly breathing an air of purity. Every decent individual is clean in person and clothing; but in him there was something beyond that, which though vividly present to my mind this moment, I find it difficult to put in words.



NUMBER 12. AGE 58, 1877.

His presence produced much the effect of a bright, breezy spring morning. As you associated more and more with him you perceived that the quality in question was not merely physical, not belonging solely or mostly to his person and raiment, but that it inhered, to at least an equal degree, in his mind, that in fact it belonged there, and that the external phenomenon was but the radiation of an inner spiritual quality. You found that his speech and thought were if possible cleaner, purer, freer from taint or stain, than were even his body or his linen. Further you noticed that, over and above, the man was singularly free from faults and blemishes that are almost if not quite universal. For instance, I never knew Whitman (in 1880 or any other time) to speak a word in depreciation of any person, except (and even this rarely) himself. I never knew him to find fault with the weather, with any of his surroundings, or with anything that might happen, such as "bad luck," sickness, or ill treatment by others. I never knew him to utter a harsh word of or to any one. The fact is, Whitman lived in an upper spiritual stratum above all mean thoughts, sordid feelings, earthly harassments. He resembled hardly at all ordinary men, but lived in a different world and was governed by entirely different thoughts and feelings and considerations. What these were I could not state fully, however much I might endeavor to do so.

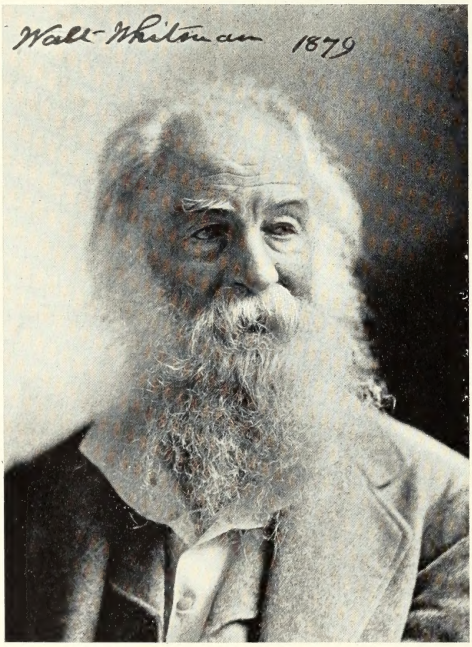
The charm of Whitman's presence cannot be conceived by those who have had no experience of it. This charm resided partly in such elements as those mentioned above, but perhaps still more in his manner, which was courteous, sympathetic and attractive in a very high degree. I have met many men in several countries, men of deservedly world-wide reputation, such as Tennyson, men of great spiritual force, such as Browning, men of the tenderest heart and most loving personality, such as Edward Carpenter, magnificent and magnetic orators, such as Henry Ward Beecher; but I have never met another such man as Whitman, and I do



NUMBER 13. AGE 58, 1877.

not believe that there has walked the grassy floor of the earth in my day another man so godlike and at the same time so human as the author of "Leaves of Grass."

In 1881 Osgood and Company wrote Whitman, offering to publish the "Leaves." Terms were agreed upon, and they got out the book, Whitman spending part of that summer in Boston, overseeing the printing and reading proof. I will not recite as I might (for I have all the letters and other documents) the shameful history of the collapse of this edition. The book was complained of as being obscene, and the publishers notified the author that they would not continue to bring it out; he of course acquiesced, and the plates were handed to him as the royalty so far earned. I have never been able to understand how men who had solicited such a contract, fully cognizant of all the conditions, could abandon the field like frightened birds at the cry of a ragged urchin; nor have I ever been able to comprehend how any business man could have failed to see the splendid chance the Osgoods then had to make money (and it must have been money they were after), had they invited the action, engaged good counsel, and through an open trial in court thoroughly advertised the book. But, as O'Connor said at the time: "Messrs. Osgood and Company leave their Pavia unfought and lose everything—including honor."

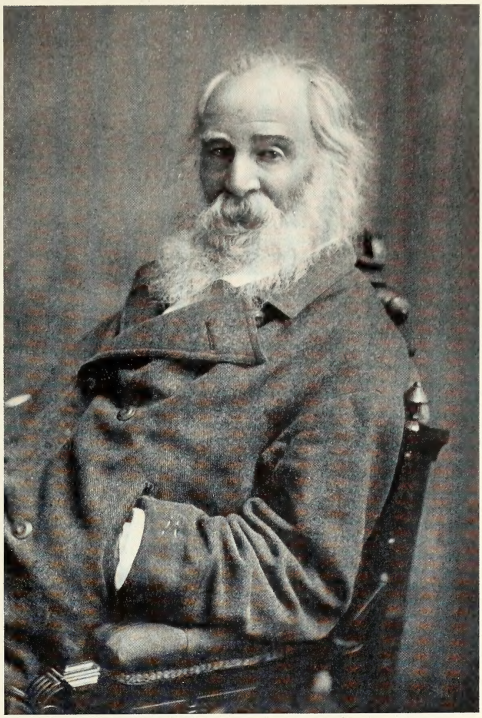


NUMBER 14. AGE 60, 1879.

But Whitman's faith in himself and his work carried him unscathed through this, as through all other rebuffs. He kept quietly on his way, cheery and confident, and I fancy that few well-off, young and healthy persons enjoy life as did this much-maligned, poor, half-paralyzed, semi-invalided old man.

Here is a picture of him at this time: The scene, a dining room in a large, well-appointed Germantown house in Philadelphia. Present, the host and hostess, several grown-up young people, a friend or two, besides the poet and the present writer. After dessert the host produces the current number, that day published, of one of the most influential magazines of the time, announces that it contains an article on Walt Whitman, and proceeds to read the same for the benefit of the company. The poet, sitting with the rest of us, heard himself in good set phrases charged with "immodesty," "ignorance," "stupidity," "vulgarity," "materialism," "insanity," "the delirium of self-conceit," "bad grammar," "misuse of words," "incoherence of ideas," "inconsecutiveness," "egotism," with being a "vain, disagreeable fellow," with writing lines "too vile for quotation." As Whitman listened to these and many more such expressions, recited with much gravity, as if the reader agreed with the writer, he first held up his hands and assumed an expression of overwhelming humiliation and

self-abasement; he then bent down his head as if quite overcome; then as denunciation after denunciation was poured forth, from time to time he would look up, and his face would be seen glowing with the keenest enjoyment, while his whole frame would be shaken with half-suppressed merriment. When the reading was over, for a time no one spoke; we waited to hear what the poet would say. He made no direct allusion to the piece read or the writer of it, but after a few quiet moments said, in his inimitably soft, musical voice, and with the drollest imaginable expression: "A robber once met a Quaker in a wood, knocked him down and beat him, took from him his purse and watch, then pulling out a long knife proceeded to cut his throat. The knife was dull, the patience of the poor Quaker almost exhausted. 'Friend,' said he to the robber, 'I do not object to thee cutting my throat, but thee haggles.' "



NUMBER 15. AGE 61, 1880.

Numbers seventeen, eighteen (frontispiece) and nineteen show Whitman at sixty-eight. In the last seven years he has aged markedly, but is as bright and cheery as ever. One of these portraits is from a photograph of Morse's bust, one of the best likenesses ever made of the poet. Morse's story of his summer with Whitman while he was working on it, told in "In re Walt Whitman," is almost as good as the bust itself, and I should like well to quote from it, had I space.

Number twenty shows a still further lowering of vitality in the old poet; it makes him look much more worn than was his usual aspect, but is nevertheless an admirable likeness. Number twenty-one, of the same date, is from the oil painting made by Eakins that year. This painting, which is perhaps the best that has been done of Whitman, is one of the writer's most treasured possessions. In June of this year the poet had a serious illness, accompanied by marked increase of his paralysis. The attack passed over, but left him older, feebler and more helpless than ever. He rallied somewhat; and number twenty-two shows him as he was about the beginning of the last year of his life.

Number twenty-three, taken September 7, 1891, shows us the poet as he was immediately before the onset of the attack of pneumonia, which terminated his earthly life. Then followed the long, slow suffering of his last sickness, when he lay in that upper room of the old house in Camden, waiting with almost superhuman patience for the end. On one of these early days of 1892, when he was able to bear to be propped up for a brief while, Eakins, the painter, took the last of the many photographs of him, reproduced here as number twenty-four. After that came the remaining

days of weary, lingering, gradual dying, watched by friends, perhaps the closest and warmest that ever collected about a death-bed. On the twenty-sixth of March, 1892, he passed peacefully away, welcoming death as he had welcomed life.

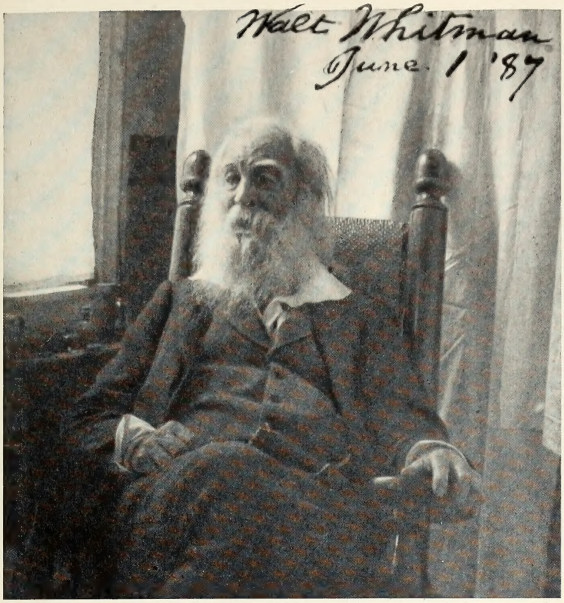
On the day set for his burial, I think nearly all Camden and much of Philadelphia must have filed through the large room in which, in its coffin, his dead body was laid, an endless procession of young and old men, of women and little children, anxious to look once more on that noble face before it should be covered forever. The sidewalks and street in front of the house in which he lay were packed with a solid crowd. It was a beautiful early spring day, the air was clear and fresh, the sun shone brightly. There were swarms of people everywhere, on the streets, on the roads, in the cemetery. Then came the voices of the speakers bidding farewell to the man they loved. From the reader came the words: "I am the resurrection and the life." And Ingersoll, as the tears ran down his face, closed his touching oration: "To-day I thank him for all the brave words he has uttered, for all the great and splendid words he has said in favor of liberty, in favor of man and woman, in favor of motherhood, in favor of fathers, in favor of children, and I thank him for the brave words he has said of death. He has lived, he has died; and death is less terrible than it was before. Thousands and millions will walk into the dark valley of the shadow, holding Walt Whitman by the hand. Long after we are dead, the brave words he has spoken will sound like trumpets to the dying."

So we left the worn-out and disused body of our friend in its tomb in Harleigh Cemetery. His real self, the Walt Whitman whom we know and love, freed from that prison which so long confined and hemmed him in, as real as in the old time and more alive than then, its foundation laid, labors now to rear that edifice in the spirit of man, which he planned in his splendid youth.



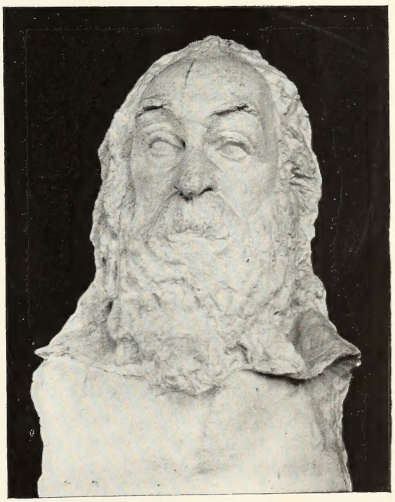
NUMBER 16. AGE 61, 1880.

To what I have written of the portraits of Whitman I proceed to add a few words upon his character and genius; for to me it is impossible to think of the face of the man apart from his spirit. When I came, in the late seventies, to know Walt Whitman personally, after having studied him in his own writings and in those of others about him for ten years, it gradually dawned upon me that he possessed qualities intellectual, moral or spiritual, or all three, which are not present in the make-up of ordinary men. At the risk of being misunderstood, I will be quite frank and will try and tell how this matter then appeared to me. Let me say that I was then a man over forty years of age, holding a responsible position which I filled then and since to the satis-

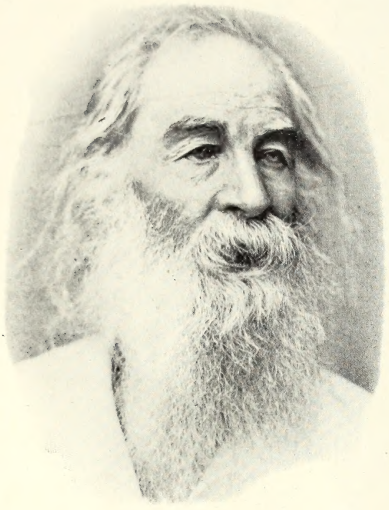


NUMBER 17. AGE 68, 1887.

faction of the government and which I still hold. It seemed to me, then, at that time, that Walt Whitman was surrounded, as it were, with a halo,—that there was something sacred and superhuman about him. There was a period of months during which I could not believe that he was merely a man; there were times when I was almost persuaded that he was a god,—though what those words used in such connection should mean, I could not make at all clear to myself. This phase of thought passed away, and it became clear to me that Whitman was undoubtedly a man, neither more nor less; but in order to reach this conclusion I was forced to enlarge the content of the concept man in order to make it embrace this new specimen. I was forced to the conclusion that a man may be nobler, or that man as a race is nobler than I had hitherto supposed. I then asked myself the question: In what does this man differ from what we see in others? and for years this was to me the question of questions. More than ever I studied the man in his works, in his life, in his conversation, by talking to his friends and to any one I could meet who had come into personal contact with him. As the Abbé Faria, in Dumas's great romance, wrote a history of the Borgia family in order to find out, if possible, what had become of the enormous wealth of the Spadas, so did I, not in a romance but in reality, write a book on Walt Whitman in order thereby, if that might be, to obtain an answer to the question with which I was perplexed. In my book I described the man and analyzed his mental qualities. I showed that he was different from ordinary folk, and pointed out in what manner he differed; but I failed to discover and therefore to set forth wherein precisely this difference consisted, or whence it sprang. A rather striking mental experience of my own, followed after nineteen years by an interview with an absolute stranger, opened the door at last to the only answer I am likely to receive in this life to the problem in question.

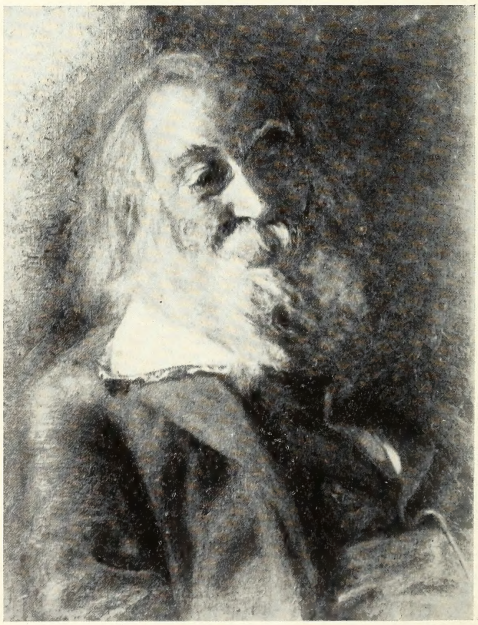


NUMBER 19. AGE 68, 1887.



NUMBER 20. AGE 69, 1888.

I had spent the evening in a great city, with two friends, reading and discussing poetry and philosophy. We had occupied ourselves with Wordsworth, Shelley, Browning and especially Whitman. We parted at midnight. I had a long drive in a hansom to my lodging. My mind, deeply under the influence of the ideas, images and emotions called up by the reading and talk, was calm and peaceful. I was in a state of quiet, almost passive enjoyment, not actually thinking, but letting ideas, images and emotions flow of themselves, as it were, through my mind. All at once, without warning of any kind, I found myself wrapped in a flame-colored cloud. For an instant I thought of fire, an immense conflagration somewhere close by in that great city; the next, I knew that the fire was within myself. Directly afterwards there came upon me a sense of exultation, of immense joyousness accompanied or immediately followed by an intellectual illumination impossible to describe. Among other things, I did not merely come to believe, but I saw, that the universe is not composed of dead matter, but is, on the contrary, a living Presence; I became conscious in myself of eternal life. It was not a conviction that I would have eternal life, but a consciousness that I possessed eternal life then; I saw that all men are immortal; that the cosmic order is such that without any peradventure all things work together for the good of each and all; that the foundation principle of the world, of all the worlds, is what we call love, and that the happiness of each and all is in the long run absolutely certain. The vision lasted a few seconds, and was gone; but the memory of it and the sense of the reality of what it taught has remained during the quarter of a century which has since elapsed. I knew that what the vision showed was true. I had attained to a point of view from which I saw that it must be true. That view, that conviction, I may say that consciousness, has never, even during periods of the deepest depression, been lost. Later I wrote a book to show that nothing else but that could be true, that no



NUMBER 21. AGE 69, 1888.

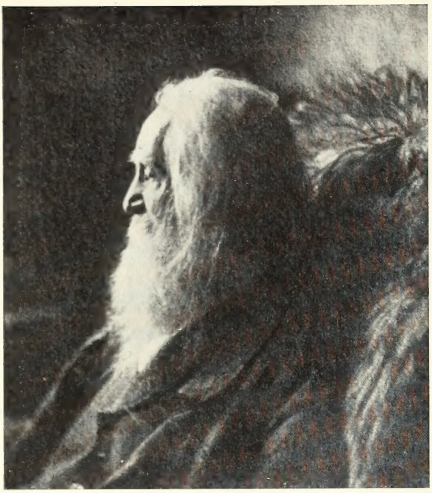
other point of view would explain what we know of the universe and of man. All the same, I had no idea what had happened to me. I did not for a long time connect my experience in thought either with what I knew of psychology or with what I knew of history.

The experience which I have detailed threw a flood of light upon the teachings of "Leaves of Grass"; but strange to say (so it seems to me now) I saw no connection between it and the genesis of that book. My experience seemed to me a casual and isolated incident, having a deep individual but no special racial significance. Eighteen years passed away, occupied in continuous search for the secret. At last light dawned. Strangely enough, I was back in the same great city in which for the first and last time I had seen unveiled for a few seconds the truth. A man whom I had never met, but of whom I had heard as being possessed of extraordinary spiritual insight, was in the same city. I had wanted to see him for a long time. We made an appointment, met, and had a talk of some hours' duration. I found that he had entered the higher life of which I had had a glimpse and had had a large experience of its phenomena. In brief, my conversation with him, lit up by my own comparatively trivial experience, showed me not only where I stood, but where humanity stood, in relation to this new world, as it may be called. Especially, knowing Whitman so well as I did, it showed me his position, where he obtained his inspiration, and the proof that this is absolutely genuine. I saw clearly also that the phenomenon of illumination was not an erratic, casual occurrence, but that it was part of the great scheme upon which the universe and especially humanity was originally planned. I saw that it was merely a step in the great march of evolution,—that many men had already taken this step, and that in due time it would be taken by the race at large; that among those who had taken the step was Whitman; and that the new faculties, mental and moral, the possession of which by him I had been unable to explain to myself, were simply attributes of this higher life belonging to the new humanity that was making its appearance. That Whitman actually manifested such higher faculties has been, and of course will be, disputed and denied; but I am here simply giving my own experiences and conclusions.



NUMBER 22. AGE 71, 1890.

A single glance backward over Whitman's life and work, now that the clew was found, sufficed to show to a man like myself, who was thoroughly conversant with these, his possession of the new faculties, and when and how these came to him. It is known, for instance, that as a young man he



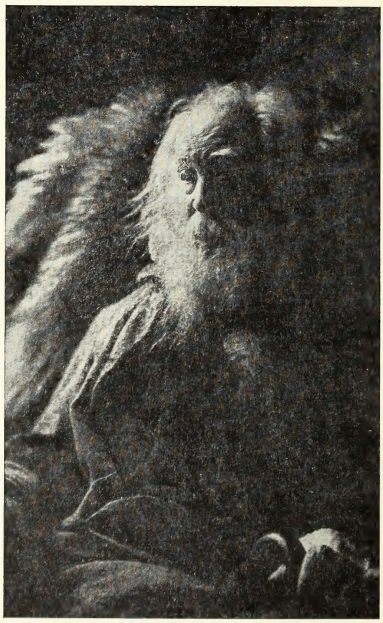
NUMBER 23. AGE 72, 1892.

was not markedly different from his contemporaries; that his writings at that time were not distinguished; but that at the age of thirty-six he had produced a volume which has been looked upon by many of the best minds of the present generation as almost unexampled in spiritual insight and power. Then he tells us of the sudden blaze of the subjective light, how—

"As in a swoon, one instant,
Another sun, ineffable, full dazzles me,
And all the orbs I knew, and brighter, unknown orbs;
One instant of the future land, Heaven's land."

On another page, addressing his new self, the cosmic sense, he tells in detail of his illumination. He says, in substance, to the new faculty: I believe in you. My other self (the self-conscious man) must not abase itself to you, and you must not be abased to it. Both these opposite errors have been fallen into by other men having cosmic consciousness; both the cosmic-conscious has tyrannized over the self-conscious man, and the self-conscious has obstructed the free life of the cosmic-conscious man. One notable case of the first error entailed on the Christian world untold misery. Whitman calls on the new self to speak, to express itself. "Not words," he says, "not music or rhyme I want, not custom nor lecture, not even the best—only the lull I like, the hum of your valued voice." He was not as particular as his critics have been; all he asked was that the cosmic sense should speak and utter itself. He tells us that illumination came in June—the usual time of year; that after it came his life was absolutely controlled by it—it "held his feet." Then he tells of the peace, joy and knowledge (the moral exaltation and intellectual illumination which belong to the new birth), passing all the art and argument of the earth, that came to him. He saw the cosmic order—the "Brahmic Splendor"—and that the basic facts of the universe and of the human soul are love and immortality.

Among his manuscripts I have found a scrap which belongs to this time and subject. It was written after the June day above mentioned, and before 1855. It refers unmistakably to his illumination. It consists of two lines written for but rejected from the



NUMBER 24. AGE 72, 1892.

1855 edition of the "Leaves." It runs as follows:

"I cannot be awake, for nothing looks to me as it did before,
Or else I am awake for the first time, and all before has been a mean sleep."

The key once found, it became easy to follow Whitman through winding corridors, sometimes made purposely confusing, and past doors that seem intentionally locked to bar the approach of unbidden feet; and what seemed at first a pathless wilderness or a tangled jungle is revealed as a gracious, well-ordered garden of exquisite lawns, shrubs and flowers. All becomes clear; his optimism, unexampled except in men who belong to the same order as himself, is explained; we understand clearly his almost total absorption in religion; as for instance:

"Each is not for its own sake,
I say the whole earth, and all the stars in the sky, are for religion's sake.
I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough;
None has ever yet adored or worshipped half enough;
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, and how certain the future is."

We understand his convictions about God and immortality—the convictions of a man who has seen and who knows; we see whence comes what must be called his passion for God—a passion as real, warm and intense as any emotion ever felt by one human being for another; and whence came his devotion to man, which led him to sacrifice his health and life for the sick and wounded soldiers of the war. We comprehend his exalted patriotism, his love for the common people, his scorn of money, his hatred of tyranny, his compassion for all suffering, his pity for all weakness, his forbearance with all error. The passages in which these ideas and sentiments are expressed, and which, as long as we supposed they proceeded from an ordinary man, seemed strained, unreal, affected, become intelligible. We find their language reasonable and moderate; we even find the expression short of the reality which lies behind it,—as he tells us it is, for he says:

"When I try to tell the best I find, I cannot;
My tongue is ineffectual on its pivots,
My breath will not be obedient to its organs,
I become a dumb man."

So the passages which express the mystic relations existing between the ostensible man, Walt Whitman, and his other self, which is identical with the so-called objective universe, become, if not entirely intelligible, still somewhat clearer than they were. I refer to such passages as:

"Strange and hard that paradox true I give:
Objects gross and the unseen Soul are one"—

a passage which might have been copied from Plotinus but which was not. Or again:

"Was somebody asking to see the soul?
See your own shape and countenance, persons, substances, beasts, the trees, the running rivers, the rocks and sands."

So too we can follow him when, as in "Passage to India" and "Prayer of Columbus," he represents himself as the discoverer and announcer of a new world; for he is so. It is true that this new world had been visited and proclaimed by others before he was born; but of most of the announcers he knew nothing, and his discovery was none the less really such because others had made it—as that of Columbus was not less genuine because of the voyage of Eric.

Again we can see what he means, and realize, though perhaps somewhat dimly, its truth, when he enunciates, as he does over and over again in ever-varying language, the great verity (true of all men, but only seen

to be true by a small class of men): "I and my Father are one"—expressed by Whitman in such utterances as: "To be indeed a god," "Divine am I inside and out," "There is no god any more divine than yourself," or "I only am he who places over you no master, owner, better, God, beyond what waits intrinsically in yourself." It becomes clear to us whence he derived "the urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will" that sustained him, in opposition to friends, enemies, critics, publishers and the world at large, in his almost desperate attempt to "clarify and transfigure" heretofore "indecent and forbidden voices." We see whence came to him "the potent, felt, interior command stronger than words."

When I say, then, that Whitman is a seer, I mean that he belongs to a family, the members of which, limited in number, are spread abroad throughout the advanced races of mankind and throughout the last forty centuries of the world's history. The trait that distinguishes these people from other men is this: their spiritual eyes have been opened and they have seen. The better-known members of this group, who, were they collected together, could be accommodated all at one time in a modern drawing room, have created all the great modern religions, beginning with Taoism and Buddhism, and, speaking generally, have created, through religion and literature, modern civilization. Not that they have contributed any large numerical proportion of the books which have been written, but that they have produced the few books which have inspired the larger number of all that have been written in modern times. These men dominate the last twenty-five, especially the last five, centuries as stars of the first magnitude dominate the midnight sky.

A man is identified as a member of this family by the fact that at a certain age he passes through a new birth and rises to a higher spiritual plane. The reality of the new birth is demonstrated by the subjective light and otherwise. Of this new race, which seems to be increasing in number gradually as the generations succeed one another, Whitman stands among the foremost members. We cannot condemn him unless we condemn his brethren also. It is true that they were condemned each in his own day. It is also true that they all triumphed at last; and so also undoubtedly will he.

THE PHILANTHROPIST'S LEGISLATIVE FUNCTION.

By Joseph Lee.

A POOR man was once walking home after his day's work, when he slipped on an icy place on the sidewalk and fell and broke his leg. A passer-by saw him fall and came up to him and, seeing that he was a poor man and that he had hurt himself, gave him a dollar and passed on. Presently another person came along the street and, seeing the man sitting there, went up to see what was the matter. Finding that the man was seriously hurt and could not walk, this second person sent for an ambulance and had him taken to the hospital, took his address, called on his wife and children to tell them what had happened, procured for them the needed assistance to tide over the time that the man could not work, and went to see him and cheer him up until he got well. And this second passer-by, who had thought not of alleviation, but of cure, who had taken the trouble to really find out what was needed and to get it, and had seen how serious the mischief was, how hard it was to cure it, and how great had been the danger of permanent injury to the man and to his family, this second philanthropist then went and called upon the proper authorities, and stayed with them until that sidewalk and other sidewalks were put into such condition that people could walk on them with comparative safety."

In the above parable, taken from an annual report of one of our charity organization societies, the first passer-by represents charity as it used to be; the second, in his way of going to work to help the poor man, in his thoroughness and in his efficiency, is a fair type of charity as it is to-day, while in his resort to preventive measures he is a prophecy of a development, already begun indeed, but which is still further to characterize the charity of the future. It is in behalf of the speedier fulfilment of this prophecy, so far as its fulfilment is to be sought in the promotion of public action and especially of legislation, that I wish to speak. I believe that our philanthropists have a duty to perform in the systematic study and promotion of progressive social legislation. I believe that in our existing theory of legislation, or at least in our customary practice, an important function is left unfulfilled, the function, namely, of deliberate, thoughtful leadership; and that because of his superior qualifications, through familiarity with the facts on which progressive legislation should be based, the discharge of this function belongs, as regards a considerable range of subjects, to the practical philanthropic worker.

As I am speaking of the duties of a

class of persons whom I call philanthropists, I ought perhaps to define the class to which I refer. By philanthropists, in this article, I mean all persons who have devoted themselves in any systematic way to charitable or educational work, with the exception of those engaged in the work of education in the narrower sense. What I have to say applies more especially to those whose work, whether paid or unpaid, has made them familiar with the conditions under which the poorer members of the community live, those who know what their family life is, and who in their attempts to help people in distress have become familiar with the forces that are pushing them down and know something of the forces that are capable of giving them lasting help. I am speaking, more especially, that is to say, of people who, like the second passer-by in the parable which I have quoted, have come actually into contact with the difficulties that stand in the way of the unfortunate, and who, by running hard and frequently against these difficulties, know in a lively and feeling manner just what they are. Such a basis of experience is a safe foundation for the attainment of further knowledge, for special investigations into the exact nature of some of the causes of poverty and of lawbreaking, and into the question of remedies and antidotes. But when the knowledge which the philanthropist has gained by his own experience is insufficient to guide him safely in the search for remedies, the question of finding a remedy is, nevertheless, still within his province as a person desiring to do systematic work and to make that work as effective as possible for the welfare of his fellowman. Where his own knowledge is insufficient, he should call in the professional men who have the special knowledge which he lacks. The position of the unpaid leaders of philanthropic enterprises is much like that of the directors in a business corporation. The best directors of railroads are not necessarily experts on the building or management of cars or locomotives; they are men who know how to employ experts and to combine their knowledge so as to produce results of which the experts themselves would have been entirely incapable.

Few of our philanthropists as yet realize their responsibility in the direction I have indicated. Few probably are as yet ready to admit that such responsibilities exist, that the guidance of social legislation is any special business of theirs. Not but what there have been beginnings. Already, in many of our cities, those who have seen boys arrested and given their first lesson in a regular course of criminal instruction for the offence of playing ball in the street, have bethought them of the public gymnasium, of public playgrounds and open spaces, and have made a beginning of seeing that these things are provided; those also who have traced a muddy stream of disease and degradation to its source in the dark back room of the tenement house have, in many instances, supported the remedial action of boards of health, so that a few of the worst nuisances of this sort have been abated, and have secured such amendment to building laws that the indefinite repetition of some of the very worst forms of construction has been in some places prohibited. These and similar cases in which modern philanthropy has turned to legislative and other action on the part of the community for the attainment of its objects are certainly full of significance as to what is to be in the future. Springing up sporadically and without concert in different parts of the country, promoted by practical people, who by personal experience have been made to feel a pressing need, and who have been forced, rather in spite of their theories, to find the effective remedy, they show the logic of the facts and are sure indications of the trend of future activity. But, valuable as these instances are as showing

what can and ought to be done, they are insignificant when compared with the needs of the situation. They serve rather as a signboard showing us the direction in which we are to travel than as substantial advance along that road.

What deters our philanthropists from taking a more aggressive course is not a lack either of interest or of information. The trouble is not that they lack knowledge, nor that they lack zeal, but that they have not learned to apply their zeal and their knowledge in the direction of public affairs. In private enterprises for the good of the community or of individuals, there seems no limit to the amount of work that they are ready to do; in the matter of public action alone, and especially as regards legislation, they seem to be affected by a sort of aphasia or legislative paralysis, which prevents them from applying to any subject where the making or enforcement of a law is concerned the same intelligence or the same energy which they apply to other matters.

The reason of this lack of effectiveness in the matter of legislative or other public action is partly in a lack of realization of the possibilities that lie in this direction, in a failure to appreciate the services such action might be made to perform in the way of the prevention of crime and pauperism, and in a still more general failure to appreciate the opportunities that lie before us, not merely for the prevention of evil, but for the building up of positive good. I believe that in a few years the greatness of the opportunity and the almost pitifully narrow extent to which we have as yet availed ourselves of it will have become apparent to all. If the possible effectiveness of preventive and progressive legislation could be once really brought home to us, if we could see in the warm coloring of real life the possibilities simply as they exist to-day with only our present degree of understanding of social laws—if, for instance, the story which the educational sciences already have to impart could be told so that we could understand and realize its bearing upon the life and surroundings of our children in the cities, and in the country too, the existing influences for evil and the possible influences for good,—I think that if some morning we were to awake and see these things as they are "the very stones of Rome would rise in mutiny" against all that stands in the way of our making such possibilities a reality.

But even if I am wrong in supposing the feasibility of great and radical social improvement through public action, even then the absence of this greater opportunity, in which I personally believe, does not absolve the philanthropist from his responsibility in the promotion and guidance of philanthropic legislation. His existing apathy in regard to legislative matters is not alone in regard to radical or far-reaching schemes of a comparatively speculative description, but also characterizes his attitude in cases where the legislation needed consists in the adoption of an obvious cure for a pressing evil, cases in which the harm being done is something which he himself comes across daily in the course of his regular work. Zealous as they are to leave no stone unturned for the poor family that has already gone down hill, and zealous as they are beginning to be even in matters of prevention where the prevention is to be found in private action, our philanthropists are yet in the habit of permitting, almost without protest, the continuance of abuses the operation and effect of which they perfectly understand and which go far to undo all that they are striving to accomplish by their personal and individual work, wherever the remedy implies legislation or political action of any sort. Conscientious workers will give, week after week, hours of their time and will labor steadily for years in the effort to understand and to build up

the character of a single family, when at the same time they will grudge a single hour spent in attempting to secure legislation which would remove some one of the causes which have made this and a thousand other families poor. They will sit up all night with a periodic drunkard during his time of temptation—the work of a true evangelist—but will do nothing to promote such laws, or such more painstaking administration of existing laws, as shall confine the disease from which the man is suffering within narrower bounds. Our devoted and efficient child-helpers have accustomed themselves to stand meekly by and see the children for whom they have worked so hard passing from the healthy home which they have patiently striven to build up and hold together, or coming from the healthy country life which they had with such pains secured for them, back again under the influence of the dark, ill-ventilated tenement house, the contaminated food supply, the open saloon, the unclean newspaper or periodical. They see them without access to playgrounds or to opportunities for wholesome amusement, without a fair chance to learn an honest trade. They see, and their experience enables them to perfectly understand these things; they have full opportunity to watch while their work is being systematically undone before their eyes, while the stream of healthy childhood is being steadily polluted by wholesale, efficient and well understood agencies. And yet they will not in any organized, permanent and systematic way resort to equally wholesale means of closing up these sources of pollution or of supplying their antidote.

Last year there was introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature, by the mayor of Boston, a bill which had for its object the creation of playgrounds for children upon some systematic plan. Of all the active charity workers in Boston (of whom there are one thousand in one society alone) striving to help people whose lives have already become an open and recognized failure, not a single one attended the hearing by which in a great degree the fate of this most important measure of prevention was to be decided. And the case is typical. Our present charity worker, high as is his purpose and intelligent as is his work when it comes to the individual case, would seem, if one were to judge by his attitude toward legislation and public action of all sorts, to have paid no attention to the question of attacking the disease of pauperism as a whole or to the question of ultimate results. Judging by his legislative record alone, his motto would seem to be, "Millions for cure, but not a cent for prevention."

Not only have our philanthropists so far failed to rise to the situation in the amount of attention which they have devoted to the subject of legislation, but even when they have given attention to it they have failed altogether to go at the question in the right way. What attempts they have made have been spasmodic and occasional, of the hand-to-mouth order, and have been made with an apologetic air, as if there were something in seeking to promote the good of one's fellow-creatures by the most effective means of which they needed to feel ashamed. The work that is wanted is not of this sort. Our philanthropists must learn not merely to resort to legislation as one of the principal means of securing the objects they have in view, but to make a business of doing so. Their effort to mould the laws and their administration so as to produce the best attainable social results must be made deliberate, systematic and constant. They should not confine themselves to pushing a measure here and a measure there to meet a pressing need or to stamp out a crying abuse, but should make a thorough and constant study of existing laws, and of the possibilities of improvement in the light of existing needs, a part of their regular

work. Upon each subject—as that of the building laws, playgrounds, industrial education, the regulation of the liquor traffic, the cleaning of the streets, etc.—there should be made, by those most competent to deal with it, a thorough study of conditions and of the best way of meeting them, a careful consideration of what at any given time is politically possible, a steady and continuous education of public opinion which shall make possible in the future more than can be accomplished to-day; and finally there should be from time to time, as occasion is ripe, a judicious presentation before the Legislature of the bills which at the moment it seems wise to attempt to get passed. Neither time nor money should be spared in this work. Experts should be employed in studying the subject matter; builders and architects, sanitary engineers, teachers, doctors should be called in and where necessary should be paid for their services; and the best counsel should be employed in drafting the laws and (when thought best) in presenting the case to the Legislature.

Even in matters that are not within the scope of what is ordinarily classed as philanthropy, the philanthropist can perform a great service by stirring up those within the range of whose professional knowledge such matters do come to organize for the purpose of systematic study and agitation for progressive action on the part of the community. He can, for instance, induce the architects to combine in the interests of the more beautiful laying out and decoration of our cities and public grounds, for better sculpture and better sites for it, for mural painting in our public buildings that shall express a civic pride, for an architecture in our state and other public buildings that shall be noble, dignified and worthy of a people that believes in itself and in its mission. They can induce the doctors to combine for better sanitary laws, and perhaps some day they can aid the medical profession to secure the suppression of advertisements whose aim is to work upon sensitive minds for the production of the diseases for which they undertake to prescribe a cure.

And our philanthropists in their seeking for legislation must learn not to be apologetic. They have no right to be so. There is a point beyond which modesty ceases to be a virtue. When it is made an excuse for not standing up for what our experience shows us, or is capable of showing us, to be the right thing, it is only a soft name for cowardice. Our philanthropists understand well enough what ought to be done—well enough, that is, to show them in what direction the remedy is to be looked for, and to enable them, with a little additional study and with the help of paid assistants to understand (as well as things can be understood beforehand in this world) what form the remedy should take. It is they, more than anybody else, who, because of their opportunities, are responsible when the needed thing does not get done, and for the evil and suffering that inevitably result in consequence. If any apology is necessary under such circumstances, it is for failing to speak.

The assumption is constantly made by the chronic opponents of legislation as such, that they represent hard-headed, practical sagacity, as opposed to the dreams of theorists. But the facts are, as a rule, rather the other way. The opponents of progressive legislation are, it is true, largely to be found among so-called practical men, among business men and lawyers—although I think they are still more frequently found among those who, with a knowledge of their own inexperience, blindly worship the business man and the lawyer, believe in their infallibility, and repeat their words of wisdom. But it is to be remembered that, in questions of philanthropy, it is not the philanthropist, but the business man and the lawyer, who is the dilettante and the theorist. In mat-

ters of business and of law, the business man and the lawyer have undoubtedly superior knowledge, and many of them superior understanding; but in matters of philanthropy they very frequently speak upon a slender foundation of experience, and usually as the result of very little study or thought. The philanthropist should not allow himself to be frightened or taught to distrust his own conclusions, based upon study and experience, because they are not concurred in by persons speaking without experience upon this subject, however wise those persons may be in matters which they do understand.

Of one thing we may be very sure: if those interested in philanthropy do not see to it that the needed philanthropic legislation is brought forward, nobody will. If they do not introduce and press the passage of the measures of which they see the need, the measures will not get introduced and passed. Our legislatures of to-day, whatever they may be in theory, are not in practice complete lawmaking organs. They do not originate measures; they hardly consider it their business to do so. I believe there are many of our legislators who would think it almost unconstitutional for a committee—say a committee on railroads, or a committee on taxation—to look over the subject with which they had to deal for the purpose of considering what laws ought to be passed bearing on that subject, and to report such laws to the whole legislative body. Our legislators do not lie awake at night trying to devise remedies for existing abuses or laws which may promote our further progress. In other words, our legislatures no longer consider themselves lawmaking bodies with the power of initiative, but rather as registering machines, as bodies of men got together simply to register the popular will. Where the people as a whole are really interested in a measure, this conception of the Legislature's function works well enough; the people decide what is to be done and the Legislature does it. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the people as a whole are not interested; they know nothing about the bills that are introduced, and express no wish upon the subject. In these ninety-nine cases, the registering machine, not having the popular will to go by, is guided by the next strongest influence, namely, by the strongest pressure brought by private individuals. Not that in their decision of these ninety-nine cases our lawmakers are unpatriotic; some experience as an amateur lobbyist with the Massachusetts Legislature has convinced me that as a body they are at least as public-spirited as the rest of us, and better informed. Where the average legislator sees that the public interest is clearly involved, he votes in accordance with that interest; and as a rule the bills passed under private pressure are not actively harmful. The trouble is not that our legislators actively legislate contrary to the public interest, but that they do not originate legislation nor positively modify proposed legislation in accordance with that interest. The trouble is that they consider it none of their business to make an original study of needs and conditions, either for the purpose of devising legislation or for the purpose of testing legislation that is presented to them for their consideration. Their important sins (the incessant talk to the contrary notwithstanding) are those of omission; they consider it somebody's else business both to suggest new laws and to give the reasons for and against them. In other words, the American Legislature regards itself literally as a "General Court," as a body with judicial rather than with deliberative functions.

The necessary corollary to this theory is that, inasmuch as the Legislature is a court, any cause, to get itself heard, must be brought before it by outside parties. A court implies plaintiff and counsel. The point where this prevailing theory of their

functions on the part of our legislatures at present leads to bad results, and still more fails to lead to the good results which otherwise might be attained, is in the absence of any one to represent the public, except in the few cases where public interests are obviously and vitally at stake. Except for these few cases, the public puts in no appearance, employs no counsel, and consequently gets no hearing before the General Court. It is at this point that the philanthropist has a function to fulfil—the function of which I am speaking. The duty which lies before him is the duty of speaking for the public on those matters that come especially within his own knowledge and observation, and with which the public is not sufficiently acquainted, or upon which it is not sufficiently awake, to speak for itself. He should consider himself responsible for seeing that at least in his own particular department, in the matters with which he is specially conversant, the people's side of the case shall get a hearing, instead of continuing as at present to go by default.

In short, the most important part in the legislative drama as presented in this country has not yet been assigned,—the part, namely, of the real lawmaker. We have no person and no class of persons whose business it is to feel himself or themselves responsible for the guidance of our legislation, no one who lies awake nights trying to devise ways of making our laws more suitable to our conditions and more capable of enabling the people to fulfil their higher social aspirations. In primitive times this part was assigned to the king. Our ancestors took it away from him and gave it to the great barons. In England this power has gradually come into the hands of an hereditary aristocracy; for though their government is almost democratic in form, it is still by tradition practically carried on in great part by families whose sons are brought up to this profession and who feel and acknowledge the responsibilities of their inherited position. In this country this function was at first exercised by the ministers of religion; but during the social revolution which began with the revolt against England and ended with the election of Thomas Jefferson, the ministers were deposed and the duty of guiding legislation was placed morally, where it had before been theoretically, in the hands of the Legislature. We have now virtually taken the further step of taking the essential lawmaking power away from the Legislature; we have practically taken from them the right to the exercise of this greatest attribute of sovereignty, and reduced them to the position of the sovereign's chief clerk, whose business is merely to record his wishes. The sovereign people have asserted their intention of hereafter attending to this business of lawmaking for themselves. The trouble is that, having taken upon his own shoulders the direct work of legislating, King Demos has then proceeded to go about his own private business, exercising his sovereign power only on great occasions, and for the rest of the time leaving upon our hands that most dangerous article of furniture, a vacant throne. Our king feels, and justly feels, so strong in his power to take up the reins whenever he chooses to come back, that he has become careless as to who shall hold them in his absence. Private corporations and other persons with interested motives, and the paid lobbyists who represent them, have climbed into the vacant seat; sometimes, even, the throne is occupied by that most grotesque figure that ever played the ape with the royal insignia, the political boss. The wonder is, not that bad legislation occasionally results, but that our legislators have shown the virtue to resist temptation as generally as they have done, working as they do under such constant pressure from private interests and such general neglect on the part of the public as a whole. The duty of the

public-spirited citizen and especially of the philanthropist is to serve as counsel for the absent monarch, to let him know what is going on, to point out its bearing upon his interests, and to stand up for his side of the question during his necessary absence.

In business and private concerns we always recognize clearly enough the fact that unless we bring matters to the attention of the Legislature, they will not get brought there. If we want to build a street-car line somewhere, we do not wait until the Legislature shall be inspired with the idea that a line is needed at that place, but we go ourselves before them with our application for a charter, and we employ skilful counsel to look up and present the facts and arguments. If the beach in front of our house or the river at the foot of our garden is getting polluted, and there is no sufficient law to prevent such pollution, we do not wait until the smell has penetrated to the halls of legislation; we collect our evidence and go there, armed with expert testimony and with a petition signed by leading citizens. It is only when it is the public interest that is at stake that we become suddenly modest and fall back upon our belief that the Legislature should be allowed to find out the truth for itself.

Nor does the true function of the philanthropist end with the promotion of needed or beneficial legislation. His special knowledge of existing needs and conditions gives him also responsibilities of a wider sort. He has the equipment which enables him to become the leader of a progressive social movement. He should make it his business to supply those who wish for a better social condition of things with a positive program, with an aggressive plan of action looking to social amelioration. He can give to that large and increasing number of persons who believe in the possibility and in the sure advent of a better social order a program and a creed—not a creed of the quack variety, struck out at a heat by some half-educated prescriber of a single nostrum for the cure of all social ills, but a program consisting of a series of measures each prepared by leading specialists upon the subjects with which they are trained and accustomed to deal, measures which should prepare the way to still further steps, whose general direction should be foreshadowed, though their precise nature can be better seen as we approach them. Our age demands radical measures aimed at the improvement of the condition of the great mass of the people. Measures so aimed we are in any case bound to have; but whether they reach their aim or not lies largely with those whose combined education and familiarity with the facts enables them wisely to direct this rising social spirit in the selection of its methods. The opportunity of shaping the future is largely in the hands of the trained philanthropist of to-day. The motive force is there, and the knowledge and the power to guide it are in his hands, if he will only awake and use it.

WHICH COUNTRY OF THE TWO?

By F. Whitmore.

I.

SELF-POISED, serene, she sees afar
The nations fronting might with might;
Her peaceful gates she doth unbar
Upon her harvest white.

No hate she knows; none thinks to lift
The hand against her tranquil stars;
Her liberal palm gives gift for gift;
Healed are her ancient scars.

Her swords are sheathed, her war-flags furled;
Beside the sea her castles sleep;
Calm wardress of the western world,
Her lips its portals keep.

Her healthful pulses throb with life;
Her voice is like the breath of morn;
The rude red law of lust and strife,
Smiling, she turns to scorn.

To nobler tasks her giant hand
She sets, than those that blast and blight;
She spurns the sceptre and the brand;
She holds aloft the light.

She hears the kingly voice sublime
That, Christlike, pleads for war's surcease;
And in the waiting ears of Time
Her organ lips breathe, "Peace!"

II.

The woven mail is on her breast;
She grasps the shield, her blade is drawn;
She sees her sundering lances pressed
Against the gates of Dawn.

Before her eyes vast visions swim;
She leaves her calm, sea-bulwarked walls;
Across the world, portentous, dim,
Her Titan shadow falls.

She goeth forth against the spears,
The whirlwind, and the noonday death;
The harvest of a thousand years,
Fearless, she perileth.

Afar the clouds of conflict loom;
Her hot blood leapeth like the wine;
She dares the darkness and the doom;
She saith, "The strength is mine."

She stretcheth out the iron hand
To seize; her lips exalt the might;
She shakes the lightning from her brand
And cries, "It is the light."

On sea and land the voice sublime
Dies out; red surge and smoking sod
Silence the pleading lips of Time
And blast the truce of God.

SALTER AND PACKER.

A TRUE STORY OF OLD PORTSMOUTH.

By Caroline C. Shea.

AT the close of the Revolutionary War there lived in the little town of Portsmouth-by-the-Sea two middle-aged bachelors, who were fast friends with few living relatives.

Salter had a room in the house of a distant cousin of the same name. A quaint old house it was, too, with its broad window seats in the great square wainscoted rooms, with fluted columns about the large fireplaces, and queerly carved balusters on the stairway leading to his roomy south chamber.

Packer, for lack of a similarly hospitable relative, lived at the tavern. Tradition does not say what tavern, but it was pleasantly enough situated—not far from the harbor, overlooking the river mouth and the blue ocean beyond. In truth it was so full of warmth and mirth and good cheer that Salter sometimes envied Packer's lack of relatives; and he visited his friend twice for every once that Packer went to him. This was a condescension on Salter's part, for his was a prominent family and his claim to being a gentleman was accentuated by the fact that he wore gold sleeve buttons, knee, shoe, and stock buckles; while Packer's, inherited like his friend's from his father, were only silver.

Indeed it was pleasant to sit by the big fire in the bar—for taverns in those days all had bars—and talk of the recent war, its battles and generals; or to surprise the visitors from Boston, or near-by towns, with accounts of many lucky gunning trips; or to chat of the wreck of the old *Mastship* on Hampton Beach, laden with all sorts of merchandise, which had made the fortune of at least two enterprising men; or of the quantities of white wax found all along the shore after the loss of a Russian vessel far out at sea. Sometimes when the storm raged without and the shutters were shut tight, and the fire burned brightly for many pokings, and the candles burned low for want of snuffing, and the fragrance of a

steaming punch bowl filled the room, they would all draw their chairs nearer the hearth and in low voices tell of the headless horseman seen in Chatham wood; of the silken clad lady who rustled in stately elegance over the stairway of General Moulton's mansion at Hampton, with her jealous and ghostly eyes frightening the second wife out of her wits in the dead of night. Then Packer, the hour growing late, would declare that his friend must not set forth in such a storm but "go up chamber and go to bed" with him.

They did not always sit in the public room, but sometimes by the cheerful fire in Packer's own apartment; and here they chattered and chuckled and grunted together over matters not to be discussed in the company below, however friendly and genial it might be. In that chamber were gathered all of Packer's earthly treasures. Over the door hung his long gun, a trusty fowling piece which had brought down many a yellow-bill coot, which had stopped the whirring of many an innocent partridge to the delight of more than one palate in the picturesque town of Portsmouth. Hard by hung the quaintly carved powder horn, and the shot pouch; while in the Salter mansion not far up the street reposed a similar gun, and accoutrements, which were Salter's pride. By the chimney hung the portraits in oil of Packer's father and mother, while there was a row of profiles in black of his three sisters and other relatives long ago dead. On the mantel shelf were his books,—the Bible, a hymn book, "Calvary," a poem by Richard Cumberland, a "Guide to Learning," the "Young Ladies' Assistant," an "Old English Reader," "A History of England," "Robinson Crusoe," and a few others. Between the south windows was a copy of the Declaration of Independence, with its fac-simile signatures, hung up map-fashion, and a sheet of war songs was tacked to another wall. On the table near the fire was a litter of powder horns and bullet moulds, brass candlesticks, tow wadding for the guns, a couple of snuffboxes and pipes, and the tinder box, while in the corner hung his precious fiddle. Beneath the looking-glass were his toilet articles, and though they were exceedingly primitive, there was not a neater or better kept man in town than Packer. Never were silken hose drawn smoother to meet smalls; never was a cue braided nicer, or powder more evenly laid on; never was blue broadcloth freer from dust, or ruffles whiter or more daintily crimped than his, as he stepped forth in holiday attire to meet Salter similarly arrayed for some festive occasion. I say similarly arrayed, for the only difference was in the metal of their buckles and buttons,—the one being silver, and the other gold, as I have already stated,—and Salter wore a thin gold ring. Thus they would go arm in arm through the streets of Portsmouth, Salter's cane tapping on the hard gravel, on their way to pay some state visit, or, if it was Sunday, to church, where they sat in the Salter pew.

In many respects Salter's abode was like Packer's, — only cousinly hands would take greater liberties tidying up than tavern chambermaids dared or cared to do; and in place of the fiddle was a buffet, well filled with quaint blue china, for Salter's was a veritable bachelor's hall; and, with the addition of sundry viands from the kitchen below to the fowl roasted by his own fire, the rye cake baked in the embers, a cup of tea of his own brew, he was able, Packer said, "to live like a lord." Furthermore, he kept a hive or two of bees in the back yard, the honey from which was most delectable to the palates of the two friendly old men, who, by long feasting at each other's table, had cultivated much the same taste.

Salter and Packer were the envy of all men in Portsmouth, for, beside the happy, careless lives they led, they were welcome in many a household,

—Salter's aristocratic mien and glittering buckles lending an air of distinction to any company, while Packer's fiddle afforded much amusement. Said the landlord: "It is sartin he is a master hand at reels and hornpipes;" and to Sunday tunes and songs he lent a most solemn or pathetic air. This envy was heightened by an annual "going abroad." Going abroad in those days did not mean crossing the ocean, but any sort of visit though only a tea drinking with the next neighbor. What a busy time there was for three or four days before they set out on their gunning trip to Hampton! Certain calls had to be made and good-byes said; then what a packing there was of many boxes. Some were filled with powder, lead, and bullet moulds, flint and tow wadding; one with the gunning suit and bags; and another with the broadcloth and ruffles for some company occasion. Then there was Packer's precious fiddle; while Salter, whose hair was thin, must not fail to put in his best false piece. After all was in readiness they would set forth on a bright October day in the stage, the admiration of the gaping crowd gathered about the tavern door, the goodbyes of the people of the inn sounding in their ears, with the barking of several dogs whose favorite Packer was.

The journey was always uneventful. They were left at the tavern in Hampton, where the stage changed horses and continued on its way to Newburyport, while Salter and Packer went on foot to Squire Knowles's, where travellers who did not stay at the tavern might find accommodation. The Squire's was a mile or two nearer the sea and opposite Captain Marston's, the guide and companion of their hunting trips. The Captain was as genial and fond of sport as either Salter or Packer, and like them unencumbered with a wife, for he had been a widower for many years.

What a place for gunning Hampton was to be sure! The woods were full of partridges and wild pigeons; the marshes abounded in yellowlegs and plover; the meadows were the haunt of blue-winged teal and black duck; while flocks of yellow-billed coots, white gulls, and big fat loons made the ocean the favorite sporting ground. It was pleasant to rustle through the October woods, or to ramble over the beautiful meadow in search of game; but for real sport, give Salter and Packer a call on a frosty autumn morning at daybreak. Let them go with Captain Marston to the sea, haul their boats down the gangway, and push off on the bounding wave. There was the boat to manage as well as the fowl to shoot on the wing. The gunners were lying all about, waiting for every shot that was missed. There were cries from boat to boat as good or bad shots were made, and when the fowl came in great companies what care had to be taken lest one get excited! When the birds flew high and shy, it was only the best aim that brought them down. In the evening they would meet by the fire in Captain Marston's foreroom with other choice spirits of their kind and tell stories of former gunning days, melt the lead in a big shining brass spoon or a tiny three-legged pot for the moulds, and make all preparations for the following morning; while a mug of cider sat on the hearth to mull, and the logger-head heated in the fire for the good-night bowl of flip.

These pleasant days passed all too soon. There was the Squire's party, —he was a bachelor also, and during the visit of Salter and Packer always gave a party. Old Mrs. Knowles spent three days getting ready for it, —for the Squire was her only son and her joy and pride. There were his ruffles to crimp, his broadcloth to dust, and his buckles to shine. The pewter platters and porringers were scoured, the silver spoons rubbed up, and the knives and forks polished. There were birds to dress, a goose to stuff, and such a baking of pound and election cake, pumpkin and mince

pies. There was cider apple sauce to prepare and cranberries to stew; while on the last day, the day of the feast, the choicest cheese was cut, the clearest honeycomb selected, the golden butter made into dainty shapes, and many tiny pitchers filled with yellow cream. The bottles of wine, brandy, cordials and gin were taken from the liquor case and placed in a row on the secretary, with a variety of glasses and tumblers. Last there was the braiding of the Squire's cue and a careful dusting of it with powder. It was a men's party and only the "tops of the town" were invited. What wit, mirth and jollity there was; and what tales of witches and ghosts, of buried treasure and compacts made with the devil, of valorous deeds in battle and pathetic tears in love,—all true! Packer's fiddle was there to accompany both song and dance. The Squire's party was always a success. "Indeed," declared Salter, "it couldn't be done better in Portsmouth,—a little more mahogany and plate, but no truer hospitality or better cheer or keener wit."

The day of packing and farewells *would* come. Mistress Knowles never set any price on her hospitality. "For 'tis no tavern," said she. "Please yourself and you please me." Holding out her hand for the reckoning, Packer would put in a coin and Salter would do likewise; but the hand never moved until another and another would find its way there. "And bless me," said Packer, "she'd be holding it out till now, Salter, if we didn't pick up our hat boxes and be off."

Thus the stream of life glided on. Time touched them gently, but still they were growing old. Each scarcely knew it of himself and only to a small extent of the other. "How Salter scuffs!" Packer said to himself one day, as he heard his friend coming through the hall. "How loud I have to speak to Packer! He must be a little *deef*," thought Salter; and each felt the other must be getting along in years. Though neither spoke, they found themselves selecting the pleasant summer time for their trips to Hampton, where they might potter over the marshes and rest behind a haystack, instead of laboring with the oars or putting aging eyesight and nerves to the severe test of hunting sea fowl.

Though they were such fast friends, each had a secret; and sometimes when alone, each, with a guilty feeling tugging at his heart, would make up his mind that he would confide with the other on the morrow. But somehow that to-morrow of confidences never came. Salter's secret was a harmless one of long standing and had to do with his gold ring. When a young man he fell in love with a fair damsel, bewitched by pink ribbons in a bonnet and pink roses on a cheek. He quite lost his heart, and the young coquette led him on and on until they exchanged rings; but he heard her "called" in the meeting-house one Sunday with another swain. Salter always wore the ring and in his heart carried an unfading picture of ribbons and roses, and an undying love for Packer was the coquette's only rival.

Packer's secret was of a different nature. Packer enjoyed life beyond his means which were fast coming to an end. His raiment was too fine, his fare too substantial, his punch too often, and his "going abroad" quite incompatible with the state of his finances; but still he never told Salter. His secret burned and glowed a secret still, until one day he found himself helplessly and hopelessly in debt with the prison staring him in the face. In fact the sheriff was already present to escort him to jail, and Salter did not know it. The landlady bade him good-by, declaring that she would send every one of his things to him and that she would never trouble him for the bit he owed her; adding, with a tear in her eye, that he had always been a credit to her house, and

what would Salter say, belonging to such a respectable family, to find his chum in jail!

When Salter did come and find Packer gone, with trembling voice he upbraided himself for not confiding in him. "Had I been frank with him," he muttered, "he would never have kept his troubles from me. He could have lived with me and saved his reckoning here and eked out his money. One allowance of toddy would have done for us both, and one fire would have made us warm. He might have helped with the backlogs and chored around the garden; but 'tis too late, too late, all because I had secrets." He wiped his eyes again and again as he scuffed about the deserted room, tenderly handling Packer's familiar belongings. At last he stopped his accusations and started for the jail. Here he found Packer unexpectedly cheerful. Indeed his only worry seemed to be that he was parted from his friend; and his first words were: "No more gunning on Hampton marshes, no more stories by Captain Marston's hearth, no more of the Squire's parties for me."

Salter asked for a statement of his debts, at once declaring that he would pay them all. "It is no use—no use," muttered Packer. "I should be just as bad off again in no time. It wouldn't do one mite o' good." In spite of tears and protestations he remained firm, and would not touch one cent of Salter's money. So the friends parted. Oh, the pipes they had smoked together; the boxes of snuff they had emptied; the mugs of mulled cider and glasses of punch they had told stories over! Oh, the fat ducks and yellow-billed coots that had disappeared before them; the swarms of bees they had hived! And were these all things of the past?

Salter was a man of character and decision; and when he found that Packer's case was hopeless, that his household goods were transferred to the jail for good, and that thereafter the defunct Packers in oil would look down on him from prison walls, he made up his mind what to do. Straightway he transferred his household goods to the jail,—blue cups and saucers and all. He presented his bees to the jailer, a good-natured fellow, promising to care for them himself; and in lieu of his room he begged of his cousin a cow, which he also gave to the jailer with the provision that he and Packer should have a share of milk and butter and honey.

There they spent the few remaining years of their lives: Packer at the town's expense, provided with luxuries from Salter's purse, both revelling in milk and honey from the jailer's cows and bees,—on a shorter allowance of snuff, tobacco and toddy, to be sure, but still happy because together. Captain Marston did not forget them, and many a bunch of birds found its way to the jail.

Packer was the one to go first; he was always the jollier of the two, but somehow death possessed no terrors, for was not his beloved friend by his side? He was buried from the Salter mansion with all the ceremony due to his former state and to a friend of Salter's, and his name was cut on a slatestone slab at Salter's expense.

Salter again took up his abode in the family home, Packer's treasures mingled with his own, and the Packers in oil looked down from the wall in company with the Salters. He was never known to smile again, but would sit for hours twirling the well-worn band of gold which encircled his wasted finger; and he would shake his head and mutter something which no one understood. He put away all his gold buttons and buckles and took to wearing Packer's silver ones, as something nearer and dearer; but it was for a few months only. His last resting place was but a few feet from Packer's in that pleasant sunny graveyard in old Portsmouth, overlooking the blue sea, which never changes though friends be false or friends be true.

NORWICH UNIVERSITY

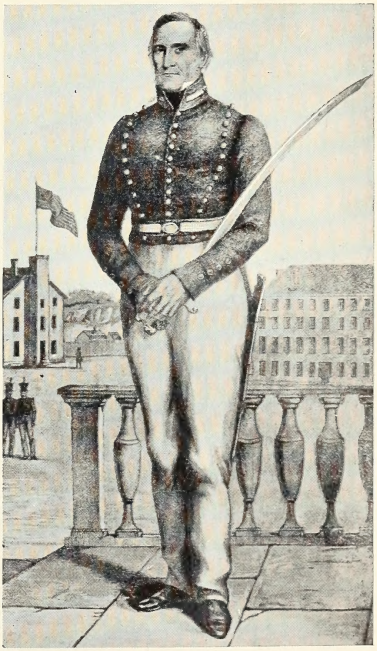
BY N. L. SHELDON.

UNIQUE among men and educators of his day stood Captain Alden Partridge, the founder of Norwich University, who was born in Norwich, in the Green Mountain State, January 12, 1785. His father was a farmer in independent circumstances who had served in the Revolutionary War, had taken part in the capture of Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga, and was thoroughly imbued with the martial spirit of the early days of the Republic, which spirit seems to have been transmitted in no small measure to his son.

Young Partridge was reared in the good old New England fashion, attending the district schools of those times during the winter months, and doing all sorts of work around the house and farm at other seasons of the year, until he was sixteen years old. Then, showing studious tendencies, he was allowed to fit for college, and in August, 1802, entered Dartmouth, which was just across the Connecticut from his home.

After nearly completing his course there, he received the appointment of cadet in the artillerists in the United States service, with orders to repair to West Point, New York, and report to the commanding officer of the National Military Academy, which was then in its infancy. Here he received such instruction as the National Academy was, in those days, able to give, was graduated in July, 1806, and transferred to the United State Corps of Engineers, and commissioned as first lieutenant in the United States Army. He was in the same year appointed assistant professor of mathematics at the academy, and in January, 1815, was appointed superintendent, soon after being promoted to captain of engineers.

During Captain Partridge's superintendency, an appropriation of $25,000 being made by Congress, the academy was reorganized and made to consist of one corps of engineers and, in addition to the teachers of the

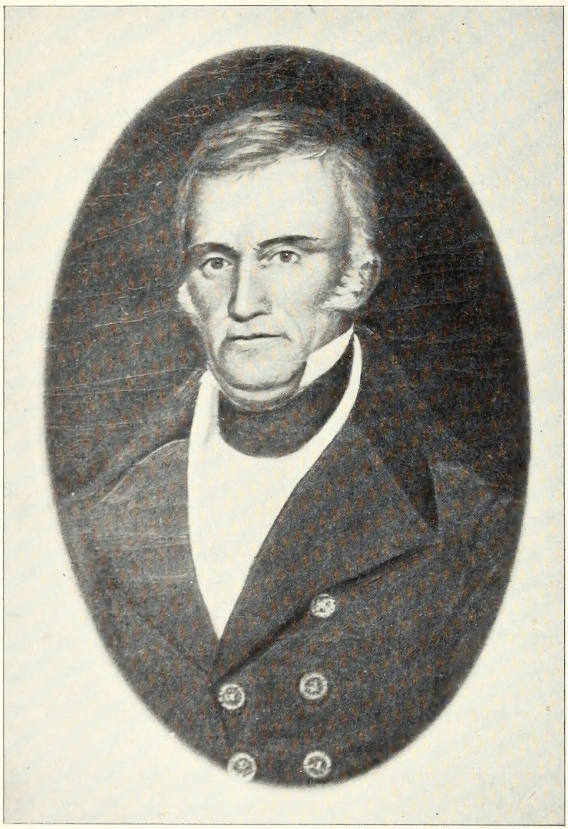


From an old drawing.

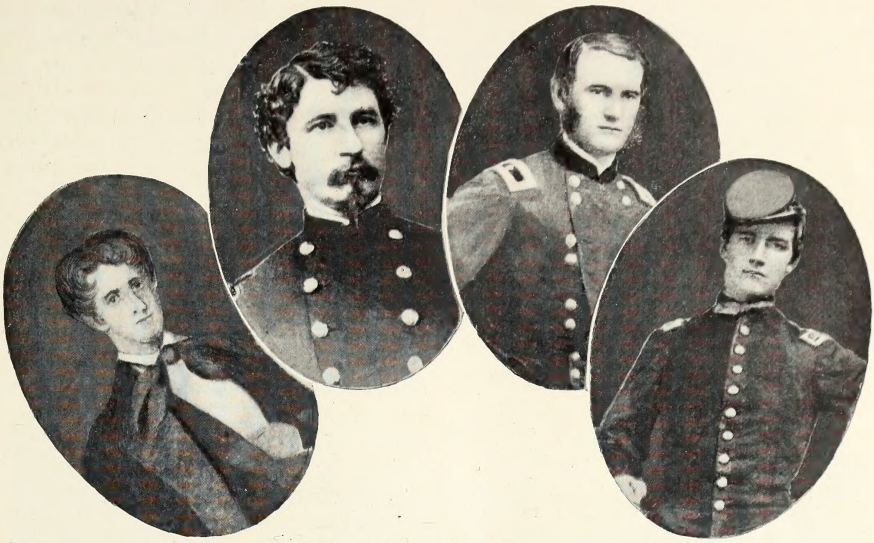
CAPTAIN ALDEN PARTRIDGE.

French language and drawing, the following professors: one professor of natural and experimental philosophy, one of mathematics, and one of engineering, each professor to have an assistant taken from the most prominent of the officers and cadets. The number of the cadets was increased to three hundred and fifty, and they were to be arranged into companies of noncommissioned officers and privates according to the directions of the commandant of engineers. These companies were to be officered from that corps for the purpose of military instruction in all the duties of privates and noncommissioned officers, to be encamped at least three months of each year, and taught all the duties incident to a regular camp. The age of admission was fixed, the minimum at fourteen and the maximum at twenty-one, and the preliminary knowledge required was to be well versed in reading, writing and arithmetic. It was further provided that every cadet who received a regular degree from the academic staff, after going through all the classes, should be considered among the candidates for a commission in any corps, according to the duties he might be judged competent to perform.

After placing the academy on this broad and substantial foundation, and enlarging the scope and capabilities to its present degree of usefulness, Captain Partridge, not agreeing with those in authority as to the policy of its development, withdrew from the institution and resigned his commission in the service of the United States. Following his resignation at West Point, he was engaged for some time in giving courses of lectures on fortifications, and other branches of military science to a class of officers and citizens in the city of New York. The views which he then presented on the best means of national defence were in advance of the "piping times of peace" of 1818, but have since been found, by our terrible experiences in the wars of 1847, 1861 and 1898, to be eminently sound and practical. He believed that our chief reliance for national defence was in the "military habits of the great body of the American people, organized into suitable (military) departments, correspond-



CAPTAIN ALDEN PARTRIDGE.
Founder of Norwich University.

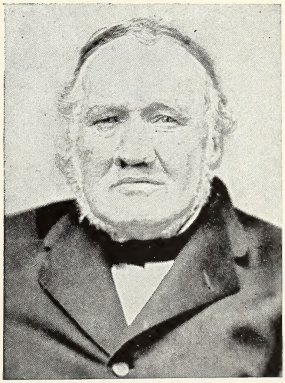


COL. DUNBAR RANSOM. MAJ.-GEN. T. E. G. RANSOM.
COL. T. B. RANSOM. LIEUT. F. E. RANSOM.

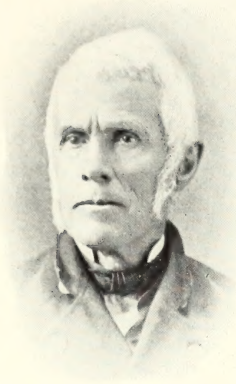
ing in the main to the limits of the several states, officered by men of the right capacity, scientific education and military training."

In the early part of 1819, Captain Partridge was engaged in the exploring survey of the northeastern boundary of the United States. After a year's service in this capacity he resigned his position for the purpose of carrying into practical effect a plan of education which had occupied much of his attention since 1810. This idea in its main feature was doubtless suggested by his experience at Hanover and West Point, and was calculated to supply certain deficiencies which he and others had already noticed in our American colleges and higher seminaries of learning. His views, both of the deficiencies and their remedies, were set forth in a lecture delivered at this time, which was subsequently published throughout the country. After defining "education in its most perfect state to be the preparing of a youth in the best possible manner for the correct discharge of the duties of any station in which he may be placed," he went on to say:

"I will observe what is doubtless a well-known fact, that there are many individuals at the present time who believe, I trust conscientiously, that the time is very near when wars and fighting will cease, and that consequently military preparations and the cultivation of military science are unnecessary and ought likewise to cease. That such a time will come I, perhaps, as firmly believe as any individual whatever; but that this period is so near as is by some supposed, does not appear to me to be probable. A comparison of the events predicted in the Prophecies and Revelations with those which have transpired in the world as recorded in history, force upon my mind a conviction that mankind is doomed to suffer the evils of



EDWARD BOURNS.
President of Norwich University, 1850–1865.



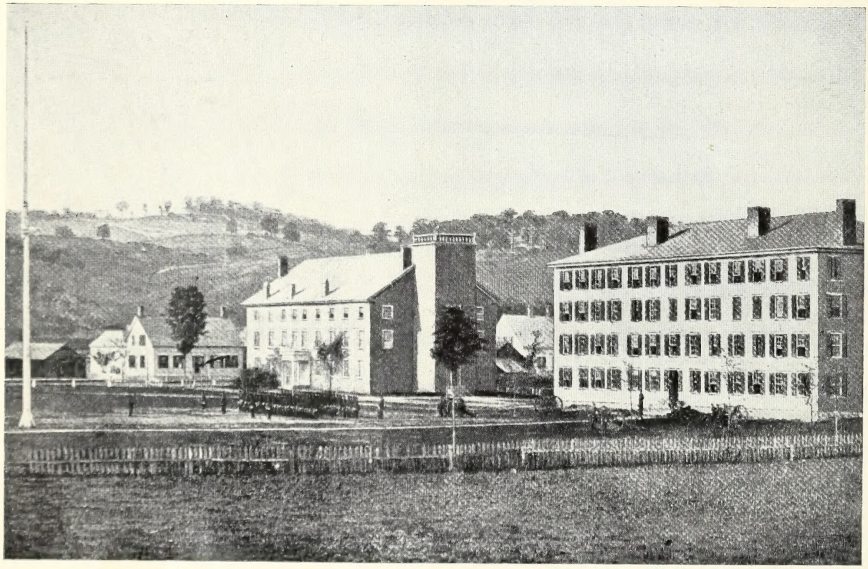
GENERAL ALONZO JACKMAN.
Instructor of George Dewey in Military Science.

war and bloodshed, and that consequently that state which intends to maintain its independence, free from the encroachments of avarice and ambition, must be prepared to repel force by force."

Returning to Vermont thoroughly imbued with the idea that a country like ours, with a small standing army, stood much in need of institutions to equip young men with a complete military training, in connection with technical education, he established in his native town an institution, patterned after the National Academy at West Point, known as the American Literary, Scientific and Military Academy. The influential citizens of Captain Partridge's native town were very liberal in supplying him with land and financial support; and in 1820, commodious buildings having been erected, "peaceful Dartmouth had a rival in warlike Norwich across the placid Connecticut." The town of Norwich in Vermont had become the parent home of a new system of education,—a scientific and military education for the masses, a system which was so aptly termed in after years, by General Alonzo Jackman, the "American idea in education."

In the prospectus of the institution it was said that

"Everything in the internal regulations of the academy is calculated to establish the cadet in habits of regularity and order, to inure him to the hardships of active life, and to give him a practical knowledge of the several sciences to which his attention is called. In these things consists its principal superiority over the other literary institutions of our country, in which the students acquire but little practical infor-



OLD NORWICH UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

mation, contract habits of bodily inactivity, lose their health, and destroy their usefulness."

The first year the faculty was composed of Captain Alden Partridge, A. M., superintendent and professor of mathematics, philosophy and military science; George P. Marsh, A. B. (who afterwards became famous as a statesman, diplomat and philologist), professor of languages; Rev. Rufus W. Bailey, A. M., chaplain and professor of ethics; E. B. Williston, professor of English; John M. Partridge, professor of practical geometry, topography and acting sword master.

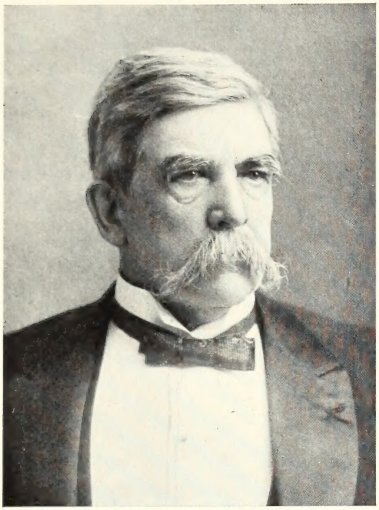
The course of study compared favorably with the colleges of that time, and also gave special attention to military subjects, as is shown by the following from the prospectus:

"The Law of Nations; Military Law; the Constitution of the United States, and of the States severally; Metaphysics; Agriculture; Permanent and Field Fortification; Field Engineering, generally; the Construction of Marine Batteries; Artillery duty; the Principles of Gunnery; a complete course of Military Tactics; the attack and defence of fortified places; the Ancient Tactics, particularly those of the Greeks and Romans, with a description of the organization and discipline of the phalanx and legion; Fencing; Military Drawing; Topography; Civil Engineering, including the construction of roads, canals, locks and bridges and architecture. Three courses of public military lectures are annually given at this institution by the superintendent, and one course on Botany, Mineralogy and Chemistry, by the professor in that department. . . . The cadets are required to dress in uniform."

No specific time for completing the course was required, but each student was allowed to advance as rapidly as possible. It usually took from one to six years to be graduated, and receive the diploma of the academy. The first class entered September 4, 1820, and numbered one hundred students. The academy soon became very popular and its halls were filled with the scions of the most prominent families of the country. The attendance for 1821–22 was increased to one hundred and forty, and several members were added to the faculty. "The roster at this period shows enrolments from all parts of this country, many from the South, one hundred and fifty coming from South Carolina alone; and thus the sturdy sons of



DEPOT SQUARE, NORTHFIELD.



MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE.

New England touched elbows with the budding chivalry of the South."

The *Vermont Gazetteer*, published in 1824, said of this institution:

"This seminary is under the immediate superintendence and principal instruction of Captain Alden Partridge, a man distinguished for his military, scientific and literary requirements; and its success is without parallel in our country."

One of the characteristic features of Captain Partridge's system of instruction and discipline was the military marches and pedestrian excursions for scientific and recreative purposes, conducted under his personal command or in his company. "A Journal of an Excursion by the Corps of Cadets," by Joseph Dana Allen, '25, who afterwards became a famous civil engineer, tells of a march made from Norwich to Ticonderoga, Burlington, and return. In December, 1826, a detachment of cadets marched to Poughkeepsie, where they took a boat for West Point, and engaged in a competitive drill with the cadets of the National Academy. They then proceeded by the way of New York City, Philadelphia and Baltimore to Washington, where they were reviewed by President John Quincy Adams.

"In 1824 the citizens of Middletown, Connecticut, made a liberal subscription to secure the location of a college, about to be established in that state under Episcopal auspices. Failing in this object by the location of this institution at Hartford, where it still exists under the name of Trinity College, they invited Captain Partridge to remove his academy to that city, and offered to erect and place at his disposal suitable buildings for his accommodation. The offer was accepted, and on the first of April, 1825, the institution at Norwich was closed. On August 22 the new school (but under the old name) was opened at Middletown, with an attendance of two hundred and ninety-seven students, representing every state and territory in the Union, as well as the British Provinces, several of the South American states, and the West Indies."

This attendance shows conclusively that the military and scientific element, together with an optional or elective course of study and a term of residence limited by the ability of the student to complete the course, met a want not provided for in the exist-



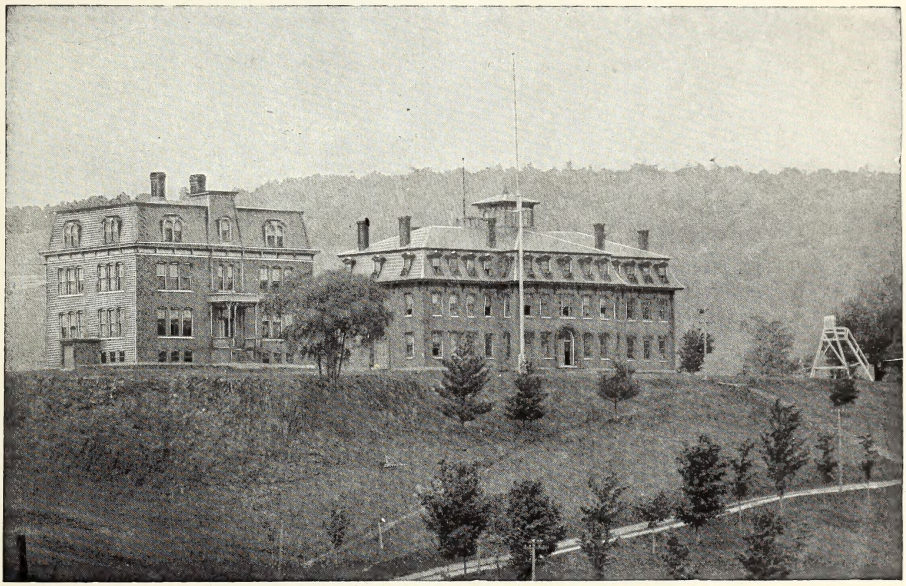
EDWARD B. WILLISTON.
CHARLES H. LONG. DELANO F. ANDRUS.
WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON. BELA S. BUEL.

A GROUP OR CADETS OF 1855.
From a daguerreotype taken in 1855.

ing colleges of that time. In 1828, Captain Partridge tried to obtain a charter from the state of Connecticut, giving his academy all the power of a college. Failing in this, he determined to take his academy back to Vermont, and in the spring of 1829 he closed the academy in Middletown and moved the apparatus and equipment back to Norwich. In the fall he resumed instruction in the old buildings.

Captain Partridge was elected by his fellow citizens to represent them in the popular branch of the state Legislature in 1833, 1834, 1837 and 1839; and on November 6, 1834, he succeeded in obtaining a charter from the state of Vermont, which changed the name of his institution to Norwich University, and granted it full power to confer degrees and the possession of all other powers and immunities belonging to the colleges and universities of the country. A characteristic and peculiar feature of its charter requires "a course of military instruction, both theoretical and practical, and also of civil engineering and the practical sciences generally." For this reason the discipline is of necessity military in form and principle, being modeled after that of the National Military Academy at West Point which its founder had established some years before.

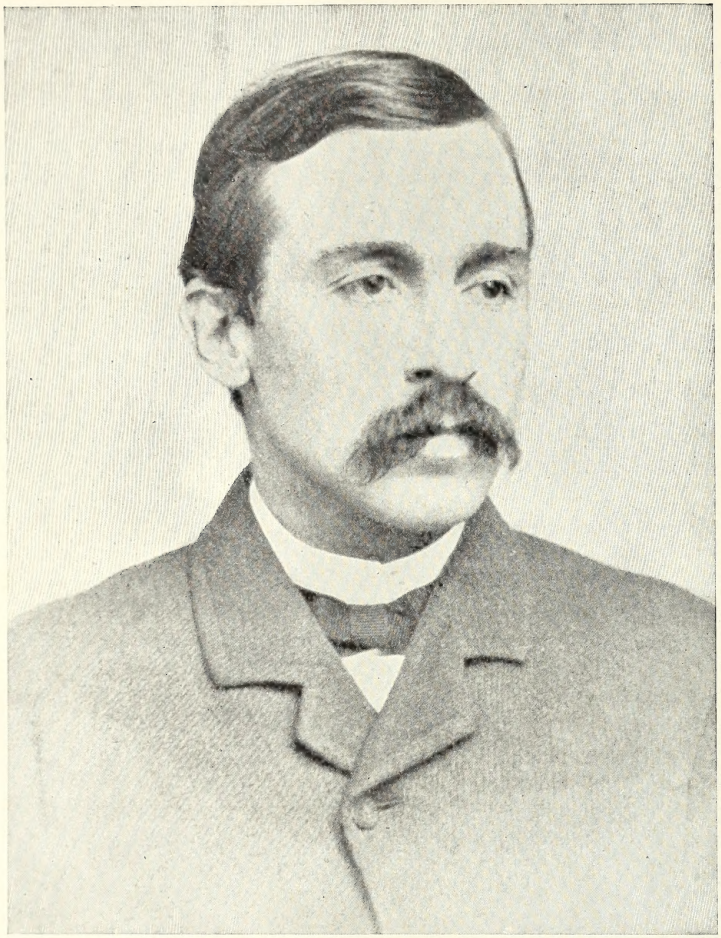
The university went into operation in May, 1835, and became the first scientific and classical, as well as the first military collegiate institution in the United States. It is the only one to this day that has the power to confer degrees for proficiency in military science. Its success was immediate, and every state in the Union had, in its early days, representatives among its students.



DODGE HALL. CADET BARRACKS.

NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

At the first meeting of the Board of Trustees, Captain Partridge was elected president of the faculty and professor in the department of military science and engineering, remaining with the university in this capacity until 1843, when he resigned his position to assist in the organization of the militia of the several states.



From a photograph in 1867.

GEORGE DEWEY.

In 1838 he called a convention of military officers and patriotic citizens interested in giving greater efficiency to the militia throughout the country. "This convention met at Norwich on July 4, and continued to meet annually for several years to discuss plans for the organization and discipline of the militia, for the dissemination of a knowledge of military science, for the defence of the coast, etc. Many reports of this body were drawn up by him, and the proceedings were printed, by order of the United States government." His reputation as a military man had become national at this time, and he was constantly receiving requests from influential citizens in all parts of the country to establish military schools, to act as camp instructor, or to lecture on military subjects.

In 1839, at the request of the Virginia Legislature, he organized a military school at Portsmouth, in that state, which was known for many years as the Virginia Literary, Scientific and Military Institute. The success of this institution and of one at Lexington, and the personal influence of many of his former pupils at Norwich and Middletown, led to the establishment of similar schools in other states, among them being one

at Brandywine Springs, in the state of Delaware, in 1853.

In May, 1842, Captain Partridge was camp instructor for a large body of officers and men of the Pennsylvania volunteer militia. He it was who conceived the idea of taking an advanced class of military and scientific students to Europe to study the strategy of the great battles of the world, and the armies, armories and resources of the great nations of Europe. Returning to Norwich at the close of the year 1853 to mature the plan for the expedition, he was taken suddenly ill and soon after, on January 17, 1854, died, "widely and deeply mourned by troops of friends, who loved him as their teacher, and looked up to him as the great expounder of the true principles of military science, education and national defence."



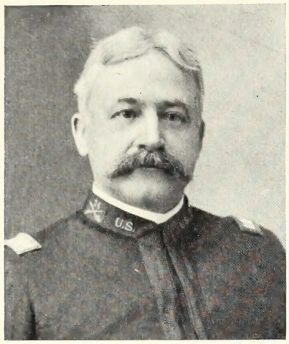
ALLAN D. BROWN, LL. D.
President of Norwich University.

Captain Partridge died rich in good works. He had done more in his day and generation to promote the true, patriotic military spirit and scientific education than any other man. His ideas and institutions, being founded upon truth, lived after him and will ever live, so long as popular government exists. Most notable among his achievements stands Norwich University, which, though having passed through many vicissitudes, has ever been true to the ideal of its founder in furnishing to our country the best type of citizenship,—the citizen soldier, the citizen equipped for the emergencies of both war and peace.

In 1843, Captain Partridge had been succeeded in the presidency of the university by General Truman B. Ransom, who had graduated from the institution in 1825, and had, since its incorporation, been its vice-president and professor of natural philosophy and engineering. General Ransom had received his military title from the state of Vermont, where he had reorganized the militia, and was its major general from 1837 to 1844. He was a true soldier of the Partridge type, and under his guidance the institution flourished. In May, 1846, General Ransom took the cadets on a march through New Hampshire and Massachusetts to Boston, where they camped on the Common, thus carrying forward the founder's idea of extended marches.

On the breaking out of the Mexican War, General Ransom resigned the presidency of the university to become lieutenant colonel of the New England regiment, of which Franklin Pierce, then an active trustee, became colonel; and into the line and staff of this regiment went many of the cadets of Norwich University to follow the flag to the wars. Promotion came to Colonel Pierce, and Ransom became colonel, and lost his life at the head of his regiment at the storming of Chapultepec.

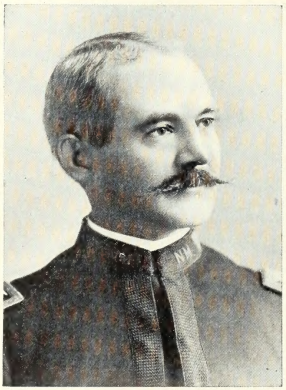
General Ransom was a strict disciplinarian and a brave and gallant soldier, in every way worthy of emulation. He was universally regarded



CAPTAIN HENRY W. HOVEY.

as the best educated man, in the military branches of knowledge, in New England if not in the United States. Adjutant General Drum of the regular army once said: "In all my experience in the army, I never knew so complete and perfect a soldier as Colonel Truman B. Ransom."

In September, 1850, Rev. Edward Bourns, LL. D., became president of the university. Dr. Bourns was born in Dublin, Ireland, and had secured his education at Trinity College, Dublin, having taken the degree of B. A. in 1833. He came to this country in 1837, and was for several years professor of ancient languages at Hobart College. He was a man of peace by profession, and better versed in canon law than in cannon balls. It may seem strange that a military college should have a clerical head, but it is well perhaps to maintain an equilibrium of forces. "There was plenty of latent fire among the cadets and they were ready at any time to explode, like so many cans of nitroglycerine; but the cassock generally kept the mastery of the Cossack, and the science of war was peacefully pursued." Certain it is that the boys would as soon have thought of beard-ing a lion in his den as the doctor in his study.



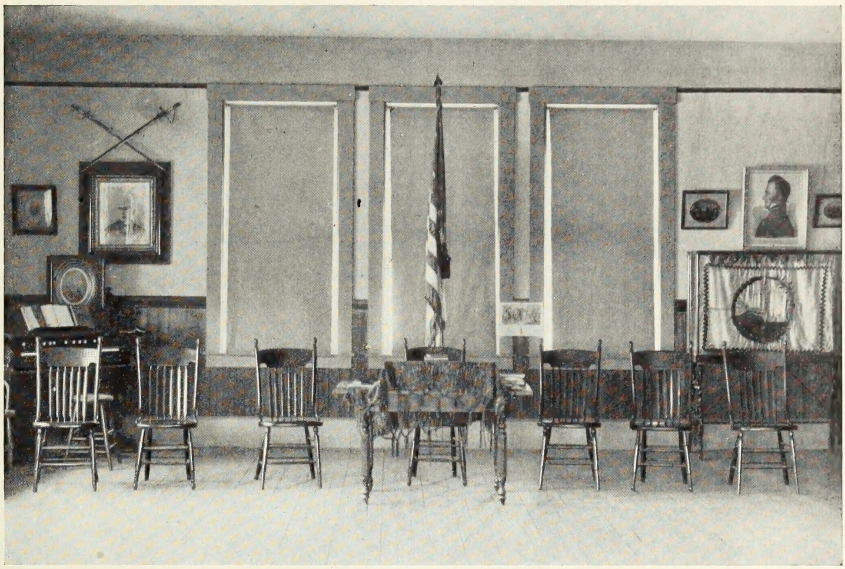
MAJOR H. B. HERSEY.

One of his former pupils has recently said of him: "Dr. Bourns was no ordinary man. The intrinsic force, native shrewdness, and genial kindness of his nature made him generally respected and admired. He was a man of learning and acumen. He was a voluminous, careful and exhaustive reader, yet never at any time in his addresses, in conversation or in discussion, did he betray the consequence of the pedant, or assume to be other than a sincere inquirer after truth. The doctor had never belonged to a military organization, but somehow he had acquired the swinging stride of the modern soldier, and in his best days at Norwich it was a pleasant and invigorating sight to see him take a constitutional across the parade. When standing erect, his height was six feet two inches, with a framework —a breadth of shoulder, a development of muscle, and massive limbs—in equal proportions. He endeared himself to the members of the corps of cadets by his eminent attainments, his kindly sympathy, his delicate and incisive wit. It has been truly said that no one ever entered the doctor's presence on the briefest errand who did not depart wiser than he came."

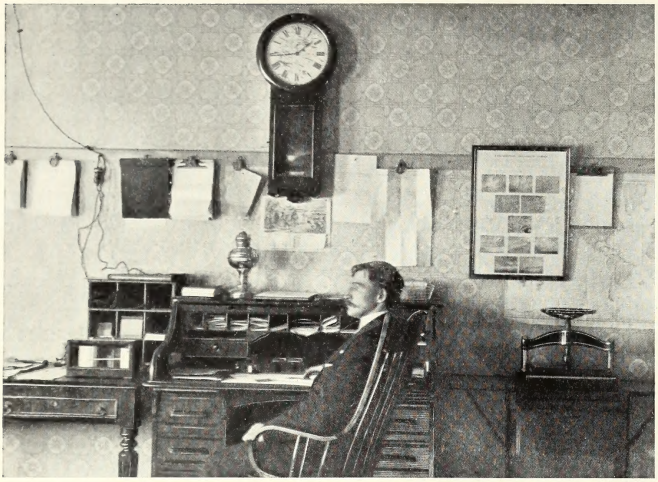


COLONEL JOHN B. JOHNSON.

Associated with Dr. Bourns during this period was General Alonzo Jackman, LL. D., as professor of military science, mathematics and civil engineering. General Jackman was born at Thetford, Vermont, in 1809, graduated from Norwich University at its first commencement in 1836 with the degree of B. A., and spent most of his life in her service. He was for several years brigade drill master of the New Hampshire militia. In 1859 he was commissioned colonel of the Second Vermont Infantry, and the same year became brigadier general of the state troops. At the beginning of the war of the states, Governor Fairbanks offered him any position in his power to grant, but earnestly requested him in these words to remain with the university: "There is a duty, a very patriotic duty for you to perform; that is to remain at the Military College and qualify young men for duty as officers; and thus will you do your state the best service." Like a true soldier he stayed where duty called him, inspected and got into readiness the old militia, organized new companies and regiments, and sent out cadet officers to drill companies in different parts of the state, as he was notified of their formation. Regimental officers from different states went to him for instruction at the university. To his skill and energy is due the efficient manner in which the Vermont troops were sent forward to the seat of war. Much honor is due him for the result of his work on behalf of the state of Vermont. His industry was untiring, and his clear, precise, thorough instructions to officers and men were of great value to them in the service. He was a close student and every inch a soldier. His delight was in mathematics, in which he excelled, and he was thoroughly conversant with the natural sciences. He was thoroughly in earnest in whatever he undertook. "Gentlemen," he would say, "you see this dot in the centre of the circle? It begins to grow smaller —grows smaller—smaller—it vanishes!" One held his breath at "vanishes" on account of the tragical way in which he said it, with upturned face and flashing eye. Then came further explanation, wound up with this char-



A CORNER OF THE CHAPEL.

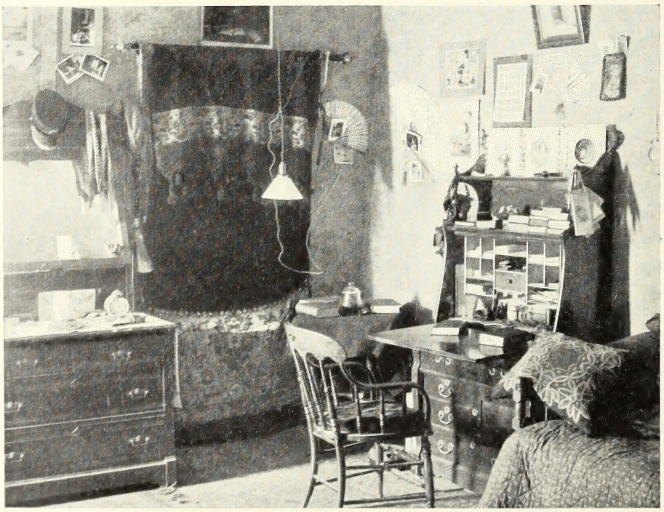


UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU OFFICE.

acteristic expression: "I have now introduced you to the very poetry of mathematics."

Enough has been said to clearly show the kind of men connected with Norwich University during the formative period of its history, from 1820 to 1860, when those unwritten laws were being made which by tradition have come down to the present, and which have had so much to do in making possible her glorious record. The system of instruction then established has been continued to the present day, with results that are well known to those who are at all conversant with her history.

The period from 1850 to 1860 was particularly productive of cadets who have since distinguished themselves in both war and peace. "The university domain of this time," says a member of the class of '54, "comprised the North and South Barracks, the former being for commons and indoor drill, literary exercises, and church service on Sundays; the latter, for barracks and attendant purposes. The Congregational Church was just across the Common, in front of the North Barracks and the northerly side of the square. The parade ground was in front, extending to the street, and the tall flagstaff, with topmast and crosstrees, stood on the western edge. The barracks were of brick, four stories, truncated roof, with passageways running the length of each floor. The president's room and headquarters were on this floor, also the library, with cabinets, etc. General Jackman's room was on the second passage, immediately over the entrance. The large recitation room was over this, and in it were read morning and evening prayers. The



A CADET OFFICER'S ROOM.



CAPTAIN HENRY V. PARTRIDGE.
Uniform of 1840.

armory was the centre front of the fourth passage. Roll calls were had in this second passage, the right resting on the north. The rooms were practically alike; numerous chimneys provided each pair of adjoining rooms with fireplaces, or later, with opportunity for stoves, the space between the chimney, passage and outer wall being for closets,—thus offering one unbroken side to each apartment. These rooms were all whitewashed with a tint known by the cadets as 'brindle.' There were no bedsteads, mattresses or carpets. A wooden bunk, three feet wide, with slat bottom, held the blankets and sheets and recumbent cadet, and was turned up against the wall before morning inspection. Over the bunk was the gun rack, with wooden pegs, on which were suspended the musket and equipments. Over the front door, and between the centre window and that next to the south, were the cabalistic letters, scrawled in chalk but somehow always kept fresh, however often they were erased:

B. E. D.
&
E. M.

the first letter having originally been P, and then R, and finally, in our day, B. This was understood by the initiated to mean: 'Bourns (Partridge, Ransom) Expels Devils and Educates Men;' although the cynics sometimes reversed the translation so as to provide for the education of devils and the expulsion of men. The cadet drill uniform was the claw hammer drill coat with three rows of cadet buttons, dark blue pants with two-inch black velvet stripe down the seam, 'bell muzzle,' high, blue cloth cap with gold band; for undress, the single-breasted frock, soft blue cap with velvet band and the letters N. U. in a gold wreath in front; white pants were worn in summer, and the old flint lock, twelve-pound Springfield musket was used; the text-book was 'Scott's Infantry Tactics.'"



A CAPTAIN OF CADETS, 1897.

The strictest order did not always reign at Norwich Plain, nor was it was always quiet on the Connecticut. From time immemorial, that is to say from the foundation of the university, a feud had raged between the cadets and the students at Dartmouth, across the river. Many raids and encounters had taken place, in regard to which tradition had much to say.

The cadets were inferior in numbers to the classical antagonists, but they were filled with martial ardor and utterly unwilling to admit that the stylus is mightier than the sword.



CLASS IN MECHANICAL DRAWING.

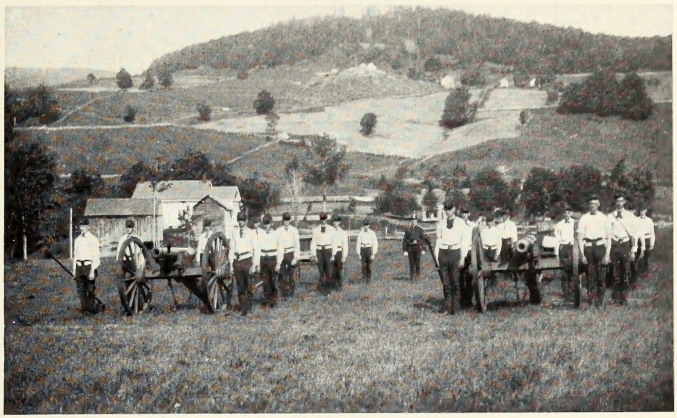
The prevailing opinion among them seemed to be that Dartmouth must be destroyed. The discipline of the university prevented the attempt by any well-organized expedition to accomplish this favorite object, but it was not sufficient to restrain individual cadets from hostile incursions into the enemy's country. Bristling with daggers and revolvers, which they never had a serious thought of using, it is said that two or three together would cross the river at night, either by bridge or boat, and parade the streets of Hanover or penetrate even to "Tempe's pleasant vale," with a marked disregard of the dangers they incurred. Frequently they succeeded in provoking hostilities, and then they displayed the gallantry which afterward distinguished them upon larger fields. When greatly outnumbered, as they usually were, they would fall back to the river with a celerity to which Xenophon's famous retreat furnishes no parallel. If they discovered that the bridge was disputed they took to boats, or if these were not to be found, a flank movement up or down the river to a fording place was executed in a masterly manner, and the barracks gained some time before reveille. The casualties were always few, but the fun and glory were considerable. On one of those quiet escapades a cadet returned to the barracks with his coat very much "ripped up the back." This was considered a sufficient

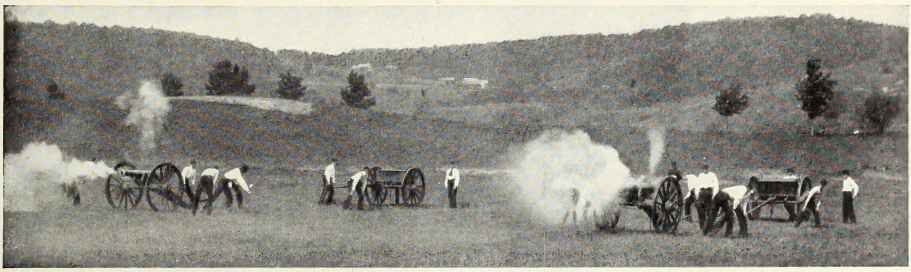


CORNER IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

casus belli, and an encounter followed on the Dartmouth side of the Connecticut, which tradition calls "the battle of torn coats," wherein the cadets, although greatly outnumbered, gained a decisive victory.

For many years commencements were held in the old Congregational Church, but in 1853 difficulties between town and gown culminated. The faculty were of the Episcopal faith in an orthodox community, and the church was refused. In a delightful dell in the woods just back from the town a platform was erected, draped with flags, and flanked by the two shining cannon then just allotted the institution, and here a most pleasant commencement was held. "A spirit of reprisal was engendered among the cadets, evidenced by Frary's old white horse found by the sexton one Sunday morning in the main aisle of the church; by the village bier chained to the elm in front of Benjamin Burton's, with the deacon's effigy suspended above, and kindred pranks. A truce was called. Amity succeeded, and thereafter the church was at our disposal."

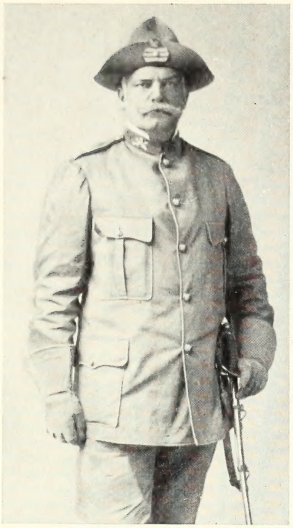




ARTILLERY DRILL IN CAMP.

"A notable event of those days was the visit to Fort Ticonderoga. By rail to Winooski, just out of Burlington, marching up the hill, topping its crest to look down upon the city and beautiful Lake Champlain; forming around Ethan Allen's grave in the cemetery on the hill, and marching to quarters in town, the observed of all; the trip down the lake on the *Francis Saltus,* the occupancy of Ticonderoga, and our reception along the line, were things to evoke pleasant memories after the lapse of many years. The formation was a battalion of four companies, with Major (afterwards General) Jackman in command. The same year we went, by invitation, to Claremont, New Hampshire, on July 4, and gave an exhibition drill."

It was amid such surroundings, in the fifties, and under the principal instruction of Dr. Edward Bourns and General Alonzo Jackman, that a long list of heroic men, some of whom have served their country with dis-



COLONEL EDMUND RICE.

tinction in two great conflicts, drank in the first inspirations of war. A member of the class of '52 has recently remarked: "I believe, and the belief grows upon me, that no institution in New England at this time offered better opportunities for a complete education." The cadet roster of those days contains many names which have since been written high up on the scroll of fame, seeming to bear out the truth of the above statement.

Conspicuous in this list is the name of Grenville M. Dodge, who, as commander of the Sixteenth Army Corps in the Civil War, was a most distinguished leader, brave, full of resources and persevering, of whom General Howard said: "No officer suited General Grant or General Sherman better than Dodge. His engineering knowledge made him doubly useful to General Sherman, particularly where so much bridge building across streams of every size was demanded. I doubt if any officer in the service during the campaign of Sherman could at all compete in usefulness with General Grenville M. Dodge." In the Spanish-American War General Dodge was urged to take a commission as major general with the command of the First Army Corps, which he was obliged to decline on account of the state of his health. He has since, however, made himself particularly useful as chair-



OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF 1898.

man of the Board of Investigation of the War Department. And there are other honored names: Charles C. Carpenter, who, as rear admiral, commanded the Asiatic squadron during the war between China and Japan; Thomas E. G. Ransom (son of General Truman B. Ransom, '25), whom General Grant called a "most gallant and intelligent volunteer officer, capable of commanding an army corps," and who met an untimely death with these words: "Patriotism and inclination have led me to do all in my power for my country" (his brother, Dunbar R. Ransom, distinguished himself as colonel in several battles in the Civil War); George Dewey, who was commended for his "nerve" by Admiral Farragut in the Civil War, and whose fame has since become world-wide, from his heroic services at Manila Bay in the Spanish-American War; William H. Greenwood, who distinguished himself both as a soldier and as a civil engineer in the Civil War; Frederick W. Lander, who as brigadier general commanded on the upper Potomac, to the great satisfaction of General McClellan; James E. Ainsworth, the eminent civil engineer; George E. Bryant, gallant major general in the Civil War, and Wisconsin jurist; Henry O. Kent, colonel of the 17th New Hampshire Volunteers, lawyer and statesman; William H. Ensign, George Dewey's chum and special associate, captain and surgeon, United States Army; Charles H. Lewis, gallant colonel in the Civil War, and acting president of the university from 1880 to 1890; George P. Buell, brigadier general in the Civil War and the hero of many battlefields; Edward B. Williston, brigadier general in both the Civil and Spanish-American wars; Jedediah H. Baxter, surgeon general, United States Army; Arba N. Waterman, colonel in the Civil War, and judge Appellate Court, Illinois; Luther L. Baxter, colonel, and Minnesota judge; Edmund Rice, colonel, United States Army, brave and gallant in the Civil War, on the frontier as an Indian fighter, and in the Spanish-American War, and who, General Miles has said, "had the best drilled regiment in the Army of the Potomac."

In the War of the Rebellion, Norwich University's record was most brilliant, its only rivals being the National Academies at West Point and Annapolis. A well-known government official has recently said: "Norwich University fully paid for her right to an honorable existence, in the production of the Ransoms and General Alonzo Jackman alone. But to these honored names are to be added over five hundred more, able and gallant officers, who fought for their country in the Mexican and Civil wars, and those names constitute the university's roll of honor. This list contains six major generals, eight brigadier generals, fifty colonels, seventy lieutenant colonels and majors, and one hundred and fifty captains (in the army), and three rear admirals, six commodores, three captains, and three commanders (in the naval service). Conspicuous in this list, aside from those already mentioned, are the names of the gallant General William S. Harney, '29; Major-General Thomas H. Seymour, '28, who succeeded General Ransom in command, and was first to enter the fortress of Chapultepec at the head of the "Gallant Old Ninth," in the Mexican War; the brave and energetic Major-General Robert H. Milroy, '43, who served with distinction in both the Mexican and Civil wars; Generals N. B. Gleason, '49, George W. Balloch, '47, and scores of others, who bore most distinguished parts.

Admiral Dewey is the third Norwich cadet who has commanded a fleet in the Pacific. The first was Commodore Josiah Tatnall, '23, who aided the English in their encounter with the Chinese at Pei-Ho, and explained his action later by the famous saying, "Blood is thicker than water."

The second was Rear Admiral Carpenter, '50, heretofore mentioned. Rear Admiral Paulding was a graduate of the class of 1823; and Captain James H. Ward, of the same class, distinguished for his knowledge of naval affairs, was instrumental in the organization of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, being one of its first professors, and the first naval officer killed in the War of the Rebellion.

No paper on Norwich University could even approach completeness, at this time, without some particular mention of Admiral Dewey's cadetship there. It was in the fall of 1851, after having received some special preparation at Johnson (Vermont) Academy, that George Dewey became a cadet at Norwich University and he remained as such over three years. His father, Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, being a self-made man, with scant educational advantages, was anxious to give his children the best educational opportunities possible, and his attention was called to Norwich University as an institution giving a thorough mental and physical training. Soon after his son entered Dr. Dewey became an active trustee, and was succeeded in 1868 by his son, Hon. Charles Dewey, Admiral Dewey's oldest brother.

A member of the class of 1855 has recently said of young Dewey: "We always called him 'Doc.' Dewey. I suppose it was because his father was a physician. He was the first to drill me in squad drill after I entered the old South Barracks. He became proficient in drill and was captain of my company when we went to Burlington and Ticonderoga. He was as full of fun as an egg is full of meat, and he and 'Bill E——' were the most popular cadets. His room was a popular resort for us, when off duty. Doc. Dewey had no bad qualities about him. He was a manly fellow, and fond of music. Many a time have we congregated in Dewey's room and sung 'Old South Barracks, Oh!' He was the 'pink of neatness' in his dress. His father, Dr. Julius Dewey, then an active trustee, frequently called at the barracks. He once asked me if George was studying and if I thought he would graduate, and I was able to inform him that he would surely graduate. He took a conspicuous part in the 'Battle of Torn Coats.' We always felt safe when Doc. Dewey was with us. Well do I remember the day he was notified of his appointment at Annapolis, and our regret at his leaving us."

In the summer of 1853 the faculty succeeded in procuring from the state two six-pound field pieces, with limbers, to replace the cumbrous and antiquated iron cannon in use at that time. The story of how they were taken from the railway station to the parade ground is told in Cadet K——'s diary as follows: "Thursday, July 21, 1853. We have had an exciting time this afternoon. The new guns arrived by the morning train, and we took the old pieces down and drew the new ones to quarters. They are United States brass six-pounders, fully equipped for service, and as they rest in position in front of the South Barracks, covered with their tarpaulins, present quite an imposing aspect. It was a tedious job removing them from the car. . . .Unloaded and limbered up, Ainsworth and Munson chose squads to draw them to the parade. I chanced to be in Ainsworth's squad. We lined up, the men at their places, with bricoles attached, and started quietly enough for the long, hard pull. Ainsworth's squad at this time conceived the idea of taking the lead, but as Munson's squad had the road ahead and we were at the side and in sandy gutters, it was doubtful how we were to do it. They started off with a fine spurt, getting a big lead; going up the hill where the road was broader we steadily gained until only the length of the trail in the rear; then we gathered and started on a run, passing and keeping the lead, with cheers and great glee. Climbing the hill we proceeded more slowly,

Munson quietly in the rear, on our way round the North Barracks and then through the usual gateway to position.

"As we entered the village, near the southeast corner of the parade we noticed Munson's squad, apparently under the lead of Dewey, making for a short cut across the grounds, first breaking down the fence for passage. Now our efforts were redoubled, and the boys of the other squad declare that they never saw fellows run as we ran, or expect to see a gun jump as that six-pounder bounded along the main street and around the corner. But we led; round the North Barracks at double quick went gun and gun squad, entered the barrack yard and placed the gun in position before the west front of the South Barracks, giving three cheers for No. 1, to the chagrin of No. 2, just approaching position. . . . It was a great race and pleased the faculty exceedingly." . . . It is plainly to be seen that Dewey retains his old predilection for a straight cut without regard to obstacles, caring no more for Corregidor and the mines in the harbor of Manila than for the fence guarding the university parade, or the sacred turf of the enclosure, in the race for position with the guns at Norwich University in 1853.

Admiral Dewey's heroic services have certainly honored Norwich University, as well as the American people and the Anglo-Saxon race. "No honor the nation has power to confer is large enough to measure his achievement." This institution, which has properly enough been styled "the nursery of heroes," has always been rich in renown but poor in purse. Soon after the close of the great civil struggle, in which so many of her sons gave their life's blood to the cause of human liberty, and after good old Dr. Bourns and General Jackman had sacrificed so much to free the university property from a debt which had long clung to it, the main building, the old South Barracks, became a total loss by fire. It then became necessary to remove the institution to Northfield, where the patriotic citizens furnished grounds and commodious buildings. Dr. Bourns and General Jackman, ever loyal, went with it to its new home and remained there in active service as long as they lived,—the former dying at midnight of commencement day in 1871, the latter in February, 1879.

The institution is beautifully situated on a plateau overlooking the town of Northfield, which is, as demonstrated by General Jackman, the geographical centre of the state and ten miles from the capital city, Montpelier. The town is enterprising, its scenery most picturesque, its climate healthful, and "its daughters the fairest in the land,"—all of which has aided much to further the interests of the institution. Here, through the generous aid of some members of its alumni,—notably the gift of Dodge Hall by General G. M. Dodge, '50, —by the gradual recognition of the United States government and the state of Vermont, in the way of equipment,—details of regular army officers as commandants, and state scholarships,—she has gradually regained her past prestige and prosperity. It took many years to reconcile the old Norwich cadets to the change of location, but they have finally recognized it to be for the best.

The true Norwich University spirit, as manifested in recent years, is well put in the following language of one of her most loyal sons: "It was an unavoidable error, the removal from Norwich, dear to the old alumni, where

> The moon in her path o'er the eastern hill
> Looked down on the old parade.
> On the flagstaff white in the silent night,
> On the guns 'neath the barrack's shade!

but 'where MacGregor sits is the head of the table,'—it is ours to honor Alma Mater in her later home. In honoring her we honor ourselves, ad-

vocate sound and wise education, and prove anew devotion to the country and its flag, symbolizing the best aspirations of humanity."

The university was for a larger part of the period from 1870 to 1895 without an active president. Through the efforts of the Norwich University Alumni Association of Boston, in 1896, sufficient funds were raised to secure the services of an active head for the university; and a year or two since Commander Allan D. Brown, LL. D., United States Navy (retired), was secured for the position, and has since been engaged in looking after the varied interests of the institution. President Brown is using his best efforts to make the university what it deserves to be, one of our leading institutions of learning. He is a man of mature years and scholarly attainments, and well fitted to fill the position which he holds. His service in the navy covers a period of twenty-five years, including sea service, torpedo station service, and as instructor and head of the department of astronomy, surveying and navigation at the United States Naval Academy. For four years he was stationed at Washington, D. C., as superintendent of the Naval Observatory, and on completion of his duties there he commanded the *Kearsarge* on an expedition to South American waters. Thus equipped he is proving himself a worthy successor to Partridge, Ransom and Bourns of the olden times.

Associated with President Brown are Colonel John B. Johnson, A. M., C. E. (who succeeded General Jackman), professor of mathematics and engineering; Major Charles C. Brill, professor in the department of natural sciences; Herbert R. Roberts, A. M., professor in the department of languages; Henry W. Hovey, captain Twenty-fourth Infantry, United States Army, commandant and professor of military science and tactics; Frank A. Balch, A. B., professor in the department of history. These are assisted by an able corps of instructors. Major General Oliver O. Howard, United States Army, and Hon. Frank Plumley deliver courses of lectures on military history, international and constitutional law.

The curriculum at the present time, in the academic department, embraces four courses: civil engineering, arts, chemistry, and a course in science and literature. The military course is as follows: exercises, drills or lectures daily throughout the four years, including setting up drill; manual of arms; school of the company; bayonet exercises; manual of the sword; artillery drill; rifle practice; battalion drill; signalling; lectures on military engineering; military science and art of war; customs of the service, and camping.

The cadets are at all times under military discipline, and strict observance of military customs is required. They are detailed as adjutant, officer of the day, guard, etc., in their turn, are instructed in making out military reports and trained in the duties incident to field and garrison. Cadet officers are appointed in accordance with their relative academic and military standing. The cadets are required to wear uniform when on duty, this uniform consisting of a blouse of the pattern worn by officers of the United States Army, dark blue trousers with light red stripe, black cravat, standing collar. United States regulation forage cap, boots or high shoes of black leather, and overcoat of black or dark blue, ulster cut. The daily routine of duty is reveille at six in the morning, followed by police call and inspection of quarters; breakfast; drill; prayers; study and recitation hours; dinner; afternoon roll call; study and recitation hours; supper; retreat; study hours; taps (lights out), 10 P. M.

That the spirit of gallantry, sometimes almost rampant on Norwich Plain, went with the institution to Northfield is indicated from a newspaper clipping of May, 1883, which runs as follows:

"To make a potato patch out of a part of the Norwich University parade ground is undertaken by Perley B———, a prominent citizen of Northfield, who asserts a claim to a corner of the grounds on account of work done when the buildings were erected in 1866. The cadets set out a hundred or more trees a few weeks since, some of which interfered, as he thought, with his potato plants, and which he pulled up. The next morning B———'s newly planted potatoes were found on top of the ground, the patch thoroughly harrowed, the trees replaced and the field seeded to grass and rolled. B——— was hanged in effigy the other night from a tree on the Common and buried on Saturday, with grave (?) ceremonies and muffled drum."

That the recent graduates are as patriotic as those in earlier days is shown from the fact that over ninety per cent of the graduates since 1880 volunteered to serve in any capacity in the Spanish-American War. The president of the Norwich University Alumni Association of Boston offered Governor Wolcott a regiment officered by Norwich University graduates, and received the personal thanks of the governor and the assurance that it would be accepted if there was a further call for troops. Although the war was of short duration, not a few Northfield graduates were in the service. Conspicuous among them were Commander George A. Converse, '63, who commanded the *Montgomery;* Commander George P. Colvocoresses, '67, who is with Dewey's fleet at Manila; Lieutenant Edward M. Peters, '80, of the New Jersey Naval Militia; Lieutenant Hiram I. Bearss, '97, United States Marine Corps; Major Henry B. Hersey, '85, who was serving as adjutant general of New Mexico before the beginning of hostilities, became major of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, and commanded the same during part of the campaign in Cuba; Captain Frank L. Howe, '80, First Vermont Regiment; Captain Charles W. Meade, '81, First Montana Regiment (now at Manila); Captain Charles S. Carleton, '96, First Maine Regiment; Lieutenant Edward A. Shuttleworth, '91, United States Army; Lieutenant W. B. Carr, '97, United States Artillery; Lieutenant Frederick M. Barstow, '78, First United States Volunteer Engineers; Lieutenant Charles E. Walker, '97, United States Volunteer Signal Corps; Lieutenant Fred T. Austin, '88, adjutant Fifth Massachusetts Regiment, and many others.

Not a few of the sons of Norwich University have also distinguished themselves in the civil walks of life. In this list are found the names of Gideon Welles, '27, secretary of the navy; Horatio Seymour, '28, war governor of New York; William A. Beach, '28, eminent New York lawyer; Isaac T. Smith, '30, His Siamese Majesty's consul general at New York; Alonzo A. Miner, '34, eminent Boston divine; Jonathan Tarbell, '39, chief justice of the Supreme Court of Mississippi; Caleb Lyon, '40, member of Congress and governor of Idaho; Alvan E. Bovay, '41, the founder of the Republican party; William L. Lee, '42, eminent lawyer and jurist; Otis S. Tenney, '45, eminent Kentucky lawyer; William Pitt Kellogg, '48, governor of Louisiana and United States senator; William Henry Greenwood, '52, eminent civil engineer; John V. Standish, '55, president Lombard University; Charles Morton, '60, civil engineer; Henry E. Alvord, '63, expert, Dairy Department, United States government; Edward D. Adams, '64, banker and railroad projector; Burleigh F. Spaulding, '77, member of Congress from North Dakota; Malverd A. Howe, '82, civil engineer and author; and George R. Miner, '85, editor.

The Legislature of the state of Vermont in 1870 authorized the enlistment of the corps of cadets into companies of infantry and a section of artillery. The professor of military science was made, *ex officio,* commander of the organization, and the other officers, upon his recommendation, are commissioned from the corps by the governor. The corps is in camp for at least three weeks each year, and is thoroughly instructed in camp and

outpost duties, and is annually inspected by both the United States government and state officers.

By recent legislation, Norwich University is recognized as The Military College of the State of Vermont, and is given a Board of Visitors and an annuity of $6,000. This special recognition and assistance were given the institution in view of the fact that Admiral Dewey has recently expressed his high regard for the institution and said that Vermont could not express in any more fitting way whatever regard it might feel for him, than to substantially aid the university where his military training was so effectively begun.

As Admiral Dewey has expressed his preference as to what public recognition, if any, he is to receive for the great service he has rendered his country, a movement is on foot to raise sufficient funds to erect a building, which the institution is much in need of, to be known as Dewey Hall. The matter is being taken up by the various alumni associations, and not only the past cadets and native Vermonters, but the public as well, will have an opportunity to contribute something towards a memorial to the "Hero of Manila." Contributions to this fund will not only aid in honoring Dewey, but will help to carry on that system of education which so well fits young men for the highest duties of both peace and war. Amid her new surroundings and these reassurances of public approbation, long may she stand among the invigorating green hills of old Vermont, true to the teachings of her founder and the exponent of the "American idea in education." May taps never sound her requiem and may reveille ever herald her increasing glory and prosperity.

WINTER APPLE TREES.

By Minna Irving.

WHEN the voice of the robin is hushed in the land,
And the flame of the poppy is dead,
And the trail of the frost is on every hand,
And the darkness of storm overhead,
When the hickory log is ablaze on the hearth,
And ice gathers thick on the pane,
Then the boughs of the apple trees bend to the earth
With a burden of blossoms again.

The top twigs have budded with delicate down,
The rough bark is hidden from sight,
Like an angel arrayed in a robe and a crown
Each stands in a glory of white.
For softly the snowflakes descended in showers
An hour ere the dawning of day,
And covered the trees, like the ghosts of the flowers
They bore in the orchards of May.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILED.

By Lillie B. Chace Wyman.

CHRISTINE wondered why it was so dark, and then wonder ceased. After a while she found the same thought again in her mind. Another blank now followed, touched ever and anon into faint consciousness of weariness or of pain or of contact with the bed on which she lay or with the arms, the hands, the body, of some person. She always knew when the person touching her was her mother. For a long time it did not occur to her to speak, but at last she cried out, "Is it dark all the time now?"

She was sure that she had called aloud, sure she had uttered these words; but she heard no sound and, trembling, she spoke again, "What makes it dark all the time?"

She spoke in German, for her mother and she had never acquired the habit of speaking the English language to each other. She felt her lips and tongue move; but again she heard no sound. She shivered in great fright, and put her fingers to her lips. They were really there where she could find them! They moved under her touch. She clutched her throat and felt it quiver. She opened her eyes wide and stared into the awful darkness. She felt the bed tremble under her and became aware of the pressure of a human body against hers. She knew that her mother had come to her, and knew nothing more until she found herself thinking that she was dreaming,—dreaming of darkness and of silence and of hands that came from nowhere and noiselessly ministered to her. The belief that she was dreaming was at times curiously jarred by a passing conviction that she was leading a real existence.

She noticed after a while that if she did the thing which she would once have called speaking, hands were sure to come to her in some loving tendance; and yet this experience at first, instead of clearing her mind or making her certain whether she were awake or asleep, alive or dead, mad or sane, a real soul or one playing at being, did but serve to increase her mental bewilderment. She had little, if any, thought of time while she lay in just this state, her mind wavering from doubt to doubt of her own consciousness or of the actuality of any world outside the dark and silent cloud which wrapped her like a garment; but finally her heart grew more active. She began not only to feel comforted when the touches came that she recognized as her mother's, but to yearn for them whenever for a little while they had not dropped upon her from the empty black space around her. This yearning grew to be a pain, and pain made her think that she must be alive, though held in the bondage of a dream; and so she struggled to break from the dream.

"Mutter, mutter." She twisted her body in her effort to speak, "Mother, mother. I want to see you; I want to hear you. Wake me up! Wake me up!"

Then she felt the motherly arms close frantically around her, and draw her up from the pillows against a sustaining bosom and rock her back and forth in a great sorrowful embrace. Christine put up her hand and felt of her mother's neck and chin and lips and cheeks. She shook with the sobbing of the body that supported hers. She was always sure afterwards that in this moment, though everything

had been then as dark and silent and incomprehensible as ever, she was really awake. All other certainties for a long time still hovered in her weak and weary consciousness as if about to take flight and leave her to the old dream of life.

"Something really did happen then; it really did," she kept saying to herself whenever she felt her brain tottering over the abyss which always yawned near her in the darkness and the silence. Holding on to this conviction that she had once been awake, she came slowly to notice when she had actually slept, and then to perceive that her body answered to the movements of her will, and she began also to note when she was hungry and when she was fed. The observation of these simple phenomena roused her mental faculties to other work. She remembered that such spaces of time as she now perceived to pass between her sleeping and her eating had once meant something,—something very important. Finally she found the words "day" and "night" floating in her mind like white lilies on the surface of a black pool.

When she at last remembered rather vaguely, but still with some assurance, that it was a fact and not a fancy which she recalled, that the words "day" and "night" had formerly had a significance which they no longer possessed, the thought occurred to her that the great change which troubled her must be in herself and not wholly in that outer world which had become a mysterious cloud to her. Turning this thought feebly about in her brain, she recollected that she had once been well and had been taken sick. In a way which she never quite understood, there came next the conviction that this awful change, whatever it was, had taken place during her sickness. She knew at last what was the matter. She knew that there had been a time when she could see and hear, and that now she could not see and she could not hear.

She did not think much for a long period after she arrived at this knowledge. The struggle to get to it had exhausted her. She suffered passively, often feeling her tears trickle down her face before she was fully aware that she was suffering. Slowly her attention became again largely and peacefully absorbed in the physical facts of her life. It was as if her mind played childish games with her body, trying to learn what rights of ownership it still held over limbs and flesh. She liked to rub her hands together and to stroke her own hair. As she grew stronger, it pleased her to note the movements which her mother made about her, and to try to guess their purpose and aid in their fulfilment. She felt that she was very clever one day, because she had so quickly perceived that her mother wanted to get her out of bed. She helped put on her garments herself, and finally stood a moment with tingling feet upon the floor. Something came from behind against her and she instinctively sat down on it. It was a chair—yes, certainly it was a chair. She remembered perfectly what chairs were like; but she had not thought of them for a long time. She laughed, and her mother's kiss fell like an answer soft and sweet upon her forehead. She thought, "She really hears me!" and she laughed again although she heard nothing herself.

She had before this accepted it as a fact that her efforts at speech, futile as they were so far as her own senses were concerned, still did produce an impression on the people near her; but she had accepted it without reasoning out its cause. Now that she was better able to think than she had been, she came, after much pondering, to the conclusion that whatever had deprived her of sight and hearing had left her the power to utter articulate sounds. Her consciousness of her necessary relation to the world or of her most immediate interest therein was not however complete, and as she grew daily stronger, the gaps in her

memory of the past had a new terror for her. She began to feel that these gaps hid something very significant, something which she would sometime remember, and that when she remembered it she would die, her notion of death not being then founded on a definite conception of death derived from any clear recollection of what death was like, but merely an idea that her consciousness might swoon into a state where she would have even less grasp than now on the realities of life. This unremembered memory of the past tortured her. Her brain ached with the secret it had not the strength to reveal. There was a heavy stone somewhere in her head, and she could not push it away from the place where it pressed and pained her. She would wake from sleep crying, and she would not know what she was crying about. She pined with a longing which her mother's caresses only half assuaged. Her intellect roused itself to new activity. She arranged signals of communication with her mother. She would speak and then tell her mother what to do by way of answer. She could not think of many signals, but eager love suggested a few to her mind,—two taps on her hand for "yes," one for "no," three for "I don't know."

Christine worried a little as to how her mother fared in the outer world. She remembered that they had been poor, and that she herself had done something to earn money in her former life; but she could never remember quite certainly what it was that she had done. Who worked for her mother now? It seemed as if there were washtubs in the kitchen very often, and that she was always running against the ironing board, if she tried to go about the room.

Once she asked, "Mother, have you got money now?" She waited some seconds and felt no gesture of reply, and began to fear with a terrible fear that she had failed to make any sound, when fingers touched hers and some round hard disks dropped into her hand. She knew them to be coins, and after that she ceased to worry about work or money, taking trustfully whatever happened so far as she perceived its reference to material support, as a little child might take such things. After a while it became a great pleasure to do some household tasks, and one day she found something which waked an old memory in the nerves of her fingers, and in a moment she was knitting and laughing, and her mother was smoothing her hair just where it lay on her forehead.

It was warm weather now and she learned to go alone out into the tiny dooryard. She remembered the yard better than most places into which she was ever taken. She was familiar with the rose in one corner and the cherry tree in another. Sometimes the sense of loving companionship was so strong that she would get down on the ground and kiss the grass blades. She liked to walk along the path at the end of the yard, keeping her hand on the fence, and she liked to go to the well and lower the bucket and draw it up, and dabble her fingers in the cool water, and feel the dripping she could not hear.

One day, as she sat on the step and felt the sunshine stream down on her head, she thought, "That is God touching me as mother does," and she was glad. "Why, I used to think about God a great deal," she went on, surprised into one of her flashes of memory. "I won't forget Him again, —it's so nice to think about Him!"

Glad as her heart had been that day in the sunshine and the thought of God, the next time she woke from sleep she was crying. "Mother," she called, "mother, tell me what it is I want! O mother, why can't *anybody* tell me what makes my heart ache so? It's like a fire burning in me!" She rose sadly, dressed, went and sat idly on the doorstep. "I'm waiting," she murmured, "and it almost seems as if I knew what I'm waiting for. If I did know, perhaps it would not hurt so much."

Suddenly she became aware that steps were approaching on the path, and she sat upright and trembled. The steps ceased, and a terrible moment breathed itself away. Then some one brushed by her with the faintest possible touch upon her person in passing. She sprang to her feet and stumbled over the threshold in wild instinctive pursuit of this presence in the void, this shadow of life, this vanishing thing that could thus touch and thrill and pass her. She ran through the entry, and as soon as she was in the kitchen she knew that other feet than hers were striding up and down the shaking floor. She stretched out her arms, and cried into the throbbing silence, "What is it? *What* is it? *Who* is it?"

She felt a man's arms come around her and draw her convulsively to a man's breast. A sharp pain darted through her head,—and she remembered! "Paul, Paul!" she cried.

When she was again conscious, she was lying half on the floor and half in his embrace. She reached out her hand, trying to find Paul's face, and her mother's hand took hers and guided it on its eager quest. Lips kissed hers, first her mother's and then his lips.

She was ill after this for an unmeasured time. When she grew strong again, thoughts crowded in upon her, and emotions swept through her. She recognized them as strange, distorted and exaggerated images of thoughts and feelings which she had had in her former life. "I'm the old Christine again," she said, "but there's a difference. No, I'm not changed,—deep in myself; only everything is more so. Didn't the stars ever make you feel as if you were all alone and didn't understand anything? They did me when I could see them. Now everything is like the stars,—far off, and I'm alone, and everything puzzles me. But something always puzzled me."

Paul was with her nearly always. She remembered now that he and she had been engaged, and that he had gone back to Germany, and that letters had come from him, and he had promised to return and marry her. She talked to him a great deal at first. Her thoughts and moods were like broken arrows of light suddenly shooting across the heavy fog that had drifted over her brain. She babbled on, or held her peace, as her heart constrained her, and, without effort to connect or reconcile their contradictions, let her thoughts fall into fragmentary speech, as she told the story of her innocent bewilderment in the sphere in which her spirit moved.

"If I could only hear you speak just once," she sighed. "I can remember your voice, and the mother's, and the church bells,—but I don't remember many other sounds. I merely know I did hear them. I love you, —I love you! Kiss me again, and I shall seem to hear you.—Oh, my God!"

Another time she said, "It is good the stillness doesn't frighten me now, nor the darkness. When I was a little girl, I used to be afraid of the dark silent night. It isn't like that. The worst of it is that it never changes. I wish it would change just a little."

Again she spoke. "Paul, why do you suppose it had to happen to me? I don't remember that I ever did anything so very bad. But I forget so much,—did I ever? Paul,—oh, my poor boy,—what makes you shake so?"

For a brief period thus the impulse to reveal her hidden life, to express her inexpressible experience, drew her on to speech; but when she had several times discovered after speaking that Paul was crying or that her mother's hand was trembling, the desire to speak of these things passed from her. All the more her mind dwelt on the thought that Paul had come for his bride and found her an altered creature. She would sit by him for hours, bending his fingers, feeling of the lines of his face.

She was beside him on the doorstep one day. It was a little chilly

and she shivered. "Paul," she said, "if I am speaking, let me know."

She felt him make the sign for "yes" on her palm, but she waited a long minute before she caught both his hands and turned her face upward.

"Are my eyes very ugly now?" she asked. "Are there scars since I was sick?"

She dropped one of his hands, but she clutched the fingers of the other tight as she held out her free hand for the answer and panted during the second of delay before the answer came, a tap on her palm for "no."

She breathed with a shudder. "It isn't really any matter," she said, "but I'm glad if I'm not ugly." She was aware that the quiet about her was invading her soul like an enemy, and she said, "Paul, you came to marry me?"

The sign for "yes" came in immediate response. She bent her head, fumbled with her lips, laid them on his wrist and moved them up his arm and kissed his sleeve. Then she spoke again. "You can't marry me now," she said. "It would be like marrying a stone. I couldn't keep your house." His arms closed around her, but she pulled herself away and extended her hand for the answer. "You can't marry me now," she repeated; then in a moment she cried, "Where are you, Paul? Have you gone away?"

She felt her mother bend over her from behind and, turning, she flung herself against her mother's knees and dropped her head lower and yet lower till it rested on her mother's feet. She was conscious that Paul was grasping her shoulders with a passionate and tender touch, but, seizing her mother's gown, she raised herself away from him and asked, "Can he marry me now?"

It was her mother's fingers that made upon her hand the sign for "no."

There came a moment, when she felt Paul's kiss upon her mouth, and in some mysterious way her soul knew that the kiss meant good-by. After he was gone, she found that God and her mother were left. The darkness was full of them,—especially of God. His was the Real Presence. She strove to do her little household tasks as formerly. She kept no count of time, but she knew that the seasons passed, and she knew when the days were long and when they were short, not only by noticing the weather, but by means of a little homely device. Her mother always brought her the lamp to touch the moment she lighted it. Christine knew it was brought as soon as lighted because the glass had not become hot when she touched it, and so she learned that evening-time had begun.

The docility of her nature gradually spiritualized itself into peacefulness. Moreover, her mind, when it was no longer stimulated by Paul's presence, sank into something like its dreamy lethargy before he had come back. At last there came a morning when she was startled to find that her mother did not get up from her bed, and that her cheek was cold. She ran out into the yard, throwing her arms about and screaming, till people took hold of her and led her back into the house. She had one girl friend, Greta, who was almost the only person except her mother and Paul who had seemed familiar to her since her sickness. To this girl she clung in the days immediately following that awful moment in which she had realized the meaning of the coldness of her mother's cheek. She dimly understood the significance of the things she was directed to do during this time. When she perceived that Greta was trying to induce her to put on a woollen gown and a hat and jacket, she recalled a funeral which she had attended long before. When she was placed in a chair and Greta sat motionless at her side and held her hand for—it seemed to her—ages and ages, she became convinced that the funeral services for her mother were occurring. She was taken out of

doors and helped into something which she guessed to be a carriage. "Now we're going to the grave," she thought.

In these days she had seldom spoken, but now she began to ask questions, and Greta tapped the answers as her mother had done. "Have we left the graveyard?" she asked. "Where shall you take me now? Oh, you can't answer that! Will you take me to my own home? No? Will you take me to yours? Yes? I am glad of that."

She slept that night with Greta. In the morning, she reached over and patted Greta till she felt her stir. "Greta," she said, "Greta, I am scared. Tell me something. Do you know where Paul is? Mother didn't know this long time." The tap on her hand was for "no"; and she turned her face away and spoke no more for many hours.

One day she was dressed again in her woollen gown, and Greta led her into the street. As they walked, a strange person sometimes touched her. She wondered where they were going and who was with them. The sunshine fell full on her face, and the old thought came back, "It's God trying to love me." She felt glad for the first time since she knew that her mother was dead, and she laughed. Greta's arms came with trembling force about her, and Greta's lips kissed hers.

"It's funny to kiss me in the street, Greta," she said, "and your cheeks are wet. Are you crying? It troubles me to have you cry."

She was led at last up some steps, and over bare floors, and up stairs again, and over other floors, till it was indicated to her that she was to sit down. Greta's hands took off her hat and jacket. She was frightened now and, springing to her feet, she caught hold of Greta's shoulders and cried, "Where am I? What are you going to do with me?"

Then she was drawn into Greta's lap and held there until all the sobbing trembling of her body ceased. After a while Greta led her to a bed, and made her feel all over it. It was long and narrow. She walked to the upper end of it and found a table standing there. She touched the things on it and recognized them as her own, her pincushion, her basket of knitting, her box of thread and buttons, her comb and brush, the picture of her mother in a little frame,—she knew them all. Overcome with the sense of strangeness, she sank on to the floor and felt Greta go down with her. Some one else lifted her and laid her on the bed. Greta kissed her again and again.

After that, it was as if the earth had opened and swallowed up her past life. For a long time she kept expecting to feel Greta's kiss again; but she never did. The hands that came into contact with her were all strange to her. She did not know where she was. She asked questions. She cried out again and again, "Tap my hand, twice for yes, and once for no,—shall I ever see Greta again?" But no taps came in response to her effort to teach the unseen, unheard persons moving around her to communicate with her. At first she feared lest she had lost the power to make articulate sounds any more. But in spite of this fear, she had all the time an opposing conviction that her vocal organs were really acting as perfectly as ever; and after a while she noticed that, although no intelligent answer ever came to what she said, some kindly hand was frequently laid gently on her after she had spoken, and at last she decided that she was still able to make sounds, but that no one in this place where she had been left understood German. She tried in vain to think of English words; she could remember none. It was like losing another sense to find her ability to speak a useless power. Her soul shrank still deeper in its fleshly covering. She began to realize that she should never again know where in this world she was, or who was with her. Her mind trod on

shadows and grew uncertain in its steps.

Somebody helped her to go to bed and to get up again. For long periods of time, this was always the same somebody, and Christine guessed that the person was in some sort a caretaker. Different women led her regularly a crooked way through doorways to a large table, where she always found food. There were smells of cooking and heat as from a stove in this room. The persons who guided her were often very feeble in their movements.

Occasionally she wondered if anybody would come for her if there should be a fire in her mysterious abode. She called it "this Place," in her thoughts. She found it hard to keep from imagining "this Place" full of unseen flames, circling around, approaching, seizing upon her body. "It's too cool here, it's too cool here," she would say to reassure herself.

She had been there past several sleeping times before she ventured to walk alone in the room. Going about at last, groping her way, she found many little beds and tables placed like her own. Feeling as she went, she touched a face on a pillow; and the face was cold as her mother's had been that dreadful morning when her broken life had fallen to pieces. She dropped on the floor and crouched there trembling, until some person helped her to rise and took her back to her own chair. She felt this person all over in a vain attempt to distract her mind from the thought of the cold face upon the pillow. The person so examined stood motionless while she moved her fingers in nervous search. It was a small feminine creature, but it did not seem like a child, though its size was that of a child. It had hair done up in a knot on the back of its head, and that head was very long and narrow, small and ill shaped. Its teeth protruded. Its hands were like claws. Its gown reached to the floor. Christine felt a horrible curiosity to know just what sort of a being it was that stood before her. She turned the unresisting figure around, and got down on the floor and felt of the little feet she found there. They were deformed things. To touch them gave her a shock. She started away and got up into her chair and folded her hands tightly in her lap. She did not dare to stir, lest she should again come into contact with the poor little dreadful body that somehow frightened her. She kept imagining that the creature was still near her; but after a long time she fearfully moved her hands out from her own person, and fell to sobbing with thankfulness just because she touched nothing.

The next morning she sprang up suddenly from her cot, thinking desperately, "God must take me out of this horrible place." Stepping impulsively forward, she came to the cot next her own, and nearly fell over it. Two hands met her as she stumbled forward, and helped her to recover her footing. They patted her arms and pulled her down to soft, trembling lips, that kissed her mouth. She groped with her fingers and her heart in them, and she found an old woman lying on the bed. She knew it was an old woman, because the sweet, kissing mouth was toothless and the cheeks were wrinkled, and the soft, comforting hands were wrinkled too. There was a ruffled cap on the head, and the feeling of the frills gave Christine a queer delight. The girl sat on the bedside in loving companionship for a happy half hour. "It's almost like having mother again," thought she.

She was sorry when some one came to lead her away; but her first impulse was always that of obedience to any intimation of a will outside her own personality, and she submitted. She greatly marvelled because her hat and jacket were brought her. Were they going to take her to Greta? The hope sent the blood to her heart, when she found herself led out of doors. She was kept walking for many minutes, and the fresh air and the odor of flow-

ers came sweetly to her senses; but she cried when the walk was over and it was not to Greta's home but to "this Place" that she was returned.

Every day after this she visited the old woman on the cot, and every night she went to her again and, kneeling, with her hand clasped in the soft old fingers, she said her prayers to herself and, as she believed, to God. She gradually ceased to feel afraid of the ghostly mystery enveloping her life. Nothing really dreadful ever happened to her again. She knew that the winters and the summers passed, for she was often again taken out to walk, and could feel the changes of the weather. She loved the sunshine and her old friend still. She tried to make a tangible record for herself of the passage of time. She could count the days because she was notified so regularly when to go to bed and when to get up. Each morning she stuck a pin into her cushion till she had got thirty in a little square together, and then she pulled them all out, dropped them into her button box, and next day began to pick them out and put them into the cushion again. She kept no account of the thirty-day periods as they passed. Many such periods had gone when one day she could not find her cushion. She never found it afterwards. The loss seemed to cut the nerve connecting her will with her thoughts. She had grown to find it a hard task to count her pins. It was almost a relief to lose her cushion and not have the wearisome counting to have to do any more,—thirty had been such a big number to count up to. It was a relief, however, which left her mind to go to sleep.

She still visited her old friend, for love was stronger than anything else in her consciousness; but otherwise she made little voluntary effort. She sat quietly in her chair from mealtime to mealtime, and dimmed sensations connected with more than half obliterated memories—of God, of her mother, and of Paul and Greta—moved through her being, as if a sweetness from the air without stole into her swooning soul.

One day she sat in the sunshine by the window, and her face was laid against the glass, when strong, warm arms came softly, timidly, about her, and a woman's cheek pressed hers as she slowly turned her head. Some moments lapsed. Christine trembled violently; but she clung to the figure which now knelt before her. She did not speak. She had not spoken for much uncounted time before this day. She only shivered more and more, till a man's hand took hers and bent the fingers backward once and again.

She knew the gesture instantly. It belonged to the old days, the old, old days of light and love and sound. She sprang to her feet; a thrill went through her throat; it seemed to her that she was shrieking: "Paul, Paul, is it Paul and Greta?"

The darkness did not part; the silence did not flee before her agony. For one long moment no human touch was on her body. She stood alone in the universe with her beating heart. Then his hand tapped twice upon hers for "yes," and Greta's fingers repeated the sign on her palm.

They clothed her in her outdoor garments. The women belonging to "this Place" shook hands with her. She understood that they meant to bid her good-by. All her faculties were alive once more. She thought with quick vibrations of idea. She broke from everybody to go and kiss the old woman in the next bed; and she cried, bending over the sweet, helpless figure and stroking the withered cheeks. At last she turned and reached out both her arms, and felt Paul and Greta take her hands. They led her out into the air, away from the abode where she had been so long and concerning which she knew so little. She did not know where she was to go; but if God himself had walked beside her and she could have seen Him, she could not have been more certain than she was that the

paths before her were paths of pleasantness and peace.

They all went a little journey, whose stages she scarcely understood, and then she was conducted into a house, over carpeted floors and finally across a threshold, where she was seated in a big soft chair. After a while she thought she was alone, and she got down on her hands and knees and crept about, feeling of the carpet and the rugs that lay on top of it. She crawled from chair to chair, from table to bureau. She found two beds side by side, and she discovered a curtained window with a small rocker in front of it. She got into the chair and fell asleep.

A day and night of dreamy sensation had passed, when she was again in her big chair and felt Paul's hand gently touch her shoulder; and then something soft and warm and sweet smelling was put in her lap. She hugged it passionately, for she was sure it was a baby. In a moment more she found Greta's hand resting on the little, cuddling body, and she felt a plain ring on one of the fingers. She moved it up and down, and turned it round and round, and as she did so Greta's hand yielded itself passively to her movements and Paul's shook where it lay on her shoulder. She felt the tears in her eyes. She took Paul's hand and placed it on Greta's, so that both rested on the baby's little breast. She turned her head from side to side twice, and then, "Are you married?" she said. "Is this your baby?"

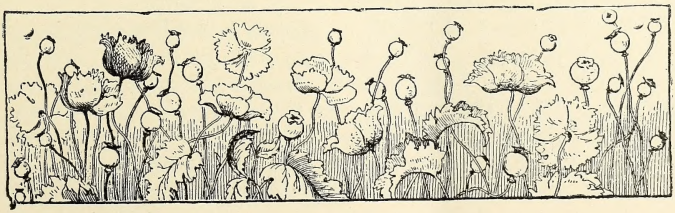
Paul's bearded lips touched her palm before his fingers made there the sign for "yes."

"Greta, Greta," she cried, and, reaching out into the darkness, she found her friend and put her arms around her and the baby together.

It was all well with her henceforth. She was not unhappy because Paul and Greta were husband and wife. She simply loved to be with them again. There was much she did not know and never could know, as for instance how Paul and Greta had come together, or why they had left her so long. It did not trouble her, however, that these things were hidden from her, that she could not ask many questions, so greatly had her memory of words faded, or receive much information through her imperfect system of symbols. Her friends had come for her at last, and they loved her. She trusted them for the past, as she trusted them for the future. She found an attendant sleeping beside her each night, and grew to feel a happy sense of certainty each day that she should find her again. She never felt lonely or uncared for any more in her life. The old torpor fell soon like a soft garment over her whole being. She felt an everlasting kindness around and under her. It held her up and blessed her.

An hour came when she woke suddenly from sleep, felt strong in all her limbs, sat up in bed, and saw—O God, God of all mercies!—she saw a great light, and in that light a loving face, and she heard her own glad voice cry aloud, "Mother, mother, O mother!"

And Paul and Greta thanked God together for the smile that was on Christine's dead lips.



LINCOLN'S WISH.

By Lydia Avery Coonley.

"Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

DIE when I may, let it be said
By friends who know me best:
He plucked a thistle from its bed
And set a flower in its stead
Where'er a flower could rest.

Lincoln! that wish was granted thee!
Thy hand by God was led
To pluck the thistle, slavery,
And plant the flower of liberty
To bloom when thou wert dead.

APPRECIATION.

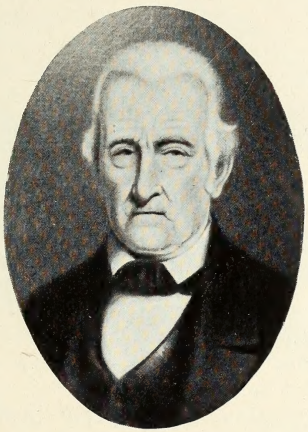
By A. P. Chandler.

I GRIEVE, dear friend, that others love thee not,
Deeming thee cold,—that I alone among
These worldlings know thee, while the heedless throng
Pass by and fail to see thee as thou art.
Blind to the wealth of love within thy heart,
They count thee stern. I reverence thee as strong,
Seeing thee struggle fearlessly and long,
Where they had failed, or played a weaker part.
I scorn them. Yet it were as just for me
To scorn the blind because their eyes are dim;
Or scoff at those who pass unknowingly
The buried lustre of some hidden gem.
The human soul is veiled, and only he
May lift the veil who lifts it lovingly.

THE OLD GRANVILLE AND THE NEW.

By Francis Wayland Shepardson.

IN the closing volume of his History of the Pacific States, Hubert Howe Bancroft tells the story of his life work, indicating in delightful language how he collected the great library which furnished the original



REV. TIMOTHY M. COOLEY.

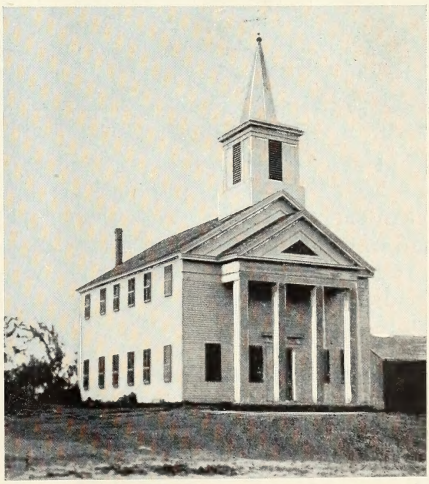
material for his labors as a historian. There are certain chapters devoted to his family history; and in one of these, after describing the celebration of the golden wedding of his parents, he presents this picture:

"As I am now writing, my father, at the age of eighty-five, is talking with my children, aged six, four, two and one respectively, telling them of things happening when he was a boy, which, were it possible for them to remember and tell at the age of eighty-five to their grandchildren, would indeed be a collating of the family book of life almost in century pages."

The scene deserves reproduction, not alone because of its charm as a representation of domestic happiness, not alone because of its suggestion of the possibilities accompanying the life of hardy American families, but also because of the story it tells of American development,—as the aged pioneer, approaching the sunset of life, looked out over the calm waters of the broad Pacific, while he told his son's children of the westward movement of his family from Granville, Massachusetts, through Vermont, to Granville, Ohio, and thence with the eager Argonauts of 1849 to the golden strands of California.

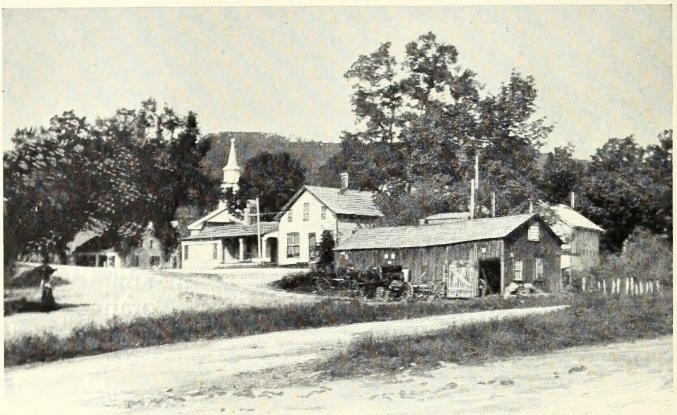
Sometimes there is mourning over the abandoned farms of New England and wondering for the families which once peopled the declining towns; but regret is changed to rejoicing when the families are traced backward from the orange groves and the mines, from the prairies and the bustling cities of the West; and the record of achievement of American pioneers is found full of certificates of indebtedness to the powerful influences of New England environment and New England blood.

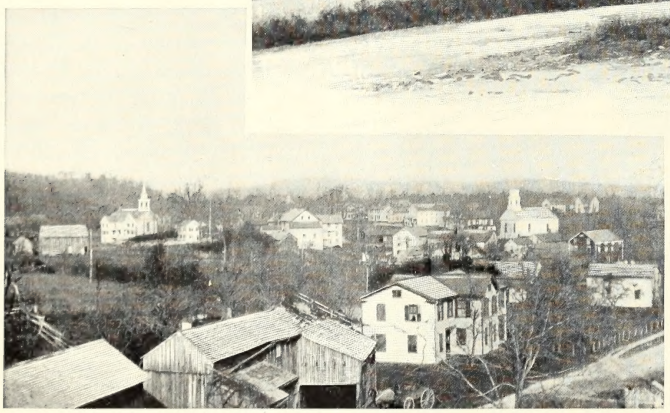
The student of American social life knows well that it is in the smaller towns and not in the cities that he



THE MOTHER CHURCH.

finds the average American citizen, and that oftentimes quiet villages yield surprising results when subjected to critical analysis. The two Granvilles, the old Granville in Massachusetts and the new Granville in Ohio, are not only excellent representatives of the best types of American towns, but they also serve as good illustrations of the expansive power of New England influence. The first contained 1,305 inhabitants in 1850; in 1890 there were but 1,061. The second registered 2,116 in 1850, 2,114 in 1880, and 2,326 ten years later. Neither one has ever had a large population. One is steadily declining in this respect; the other is slowly growing.





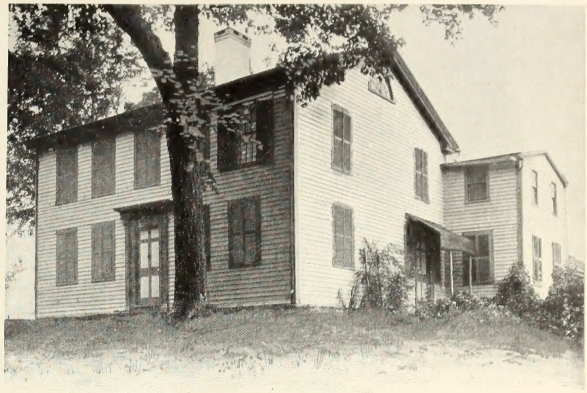
GLIMPSES OF OLD GRANVILLE.

What can be said to their credit cannot be based upon population; and yet of each might be written what was said of one of them in an after-dinner address a few years ago, when Edward Everett Hale told a story like this:

"I recently formed the acquaintance of a Russian gentleman who had been travelling through the United States on a mission of investigation for his government. He had made good use of his opportunities, and was full of opinions about the men and things he had seen. Among other things he said that he had been peculiarly impressed by the advantages enjoyed by American society in the smaller and little known places, where he had often found culture and comfort abounding which in other countries were confined to urban life. The theme was so novel to him that he dwelt upon it at some length, mentioning the places in the several states where he had particularly noticed the society,—and among the favored ones was Granville, Ohio."

The history of the mother town properly began in the year 1735, when a young man named Samuel Bancroft and his bride, Sarah White, left the settlement of West Springfield and pushed into the wilderness until, six miles from the nearest settler, they camped upon a little plain in the uplands, where the encircling hills enclosed them as if shutting them out from the world they had left behind. They were a typical New England couple. The wife rejoiced in that proudest legacy of the colonial dame, descent from one of the heroic company of the *Mayflower;* and from these Pilgrim ancestors, one hundred and fifteen years on American soil, she had gained the determination of char-

acter which stood in such good stead in the toilsome life of the hardy pioneer. The husband, himself a representative of a family well established in New England, was a trifle below the average size, but, kind-hearted and vivacious, he made up by his untiring industry what he lacked in stature. For many years he was a figure in the community which developed about him, exciting the interest of all as he adhered to the old ways when changes came, and inspiring veneration as on the Lord's day he entered the meeting-house in antiquated dress, with accompaniments of bushy wig and curious cocked hat.



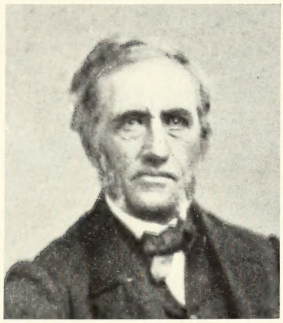
HOUSE WHERE TIMOTHY COOLEY DIED.

There was nothing strange in the beginning of Granville. Such migrations were features of colonial life. Again and again, when the sons of a family married, finding no opportunity for gaining a livelihood near the old folks, they bade a loving farewell to the tearful friends at home, joined hands with their heroic wives, and then plunged into the wilderness to lay the foundations of a new estate. Sometimes they went but a few miles, returning occasionally to visit the scenes of childhood; sometimes the record, "Went west," or "Went to Maine," is the last the family historian finds as he attempts to trace the various lines of descent. At times, a young couple went away by themselves, as the Bancrofts did; at others, a company of young people went together and formed a new town in the forests; but, singly or in groups, by such slow means was New England settled, as western Massachusetts and Vermont, northern New Hampshire and Maine, gathered strength from the overflow of older districts along the seaboard.

Because of this constantly operating movement of population, the Bancrofts were not long left without neighbors. Two companies came. From Springfield were Daniel Cooley, Jonathan Rose, Samuel Gillett, Thomas Spelman, John Root, Ephraim Monson, Phineas Pratt, Peter Gibbons and Samuel Church; from Durham, Connecticut, were Timothy, Noah, Daniel and Phineas Robinson, Ebenezer and Daniel Curtiss, Samuel Coe, David, Daniel and Levi Parsons. The very enumeration of names makes history, so important were these families in the subsequent development of the town, which, at first called Bedford, was named Granville



THE COOLEY MONUMENT.



REV. GEORGE D. FELTON.

in 1754. These early settlers were persons of great strength, both of body and of mind. They were long-lived, many of those mentioned passing the proverbial threescore years and ten, their hardiness being well illustrated by four tent-mates in the "Old French War," who, returning from that struggle, settled as near neighbors and died at the respective ages of eighty-two, eighty-six, eighty-nine and ninety. They were prolific, too, the pioneer settler, Mr. Bancroft, being represented during the first half of this century by eighty-nine persons who bore his name.

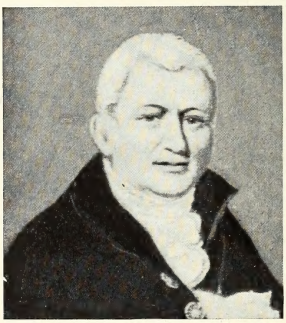
There must have been a rapid growth of the population, if the enlistment of troops for the Indian wars is suggestive, although the town itself was never in danger from the red men, despite the establishment of garrisons and the erection of houses which much resembled forts. When the Revolution drew near, the people were enthusiastic in their patriotism, like many of their neighbors, adopted resolutions which expressed disapprobation of the acts of Parliament, and secured the selection of a committee of correspondence. In course of time a military company was formed, in which the flower of the town marched away to the war, fourteen of the number never coming back. Money and supplies were never lacking, and the hill town did its full part in bringing about the freedom of the colonies.



THE JUBILEE MONUMENT.

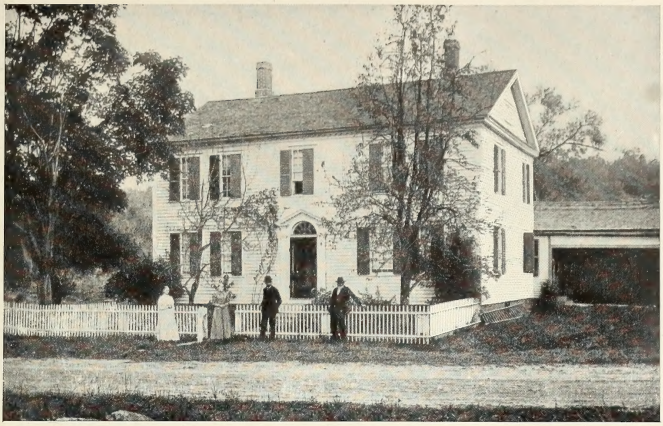
The soil brought forth abundantly during the early years of the settlement; game was plentiful, and the remarkable purity of the air and water secured a healthy growth, which was little retarded by the epidemics of smallpox, spotted fever, or "camp distemper," which swept away many in the sad years of their prevalence.

The great central fact in the history, of course, was the church. There were several pastors during the first fifty years, men of peculiar ability



HON. OLIVER PHELPS.

some of them, and each of them leaving some trace of his individuality behind him when his ministry closed. The first of these was Moses Tuttle, who began his work in connection with the "Great Awakening," which followed the tour of Whitefield and Jonathan Edwards, as these two great preachers went through western Massachusetts putting spirit into the dry bones. Mr. Tuttle gave half an acre of ground for the meeting-house, his salary for two years, and what was his for preaching before his ordination, the whole amounting to £863, old tenor, this gift being the



THE SPELMAN HOUSE, IN FRONT OF WHICH THE COLONISTS GATHERED FOR THEIR DEPARTURE.

largest ever received by the church from any one person. Money was scarce in those days, what little there was in circulation being of uncertain origin and of still more uncertain value. The town voted a salary when it held a meeting in December, 1751. The record states:

"We, the Subscribers, Being a Committee appointed by the Inhabitants of Bedford to agree with the Rev. Moses Tuttle with respect to Grain he is to Receive for his Solory for this present year, have accordingly agreed that the Sd Solory be paid in Grain as followeth, that is to say: Wheat at 3 shillings 5 pence per Bushel, Rye at 2 Shillings 4 pence pr. bushel, Indian Corn at 1 shilling 8 pence 2 f. pr. bushel, to the value of thirty Six pounds nineteen shillings and ten pence. As witness our hands.

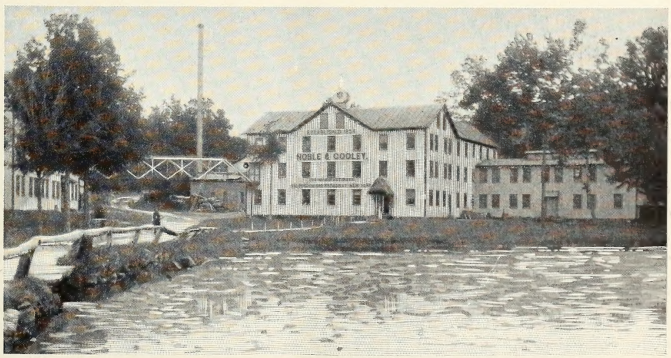
"PHINEAS PRATT,
"STEPHEN HICKOX, *Com'tee.*
"MOSES TUTTLE."

Even this small "Solory" was difficult of collection, for the record indicates that in July, 1755, a meeting was held, when it was

"Voted, that the Society would Chuse a committee to give Security to Mr. Tuttle or his Attorney for the remainder of money that is his Due."

Another pastor, who served the town for twenty years, was Jedediah Smith, who was a little inclined to be a Stoddardarian in sentiment, this notion gaining strength in his mind until, after many stormy meetings, he was finally dismissed, the town voting "That they were willing Rev. Mr. Smith should be dismissed." His departure was hastened, probably, because of his known sympathy for the Crown in the struggle with the mother country, family alliances with noted tories strengthening his opinions.

Another clergyman who was famous in the history of Granville was a negro, Lemuel Haynes, who fought his way upward from the lowliest birth, gained an irregular education by persistent industry after the day's work was done, and often, in spite of race prejudice, surprised his acquaintances with utterances of great beauty and spiritual power. Friendly ministers instructed him in Greek and other branches, and after examination by a council he was indorsed for regular pastoral work. In Torrington, Connecticut, and Rutland, Vermont,



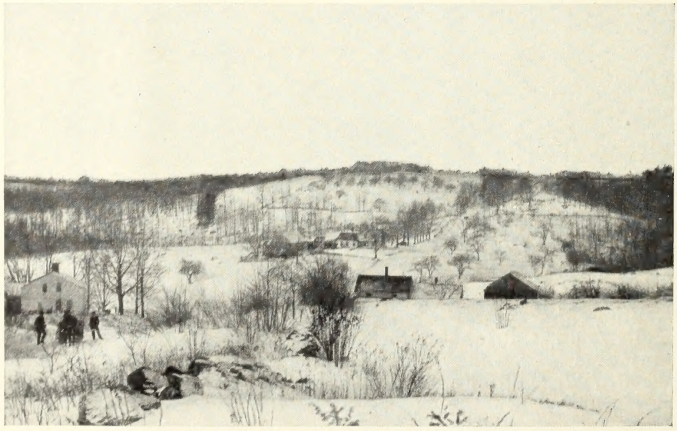
THE DRUM FACTORY, GRANVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.



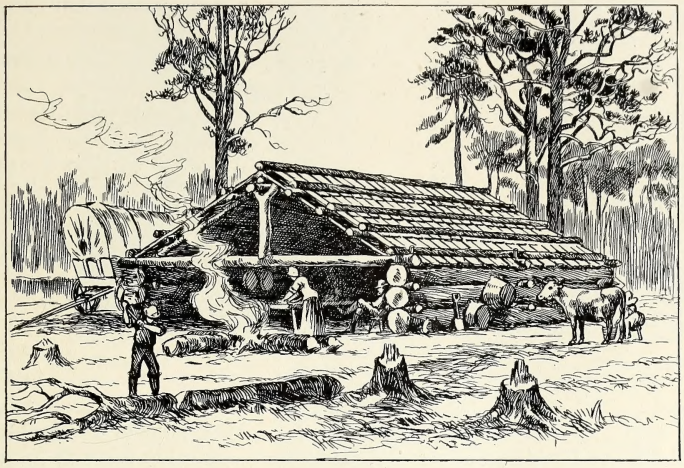
THE NARROWS, GRANVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

he rendered efficient service as a preacher, and both in the home of his childhood and among strangers he showed himself a man of exceptional ability. One of his sermons, preached from the text, "Ye shall not surely die," was published in 1805, and was printed and reprinted in America and England, passing through many editions. Timothy Dwight of Yale once heard him preach, and testified to the profit he received from the instruction. Like the famous Phyllis Wheatley, he seems to have been a marked character among the negro people of America, no doubt inheriting from some Puritan father an intellect which, united with a keen sense of humor and ready wit, enabled this child of love to lift himself from the degradation of birth into a place where he was esteemed by all who knew him.

But by all means the most famous of the pastors of Granville was Timothy Mather Cooley, who went in and out before the people of the first church for sixty-three years. His is the name around which centres much of the sentiment of the town; his life is the silken thread which discloses the secret passageways of its history. A graduate of Yale, he refused a unanimous call to a more important charge, where the salary was better, to return to his native place to take the pastorate of a discordant church which had not had a pastor for twenty years. His first request before settlement was that a fund be raised to provide in part at least for the support of the ministry. Generous subscriptions were made and the endowment was secured which has aided the church to the present time. On the third day of February, 1796, Mr. Cooley was ordained pastor of the church, having in his parish 438 males and 439 females, among the number being his parents and grandparents. He was a fine classical scholar and, having great influence over the young, he was able to train many men who developed noble characters. When in 1845 the "Granville Jubilee" was held to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate, his historical



WEST GRANVILLE.

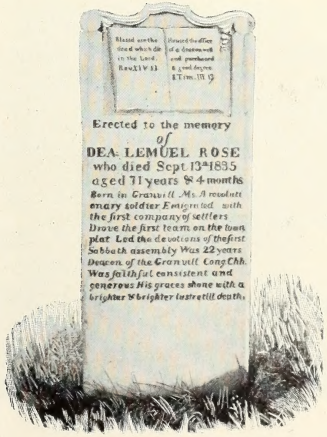


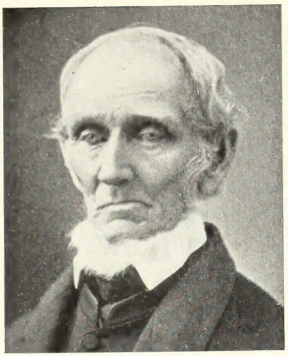
THE FIRST HOUSE IN GRANVILLE, OHIO.

sermon contained statements of the work done under his direction which deserve reproduction as showing the life of a minister in a small town. Not confined to his room for a single day for sixty-eight years, during these fifty years of his pastorate he preached over seven thousand sermons, taught over fourteen hundred Bible class lessons, trained for higher education or for business eight hundred pupils, followed to the grave over six hundred persons, living to preach the funeral discourse in memory of the last survivor of the members of the church at the time of his settlement. His paternal care over the community is evinced by the sentence: "Five times I have by previous appointment performed a visitation of the entire parish, making a record of the name and age of each individual, conversing and praying with parents and children." Six times a year for fifty years he met with his people about the communion table, barring only a season of four months, when he made a visit to Granville, Ohio. Two hundred and forty-four times he solemnized marriages, his social duties attending the people from the cradle to the grave. Outside his parish he frequently attended ecclesiastical councils, where his influence was persuasive; and for many years Williams College received the benefit of his wisdom upon its Board of Trustees.

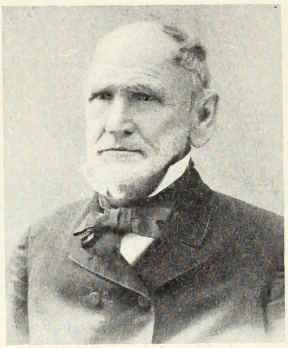
One whose home is filled with traditions of this man paints a picture of the Sabbaths under his ministry:

"Would that I could embalm all the memories which have come to me by inheritance: the quiet Sundays with morning and afternoon sermons; the fragrant odor of caraway and fennel; the pleasant chats at noon over the lunches; Dr. Cooley preaching in the great, high, old-fashioned pulpit, his aged and blind father sitting near: the square pews in which the congregation was seated according to their age; the unruly boys in the gallery under the watchful eye of the tithingman; the deacons in their seats facing the congregation. I can see 'Squire James Cooley as he came to the meeting, his pockets stuffed with letters to be delivered after service,—wonderful old letters folded carefully into shape and sealed with red wax, a necessity then, and not a mere fashion. I can see Mr. Jesse Spelman rising with his tuning fork to start the hymns, for there was no organ then. I can see the long rows of teams outside, and the busy scene when the people made ready to go home."





DEACON TIMOTHY ROSE.

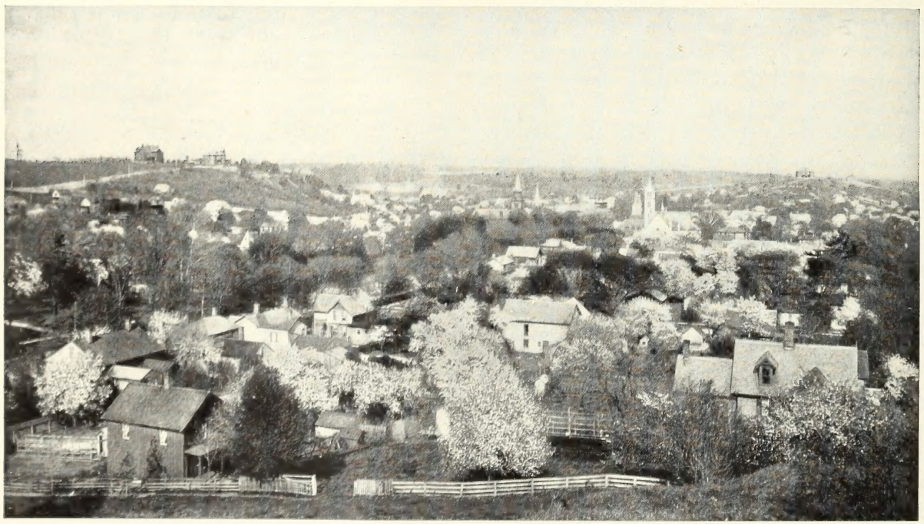


HON. MARVIN M. MUNSON.

Mrs. Earle has made such pictures familiar to us in her volume concerning the Sabbath in old New England; and the life of Timothy M. Cooley in that hill town in southwestern Massachusetts was often repeated in form in other storied spots of the Commonwealth. But it was about that life that the history of the community centred, the two famous events of a century, the "Jubilees" of 1845 and 1895, being connected with thoughts of him.

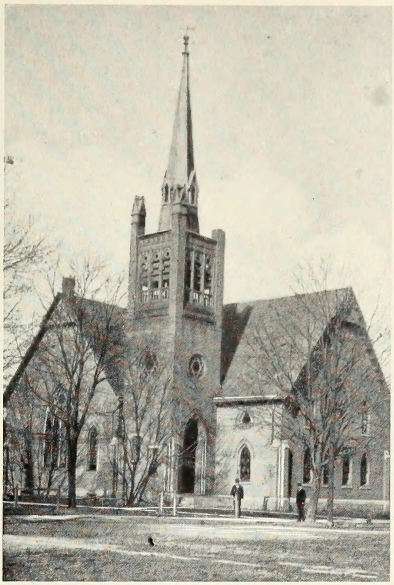
The "Jubilee" of 1845 drew together more than two thousand sons of Granville, who came from all parts of the Union to rejoice over a ministry of fifty years. The speeches of the occasion had but one subject, and even the pen of Mrs. Sigourney found free flow in writing odes for the celebration. When the two days of rejoicing and reunion were over, an adjournment had been taken till the last Thursday in August in 1895, and a monument had been ordered erected by the wayside to serve as a reminder of the centennial celebration fifty years ahead.

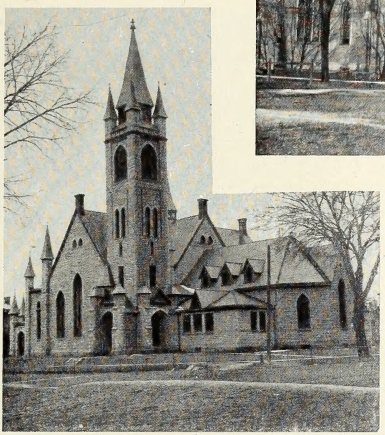
In a town like Granville there is little material for stirring history. High up among the hills, with a climate of unsurpassed healthfulness, with magnificent scenery, with Nature present in her every mood, her life is uneventful. The best product has al-



GRANVILLE, OHIO.

ways been men. One finds even so far from railroads a drum factory which employs surplus labor and maintains a reputation for thoroughness in making drums of all sorts. But in other ways than by the beating of drums has the sound of Granville gone out through all the earth. The descendants of

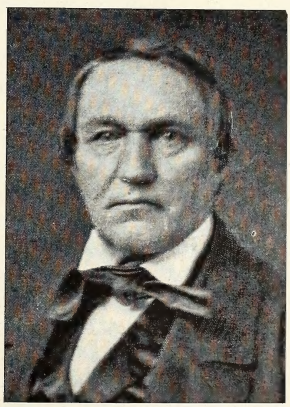




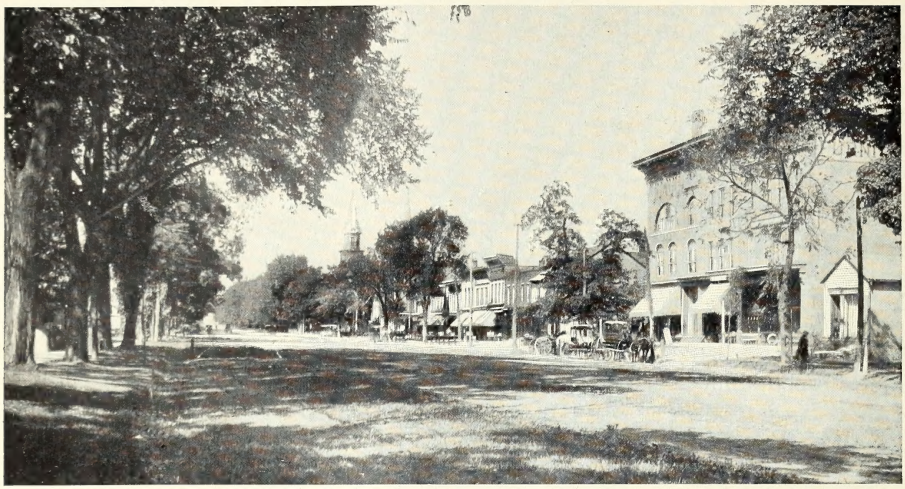
GRANVILLE, OHIO, CHURCHES.

the early settlers include such men as President Hitchcock of Amherst, President Austin Scott of Rutgers, Judge T. M. Cooley of Michigan, Senator Isaac Bates, the Gillettes of Westfield and Northampton, Dr. Edward B. Coe and Dr. David B. Coe of New York, Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian, and many others. And if to this partial list of distinguished men were added the name of Rev. Gurdon Hall, the debt of the world to Granville might be calculated in vain; for when in Williams College, the prospective valedictorian of his class, he was one of the company of choice spirits who used to retire for prayer to the bottom of the valley south of the west college on Wednesday afternoons, and on Saturdays to the more remote meadows on the bank of the Hoosack, where, under the haystacks, as President Griffin put it, "these young Elijahs prayed into existence the embryo of American missions to the heathen."

But the rest of this story must be with another influence which sprang from Granville. Perhaps the interest in western emigration began when a well-known citizen of the town, named Oliver Phelps, turned his attention to the Genesee country. During the Revolutionary War his services were so important as to win from General Washington a personal letter of thanks. The commissariat general in Revolutionary times was a man of many duties, and Granville was always proud to claim the citizenship of Oliver Phelps. In 1787, in connection with Nathaniel Gorham, he bought from the Massachusetts Legislature the preëmptive rights of the state in



REV. JACOB LITTLE.



BROADWAY, GRANVILLE, OHIO.—THE BUSINESS SECTION.

the extensive tract of land afterwards known as the "Phelps and Gorham Purchase." Although the partners were unable to carry out their contract, owing to the change in value of the paper scrip, yet the methods of division and arrangement planned were so satisfactory that they were afterwards adopted by others who placed land upon the market. The part of the land which was disposed of was sold by Articles, a new device of American origin, which made the farmers owners in fee simple.

Some of the Granville people were drawn to New York by this firm; and, the population increasing, the younger element began to get restive and to long for fresh fields. A tradition current in Granville, Ohio, illustrates some of the difficulties. When Alfred Avery was a mere child, his father went to the field to plant corn, and the boy, being ambitious to help, took a hoe along. Pretty soon the father noticed that there were tears in his son's eyes, and asked him what was the matter. The answer marked an epoch: "I can't get dirt enough to cover the corn." Then the father decided it was time to go where there was more dirt for corn raising, and soon afterward enrolled his name among those who made up the "Licking Land Company."

In 1803 a company from Granby, Connecticut, emigrated to Worthington, Ohio. Granby adjoins Granville on the south, and many of the families of the two towns were united by friendly ties. The enterprise of the Connecticut neighbors stimulated interest in a similar project in Granville; and in 1804 the "Scioto Land Company" was formed, Samuel Everett, Jr., Levi Buttles and Deacon Timothy Rose being the prime movers. The idea found favor at once, and on April 3 a meeting was held in East Granville, when a company was formed with the purpose of sending agents to Ohio to "spy out the land" for a settlement. An initiation fee of eight dollars was provided; and within three months thirty-five members were enrolled. These sent Levi Buttles, Timothy Rose and Job Case to Ohio, where they located a tract in the United States Military Lands. The enterprise being now an assured success, forty-four new members were admitted, the entrance fee being raised to ten dollars each.

In September a meeting was held, at which a constitution was adopted, the several articles relating to the future of the organization. A commit-

tee of twelve members was chosen to receive and give real estate on behalf of the company. A town plat was reserved, with as many building lots in it as there were one hundred-acre divisions in the tract, one town lot to go with each hundred-acre farm. Two special reservations were significant, a hundred acres each being set aside for a "school lot" and "a minister's lot." The constitution was signed by all the company, one hundred and twelve persons. The designation, "The Scioto Land Company," was given up, partly because it was used by two other companies and partly because the lands taken were not on the Scioto. It was in the valley of the Licking River that the new Granville was to be built up, and so "The Licking Land Company" was chosen as a better name.



BROADWAY, GRANVILLE, OHIO.—LOOKING EAST.

May 1, 1805, a step was taken which had tremendous influence upon the subsequent history of the embryonic colony. A council was called at Granville, and twenty-four persons were organized into a church, which was to be transplanted bodily from the hilltops of western Massachusetts to the fertile valleys of distant Ohio. They adopted a covenant and articles of faith, and chose their officers. When the heroic Scotch-Irish people were ready to leave Londonderry in Ireland for the unknown future in America, the words found in Exodus xxxiii. 15 furnished a most appropriate text: "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." And so on this occasion the loved minister, Dr. Cooley, found in the same sentiment the basis for his message of tender farewell.

The needed preliminaries have little of attractiveness for purposes of narration. The land was located, the legal arrangements were made, some advance agents were sent out, and at last, with regrets and yet with hopeful anticipations, the company was ready to start upon the long journey of seven hundred miles. A song was composed by one of the emigrants, which, sung to a tune called "Belle Quaker," served as a sort of inspiration. One stanza will do for illustration:

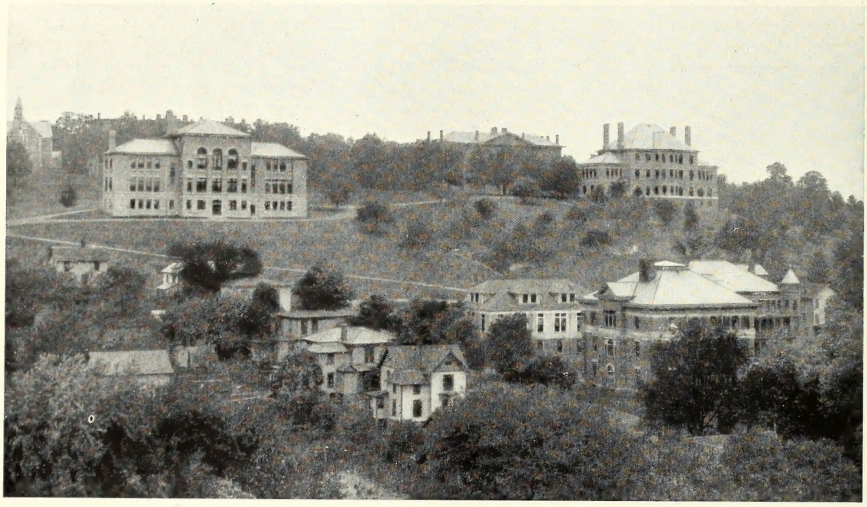
"Our precious friends that stay behind
We're sorry now to leave,
But if they'll stay and break their shins,
For them we'll never grieve.
Adieu, my friends! Come on, my dears,
This journey we'll forego,
And settle Licking Creek,
In yonder Ohio."

In his semicentennial sermon in 1845 Dr. Cooley said of this exodus: "This was a great loss to us. We could spare our young ministers and

young physicians, and even our deacons, and supply their places by others; but when the strength and beauty of the church and parish were demanded, the loss was irreparable. But, as the hand of God was in it, we said to them: 'Go, and we will pray for you.'"

In the month of September the trains of ox teams began to leave Granville. Turning to the southwest, they crossed the Hudson at Fishkill Landing or Fort Edward, thence moved westward, passing the Delaware at Easton, the Schuylkill at Reading, and the Susquehanna at Harrisburg. Thence they travelled through Washington, Pennsylvania, to Wheeling, Virginia, where "the beautiful river" was crossed, and at last they were "in yonder Ohio." They went west to Zanesville, and from that point a score or more miles northwestward to their new home, following through the unbroken wilderness the blazes made on the trees by the advance couriers of the colony.

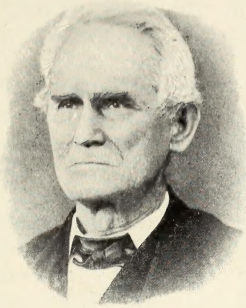
The first company reached their destination Saturday, November 2, having been forty-four days on the road. These had been careful to keep the Sabbath religiously, stopping early Saturday evening to prepare for the day of rest. It was always afterwards a source of great comfort to these first comers that the next company to arrive, one which had not rested on the Sabbath, had required forty-nine days to make the same journey, as if the Lord had blessed those who were mindful of Him even in the wilderness. On Wednesday, November 13, 1805, the largest company drove upon the village plot; and this date is properly regarded as the time of the beginning of Granville, Ohio. The state of Ohio then lacked sixteen days of being three years old.



DENISON UNIVERSITY AND SHEPARDSON COLLEGE.

At the Granville Jubilee of 1845 one speaker said:

"A long journey of seven hundred miles was before them. No railroads, no canals or steamboats; a mere overland journey through swamps and untrod deserts; a constant toil by day and night for more than forty days. But they were the choice spirits of New England, legitimate sons of old Granville, who shrank at no hardship and feared no peril. They saw in the heavens the pillar and the cloud; they placed their hopes and their anticipations and their all in the most high God, and thus they passed over Jordan. The walls of Jericho crumbled down before them, and with loud hosannas they placed their feet upon the promised land. Here they were like the precious 'hundred and one' that landed from the *Mayflower* two hundred years before; worn out with fatigue;



PROFESSOR JOHN STEVENS.

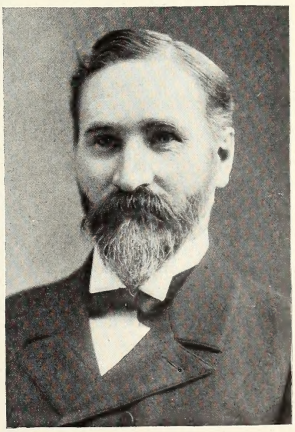
no dwelling to cover them; no father or brothers or friends to receive and welcome them; a howling wilderness before them; their funds probably exhausted. But, if they had nothing in their pockets, their heads and hearts were full; they had untried courage and strong moral and intellectual power. The sun, moon and stars were shining above them all in their brilliancy, and the blessed canopy of heaven was dropping down manna in their paths."



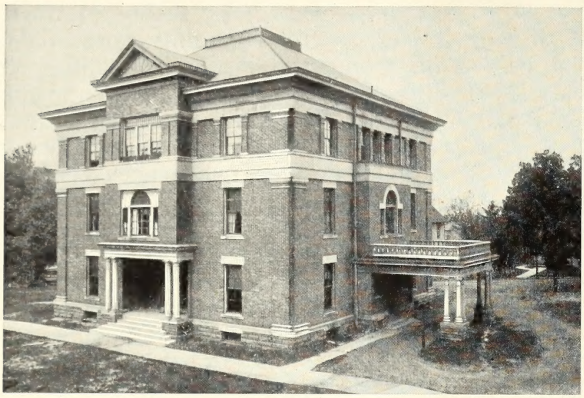
REV. SAMSON TALBOT, D. D.
President of Denison University, 1863-1873.

The religious nature of the colonists was clearly shown by their zeal in putting first the things of the Kingdom. When the village plot was reached, an itinerant Presbyterian minister named Cyrus Riggs was there, having heard of their coming from the advance guard. Scarcely waiting to unloose their oxen, a hundred gathered around him to hear a sermon. On the Sunday following, at the sound of a horn, a company of ninety-three met near where the first tree had been cut down (now the centre of the village) and held worship. Two sermons were read, and prayers were offered by three of the company. As all knelt together in the forest, it was a scene that touched every heart. Memories of the old home and of the old meeting-house which they had helped to build came rushing back. The echo of their voices, as "the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang," was so peculiar, so different from what it had been in the meeting-house which they had left behind forever, that tears came to every eye. They wept when they remembered Zion.

In connection with the singing there was a strange incident. The northeast quarter of what was afterwards known as Granville township had been purchased by some Welsh people, and one of these, Deacon Theophilus Rees, had missed some of his cattle. On the Sunday morning mentioned he heard the lowing of the oxen belonging to the company, of whose arrival on the town site a mile and a half away he was entirely ignorant. Thinking to find his cattle, he walked toward the southwest, and when he reached the top of a hill overlooking the camp of the newcomers, he heard the sound of music. He did not understand a word of English, and the singing seemed to come from the branches of the trees around him. He stood in rapt bewilderment; he thought of those



DANIEL BOARDMAN PURINTON.
President of Denison University.



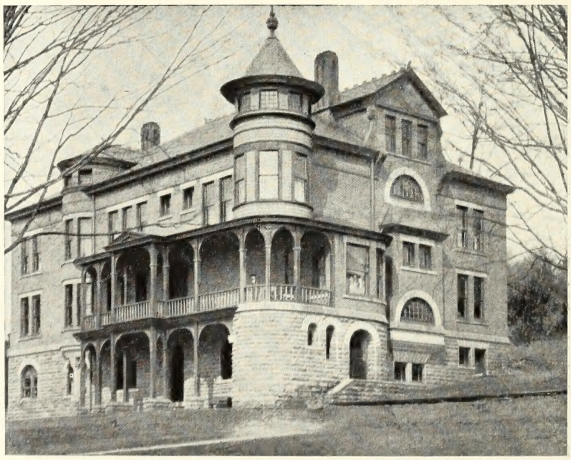
KING HALL, SHEPARDSON COLLEGE.

heavenly hosts which sang the glad anthem to the watching shepherds on the hills of Judæa. At last he rightly determined the direction of the sounds and, pushing forward through the trees, he saw the worshipping company. Without making his presence known, he hastened home to his cabin, told his wondering wife what he had seen, and then said, "The promise of God is a bond,"—by this Welsh proverb signifying that there need be no fear of the new neighbors. This was the happy introduction of the two elements of population which, working always in the utmost harmony, joined to make up the history of Granville, Ohio.

Before another week had passed the first house was finished. It was designed for various purposes, being used for some time for a town hall, for the meeting place for the company, for a hotel, and for a place of worship. The reproduction of its quaint features is sufficiently suggestive.

The minutes of the last meeting which the company held in Granville, Massachusetts, close with the entry: "Voted, that this Meeting be Adjourned to the first Monday of December Next at Nine O'Clock in the Morning to Meet on the Hardy Section Which the Co. purchased in the State of Ohio for the purpose of Making the first Division of Lands the Company Owns in Sd State."

This company illustrates in a striking way the development of civil government. An interesting comparison might be made between it and some such company as that which settled Plymouth, where governmental functions were carried on by the business organization for some time, until popular demand or public exigency forced the formation of a body politic. Of course the Granville company was not unique in this respect. The company seems to have served as town government for a number of months. Among other actions taken, it reserved the summit of a peculiarly shaped hill for public purposes, thus at the very beginning providing for what has always been open land, but which within the last few years only has been improved for park purposes. In addition, it was voted "to Establish the Bureying Ground," to set aside a lot "for the Seport of the Gospel," an-



BURTON HALL, SHEPARDSON COLLEGE.

other one for "the Seport of a School," and a spring, which was long famous in the community, was reserved for public use. These several actions, providing as they did for the church, the school, the graveyard, the park and the spring, are really characteristic of the quality of citizenship which has marked the people of this new Granville from the beginning. One finds in them the spirit of the New Englander, determined to build for the future under the ideas dominant in that glorious ordinance under which the whole Northwest Territory was to become a place of homes for a free people. The same thing is illustrated in a vote taken a month or two later, when a committee was ordered "to receive subscriptions for the encouragement of a library and to draw up in form a constitution for the said Library Co." Books were purchased and circulated throughout the community for a number of years. It is to be regretted that the interest did not develop sufficiently for the permanent establishment of a library of sufficient vitality to last until the present time. Like similar efforts in later years, this organization disappeared, although as in the case of a later library company the charter of the society was strained sufficiently to allow it to be used for banking purposes in the days of the "wild-cat currency."



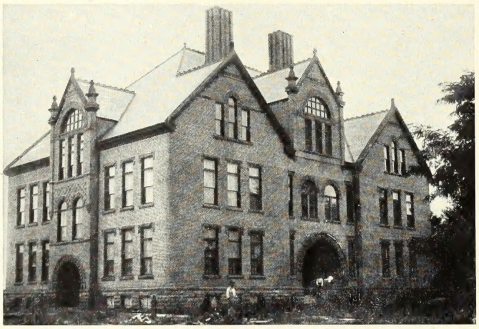
GIRLS' COLLEGE, GRANVILLE, OHIO.

In May of 1806 a committee was appointed to ask for the incorporation of the community into an election district of Fairfield County. Nothing, however, seems to have been done until late in the fall of the same year, when another committee was chosen to take measures to have the township organized. The necessary order from the County Court was obtained; and on the first day of January, 1807, Granville township was set apart as one of the divisions of Fairfield County. The only officers chosen seem to have been called magistrates, the judicial functions apparently being the first ones recognized. The company continued to hold meetings, and new members were elected to it from time to time, the settlement remaining a close corporation where each member was received after vote. The first regular election of the township was held in April, 1807, when the following officers were chosen: a clerk, three trustees, two overseers of the poor, two fence-viewers, two house appraisers, one of them being the listor, four supervisors of highways, two constables and a treasurer. The total expenses of the town up to this time seem to have amounted to two dollars. Mention of these first officers suggests a comparison with the organization of the present day. The overseers of the poor no longer appear as distinct officers of the township, the duties being included in those of the trustees. If there is any longer work for the fence-viewers, at least no separate officials are selected for this purpose. The duty of appraising property is now in the hands of a single officer called an assessor, whose work is limited to a comparatively few days of each year.

The last meeting of the company was held in December, 1807. No busi-

ness was transacted and an adjournment was taken until the first Monday in February, 1808; but no record of such adjourned meeting is found. The presumption is that it was never held, the business of the community being transacted by the civil authorities; and the Licking Company thus passing out of existence.

The early history of the town presents few characteristics not to be found in that of every western settlement. The pioneer story is much the same everywhere. The houses were made of logs, the windows of oiled paper, the seats and tables of puncheons, the chimneys of "cat and clay," and the furniture other than that mentioned, as well as the farming implements, of light, rude material. Whiskey was commonly used, and several distilleries were soon established to manufacture this necessity of the day. There was plenty of game in the woods, deer, bears, wolves, wild turkeys and much else to attract the hunter. The country was overrun with snakes of all sorts and conditions. The copperheads and rattlesnakes were the most dreaded. As a rule, the rattlesnakes were about four feet long, and the copperheads from eighteen to twenty inches. These reptiles were found by the springs, were plentiful where logs and stumps were overturned, and crept into the houses of the settlers quite frequently. The snakes became such nuisances that a plan for their extermination was formulated. Two companies were organized, it being understood that the beaten party should furnish three gallons of whiskey for a frolic. The competition being stimulated by the prospect of securing this liquid refreshment, a very large number of snakes was destroyed. These competitive hunts were features of the period, one famous one securing as results one bear, three wolves, forty-nine deer, sixty or seventy turkeys, and one owl.



PUBLIC SCHOOL, GRANVILLE, OHIO.

Far more suggestive than the little details of pioneer life are the changes which have taken place in the community during nearly a century of civic life. Here was a society which organized as a church in Massachusetts and made a settlement in Ohio in the wilderness. How long did that church maintain its efficiency? What ideas dominant among the people of the first generation have been preserved? What changes have taken place in the population? What elements of power which originated here have made themselves felt in other parts of the world? These and similar questions must be answered, if there is to be appreciated in full the influence of such a community in the making of the West,—if, indeed, there is to be renewed belief in the tremendous impetus given to the great western states by the children of New England who have wandered far from the homes of their fathers.

As stated before, the Licking Company was a sort of close corporation, which welcomed new members only after election. For a long time this feature, which in a way restricted the population, was maintained by the church. As in old New England dissenters found cold comfort when they came into a community where the Standing Order was all powerful, so in Granville for many years only those were cordially welcomed who were members or supporters of the first

Congregational society. The history of this church is much like that of the average New England body. The minister was chosen for life, one of these pastors serving for a period of forty years. In the course of time there was a division in the church, which led to the organization of a new society, which was of the Episcopal faith. While the circumstances attending the inception of this new body were to some extent unpleasant, yet the feeling manifested toward it was never so bitter as that which marked the incoming of the Baptists and Methodists. Happily the old-time bitterness has long since passed away; but the pioneers of these later faiths have left their reports of the days when anything but a Christian spirit prevailed. The good old pastor of the Congregational church, whose custom it was on the first of January of each year to preach a retrospective New Year's sermon, in which he differentiated "Baptists, Methodists and other heathen" from the children of the true church, no doubt was inspired by the best of motives; but this fling at the members of these two denominations did not prevent them from coming in larger numbers, until the most powerful influence in the town to-day is that exerted by the Baptist educational institutions, while a large part of the mercantile and farming wealth of the community is found attached to the Methodist denomination.

The religious "warning off" was not the only one which was used, for as late as 1839 the overseers of the poor issued to the constable the following order:

"Whereas, we the undersigned, overseers of the poor of Granville township, have received information that there has lately come into the said township a certain poor man, named Robinson, who is not a legal resident thereof, and will be likely to become a township charge; you are, therefore, hereby commanded forthwith to warn the said Robinson, with his family, to depart out of said township. And of this warrant make service and return. Given under our hands this first day of March, 1839."

This poor man was Marius R. Robinson, a prominent antislavery lecturer, the companion of Theodore D. Weld; and it is quite likely that the unwelcome sentiments expressed in his lectures were more persuasive to the Granville magistrates than any real fear that he might become a public charge. For Granville's slavery history was peculiar. On one day James G. Birney, the apostle of freedom, was chased through the streets by a howling mob, which pelted him with eggs for a mile, as he rode slowly along the highway upon a horse whose mane and tail had just been shaved. On another day a fugitive slave found a safe retreat and a good meal, as he stopped in his flight to Canada. The sentiment of the majority for many years was against the slave. The minority were officers of the Underground Railroad, which had several stations in the township. Twenty years produced a wonderful change in popular ideas, so that when the war broke out it is probable that the large majority of Granville people were ready to fight for freedom. In just such a community would the effect of the Fugitive Slave Law be most felt in the change of public sentiment. Since the establishment of the Republican party, Granville has been the "banner township," sometimes indeed being the only township in the county to vote by a majority for that party.

Liquor drinking is now much frowned upon in Granville. Village local option was followed by township local option, the feeling being quite marked against the saloon. There is an occasional arrest of some proprietor of a "boot-leg-saloon," to use the expressive local phrase, but the town has an exceptional record for temperance. Distilleries were quite numerous in the early days; whiskey is frequently mentioned in the records of the company; and according to the custom of the times, the pioneers drank freely. But the development of temperance feeling was very rapid, and perhaps for half of the history of

the town the sentiment has been pronounced and positive against the saloon.

The restless blood of the New Englander, which forced him from his home among the Berkshire hills into the wilderness of Ohio, reproduced itself in the children of the pioneer,—the sons of the first settlers, many of them, pushing still farther west. Some of them went in notable companies, such as those which were organized when the whole country was stirred by the news of the discovery of gold in California. Others went away singly or in small groups, as one and another moved away to seek fame and fortune in regions of the middle West. The results were peculiar, affecting both town and church. As the years went by, many of those who with reason might have been expected to be pillars in the church had moved from the town. Many who had been in boyhood subject to a puritanic strictness and severity in religion, in manhood revolted into laxity. Many families "moved West," and most families were smaller than the families of earlier days; so that district schools where once were forty scholars dwindled to two or three.

It is easy to see that the removal of many of the children of the first settlers would lead to the incoming of strangers, and that gradually these strangers would take the lead in the affairs of the town. In the old church the majority of the workers are comparatively new men, the descendants of the pioneers being comparatively few. In the Baptist and Methodist societies the new members are more powerful, because these organizations did not have the early start accorded to the first church of the town. To some persons this state of things has been a source of much regret; rightly interpreted, it should rather occasion rejoicing. In many a home in the western states there are cherished memories of Granville, Ohio, memories as precious as those which were prized by the pioneers who longed for another sight of the blue hills of Massachusetts. In every one of those homes there have been elements of strength which had their growth in the home of childhood. There has been loss at home perhaps, but the ideas of Massachusetts, filtrated through Ohio, have been a life-giving stream for the newer regions west of the Scioto.

One important element of the population has already been mentioned. The Welsh, who settled the northeast quarter of the township, have spread all over it, making a class of citizens highly acceptable. Twenty years ago their native tongue was common in Granville. Many spoke it in daily conversation. Two ministers preached it on Sunday. To-day perhaps not half a dozen can speak it correctly. Quaint Welsh habits of dress have long since been laid aside, and with English as a common language, very often the name alone distinguishes the Welsh citizen. The names are interesting. Many of them consist of the practical repetition of a word, the ancient Ap having been dropped. Griffith Griffith, Evan Evans, David Davis, John Jones, Thomas Thomas, William Williams, Owen Owens and other such names have been common. It is related of the Hazard family of Rhode Island, that when the common name, Thomas Hazard, multiplied exceedingly, Thomas Hazard, 3d, being succeeded by other Thomases, the several Toms began to be distinguished by nicknames taken from their occupations in life, "Farmer Tom," "Nailer Tom," "Sailor Tom," "College Tom." Among the Welsh in Granville, various devices have found favor. Such names as "Carpenter Evans," "Plasterer Jones," "Weaver Davis," "Cooper Evans" have been known for years, surprise being often manifested by the stranger at election or other times, when the baptismal name is pronounced in formal style. No one ever had to ask who were meant by "Big Tom" and "Little Tom." If two men of the same name were "Little

George" and "Lame George," the distinction was just as clear as was the name of "Tommy J."

The Welsh influence has no doubt been felt in the matter of music, although from the very first the Granville settlers gave much attention to singing as well as to instrumental music. A band was organized at an early day, one of the first west of the Alleghanies. At least two of the instruments are still preserved, as is the memory of the humiliation which came when the band was at Detroit in the War of 1812, and was surrendered by Hull. On another famous occasion the Granville band furnished music. It was when Governor Clinton of New York turned the first spade of earth for the Ohio Canal, whose famous "deep cut" is not many miles from Granville. Instruction in music has been a feature of the educational work of the community for seventy years or more. The Welsh are noted for their singing, and in this respect the two elements of population have been harmonious.

The most important factor in Granville's history is education. Now and then stories are told of surprising commercial interests of early days, of fortunes made in wool-buying, of plough factories, gristmills, tanneries, potash works and foundries. Pride is felt in traditions of various banks, which issued paper money and had their bills quoted with the usual or unusual discounts in the "Merchants' Ready Reckoner and Bank-note Detector" and similar safety devices for business men. A barn is pointed out, which once was part of the great warehouse. A long disused pulley is shown, which once helped to haul bags of wool to the third story for keeping until the time for sale came. A once pretentious structure was the clock factory. But Granville never was and never will be a business centre. The fertile farms surrounding it have furnished the substantial element of life, and the educational interests have taken the place of commerce and manufactures.

The first college to be founded was what is now known as Denison University. In May, 1831, when the Ohio Baptist Education Society was contemplating the establishment of a college, the offer by citizens of Granville of a farm valued at $3,400 determined the location. The sum was small as an endowment; but the character of the community stood in the stead of other assets, and "The Granville Literary and Theological Institution" was the result. Designed as a manual labor school, as were many of the western colleges in early days, it later changed its name to "Granville College," and yet again, having moved from the farm to a site within the village, it became "Denison University," this misleading name being given because of a donation of $10,000 by a generous Baptist. Theological instruction offered for several years justified in some measure the use of the word "university," and when the work of the institution was limited to first class college lines, legal difficulties prevented a return to the original "college" designation. The attendance upon the institution never reached a very large number, but its standard of scholarship has always been high and its instruction thorough. Its graduates have given good account of themselves, notably in the professions of the ministry and of teaching. Its best-known alumni are lawyers, including the late Hon. George L. Converse, an Ohio member of Congress and a prominent friend of the wool-growers; Hon. Milton I. Southard of New York, also an ex-member of Congress from Ohio; Hon. George R. Sage, for many years a United States judge for the southern district of Ohio, and Hon. Judson Harmon, Attorney-General of the United States under President Cleveland. But these gentlemen who have made a success at the law are exceptions, for the profession of law has not attracted many of the graduates, who have rather turned to teaching or to preaching. Every Granville student

is proud of the achievements of Rev. William Ashmore, for many years a successful Baptist missionary in China, and of Dr. John G. Kerr, a medical missionary of the Presbyterian faith, also working for many years in the great empire of the East. Graduates of the institution are found in the faculties of the University of Chicago, Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and in many smaller colleges. How much the ministerial portion of the alumni has done for the uplifting of the people of the middle West, no one can justly estimate.

Of the nine men who have served as president since 1831, six were born in New England; four graduated from Brown University and one from Waterville College (now Colby), and the present executive head, although born in Virginia, cherishes the proud heritage of descent from that famous couple, John Alden and Priscilla, through several generations of New England ancestors. During the first quarter century of its history the professors of the college included seven men, every one born in New England, one a Yale graduate, three alumni of Brown, two of Middlebury, and the seventh one of the pioneer alumni of the University of Michigan.

With a sightly location upon a hill, which commands an extensive view, with a well-equipped faculty, with six good buildings and an endowment of perhaps half a million dollars, Denison University ranks well in the front line of Ohio colleges.

Situated close by, and with its work somewhat connected with the school for boys, is Shepardson College, a Baptist institution for girls. This was established in 1832, a very early date in the history of female education in the West. The Granville Female Seminary, as it was then called, announced as one of its special features the first piano brought to Granville, a five-octave upright instrument. The school lived for seven years, when it was sold to the Episcopalians, who comprised a very influential element of the population for about thirty years. In 1861 the Episcopal Female Seminary again passed into Baptist hands, and the Young Ladies' Institute was established, which continued with honorable history until 1887, when it became Shepardson College, a name given it because of the donation of buildings and grounds by Rev. Daniel Shepardson to the Baptists of Ohio on certain conditions affecting endowment and future conduct of the school. Its course of study is now practically identical with that of Denison University, and the two institutions afford a practical example of coëducation, although they are governed by separate boards of trustees. Mr. Shepardson is a native of Royalston, Massachusetts, was educated at Amherst and Brown, and with a number of his teachers during a score of years represented the same New England influence which was so marked in the college for men. This Baptist school for girls, locally known as "The Upper Sem.," to distinguish it from "The Lower Sem.," a Presbyterian college for girls, situated at the opposite end of the village, was saved from years of struggle by a generous response to the appeal for endowment. All the Baptist educational interests of Ohio centre in Granville. With the Presbyterians there is no such concentration; therefore local support only has been given to Granville Female College, and there have been trying times in its financial history. This college was a child of the mother church, and if preliminary schools are counted in its life, it is the oldest female college west of the Alleghanies. Its teachers have been efficient men and women, and its alumnæ association is proud of such members as the wife of Hon. John Sherman of Ohio and Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the western novelist, who was reared near Granville, and followed her school life in Granville Female College with a year or more of teaching in the local village schools. But as in the case of Denison University and Shepardson

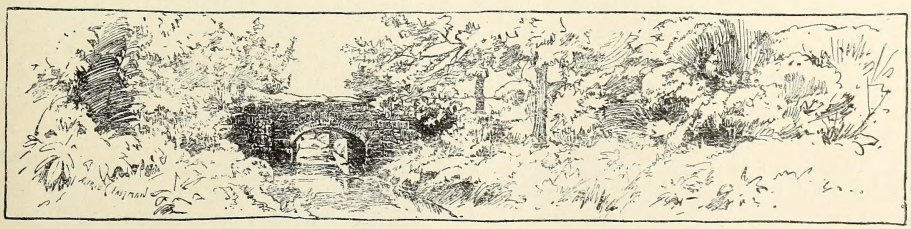
College, the Presbyterian College has made its impression upon the world, not by its famous graduates, but by the thoroughness of its instruction and by the number of earnest, thoughtful students who have left it to make homes better, to serve public interests in the schoolroom or church, or as missionaries to spread the good news of the kingdom throughout the earth.

At one time there was a flourishing academy for boys conducted under the auspices of the Congregational Church of Granville; but this name of academy is now preserved in Doane Academy, the preparatory school of Denison University, whose benefactor was William Howard Doane of Cincinnati, the well-known writer of Sunday-school music.

For nearly seventy years Granville has been known as a college town. Thousands of different individuals have gained education here, and this fact has widened its influence, until no one can rightly estimate its contribution to the life of the United States.

The old Granville in Massachusetts is largely owned by aliens now. The "old families" have few representatives, the Irish and later the Danes having come in to buy the farms once tilled by a race of commonwealth builders. The old church has lost its prestige, as newer faiths have gained in numbers and the influence of their adherents. If all of the old should pass away, however, the history of Granville, Massachusetts, is secure in the influences which have radiated from it and especially in the life of its child, Granville, Ohio.

For this is a New England village in the West, a place of broad, shady streets lined with pleasant homes, a place of culture and refinement, where students come and go, where character is developed and destiny is shaped. One may trace the boundaries of the "green," now bisected by streets and quartered by church homes, or, turning aside a few rods from the centre of life, may find himself in a quaint and quiet city of two thousand dead, one of the most interesting burying grounds in Ohio, where curious epitaph and lofty sentiment mark stones which bear the names of honored New England families, tell of college life in famous New England institutions, or describe achievement of those who followed the flag in the Revolution or the War of 1812. New England is stamped all over this old burying ground, and when the stranger goes back to the main street, sees the well-equipped college buildings, the church edifices of unusual excellence, the commodious public school, learns that the municipality owns the electric light plant as well as a splendid system of water works, and gains some knowledge of the high tone of the community for morality and general education, he is impressed with the fact that this is an exceptional locality. When its history of nearly a century is made known to him, he understands and appreciates anew what the West owes to New England, and realizes to some extent the far-reaching influence of some little town, located it may be far from railroads, upon the summit of a Massachusetts hill.



THE WAY OF RUTH.

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

IF when we came to the place where the ways diverge we could follow and try both, there would be fewer mistakes. But usually there is no chance for experiment. One must choose for better, for worse, and that is the end of it.

Ruth had reached the crossroads, and it was time to choose. She had almost decided; but she had stolen from the summer day a half hour to think it over. On top of a little hill she lay in the moss, under her red parasol, looking earnestly over the bay below, flecked here and there with sails in the stretch between the island and the shore. A yacht larger than the rest was making for the island pier, her white wings slanting closely to the waves in eagerness to reach the goal. One of the diverging paths led straight and even down the slope to Ruth's cottage and to the pier beyond. And Ruth had told them when he came to send him up this path, for she had almost resolved to go to meet him.

Her eyes wandered inland from the bay. To the left a rougher path scrambled down over the face of the rocks, through scrub oaks and clumps of bay and sweet fern, and crawled painfully away across the island to the rival settlement of summer cottages. The rose bushes on either side made the way a maze of sweetness, and a gray-clad figure striding buoyantly along in the far distance seemed to find it pleasant, as if it led to even better things. Ruth frowned slightly as she caught sight of this figure. She had made up her mind; and closing her eyes wearily, she turned her head in the opposite direction, towards the other path.

* * * *

The yacht had dropped anchor and the path to the pier was short. Ruth went leisurely down the smooth green slope to meet the stout figure in immaculate white yachting rig, and her way was chosen. Ruth was ambitious, not so much for the wealth and position which lay in this path, as for the opportunities for culture and improvement and a larger life, which blossomed along the way. She felt keenly the modern sense of duty to herself, that refinement of egoism which sees only in the development of one's mental possibilities "the sweet fruition of an earthly crown." All this the man of her choice alone could make possible for her. Youth he had squandered and could not buy again, but most other things were his for the giving, and he loved her devotedly.

Early in the autumn they had a magnificent wedding, and at Ruth's request Tom was there among the ushers. Even while she stood ready to march up the broad path to the altar, where that other waited for her, Ruth looked at Tom. She saw his youth and strength. She read the love in his eyes and realized how manly and how brave he was. But she did not falter from her duty to herself. Indeed, she almost smiled to think that she could have hesitated. For poor Tom's path was one of toil and sacrifice; and the sweetness of the roses there could not blind her to the briers, nor make her forget how little else he had to offer.

Rapidly now their paths diverged, and as years went by Ruth saw less and less of the rising young architect.

She travelled, studied and satisfied her longing for that broad culture which she believed to be the highest prize of life. She improved to the full all her talents and powers, and realized at last her girlhood's ideal of a woman who had lost no possibility of self-development, but who, in the phrase of her ambition, had made the most of herself.

And yet there sometimes crept a doubt into the complacency of her triumph. Had something escaped her, after all? Was "making the most of herself" the desideratum of life? Had she, indeed, really made the most of herself? She was not disappointed in her husband. She had understood him from the first, and had been prepared to meet his limitations, which after all, she thought, need not affect her scheme of evolution. She was to work out her own salvation, no other. She had hoped to make her own life so complete that it would not miss its complement in his. But often she turned in weariness from his simple affection and longed for the sympathy of one who could understand. At such times she remembered Tom. More and more as time passed she missed unconsciously the uplifting of his daily influence. Sometimes in the barren fullness of her days she had leisure to wonder what had become of him, and then the thought that he must have married would cause her an inexplicable pang. As often she would take pains to ascertain that her misgiving was unfounded.

Tom never married, but he did not allow the disappointment of that summer day to crush the purpose of his life. He was too much the man for that. Resolutely conquering himself, he steadily rose to the height of his profession, and at the summit stood pale and life-worn, alone, contemplating his joyless success. She guessed how hard the path had been for him when the roses withered. She knew how sorry was the triumph at its end, unshared by her for whom it had been undertaken. How much more might he not have done if they had worked together! Might she not, after all, have found with him the opportunity to make the most of herself? For at last she felt the emptiness of a selfish ambition. His life had been spent in conquering self, hers had been devoted to the raising of self into a fair idol. Both had been successful, but happiness had lingered at the cross-roads.

At last came a day when, in a far-off land, the news of Tom's death reached her. With it came the horror of full realization, and she recognized the futility of her life. Then on the hour flashed the vivid picture of that summer morning when she had looked down on the gray-clad boyish figure hurrying to lay his future in her lap; she sniffed the mingled perfumes of rose and fern and bay,—love and self-sacrifice and the pride of success,—and knew that she had chosen wrongly.

Wistfully she stretched out her arms to that old-time phantom Tom in the other path and cried from the depths of an empty heart: "O Tom, Tom, if I could only choose again!"

* * * *

"A Sleeping Beauty who weeps ought to be awakened from unpleasant dreams," mused Tom, as he stood hesitating beside the red parasol, to reach which by a short cut he had scrambled wildly over the face of the cliff. He was a diffident prince, and so, in lieu of a more satisfactory caress, he dropped a wild rose gently upon her cheek. Ruth's eyes opened with a start, the tears still dewy upon their lashes.

"Tom!" she gasped; "Tom! where did you come from?"

"I came from the path down there," he answered cheerfully. "I saw your red parasol miles away, and it drew me like a magnet." He did not confess that he had run half the distance at full speed.

Ruth had risen, and was looking at him strangely. She passed her hand across her eyes and glanced off over

the bay. Was this real, or was the other? The yacht was anchored near the shore, and the captain's gig with its white uniformed crew lay close by the pier. Tom hesitated no longer.

"Will you stay here or go for a little walk with me?" he asked, timidly.

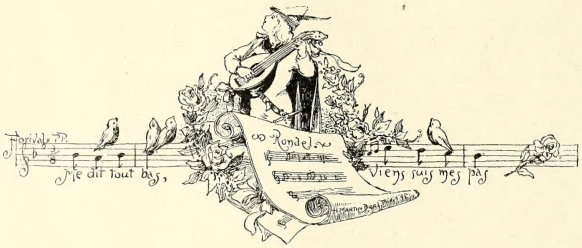
Was it all wiped out as if it had never been, and was she of all foolish women alone granted the blessed privilege of choosing again? Or was this very present a happy dream of that other Ruth who had chosen wrongly? With a glance seaward, Ruth answered uncertainly: "Let us walk."

"And which path shall we take,—that, or this?"

Looking down the slope to the pier, they saw a portly white figure just emerging from the hedge gap behind Ruth's cottage. They turned at the same moment; their eyes met, and each flushed consciously, for one knew and the other guessed the captain's errand.

"Which path?" Tom asked, again with meaning.

"That path, with you, Tom," she whispered. And the advancing figure beheld a vanishing tableau silhouetted against the sky.



GLADNESS.

By Emma C. Dowd.

NATURE wore her robe of tears:
Song from my heart had fled;
The future looked but lonely years,—
For Gladness—she was dead!
"O silly, blinded fool," moaned I,
"To dream that Gladness could not die!"

Nature wore her crown of joy,
My heart was blithe with song;
The golden day held no alloy,
And happiness looked long.
I laughed, "Ah, weak is he who weeps
When Gladness for one brief hour sleeps!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Architectural Club of Philadelphia calls itself the T Square Club; and the catalog of the recent annual exhibition of this T Square Club, which is a profusely illustrated volume of more than two hundred pages, contains a feature not common in such catalogs, and in this case one of high interest. It is a "symposium" upon the question whether there are yet any signs of the development of an indigenous or unaffected style of architecture in America. It occupies ten pages of the volume, and eleven men contribute to it, all significant and representative men, unusually well chosen for such an expression of opinion, — Mr. Louis H. Sullivan, Mr. John M. Carrère, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, Mr. Ernest Flagg, Mr. Russell Sturgis, Mr. Cass Gilbert, Professor William R. Ware, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Professor Warren L. Laird and Professor John V. Van Pelt. It would not be easy to form any group of a dozen Americans combining more conspicuously practical architectural talent and experience with knowledge of the history of art, large grasp of theory, and good taste. It appears that the editor of the catalog, Mr. Albert Kelsey, to whom altogether much is due for the splendid enthusiasm and devotion which his work manifests, addressed this question about an unaffected school of modern architecture in America to these gentlemen; and their contributions to this symposium are their replies to this letter.

Mr. Burnham and Mr. Sturgis write but a word—the former to say that, though there is little in the exterior details of our buildings that is exclusively American, there are American buildings, and some of them artistic, which in their whole expression are fresh and original; the latter to say that he knows many architects who long for the appearance of such a style, but none who know how to work toward that result or who profess to see any signs of its appearance. The other eight gentlemen answer the question at considerable length and with manifest care, often with great spirit, making most interesting reading. Professor Ware's letter occupies three pages; and it is not only the longest letter, but to our thinking by far the most sensible and most important. Its points are worth remembering always in these days of contentions about architectural styles; and we will briefly glance at them.

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Professor Ware heartily justifies the free use of the various architectural styles of the past in our modern life; and to the objection that such adaptations show a very different spirit from that in which the "genuine" styles, Greek, Gothic, the styles of peoples who had a single style, were wrought out, he replies that the modern spirit itself and the modern situation are entirely different. "People who know of half a dozen ways to do things, all equally admirable and all equally familiar, cannot possibly work as the men did who knew only one way and knew that perfectly well. The Greek architect, or the Gothic, knew only Greek or Gothic, had to do with nothing else, had nothing else in his environment or upon his horizon, — was as much under the influence of local tradition, says Professor Ware, as the Egyptians and Assyri-

ans, the Chinese and the South Sea Islanders. We, on the other hand, are familiar with all the styles of the past and feel their influence everywhere and always. It is as impossible for us to adopt exclusively some past style, classic, Romanesque, or to strike out some entirely new style, as to strike out a new language or new alphabet; and it is as undesirable — originality does not lie that way. "It is," says Professor Ware, "somewhat as if the men interested in literature should advocate a reformed spelling or a new vocabulary. What makes a good literary style is the use made of the words — not the forms of the parts of speech, but the structure of the sentences, the balance of the paragraphs and the whole movement of the composition. This is now the only legitimate field of endeavor for the literary nations, since—as with the human creature — the processes of evolution by which the external details have been determined long ceased to be active. The present development of the species proceeds on higher and more vital lines. So it is with literature. Style is constantly changing, but the language is substantially what it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth. So I fancy will it be with architecture."

Professor Ware therefore urges the architectural people to be less uneasy and discontented, less anxious to forecast the future. Let our architects use the details of such styles as they have, erect the most sensible and beautiful buildings they can, dealing independently and boldly with whatever new practical problems the new architectural needs of our complex life impose; and thus the architecture of the future will be created.

Charles Eliot Norton emphasizes one of the points which Professor Ware emphasizes. He sees nothing of distinctly American growth in our architecture. "Nor," he says, "is anything of this kind likely to exhibit itself — or, in my opinion, to be aimed at as desirable. The conditions of the civilized world whether in Europe or America are, so far as architecture is concerned, largely similar, and there is no reason why we should expect in this country any specially distinctive style. It is as if we were to ask for a specially American style in literature. An architectural genius in America will stamp his work with his own individuality, and that individuality will undoubtedly exhibit national characteristics distinguishing his work from that of the profession in England or in any other European country; but these characteristics will not be such as to make a school or form an independent style."

Professor Van Pelt of Cornell and Professor Laird of the University of Pennsylvania are in essential accord with Professor Ware and Professor Norton. Professor Van Pelt dwells with Professor Norton upon the fact that the civilization and needs of America and of other countries are becoming day by day more alike, the world in all respects becoming one, each nation more and more feeling the influences of all the rest, making strongly marked architectural peculiarities unlikely; "already," he says, "one finds more resemblance between the averages of architectural expression in different races than between the works of individuals of the same race." He dwells with Professor Ware upon the fact, which after all is another side of the same fact, of the great difference between the conditions of the modern time and the conditions under which distinct, sharply defined styles were shaped. "In earlier days, each country was more or less isolated, and in consequence evolved its own style, either from some inherent need, from some previous style, or from the style of its nearest neighbor, as, for instance, when Jean Goujon and his confrères returned from their years of study in Italy, and French renaissance received its great impulse. At present, easy means of communication between different countries have levelled

barriers that prevented the intermingling of ideas, and photography has done even more to help such an interchange and make universal the best examples of art." Professor Laird, writing in the same general spirit, does recognize the fact, which the other professors fail to touch, but which it seems to us is a point much to be noted, that "in certain of the directions in which there has been architectural activity in this country, we have developed a distinctive manner of building, as, for instance, in the work of the old Colonial period and in the modern suburban house and high office building."

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This would also be frankly recognized, we doubt not, by Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the rigorous and vigorous young Boston architect, who gives "a prompt and decided negative" to the T Club's inquiry. Professor Laird himself says of our new and distinctive developments in manner of building, that these are "simply points in progress, and do not even indicate remotely the character of our future American architecture as a distinctive style." Mr. Cram denies that any style that has come into vogue among us during the century has been based in any respect upon local conditions or the peculiar needs of our American civilization. "I consider this particularly true," he says, "of the last two fads, viz., the Romanesque revival and the Ecole des Beaux Arts tendency." He seems to think that if we could "bring our civilization more into harmony with those of the past, which invariably expressed themselves instinctively in artistic forms," this virtuous condition would find its distinctive virtuous expression in architecture as in other things. But for the present stress he accepts the gospel preached here by Professor Ware; and, with his own exceptional culture, sympathy and versatility, he has certainly practised the preaching well. The duty of our architects to-day, he holds, is to apply to such problems that style which is best suited to it, using the various styles with freedom and in a vital, modern way. "The teachings of Paris are grotesque when applied to the architecture of most of our churches, while the style that would fit this would be absurd if applied to an office building or a city hall."

Mr. Ernest Flagg, whose own work also is so artistic and who has coped so successfully with such varied practical problems, would take sharp issue with Mr. Cram in classing the "Ecole des Beaux Arts" tendency among the "fads." Those who view it as an attempt to "gallicize American art" and as "a passing fashion, like those which have preceded it," look, he holds, simply at the surface. Its principles—the "true principles of design," he pronounces them, as taught by "the greatest masters of the most artistic nation of Europe"—"are bound to take root here," he believes, "because they are logical, reasonable, right and true; and in time they will produce their legitimate result, and we shall have an architecture of our own." This architecture of our own, let it be understood, need not be marked by the same style or details as those used by any of the contemporary Frenchmen. The Beaux Arts "principles," of which Mr. Flagg and the other adherents of this school talk, define not so much a style as a method. We are not sure that we understand it; we certainly shall not attempt to expound it; and we do not know how Mr. Flagg would defend himself against those who, like Mr. Cram, choose to call it a "fad" in the same way that they call modern Romanesque or Victorian Gothic so. We only wish to emphasize the point that the "principles" which Mr. Flagg champions so stalwartly do not at all prevent his saying that his architecture "would draw the good, that is to say the spirit, from the art of all times and all nations, and apply it to modern

uses in modern ways"; and is not this the same practical formula as Mr. Cram's? We confess that we should like to know what the different "principles" are upon which two excellent architects who hold such different attitudes towards the Beaux Arts gospel would actually go to work in dealing with the same problem.

Mr. Flagg then sees "unmistakable signs" of what Mr. Cram "promptly and decidedly" denies signs of,—the evolution of a distinctly national style of architecture. Everything up to this has been illogical and not American, save only the Colonial style, whose principles did not take deep enough root to survive. This promises evolution because it is not a fashion, a manner, but a method. Against it, making against the formation of an architecture of our own, is what Mr. Flagg calls the archæological force, the mere imitation of foreign buildings and ancient styles; and he arraigns the Chicago Exhibition as a conspicuous product. It appears that those of us who admired the White City, and especially those who reared it, were guilty of a "sickly sentimentalism" which threatens all real "virility."

Mr. Carrère, who is also, we think, a Beaux Arts man, does not speak with Mr. Flagg's assurance, but he notes as the most encouraging features of our present architectural work the facts that "composition is being recognized as paramount to detail" and that we are beginning to solve our own problems in our own way instead of adapting to them the past solutions of past problems. It is, we think, with something the same feeling that Mr. Gilbert believes he sees much work here that is distinctively American and is contributing to the production of a modern type of architecture. But, "for myself," he says, "I prefer the development of art as a whole, in its larger sense, rather than the development of an American art, and do not greatly sympathize with the desire for a strictly national art. If the architecture of our country is *beautiful* and *appropriate*, the question of originality will take care of itself."

The most "distinctively American" or "indigenous" man of the group is Mr. Sullivan. He does not see many signs of an indigenous architecture among us, but the opportunities and inspirations for it are so great that its delay surprises him. It is not possible, he feels, that from a free and democratic people like ourselves, "possessed of their own bodies, possessed of their own souls, self-centred, deep of aspiration, there shall not some day suspire as an exhalation an architectural art germane to those gifts, responsive to that throb." The architecture which we have inherited is "feudal or monarchical, an architecture of the governed for the governing." When American architects become American in thought and sympathy, then we shall have the art forms of a free people, instead of those of a not free people. "Before we can have an indigenous architecture, the American architect must himself become indigenous; . . . he must absorb into his heart and brain his own country and his own people."

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We suspect that Mr. Sullivan draws largely on his imagination for his facts. Certain castellated structures among us may be "feudal or monarchical" in their architectural spirit—notably the massive, ostentatious stone armories which are multiplying so fast in our cities; and we are glad that they are—if so be, they may the more forcibly remind our people that they do not harmonize with our modern civilization and ought to be swept out of existence. But there is nothing "feudal or monarchical" about a Greek temple nor a Gothic church nor a Renaissance library nor an Elizabethan mansion nor

a Flemish town hall. These styles sprang from the people, not from kings; they attained their greatest perfection among the freest people and in the freest places of their times; the great creative epochs were epochs of freedom. The American architect may draw as freely upon them all as the American scholar may draw upon Æschylus and Dante and Shakespeare, and be quite sure that his "throbbing" as a democrat is not thereby endangered, and that he still "possesses his own body and his own soul."

Yet while this is so, and while the American which Mr. Sullivan talks is a little Kentuckian and large, we should be slow, indeed, to minify the main point of his sermon, which is one that we are ourself much given to preaching. The American intellectual worker in any field, if he is to be valid as an American, if he is to exert any strong or original influence, if he is to touch the people, if he is to manifest "virility," as Mr. Flagg would say, if, indeed, he has virility, will and must be a believing and genuine American, a man with a country, lovingly at home in his country's life and history, and informed and inspired by what is genuine and great in his country's genius and vocation. Have not Emerson and Lowell told us this with power, and does not the history of our literature make it plain? Has not our painting for the most part been weak and unimportant because our painters have not been told it with sufficient power? It does not mean that the American artist or the American poet or patriot must be a patriot in the same narrow sense that the Greek once was or the Jew or the Venetian or Virginian, or whilom the good American. Civilization now, indeed, becomes one as never before, and the good American, the adequate American, to-day is a citizen of the world before he is an American, as he is an American before he is a Virginian or a Massachusetts man. The nation is not less a fact, and patriotism is not less a virtue and inspiration; and it is no less true that the virile artist must smack of the soil, must have roots, have the open eye, and look forward and not backward. But this, it seems to us, is an imperative which concerns subject matter more than style, and concerns the style of the architect much less than that of the painter or the writer. As an imperative for the architect, it seems to us to tell him little more than to be sincere and honest, to adapt his buildings practically and well to the real uses for which they are intended; as for the rest, for detail and ornament and "style," the most original of them need not fear culture or the past and need not gasp for something, the like of which was never seen in effete Europe. "If the architecture of our country is beautiful and appropriate," we repeat Mr. Gilbert's sensible and simple word, "the question of originality will take care of itself"; and so will the question of "indigenousness" and the distinctively American.

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Unaffected means two things; it means uninfluenced, and it means genuine and sincere. An uninfluenced school of modern architecture in America we shall not have and do not want. Sincere and genuine architecture is precisely what we want; and it is in promoting thought of this and devotion to it that the value of such a body of frank and fine opinion as that which the T Square Club has brought together lies. There is now at last in America a really great body of highly cultivated architects, and there is in the body a great sum total of good thought, good taste, public spirit and ambition. There is already in the body a splendid *esprit de corps*, a spirit more and more like the old guild spirit; and from this we have the right to expect much and to demand much. We need much from these men, because they can do more than any other body

of men for the interests of public beauty in America,—and those interests to-day are of great moment. It is grateful and most hopeful at such a juncture to know that all of the architects whose names we love or whose names stand for something, however they may differ among themselves about the styles, are at one in denouncing the vulgar, grotesque, and meretricious creations with which our cities are so burdened and in aiming — in claiming, at least, to aim — at things which are pure and honest and strong and beautiful.

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Simplicity, where simplicity will serve, is what beauty always commands; and pretentiousness and ostentation have been the peculiar vices of the things most vicious in the American architecture of the last thirty years. We have been the victims of the architects of whom Mr. Flagg speaks as those who "think they are called upon to do something wonderful and succeed in doing it." The plea for simplicity to-day is a welcome plea; and so certainly is the plea — against this nothing that we have said must be construed to militate—for special affection towards every good thing of native growth. Association itself counts for much, becoming oftentimes a valid factor in æsthetic enjoyment; and when the home product furnishes a good basis for development and further proceedings, we are fortunate. "Last summer, looking from a moving train in Vermont," writes Mr. Kelsey, the editor of this excellent T Club catalog, in a letter which lies on our table — and what healthy person does not sympathize with him?— "I was struck by the charm of the white village architecture, which was so much more truthful than the affectation in the larger towns where architects had really been employed; the former represented local custom by the carpenter's art much more truthfully. Yesterday, coming down the James River, I noted how much more architectural the old homesteads along the bank are than the sham displays in modern settlements. What our architects need is a point of view."

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The true point of view is that of simplicity and sincerity. Mr. Kelsey's illustrations are of country architecture. We are thinking for the moment chiefly of city architecture; and here it is in the conception of the city or of important sections of it as a whole, more than in the thought of the detail or style of particular buildings, that it seems to us our architects can render us chief service to-day. Into the battle of the styles we shall not enter. We are of those who have a love for almost every style, and feel that there is room for every one in the great modern city, and that the variety, properly managed, must enhance the charm and interest of life. Howells used to think of Venice as he rode out from Boston at evening in the Cambridge horse-car. Why should we not have a real bit of Venice there, utilizing the splendid opportunity which the Charles River Basin gives by treating the whole Cambridge embankment in Venetian Gothic, — and this without feeling any necessity for Venetian Gothic in any other quarter of the town? We know the risk we run of the charge of "sickly sentimentalism," and we feel anxiously the pulse of our "virility," as we suggest this Venetianism; yet we take the risk. It would not trouble us to come at some street corner upon a church whose motive was borrowed from the Sainte Chapelle, if half a mile away we had found one with its motive borrowed from St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and in the park half a mile farther on a monument modelled upon the Temple of Vesta. We should be willing to see this square treated in this style, and that street or group of streets in that; but what we do crave is some principle of unity or relation in a given section,

some breadth and largeness of architectural effect.

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That was the charm and virtue of the White City. Mr. Flagg accuses the "out-of-date" character of its architecture and its inconsistency with "common sense." We are not going into polemics with him here, although we think much better of much of the architecture than he does; we doubt exceedingly whether the problem could have been solved half so well in modern French, although we wish that some of the architects who think it could would some time, while waiting for clients, concoct a picture. What we do say is that the general effect was magnificent, vastly finer and more impressive than anything we had seen before in America; and this was because of the degree of unity there was in it, the breadth and largeness of architectural effect. To most of those who went there it was a revelation. It is not the details of the creation which linger in memory; it is the city as a whole. This lesson of wholeness, of unity and breadth and relation, the shaping imperative of a common purpose, was the lesson of the White City; and it was a lesson which will not be lost upon American architects nor the American people. Why should these cities where we spend our lives be such a hodge-podge, so disobedient to architectural laws, so lacking in all legislation and all plan so far as beauty goes, when that city of a summer was so harmoniously constructed and controlled, and therefore gave us joy? That is the question which it is useful to keep asking; and no body of men, we say, can ask it to such purpose as our architects. It is in creating a demand for this view of the city as an architectural whole, rather than in anxiety about the relative virtues of Romanesque and Renaissance and Yankee, that they can confer their greatest gift upon America to-day and prove themselves the truest servants of beauty. The architect whom our cities chiefly need to-day must be more than an architect; he must also be an engineer.

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Such architects are going to appear. They are appearing. The Architectural League of New York recently appointed a committee to study the problem of making New York a truly magnificent and beautiful city, manifesting some unity and plan, some impressive general effect. The report of this committee has been made, and it is noteworthy for a bold and ambitious dealing with this architectural problem of the city such as we have not heretofore been used to. The inspirer of the plan is Mr. Post, the veteran architect, whose great Arts and Manufactures Building at Chicago certainly lacked neither "virility" nor "common sense," and certainly also had a beauty greater than that of any similar building which we shall see next year at Paris if we may speak upon the strength of the Paris pictures which have already come to us. We wonder whether this plan for a more beautiful New York would ever have been born if the White City had never been born. The plan relates to the lower part of the city. It involves the remodelling of the tenement and business districts, would sweep away acres of slums, laying out avenues and boulevards where now are crowded narrow streets and alleys, and would create a great elevated square, with terraces upon its slopes, for a new city hall and other municipal buildings, all having a grand approach from Broadway through a spacious Court of Honor. And this bold and ambitious scheme, we are assured, could be carried out at actual profit to the city, by virtue of the resulting betterments.

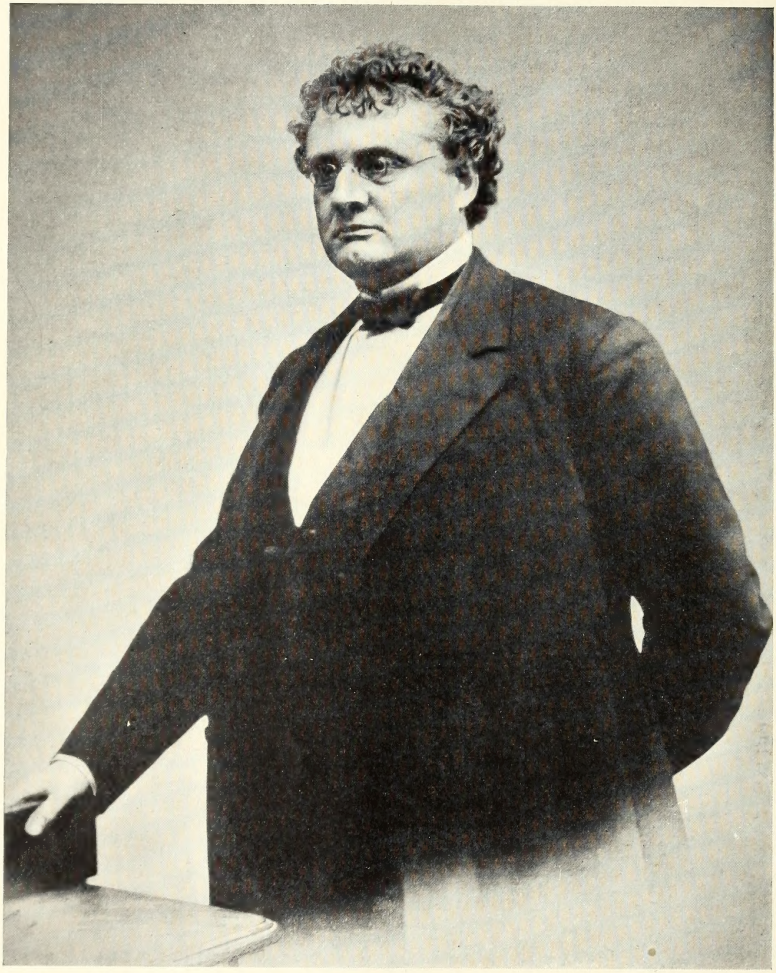
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Boston ought to take up the con-

sideration of her beauty and rational arrangement as a city in the same serious way that the subject is being considered in New York. Her architects should take the lead. Boston is a city of such natural character and surroundings as manifestly destine it to be a city of beauty; and its people are most short-sighted and most guilty if they do not with a zeal according to the best available knowledge coöperate with kind and gracious circumstance. The inviting outline of the city, the magnificent water front, the crowning Beacon Hill, the historic Common, presenting at the very centre such commanding opportunity for a veritable Court of Honor and of Beauty as no other city in the land possesses, the greater opportunities still of the Charles River Basin, whose bridges and embankments should all be works of art, combined in noble and harmonious plan,—these should well-nigh intoxicate the architects of Boston and the proud citizens of Boston. The time has come when Boston should no longer be content to do things or to have things done in a small and pottering way, but should do things in strong, beautiful and great ways. The whole business portion of the city should be reconstructed on a plan as radical as that which Mr. Post has submitted for New York. The entire section between the two great railway stations, which now determine the business centre of the city for a period very long, should be laid out on rational and beautiful principles, the section from State Street all the way to Chambers Street almost swept away for the sake of better things.

In one of the suburbs of Boston, a year ago, there was a meeting which ought to prove the seed and provocation for similar meetings in every town and city of the land. The enterprising and artistic young men of the town held a conference to consider how "the Ideal Watertown" could be made to take the place of the Watertown which now is. The situation of the village, directly on the bank of the Charles, is all that heart could wish; but man's part in the village has been shockingly done. The young architects and engineers and landscape gardeners submitted their plans for reconstruction; and the pictures and the speeches, all gathered presently into a pamphlet, were stimulating, indeed. We wish that they might stimulate a convention upon the Ideal Boston.

We trust that all architects and all other men taking part in such a conference upon the Ideal Boston may be actuated by that spirit of hatred of sham and pretension and love of sincerity and purity which inspired the recent inquiry of the Philadelphia T Square Club and inspired the answers to it. We trust they may also be actuated by the enthusiasm for architectural unity and breadth, the great thought of the city as a whole. They will at the outset have to consider a very stubborn fact. They will remember last year's fight for Copley Square; they will remember this year's fight for the environment of the State House; and they will think of the long running fight in the long past, stretching on into the future, with Jack and Tom and Will and Dick rising up against each new public interest, in behalf of the heirs of their deceased wives' sisters, having a lien upon this plot or that, forty by eighty, or thirty-five by seventy-six. They may presently ask themselves, more and more of them, whatever their general notion about land laws, whether the time has not come for a general principle to put an end to these pottering fights and this general confusion, and whether common sense does not now prescribe that all land in a city shall be controlled by the city and that the city shall be ordered purely with reference to the public beauty and the public good.



From a Photograph by Black.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GOVERNORS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

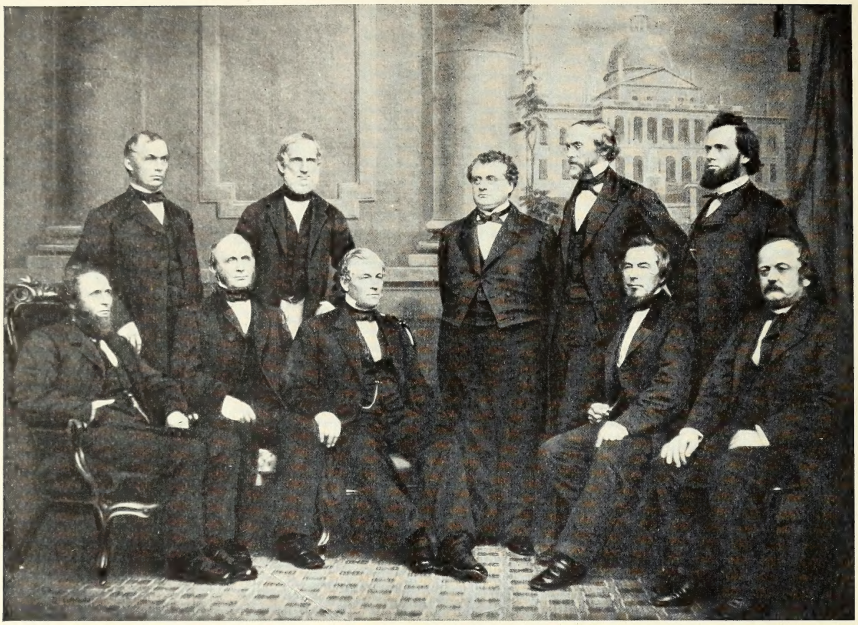
By Elizabeth Ballister Bates.

"IN more than one state," says James Bryce, "a sort of perfume from the old days lingers round the office of governor, as in Massachusetts, where the traditions of the last century were renewed by the eminent man who occupied the chair of the Commonwealth during the War of Secession and did much to stimulate and direct the patriotism of its citizens."

So far, indeed, did this influence of which Mr. Bryce writes extend, that it is hard to begin to treat of the war governors of New England save by way of unmixed eulogy of their great leader, Governor Andrew.

Yet Governor Andrew's was an individuality compact of many varying and conflicting qualities. To the war itself he was perhaps indebted more than the others for bringing out his greatness. He was not a man for all times, but for just those times. He lived in the might of a few great ideas. In ordinary times, he might have eaten his heart out and died from disappointment. There were grave doubts when he became governor. The withdrawal of Governor Banks after three good years was regretted. The nomination of Andrew had been a concession to the radical wing of the party, when many people thought it the last thing on earth which ought to be conciliated. Little in him appealed to sound, property-holding instincts; and the two thousand votes less Lincoln's majority represented conservative disapproval. His honesty was undoubted, but not his judgment. "He was twenty years a philanthropist before he became a politician," said the *Nation* subsequently; but his philanthropy was, in the minds of the steady-going, erratic. He was known chiefly as the champion of John Brown. "John Brown himself was right," his public utterance, became the watchword of the opposition. He was an effective, but rash speaker. It had been hard to prove him anything but an out-and-out abolitionist. It was feared he would not uphold the law against his own convictions as to fugitive slaves and capital punishment. His election was defiance to the South. His fellowship with black men was abhorrent. His intimacy with Parker, Garrison and Phillips was, to many people, little better.

Governor Andrew was young for what came after, not for what had preceded. During many years at the bar he had gained a brilliant, although not a commanding, reputa-



GOVERNOR ANDREW AND HIS COUNCIL.

tion. Most of his noted cases had been mixed up with radical issues. Either from too liberal outgo or too scanty income, he had not secured pecuniary independence. When he guaranteed $1,300 counsel fees for John Brown, there was wonder where it would come from. His religion, too, the association with James Freeman Clarke's little church, estranged many godly and prosperous men. He had no aristocratic connections, no social or literary prestige. He was a college, but not a Harvard, man. He despised "tact" and lacked elegance. As chief magistrate he became imposing; as a harried lawyer he was unwieldy. He was short and stubby, had the crisp, curling hair of an old Roman, an indomitable chin, underneath it those big shoulders which could bear up any amount of responsibility. "Whatever is rightly done," he said, "may be credited to any one, but whatever is deemed worthy of blame, charge it to me."

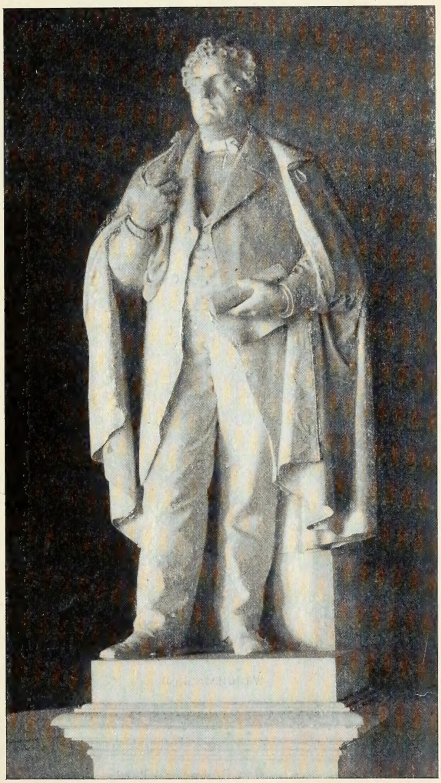
His first acts as governor seemed to many the death-dealing capers of insanity. They said he wanted war. The very night of his inauguration he dispatched messengers to say to all the other New England governors, "Be ye also ready." In December he had discussed at Washington how best to forward troops. He wanted the capital garrisoned while the electoral vote was counted. Now, he put the state militia on a war footing at once. He bought arms and overcoats. Early in February Colonel Ritchie went to Washington to settle definitely as to transportation. The governor saw trouble ahead in getting through Baltimore.

In April came the collision which he had anticipated. Governor Andrew said of those days: "It seemed as if there descended into our hearts a mysterious strength and into our minds a supernal illumination." He and the cause were, to use his further words, "welded together with the fire itself, both of the spirit and the flesh."

President Lincoln's call was issued April 15, 1861. Three regiments left Boston on the seventeenth, another the next day, still another with a battalion of rifles and a battery of

light artillery by the twenty-first. In Washington and Fortress Monroe then, in North Carolina, Texas, Mississippi and Louisiana later, Massachusetts men were first upon the ground. Governor Andrew begged to send more men. Besides fighting, he said they could "do anything for which there may be occasion, from digging clams to making pianofortes," for, like Lincoln, he had a merry turn. He was cut down to eight regiments then, but after Bull Run, the government began to be afraid the war might be what he had foretold, and welcomed all he could send.

The attack on the Massachusetts Sixth in Baltimore immortalized his prompt response. By intuition Governor Andrew hit upon the word that clove its way straight to the quivering heart of the nation. He telegraphed that the bodies of the slain should be "tenderly" cared for. As from the smitten rock gushed forth the hidden springs of his own heart. He seemed to follow each Massachusetts man with the tender and proud love of a father. His heart was full of love for men. Energetic as he was until the war was over and slavery was at an end, his valedictory to the Massachusetts Legislature, by which chiefly he would be judged, breathed only conciliation and broad hopes for a reconstructed South.



THE STATUE OF ANDREW BY THOMAS BALL IN DORIC HALL, STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

During the war he issued fourteen thousand commissions. All vacancies he insisted should be reported at once to him. His gift was that of inspiring more than of discerning men; yet he made few mistakes, although his best friends wished that he had more grace in refusals. The inward fire was too hot for paltering and delay. It burned up all red-tape opposition and hindrance.

Yet Governor Andrew, in everything that was due, gave careful submission to the Federal authorities. He inculcated trust in the government, and patience. He himself stood firm and held up others in the darkest hours. "Why don't they call faster?" was his cry. After the early disaster in the Shenandoah Valley, the word was telegraphed from Washington: "Send forward all the troops that you can, immediately." Within forty-eight hours, 4,000 troops were on Boston Common; 15,000 more were demanded after the Peninsula campaign; 19,090 under the draft call of August, 1862. Yet no draft was made, and at this time Governor Andrew was feeling sore against the administration because General Hunter's proclamation of freedom to the slaves in his department had been disavowed. He pointed out that disaster had followed our arms ever since.

Like all the New England

states, Massachusetts suffered because no credit was given for naval enlistments. August 27, 1862, Governor Andrew sent to the other governors, for their signatures, a letter upon this subject, and all signed it. Yet the grievance was not remedied till the last year of the war.

Whether it was luck, inspiration or foresight, Governor Andrew seemed always to have urged the measures which were sooner or later adopted. He was in the inmost counsels of Lincoln, whom, however, he thought guided by events more than he shaped them. Had his own independent authority been greater, he might have done untimely what was ultimately inevitable. He fairly "hounded" the President on to emancipation. When he arranged the meeting of the loyal governors at Altoona, in the fall of 1862, after the much-traduced meeting of the New England governors at the Brown University Commencement, he was preparing a yet more vigorous onslaught. Being forestalled by the Proclamation, he turned his address into one of loyal endorsement.

Great was Governor Andrew's joy when Massachusetts could take the initiative in sending out colored infantry. He gave them officers who were "eminently and technically gentlemen." He fought their long battle for equal pay with white soldiers, and won again. Meantime, for more than a year, these black men refused to receive anything from other sources till the government which they served was ready to pay them in full. Governor Andrew felt that Massachusetts above all other states should be the friend of the blacks. In March, 1863, he sent out a commission of inquiry into the condition of the freedmen, and he always heartily assisted General Howard in the work of the Freedmen's Bureau.



WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM,
Governor of Connecticut during the Civil War.

He could not, like Governor Buckingham of Connecticut, order comforts for the soldiers on his personal responsibility, but the mighty agencies which humanized the war were largely due to his big heart and busy brain. The Sanitary Commission originated in Boston. The state agencies were most efficient. "Tenderly" was the watchword throughout. Governor Andrew early urged the exchange of prisoners. It maddened him to know what Massachusetts men were enduring after Ball's Bluff, while Confederates sat at ease in Fort Warren. In February, 1862, he sent out a commission to arrange for sending home soldiers' pay. He went out often to visit these, his soldier-children. He went at once to a regiment stopped on its way and in difficulties. No private was too mean

to enlist his efforts, if needed. "Tenderly" he pleaded for a delicate boy found sleeping at his post.

The long coast line of Massachusetts, as liable to attack on Cape Cod as in Boston Harbor, was the occasion of special anxiety. The authorities at Washington, themselves at times well-nigh beleaguered, could do little. What defence there was was due mainly to Governor Andrew and John M. Forbes.

With much the physical build of Napoleon, Governor Andrew had also his grasp of detail and ability to work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. He admitted no excuse for hesitation or delay. He saw only the end. He was arbitrary, probably irascible. "How strange!" he once said upon hearing of some married people about to separate; "why, I never saw any one I could not live with." But the other side might have a hearing. He became brilliant as a financier and developed into a sharp business man in the state, such as on his own account he had never been. He reported extortions which he had seen practised upon the government. He was indignant when he found that General Butler had kept the Springfield muskets of the three months' men. As the war went on, he handled many millions; yet he himself was most inconveniently poor. At his election it was proposed to give the governor a secretary and a fair living salary. The salary, however, was only $3,000. It had been proposed also to buy the old Hancock House, and set it apart for the governor's use, but Berkshire men said that Boston might not always be the capital of the state.

During the war more than three hundred volumes of letters were received and answered by the governor and his immediate assistants. The subjects range from emancipation proclamations to soldiers' needlebooks, from $14,000,000 loans to Thanksgiving turkeys, from plans of campaign to school sewing-circles. Every person could at least get up rumors, surmises, projects. All had to be sifted and the great War Governor took up item after item in his daily task, without relaxation of mental grasp.

He developed, too, Napoleon's power of ringing appeal. He has left some of the finest examples extant of impassioned eloquence. He lived out every word of it himself. Not for fear, favor or headache did he allow himself respite or seclusion. The crisis had taught caution. He was always forearmed. When the draft riots were impending in Boston, he made his way to the armory in citizen's dress, and his firm measures soon assured order.

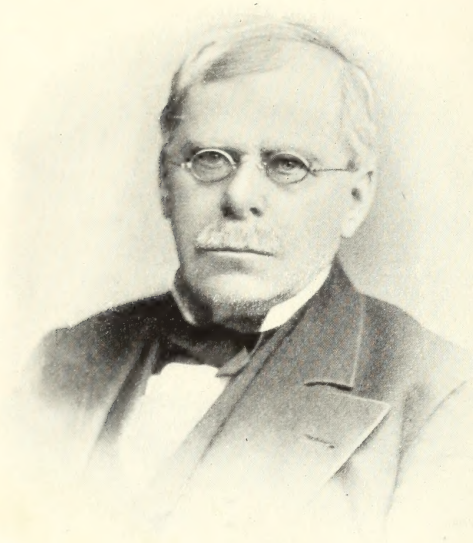
In all, Massachusetts gave to the war about one hundred and sixty thousand men and nearly $28,000,000 from the state treasury, which included nothing done by towns or cit-



STATUE OF GOVERNOR BUCKINGHAM IN THE STATE HOUSE AT HARTFORD.

ies, still less by individuals. Though it took the very life blood of the state, the War Governor was inflexible as to gold payments. The 62d Regiment was about to start when the war ended.

As the soldiers came home again, the man who had bought the overcoats received the flags. "The first duty of the citizen," he had said to the Harvard medical students, "is to regard himself as made for his country." He had stood by his country, and he felt that God had stood by him, for in the hour of trial, the sweet religion which pervaded all his life, became his shield and buckler. "I feel," he said, "that I have held a sacrificial office, that I have stood between the horns of the altar and sprinkled it with the best blood of the Commonwealth."

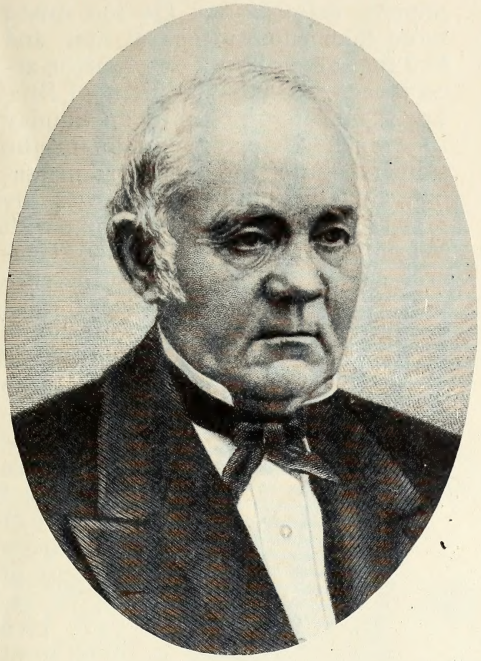


GOVERNOR ISRAEL WASHBURN OF MAINE.

Now, with simple dignity, he turned back to his profession. It was time to provide for his own, and there were reforms still waiting to be effected. He miscalculated. The life was burnt out of him. He died shortly, in his fiftieth year. There was sobbing, even all through the state prison at Charlestown, when his death was announced; while the state which he had revered so deeply and served so nobly mourned as she had not done after the severest battles of the war.

Governor Buckingham of Connecticut was in many ways the opposite of Governor Andrew. In integrity and fidelity they were alike. Each lived up to an inflexible and a lofty ideal. But Governor Andrew was fire; Governor Buckingham, granite. In any circumstances, the latter would have been reasonably great, never preëminently so.

William A. Buckingham was a gentleman of the old school, regular and methodical in all things. He had convictions, not impulses, staying strength, not dashing onset. He became governor of Connecticut in the financial crisis of 1859–60, because bankers and business men had implicit confidence in his judgment. For the times, he was a very rich man, made such solely through his own exertions. He was a constant giver, but sought no unusual outlets for his liberality. He exercised wide hospitality and had long been accustomed to deference. He came of a stalwart family, from that rich old ministerial blood of New England which seems incapable of degeneration. He was born in Lebanon, the town of the great Connecticut governor during the Revolution, Jonathan Trumbull. After the straitest sect he worshipped the God of his fathers. For forty-five years he was a church member, like his father serving as deacon, like Governor Andrew as Sunday-school teacher. He was a rigorous prohibitionist, while Governor Andrew as conscientiously opposed prohibition. His father had banished



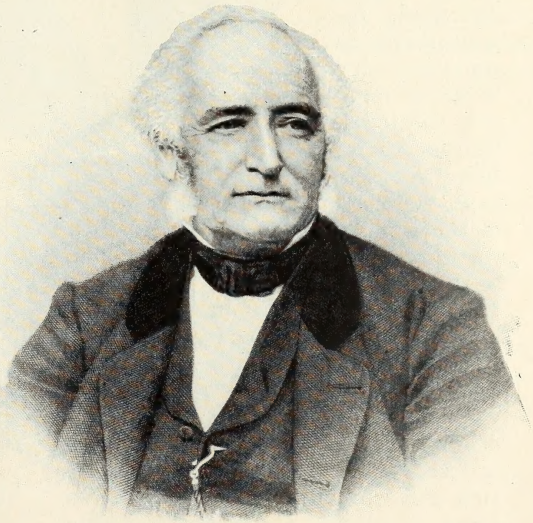
GOVERNOR ABNER COBURN OF MAINE.

rum and cider when no one was expected to work without liquor, and instead proposed to give his men more pay.

When the war came, Governor Buckingham was already the friend of Lincoln, who had been his guest when he came to Connecticut to assist his campaign.

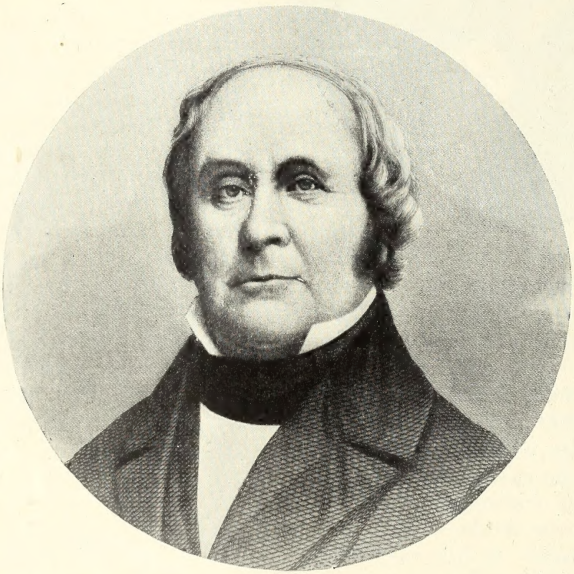
While Governor Andrew had the inconveniences of his rare emotional nature, Governor Buckingham never embarrassed anybody by rash utterances. He was rarely a speaker, but was unexcelled as a presiding officer. He commanded confidence, but seldom roused enthusiasm. Both men apprehended the high dignity of their position. Governor Buckingham seemed born for it. At times he was taken aback by Lincoln. Once, as he brought up a Connecticut delegation to urge emancipation, the President said: "Governor, I suppose what your people want is more nigger." He saw his mistake, and made amends. Both governors reached out in fatherly love to their soldiers. With Governor Buckingham this relation was most natural. When he first came to office he was several years older than Andrew when he died. He too had looked to his militia in January; but the statutes, which had to be recast during the war, were then so defective that he could do little.

Governor Buckingham's views were pronounced. In his second inaugural he took firm ground against any extension of slavery. He sent out his peace commissioners in February, 1861, with a definite "Thus far and no farther." His third election in 1860, at which the Wide Awakes sprang into being, had been taken as a good augury throughout the country. He regarded the impending crisis with clear vision and urged upon Mr. Lincoln that it was no sixty days' affair, to be disposed of by seventy-five thousand three months' men. After the call, the Connecticut men rallied later than those of Massachusetts, but they came in perfectly



GOVERNOR SAMUEL CONY OF MAINE.

equipped. They had tents and baggage wagons. "Thank God," said General Scott, "here is one regiment ready for the field." Agents from New York, Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont had visited it while encamped at New Haven and taken notes of its equipment. "Don't let any Connecticut man," said the governor, "suffer for want of anything that can be done for him. If it costs money, draw on me for it." He shared Governor Andrew's indignation at needless deprivations and fraudulent supplies, though he might not, like him, hang up samples of the causes of wrath on the gas fixtures of his private room, labelled with the names of the villanous contractors.



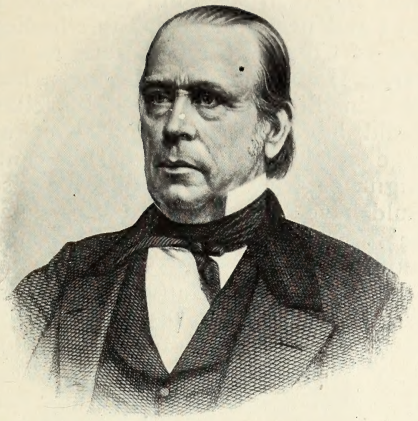
GOVERNOR ICHABOD GOODWIN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The raising of troops and money in April, 1861, forced unprecedented responsibilities upon the loyal governors, the legislatures not being in session. Governor Buckingham applied to the Bank of Norwich, of which he was director, for $50,000. The banks of the state responded so generally to his call that he soon had $1,000,000 at command, the security being confidence in himself and his fellow citizens. Still, with money in hand, it was hard to procure arms. The governor bought up eight hundred rifles ordered but not paid for by the Egyptian government. Later, with Governor Andrew, Governor Buckingham sent agents to scour Europe.

Like Andrew he was borne up by popular enthusiasm. He too raised more than enough men at first, and had the same difficulty as to their acceptance. Spite of traditions of Blue Laws, ministers preached on Sunday to women sewing in church for the soldiers. After the Baltimore massacre, Governor Buckingham was the first to open up communication with Washington. His son-in-law, General Aikin, found the authorities expecting every moment to see rebel hordes and rebel guns on the heights of Arlington and Georgetown, while almost their sole protection was the one Massachusetts regiment. Before General Aikin left Washington the succor of which he assured the government began to arrive.

As Puritan leader of a Puritan Commonwealth, Governor Buckingham girded up his loins for a mighty combat. In June, 1861, he urged Lincoln to call for four hundred thousand or five hundred thousand men. As to the necessity of this the loyal governors were agreed. Though, perhaps, inevitable, the fast-and-loose policy as to recruitments tried them sorely. At one time men were actually turned back, then they were called for frantically, so that it was hard to keep enthusiasm at the right temper.

In the autumn of 1861 Connecticut had nine regiments in or ready for service. The quota was 12,000; but the governor asked that number limitations be removed. The Legislature



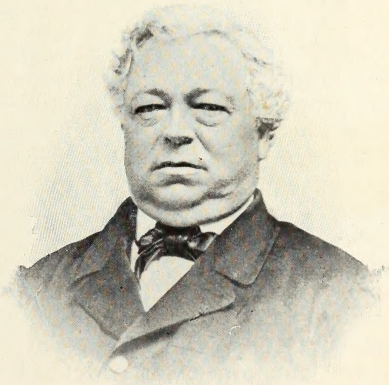
GOVERNOR NATHANIEL S. BERRY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

had warmly endorsed him and added a second $2,000,000 to that first appropriated, leaving all disbursements in his hands.

In Connecticut General Butler, who was at the head of the department of New England and in charge of the recruiting, met with no opposition, whereas in Massachusetts he had encountered Governor Andrew's dislike. His popularity with Democrats was of great service to him in Connecticut. He raised three regiments for the secret New Orleans expedition. The Twelfth, or "Charter Oak," Regiment was largely made up of young War Democrats. The Thirteenth rendered most effective sanitary service in New Orleans. The three months' men reenlisted almost to a man. Out of those three regiments came five hundred officers. Though its term had expired, the Connecticut brigade held out to the last at Bull Run, then for miles protected the panic-stricken retreating host. When limitations as to men and money were removed, the people of Connecticut rose like their Roundhead forefathers. Another regiment went out within a month after Bull Run. The Sixth and Seventh Connecticut landed first at Port Royal. The Eighth, Tenth and Eleventh went with Burnside to North Carolina; the Ninth, Twelfth and Thirteenth, with Butler to New Orleans.

Governor Buckingham was greatly aided by Colonel Robert Tyler, one of the few West Pointers in the state. He served without pay, as did Governor Buckingham himself, throughout the war, and to him the excellent equipment of the Connecticut men and the organization of the heavy artillery, the governor's special pride, were largely due.

As dark days came, Governor Buckingham pledged the secretary of war "that no state, large or small, shall send you better troops, or stand by you in all your embarrassments and perplexities more firmly than this Commonwealth." There was no draft in Connecticut. But high bounties carried their own mischief. There was of course a lack of trained soldiers. Governor Buckingham had to commission civilians. He preferred young men. He had been used to dealing with subordinates, and he had preeminently good judgment. The long list of generals taken from his commissioned officers confirms his judgment in this new field. That these matters should be left wholly to the governors of the states was what Governor Andrew, clashing with General

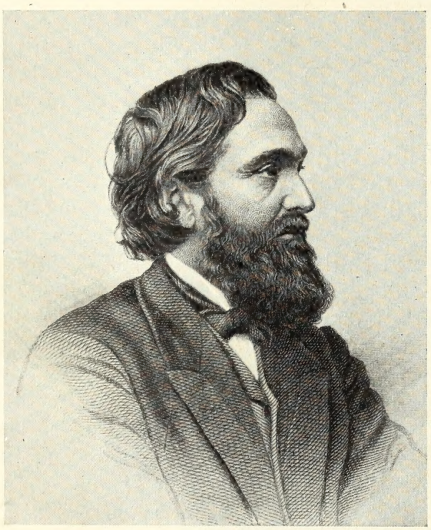


GOVERNOR JOSEPH A. GILMORE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Butler, fought for, winning a battle whose results all shared.

Like all the New England governors, Governor Buckingham often went out to the soldiers at the front. Once as he was leaving camp, he said: "Well, boys, is there anything more that I can do for you?" The "boys" suggested hurrying up the paymaster, long unseen. The governor said he would see what he could do. After he left, they found that, concluding that he could wait better than they, he had written his check for the whole amount due.

Connecticut went heart and soul into the support of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. Surgeons were sent out constantly after battles, and the governor was most earnest in his efforts to have sick soldiers sent home.

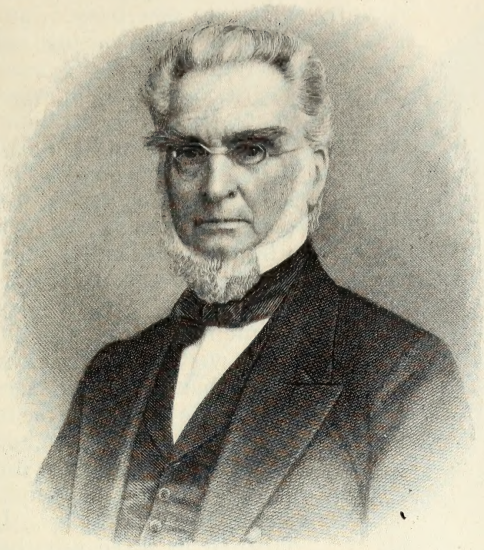


GOVERNOR FREDERICK SMYTH OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

After Antietam the loyal governors felt more strongly than ever the inadequacy of the forces as yet called out. Their ardor was immediately increased by the Emancipation Proclamation. Eighteen of them proposed that the contingent for 1862 be made 600,000. Governor Buckingham was ready to equip the Connecticut men at state expense, waiting the government's convenience for repayment. Governor Andrew recommended the suspension of all other business till enough troops went forward, and Governor Buckingham had sent out his proclamation before McClellan's army was wholly under shelter. This was the era of great war meetings, and likewise of steady opposition by the peace party. The national government was then spending $2,000,000 a day; and nearly half the able-bodied men of Connecticut had gone to the war. Had Pennsylvania furnished men in like proportion, McClellan would have had an army twice as large at the beginning of his campaign; or New York doing likewise could have given Sherman five times the force which swept through Georgia.

Until after Vicksburg and Gettysburg, 1863 was a dark year, and the peace party waxed strong. In his Thanksgiving proclamation, after the draft riots in New York, Governor Buckingham expressed gratitude that there had been no outbreak in Connecticut. That year 20,000 well-equipped troops went from the state. In all, Connecticut, with a population of half a million, sent 54,000 men to the war. Only Illinois and Iowa did more in proportion.

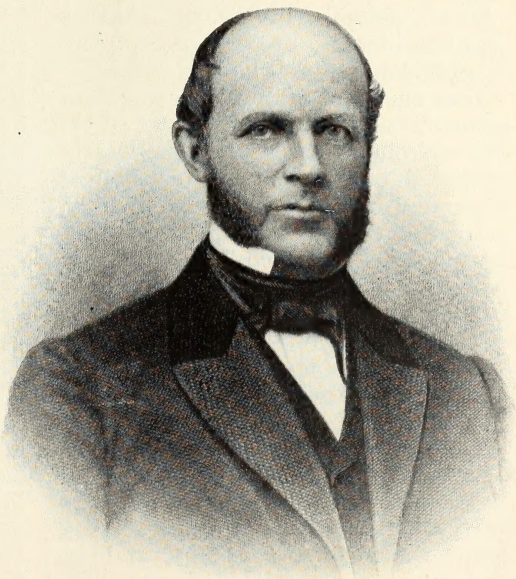
After eight years' continuous service, a term which set at naught all state traditions, Governor Buckingham declined renomination. He was approaching his threescore years and ten, and he thought that his work ended with the war. But he was of enduring stuff, and there was a term in the United States Senate before him yet. Five governors, Andrew of Massachusetts, Yates of Illinois, Morton of Indiana, Curtin of Pennsylvania, and Buckingham of Connecticut, served throughout the war. Yates, Morton and Buckingham met as United States senators. The two



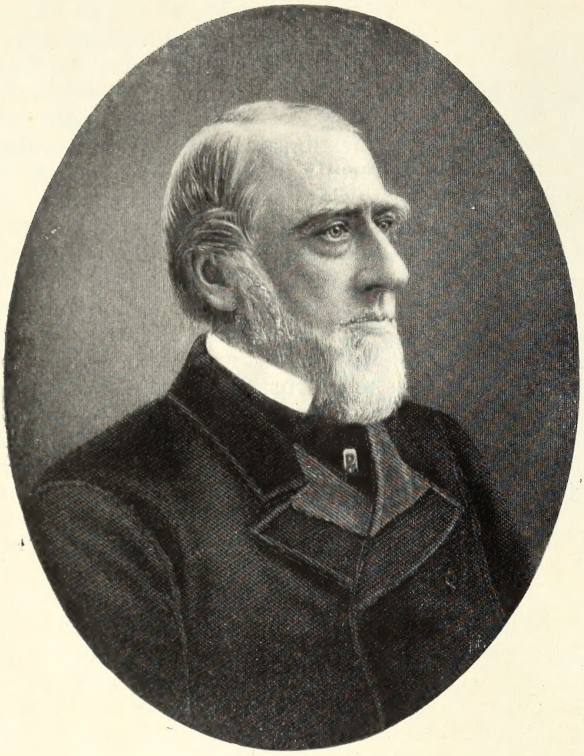
GOVERNOR ERASTUS FAIRBANKS OF VERMONT.

latter, though firm allies in loyal service, had never met before. Governor Buckingham rendered efficient service in the Senate, on matters of currency and commerce, as chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, and chairman of the special committee which investigated frauds in the New York custom house. Faultless always in courtesy and dignity, he grew mellower with years. With a religion which held to stern retribution, he would once have dealt harsh measures to the South, but he changed in this. He could say to an opposing senator: "My dear friend, we both mean what is right and must not condemn each other because we differ in our ways of attaining it." He died just before the close of his term, leaving an eminent example of what Milton calls "a square and constant mind."

Of all the men who were elected or reëlected governors in New England at the breaking out of the Civil War, Governor Israel Washburn of Maine alone had attained national reputation. For ten years he had been a prominent member of Congress, speaking upon all questions of the day and vehemently opposing any concessions to slavery. He could claim to be at least the godfather of the Republican party. When towards midnight, May 23, 1854, in spite of the opposition which he had been leading in the lower House, the Nebraska Bill was ordered to be engrossed, he called a meeting next morning of those who had been acting with him, in the rooms of Eliot and Dickinson, representatives from Massachusetts. Those who were present at that meeting, believing that existing parties no longer answered the needs of the hour, then and there marked out new lines, and Mr. Washburn suggested "Republican" as the name of the party thus ushered into being. He desired to remain in Congress, but yielded to party exigencies. His elec-



GOVERNOR FREDERICK HOLBROOK OF VERMONT.



GOVERNOR JOHN GREGORY SMITH OF VERMONT.

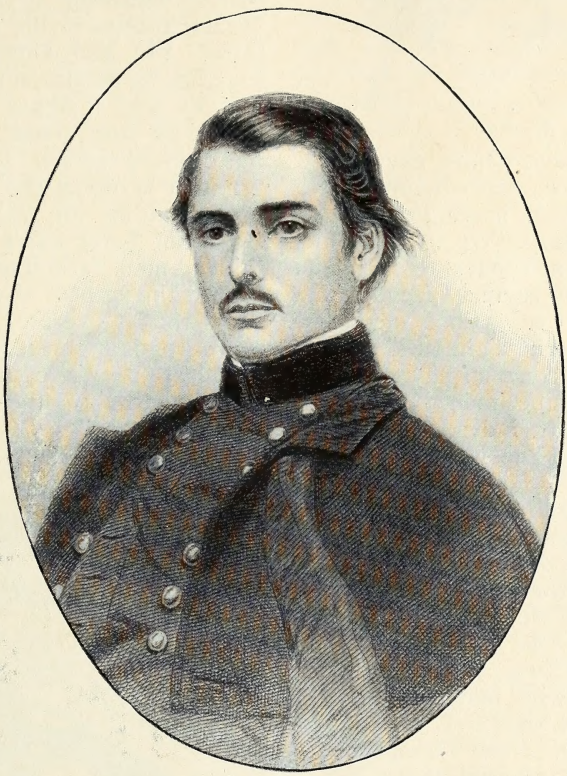
tion in September by 17,000 majority was considered a presage of complete Republican triumph later.

Governor Washburn came of colonial and Revolutionary stock. He was one of seven brothers, widely scattered, but all distinguished. Three were in Congress at the same time, and another followed, E. B. Washburne (so he spelled the name) of Illinois, who was afterward secretary of state under Grant and minister to France. C. C. Washburn was major-general of volunteers and governor of Wisconsin. Another brother served in the navy; while still another, remaining in Maine, became a banker.

Governor Washburn, when the war broke out, felt himself unable to cope with the militia laws of Maine. They had been a clumsy machine at best, and were now completely rusty. He called together the Legislature at once, and it met just a week after the President's proclamation. A statute was passed, authorizing the raising of ten regiments and a loan of $1,000,000. The regiments were to be enlisted for two years and to elect their own officers. The two years' clause made trouble. It was too much at first, too little afterward. Then came the usual embarrassment. Only six regiments were wanted. Men were turned back and disbanded. The Second Maine was the first to get off. It was attacked by sickness, but this did not prevent its participation in a dozen battles. It returned in three months, but most of the men reenlisted. Meantime, General Sherman had found use for the four rejected regiments. After his conference with Governor Washburn they were organized and dispatched. The Maine men were noted stalwarts, many of them hardy backwoodsmen. Like most denizens of picturesque regions, they were peculiarly liable to homesickness, and they suffered severely, particularly on Ship Island and Red River, from a hot climate and poor management. Their sanitary condition was often a distress to the governor. The pride of the state was its cavalry, especially the First Maine, which brought back a flag inscribed with the names of thirty-six battles. Both cavalry regiments were raised under Governor Washburn.

Before 1862 was far advanced the government discovered that it had dire need of men, and Governor Washburn found that he had need of his old-time activity and eloquence. He had fully realized that the forces hitherto demanded were inadequate. Five three years' regiments were raised that summer, and there was

some drafting in the autumn. Although about to retire, Governor Washburn went to the celebrated gubernatorial meeting at Brown University in September. In the spring he had thought the work f the governors in supplying troops nearly over, and so had declined renomination. During his two years, about 50,000 had gone from Maine. Retiring from the governorship, he then became for fourteen years collector of Portland, whose future as a great naval station he had tried to make secure. For twenty-six consecutive years he was in the public service. His Fourth of July oration immediately after the war was an admirable summing up of its lessons and benefits. He was a born orator and a man of broad culture. Burns was his favorite poet; and, remarrying when past sixty, he took a wedding journey to Ayrshire. In religion he was a Universalist, and at his death perhaps the most distinguished layman of that church in the country. In 1875 he was elected president of Tufts College, but declined to serve.



GOVERNOR WILLIAM SPRAGUE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Governor Abner Coburn succeeded Washburn. He was already an elderly man. Fifty years' success in lumber and railroads had made him wealthy, and at his death he left large bequests to the Baptist Church. His year of office was one of stern enforcement of the draft under the United States officials. Even they wanted to spare the forest county of Aroostook, which had well-nigh drained itself at the beginning; but its men were of just the sort needed. Some preliminary credits for naval enlistments eased matters a little; but, all in all, the war drew off nearly one-half of Maine's able-bodied men. She sent out 75,000 men, and received back 50,000. Meantime the government did little for her long, irregular coast line, while her shipowners suffered heavily from privateers.

Governor Samuel Cony, elected in the autumn of 1863, served through the rest of the war. He was a graduate of Brown University, and a successful lawyer. He had been state treasurer and also mayor of Augusta. He had been an active Democrat, till those of his party opposed to the war rejected him in 1861. Then the War Democrats elected him to the Legislature. As governor, he applied himself energetically to the work before him. In July, 1864, fearing that Washington was threatened, he called upon all citizens to become recruiting officers in order to raise a corps of

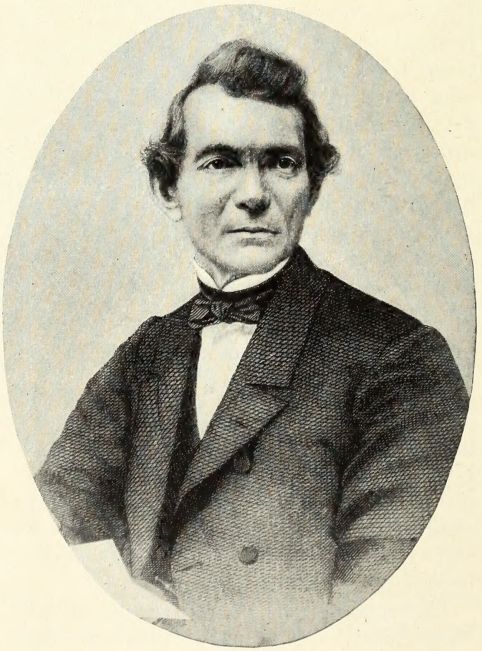


GOVERNOR WILLIAM C. COZZENS OF RHODE ISLAND.

hundred-day men, whose pay should be doubled by state bounty. No action was taken, however, the call being unnecessary. Up to this time, besides the vexed naval enlistments and those in the regular army, Maine had furnished over 53,000 men, and the Northwestern regiments, as she justly claimed, were largely made up of original Maine men. Contributions of this sort, indeed, came, of course, from all the New England states.

New Hampshire, in the course of the war, was served by four hardy yeomen, bone of her bone. Not one of them was born to wealth or had received a liberal education. The gubernatorial terms began in June, and Governor Ichabod Goodwin, inaugurated in 1859, just held over. Like other peaceful states, New Hampshire, when the war broke out, was a Rip Van Winkle as to firearms and accoutrements. Governor Goodwin, however, could meet emergencies. For many years he had followed the seas, then had become a successful business man, railroad president, and active politician. He did not wait for the Legislature. The banks raised $680,000, and in time ten regiments were equipped, though under great difficulties. The Legislature endorsed the governor fully, and his exertions were cordially recognized. Till his death in 1882, he always presided, on Memorial Day, at Portsmouth. Admiral Dewey's wife was Governor Goodwin's daughter. Governor Goodwin's successor, Nathaniel S. Berry, was, like himself, born in 1796. He had been a strong Free-soiler; the opposition described him as "of the class of men who believe that 'John Brown was right.'" His election they considered a pernicious following of the example of Massachusetts in the election of Andrew. He and Governor Goodwin together forwarded some 17,000 men; and he was a signer of the general appeal of June, 1862, for the calling out of more troops. In 1863 the government assumed the whole business of recruiting in New Hampshire. Governor Berry was a patriotic, high-minded man, careful and prudent, and earned the respect of the state.

In 1863 Governor Joseph A. Gilmore was inaugurated. Equally without large early educational advantages, like many other keen, successful



GOVERNOR JAMES Y. SMITH OF RHODE ISLAND.

Americans, he had found his outlet in railroads. He had lived long in Boston, but for twenty years before the war had been active in New Hampshire business and politics. He had his own views as to methods in railroads and in war. In August, 1864, he vetoed the soldiers' voting bill, which nevertheless passed. He desired that the soldiers should vote, if they had to come home for it, but he regarded the bill as unconstitutional. The military statute of the same year was equally distasteful to him. Relations between himself and the Legislature became so strained that, upon retiring, he gave scarcely an apology for the usual valedictory address to the Legislature.

Frederic Smyth, his successor, was known as the energetic, public-spirited mayor of Manchester. Manchester owes to him the beautiful trees which adorn her streets and parks. He was in Europe when the war broke out, as agent to the International Exposition in London, where he had been made one of the jurors, and as a commissioner of the United States Agricultural Society. He was to pursue his agricultural researches on the Continent, but the bad news which reached him at Rome induced him to return, to offer all his powers to the imperilled Union. He was active in the Sanitary Fair, and was one of the commission sent to Gettysburg by Governor Gilmore immediately after the battle. This cost him a severe illness. Nothing daunted, however, he went out again after the fighting in the Wilderness, and bore off many a New Hampshire man who otherwise would have died under the broiling sun on those Virginia battlefields. His nomination was enthusiastic, and he was elected by the largest majority which had been known in New Hampshire for twenty-four years. The war was over before he took his seat; but it left him plenty of work. Finances were disordered, and there were disputes between the state and the national government as to the balance of debit and credit. Governor Smyth went to Washington about this and, instead of allowing the government $100,000, brought back a check for nearly $150,000. Reimbursement was also made by the government for outlays on the Portsmouth navy yard. Meantime, by his effective influence, the New Hampshire men were among the first mustered out.

Governor Smyth was pressed to accept a third nomination, but would not use his popularity to break through the time-honored custom of the state.

Vermont claims to have been the first to throw up Union entrenchments in Virginia, the first to assault a Confederate fortification, and the first to send a full cavalry regiment from New England. She was certainly first in proclamations calling for men, Governor Fairbanks's proclamation bearing the same date as President Lincoln's. If the militia machinery was rusty in other states, here it had dropped to pieces altogether. The governor, Erastus Fairbanks, was one of the members of the great Fairbanks house of scale-makers. He had fought his way up through hardship and discouragement. Eight years before he had served a term as governor, and had defeated his reëlection by signing a prohibition bill. With increased wealth, he had become an active Christian philanthropist.

Upon the outbreak of the war an immediate session of the Legislature was called, and the work of raising three regiments undertaken. A loan of $1,000,000 was authorized, and six additional regiments, while liberal provision was made for extra pay and the care of families. In October the famous First Vermont Brigade, the only state brigade in the army of the Potomac, was organized. After Bull Run, the Fourth and Fifth Regiments were loudly called for, whatever their condition, and after that still another regiment. This left within thirty days, and at the same time cavalry

and sharpshooters were being recruited.

In October, 1861, Governor Holbrook, who had succeeded Governor Fairbanks, announced to the Legislature that two more regiments were needed to fill the quota. These joined Butler's expedition.

The order of April, 1862, to stop recruitments was followed after the Shenandoah disasters by the demand for another infantry regiment, as Washington was threatened. In six weeks it was in camp. The circumstances following the Peninsular campaign necessitated the call of July 4, 1862, for 300,000 men. The Ninth Vermont reaped great glory from being the first regiment to pass through New York after this call. Governor Holbrook notified the secretary of war that he could raise another regiment in fifty days, which would put Vermont's quota far in excess of existing demands. He was ordered to proceed, and immediately came the August call for 300,000 more men—these for nine months. "Let no young man," said Governor Holbrook, "capable of bearing arms for his country, linger at this important period." All suitable men were ordered enrolled the next day. Another Vermont brigade was formed, although the state was now pretty well drained. After two years Governor Holbrook retired from these unwonted military pursuits. He was a farmer, a writer upon agricultural topics, and for many years president of the Vermont Agricultural Society. During his administration, Vermont was the first to obtain United States hospitals for its soldiers on its own territory.

Governor John Gregory Smith (1863–65) was liberally educated as a lawyer and was a man of family and means. He succeeded his father as chancellor of Vermont, and he was so successful a railroad man that, after the war, he became president of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He devoted himself unflinchingly to the Union. Both in the field and afterward in disbanding, he was unwearied in his efforts for the honor of his state and the welfare of its soldiers.

Governor William Sprague of Rhode Island was little over thirty when the war broke out. He was born wealthy, was strikingly handsome, and before the war had been a militia colonel. He offered the Rhode Island militia to President Buchanan for the defence of Washington, and in January, 1861, offered military support to the secretary of war, and then to General Scott. But the President was unalterably opposed to military measures, though General Scott was troubled enough in view of the circumstances of the approaching inauguration.

Governor Sprague, alone among the New England governors, took the field. Though forced to decline his commission as brigadier-general, he had a horse shot under him at Bull Run, and later went through the Peninsular campaign. During the battle of Williamsburg he rode to Yorktown with reports for McClellan. He would gladly have gone to join Burnside in 1862, but instead set himself to work at home so diligently that by the end of 1863 more than 16,000 troops had gone forward from Rhode Island. Two additional batteries being demanded, he proposed four. In December, 1862, he made abortive attempts to form a colored regiment. After Stonewall Jackson's raid, he received a telegram for troops at midnight, and before sunrise his measures were on foot. His answer was the Ninth Rhode Island. He resigned in March, 1863, to take his seat in the United States Senate.

William C. Cozzens earned the title of "War Governor" of Rhode Island by filling the interregnum till June, when James Y. Smith was inaugurated. Mr. Cozzens was president of the Rhode Island Senate at the time of Governor Sprague's retirement, and thus held the gubernatorial office through the term. He

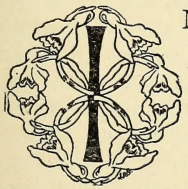
had been mayor of Newport, as Governor Smith, his successor, had been mayor of Providence; the latter, like the former, had had legislative experience. The three governors of Rhode Island during the war were all active, enterprising business men, and all wealthy.

Governor Smith, an extensive manufacturer, gave both his services and his means unstintedly. Soon after his inauguration he obtained permission to raise a company, and then a regiment, of colored artillery. He more than doubled the number of troops forwarded by his predecessors. Thoroughly roused by the depredations of Confederate cruisers, he made earnest efforts to protect commerce and thus mitigate evils, felt specially in a maritime state, but imposing hardships upon all.

As a band of brothers, the War Governors of New England stood together through the evil time. No man called aught that he had—time, money, life itself—his own. As the storm gathered fury and many quailed, not one of these men faltered. Whether approving its measures or not, each gave his unqualified support to the government. Placed in untried circumstances, they were often obliged, like Lincoln himself, to exceed regular authority. So wisely was this done, that in no case was the machinery of state seriously dislocated, and their singleness of purpose always received in the end universal recognition.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Charles Welsh.



N the few hours of leisure snatched from an active business life in London, during fifteen years, it was a pleasant recreation to collect information concerning the history of literature for the young. This material was published in the *Newbery House Magazine* during the year 1889. The new era in book publishing for the young, inaugurated about the middle of the eighteenth century by John Newbery, "the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard," as Goldsmith has immortalized him in "The Vicar of Wakefield," was a fruitful and interesting period; and in my biography of the worthy friend of the ante-deuterogamist, entitled "A Bookseller of the Last Century," considerable space was devoted to the discussion of his labors in that direction—labors which have been worthily continued by his successors for over a hundred years. Transplanted to Boston, the cradle of American literature as well as of its liberty, the spirit of inquiry into the old subject has not unnaturally led me to a desire to find out what part New England has played in the work of providing literature for the young people of this country. New England has certainly, in the children's department of the noble Boston public library, set an example of which she may well be proud. To the happy children of Boston the whole domain of juvenile literature is as free as the air they breathe; they can enter into it and

profit by it without let or hindrance. Henceforth no city can claim to be equipped with proper civilizing influence until it has done likewise.

And it is the proud distinction of New England that well-nigh all that is best and most popular in American literature for children has been produced by her sons and daughters. It will be sufficient to cite such names as T. B. Aldrich, Louisa Alcott, John S. C. Abbott, W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic), Jane Andrews, Hezekiah Butterworth, Lydia Maria Child, C. C. Coffin, James Abbott Goodrich, E. E. Hale, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Sarah Orne Jewett, Elijah Kellogg, H. W. Longfellow, Kirk Munroe, Laura E. (Howe) Richards, Horace E. Scudder, J. T. Trowbridge, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Eliza Orne White, Mary E. Wilkins and Charles Dudley Warner, to say nothing of a host of others.

But we must turn for a little while from the contemplation of the light and freedom which American youth now enjoy to the darkness and intellectual bondage of colonial and Revolutionary days, if we would follow the steps by which they have been brought into their present heritage.

No period in the literary history of this country is so barren and dreary as the one hundred and sixty years which followed the landing of the Pilgrims; and inasmuch as it was not until more than a hundred years after that epoch that any special attempt was made in England to provide literature of any kind for children, the early settlers could have brought with them no knowledge of anything of the kind. Books in England were still a costly luxury; children were being taught to read by means of hornbooks and primers of a rudimentary type; a few books containing rules of good manners and guides of behavior were extant; and John Locke, writing as lately as 1691, knew of nothing "out of the ordinary road of the Psalter, the New Testament and the Bible" in the way of reading for the young folk. He recommended that "Æsop's Fables" or "Reynard the Fox" with pictures should be put into the child's hand when he begins to read; but although these books were among the first productions of Caxton's printing press two hundred years earlier, it was long before Locke's suggestion was carried into effect.

The men who "turned to the new world to redress the balance of the old," who crossed the sea in quest of civil and religious liberty, came not to write, but to do. The fear of God and the conduct of the colony were their chief concern; and this is reflected in such books as were published during colonial days. "They took up the pen only in the intervals of grasping the Bible, the sword or the ploughshare." It is not strange, therefore, that in the catalogue of books published before the Revolution, printed in the memoirs of Isaiah Thomas, there are not twenty titles which indicate that they were intended for children; nor that every one of the books, except the primers and the schoolbooks, is full of piety of a ghoulish sort, or of the teachings of that stern school of theology to which those men belonged who lived in the idea that they had been "ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice," for whom "the sun had been darkened and the rocks rent, the dead had risen, and all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of an expiring God." To such men doubtless we owe books like "Godly Children Their Parents' Joy," "Young People Warned: the Voice of God in the Late Terrible Throat Distemper," "A Dying Father's Legacy to an Only Child," "Young Man's Guide through the Wilderness of this World," and Cotton Mather's "Token for the Children of New England: examples of children in whom the fear of God was remarkably budding before they died, added as a supplement to Janeway's Token for Children." This last was printed in Boston in 1700, from the English book, which enjoyed high

favor and was often reprinted. It professes to be "an exact account of the conversion, holy and exemplary lives and joyful deaths of several children." In it babies of two and three are depicted as "admirably affected by the things of God," "savingly understanding the mysteries of the Redemption"; as "dear lovers of faithful ministers." They constantly endeavored to induce their friends "to get Christ into their souls"; their sayings "were wise and weighty and might well become some ancient Christians"; and one "had such extraordinary meltings that his eyes were red and sore with weeping for his sins."*

A once famous English book, reprinted in Boston in 1702, was Thomas White's "Little Book for Little Children." The first page contains material probably reprinted from a horn-book, which is followed by the famous "A was an archer who shot at a frog," the sole feature of the book which has endured; its miserable theological teachings have been utterly forgotten. Mr. White tells us "how precious it is to hear a child praying as soon as, nay sooner than, it can speak plain"; and he gives many discouraging examples of the good who die young. One child of eight wept inconsolably because he thought he had lied. His mother asked if he felt cold, and he said, "Yes," but afterwards doubted if he really was cold; and one sin which weighed very heavily upon his mind was that he had whetted his knife on the Lord's day. Hideous accounts of the tortures endured by martyrs further embellished this precious volume.

Even at this period the wisdom of placing such books in the hands of the young appears to have been brought into doubt, and to have excited some controversy; for several pamphlets were published inquiring into the question of how early piety affected the after life of children, and one of them was several times reprinted. Happily most of us have made up our minds about all this long ago, although the spirit of these old writers infused many of the books for children until well along into the present century, and it still lingers in those which lie dust covered and undisturbed on the shelves of many an average Sunday-school library.

"There have been very many interesting children," says the Professor at the Breakfast Table, "who have shown a wonderful indifference to the things of earth and an extraordinary development of the spiritual nature. There is a perfect literature of their biographies, all alike in their essentials: the same 'disinclination to the usual amusements of childhood,' the same remarkable sensibility, the same docility, the same conscientiousness, in short, an almost uniform character, marked by beautiful traits, which we look at with a painful admiration. It will be found that most of these children are the subjects of some constitutional unfitness for living, the most frequent of which I need not mention. They are like the beautiful, blushing, half-grown fruit that falls before its time because its core is gnawed out. They have their meaning,—they do not live in vain; but they are windfalls. I am convinced that many healthy children are injured morally by being forced to read too much about these little meek sufferers and their spiritual exercises. . . . Now, when you put into such a hot-blooded, hard-fisted, round-cheeked little rogue's hand a sad-looking volume or pamphlet, with the portrait of a thin, white-faced child, whose life is really as much a training for death as the last month of a condemned criminal's existence, what does he find in common between his own overflowing and

* Cotton Mather also wrote: "Good Lessons for Children in Verse." Other books of the kind were, "A Looking Glasse for Children," "The Life of Elizabeth Butcher in the Early Piety series;" "The Life of Mary Paddock, who died at the age of nine;" "Divine Songs in Easy Language;" and "Praise out of the Mouth of Babes;" "A Particular Account of Some Extraordinary Pious Motions and Devout Exercises observed of late in many Children in Siberia." Also accounts of pious motions of children in Silesia and of Jewish children in Berlin; "Small book in easy verse, very suitable for children, entitled The Prodigal Daughter or the Disobedient Lady Reclaimed, adorned with curious cuts, Price Sixpence."

exulting sense of vitality and the experiences of the doomed offspring of invalid parents? The time comes when we have learned to understand the music of sorrow, the beauty of resigned suffering, the holy light that plays over the pillow of those who die before their time, in humble hope and trust. But it is not until he has worked his way through the period of honest, hearty animal existence, which every robust child should make the most of, not until he has learned the use of his various faculties, which is his first duty, that a boy of courage and animal vigor is in a proper state to read these tearful records of premature decay. I have no doubt that disgust is implanted in the minds of many healthy children by early surfeits of pathological piety. I do verily believe that He who took children in His arms and blessed them loved the healthiest and most playful of them just as well as those who were richest in the tuberculous virtues. I know what I am talking about, and there are more parents in this country who will be willing to listen to what I say than there are fools to pick a quarrel with me. In the sensibility and the sanctity which often accompany premature decay I see one of the most beautiful instances of the principle of compensation which marks the divine benevolence. But to get the spiritual hygiene for robust natures out of the exceptional regimen of invalids is just simply what we professors call 'bad practice'; and I know by experience that there are worthy people who not only try it on their own children, but actually force it on those of their neighbors."

Besides the books already mentioned in Thomas's catalogue, there were "The Friendly Instructor: a Companion for Young Ladies and Gentlemen, with a Preface by the Rev. Dr. Doddridge" (1746), "Letters of Advice from a Father to his Son just setting out in the World" (1753), "The New Book of Knowledge" (1764), for which Isaiah Thomas when but a boy of fifteen engraved the cuts himself, Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," which was reprinted in Boston in 1767, and Watts's "Divine Songs" in 1771. There were also a few spelling and other school books.

All this time, all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the mother country was the chief source, both by way of exporting books to the colonies and furnishing matter for reprinting, of our supply of literature of every kind, including, of course, books for the young. Fully three-fourths of every New England library consisted of books by English men of letters, either published in England or reprinted over here; and thus there was little or no room for the encouragement of native talent.

"All that our youth knew of theology, and much of his knowledge of reading," says Mr. MacMaster in his "History of the People of the United States," "was gained with the help of 'The New England Primer,' a book undoubtedly of English origin, as Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, in his admirable monograph on the subject, makes abundantly clear." "Compiled by ministers of the gospel for the children of Puritan parents," says another writer, "it was familiarly known to them as 'the little Bible of New England.' . . . In the days of Whitefield fathers of families laid the Primer on the same shelf with the Bible and the almanack, and pious mothers assembled quarterly to refresh their memories from its pages. Containing certain famous forms of prayer, it was daily used by President John Adams throughout his long career." J. T. Buckingham, the Boston printer, relates that when he bought a "New England Primer" no speculator who makes his thousands with a dash of his pen ever felt richer than he did then. "There is not," says Mr. MacMaster, "and there never was, a textbook so richly deserving a history as the Primer. The earliest mention of it in print, now known, is to be found in

an almanac for the year 1691. The public are there informed that a second impression is 'in press, and will suddenly be extant,' and will contain, among much else that is new, the verses 'John Rogers the Martyr' made and left as a legacy to his children. When the second impression became extant, a rude cut of Rogers lashed to the stake and, while the flames burned fiercely, discoursing to his wife and nine small children, embellished the verses, as it has done in every one of the innumerable editions since struck off. The tone of the Primer is deeply religious. Two-thirds of the four-and-twenty pictures placed before the couplets and triplets in rhyme, from

'In Adam's fall
We sinned all,'

to

'Zaccheus, he
Did climb a tree
Our Lord to see,'

represent biblical incidents. Twelve words of 'six syllables' are given in the spelling lesson; five of them are *abomination, edification, humiliation, mortification, purification.* More than half the book is made up of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, some of Watts's hymns, and the whole of that great Catechism which one hundred and twenty divines spent five years in preparing. There, too, are Mr. Rogers's verses, and John Cotton's 'Spiritual Milk for American Babes'; exhortations not to cheat at play, not to lie, not to use ill words, not to call ill names, not to be a dunce, and to love school. The Primer ends with the famous dialogue between Christ, Youth and the Devil."

One of the germs of the book is to be found in one of the earliest books printed for children in this country, entitled "The Protestant Teacher for Children," issued in Boston in 1685 by Samuel Green, in which were the verses made by Mr. John Rogers. "The Famous Dialogue" is probably by Benjamin Keach, who was tried in 1666 for writing "The Child's Instructor: or a New English Primer," which contained a catechism with leanings towards Anabaptist teaching; and its source is possibly to be found in his book entitled "War with the Devil: or the Young Man's Conflict with the Powers of Darkness, in a Dialogue, Discovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth, the Horrible Nature of Sin, and Deplorable Condition of Fallen Man." This became very popular in England as a chapbook, and with its quaint woodcuts and strong Calvinism, suited the prevailing taste of that period.

A great number of primers, of which the "New England" was the forerunner, were published all over the country during the first hundred years after the appearance of that work. Among them may be mentioned "A Primer for the Colony of Connecticut, or an Introduction to the true Reading of English," to which is added "Milk for Babes" (*i. e.*, the Rev. John Cotton's catechism for children), which was published by Timothy Green; but this does not appear to have caused any great number of New Englanders to swerve from their allegiance to their own famous little book. From primers to schoolbooks generally the step is a natural one; but only the very briefest glance can be permitted at the early schoolbooks in New England; to write their history and trace their development would require a volume. A third edition of "The Child's New Spelling Book" was published in 1744. "The Youth's Instructor in the English Tongue" was published in 1757. We find Dillworth's "Spelling Book," a reprint of an English book, in a catalogue ten years later; and two years after that, Henry's "Universal Spelling Book." Then came Noah Webster's "Grammatical Institute," and later his "New England Spelling Book." Meanwhile Mavor's spelling book and others of English origin were not unknown here. The famous "Reading Made Easy," or "Readamadeasy," as it was

known by the common folk in England, belied its name for many years in this country also, and many a copy was doubtless often stained by the tears of New England boys and girls. In 1790 the following books were ordered by the Boston school committee to be used in reading schools: the Bible, Webster's Spelling Book, "Young Ladies' Accidence," Webster's "American Selection of Lessons in Reading and Speaking," "The Children's Friend" (doubtless a translation from Berquin's "L'ami des Enfans"), Morse's Geography abridged, and the newspapers *occasionally*. This last item shows how much more advanced New England educators were than the British; for it was not until about 1860 that the newspaper was used in the national schools, as they were then called, in England, and then not without protests from many against the innovation. George Lunt, in his "Old New England Traits," tells us that in 1810 they had for schoolbooks Murray's English Reader and Guthrie's Grammar of Geography, "a ponderous volume of English manufacture." What had become of the books by Jeremiah Morse, "the father of American geography," as he has been called, W. C. Woodbridge and others?

By this time, however, the stream had become very much broader than these meagre lists would indicate; and the extent to which it had swollen and has since been swelling, until the land is literally deluged with schoolbooks, can only be faintly and fearfully hinted at.

"Those were the days," says Mr. MacMaster in his life of Benjamin Franklin, writing of the beginning of the eighteenth century, "of compulsory education and compulsory thrift, the days when it was the duty of the selectmen to see that every Boston boy could read and write the English tongue, had some knowledge of the capital laws, knew by heart some orthodox catechism, and was brought up to do some honest work. . . . We gather from the autobiography of Franklin that the collection of books that lay upon the shelves was, with a few exceptions, such as no boy of our time thinks of reading; such as cannot be found even in the libraries of students, uncovered with dust; such as are rarely seen in the catalogues of book auctions, and never come into the hands of bookbinders to be reclothed. There were Mather's 'Essay to Do Good,' and Defoe's 'Essay on Projects,' Plutarch's 'Lives,' the only readable book in the collection, and a pile of thumbed and dog-eared pamphlets on polemical theology, such as any true son of the dissenting church might read. . . . The first catalogue of the Harvard Library was printed in 1723; yet there is not in it the title of any of the works of Addison, of any of the poems of Pope, of any of the writings of Bolingbroke or Dryden, Steele, Prior or Young. The earliest copy of Shakespeare brought to America was of the edition of 1709; no copy was ever advertised for sale till 1722. Even such books as Harvard did own, it was seriously urged, should, after the manner of the Bodleian Library, be chained to the desk. . . . When Franklin began to read, a printing press was a 'raree show.' . . . Between the first of January, 1706, and the first of January, 1718, all the publications known to have been printed in America number at least five hundred and fifty. Of these, but eighty-four are not on religious topics, and of the eighty-four, forty-nine are almanacs. 'The Origin of the Whalebone Petticoat,' 'The Simple Cobbler of Agawam in America,' John Williams's 'Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion,' an Indian story,* which for a time was more sought after than Mather's 'Treacle Fetched Out of a Viper,' Mary Rowlandson's 'Captivity among the Indians,' and 'Entertaining Passages Relating to Philip's War' were the only approaches made in all

*This story was retold "for the instruction of the young" in 1834, in so dull and prosy a manner as to make John Williams's relation of it, overloaded as it is with religious reflections and exhortations, light reading by comparison.

these years to what would now be called light literature."

Among the four hundred and sixty-six books of a religious tone, by far the best was "Pilgrim's Progress," printed at Boston in 1681 and reprinted in 1706.

In certain parts of southern Germany an old and curious custom still prevails of a public burning of the almanacs of the year just closed, the moment the stroke of twelve has sounded on the last night of the old year. The ceremony is accompanied with much cheering, letting off of firecrackers and pistols, and general cries of "*Prosit neujahr.*" The New Englanders of old times had no such annual holocaust; but the almanacs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have disappeared almost as completely as if they had followed this ancient German fashion.* Sometimes, however, they were preserved. J. T. Buckingham, the printer, tells in his Recollections, when a boy, that he was indebted for much useful instruction to a regular pile of almanacs covering nearly or quite fifty years, some of them being dated as far back as 1720; these he read often and with never-lessening interest, enjoying the many fragments of history, scraps of poetry, anecdotes, epigrams, etc., with which they abounded.

The making of almanacs was the earliest enterprise of the colonial printer; and as they constituted so large a part of colonial literature there is little doubt that the almanac furnished reading for many other such young folk as Buckingham, as well as for their elders, for whom it was a daily *vade mecum;* for with the exception of the Bible and perhaps the "New England Primer," it was in many families the sole reading matter for the entire twelve months. And, indeed, they might have found much worse reading matter than that which "Poor Richard" gave them. His pithy and pregnant maxims and aphorisms stick like burrs on the memory, and there is little doubt that they have helped in the formation of the prudent, thrifty and careful character of many a New Englander who has left behind him in the shape of houses, lands and other of this world's gear substantial evidence of the effects of the wise and "canny" teachings of Benjamin Franklin. As lately as between forty and fifty years ago, "Poor Richard's" sayings were printed in England in the form of a tract, for distribution, and as a broadside for hanging on cottage walls. One of these was among the earliest things I can remember reading. I met extracts from it later in our school reading books; and to this day there abides with me the memory of Franklin's *rechauffé* of the "wisdom of many ages and nations" made to dwell in the brain by reason of the rugged common sense and witty manner in which he gave expression to it anew.

Long before the end of the last century this country had been flooded first with importations, and then with reprints, of the little books to which we now give the name of chapbooks, on account of their having been sold in England by the wandering chapmen or peddlers; and they continued to be reprinted here until the present century was well on its way. The word *chapman* comes from the same root as the German *kaufman,* Flemish *koopman;* it formerly meant both buyer and seller, but later became restricted to the latter meaning. Cheapside and Eastcheap, which together once constituted the central mart of London, enshrine their history in the names they have borne for centuries.

The chapman used to sell all kinds of trinkets, small haberdashery, stationery and books, which he carried in a pack or "maund" hanging from his neck before him. The books he carried covered a wide range of subject: A B C books, the old nursery rhymes, fairy tales and wonder stories, fables, primers, riddle books,

*See article on "Early New England Almanacs," in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for January, 1899.

song books and hymn books, lives of heroes, historical abridgments, travels, religious histories, abstracts of popular stories and local traditions. To a great extent they illustrated the manners and morals of the time; many of the earlier ones were often as coarse and as rude in thought and expression as they were in mechanical execution; others were quite unfit for children's reading, from many of our modern points of view, as, for example, "The Afflicted Parents: or the Undutiful Child Punished," a grewsome and horrible tale; or "A Story of a Young Gentleman who sold Himself to the Devil." There were also a great number of little books bearing on witchcraft and fortune-telling, which may not have been without effect upon certain barbarous proceedings in our early history.

These books varied in size: a large number were in a small octavo (of the size known as foolscap 8vo), about $5\frac{1}{2}$x$4\frac{1}{4}$; but those especially intended for children were more diminutive, generally measuring from $2\frac{1}{2}$x$3\frac{1}{2}$ to 3x5 inches; they contained four or multiples of four pages, up to 24 or 32 pages, were printed in the rudest manner on paper of the coarsest character, sometimes put into a wrapper of a kind of wall paper, and decorated with woodcuts which as often as not had no reference to the text, or a very remote one indeed. In some of the New England reprints this latter feature was often most striking, the art of woodcutting being little practised and engravers being scarce, as may be inferred from the fact of Thomas, the printer, learning to cut his own blocks. The same woodcuts were made to do duty over and over again, with some grotesque results. Mr. MacMaster, referring in a chapter already quoted to a reprint of an English book, and dealing with a group of these publications, says:

"No child had then ever seen such specimens of the wood engraver's and the printer's and the binder's arts as now, at the approach of every Christmas, issue from hundreds of presses. The covers of such chapbooks were bits of wood, and the backs coarse leather. On the covers was sometimes a common blue paper, and sometimes a hideous wall paper, adorned with horses and dogs, roosters and eagles, standing in marvellous attitudes on gilt or copper scrolls. The letterpress of none was specially illustrated, but the same cut was used again and again to express the most opposite ideas. A woman with a dog holding her train is now Vanity, and now Miss Allworthy going abroad to buy books for her brother and sister. A huge vessel with three masts is now a yacht, and now the ship in which Robinson Crusoe sailed from Hull. The virtuous woman that is a crown to her husband and naughty Miss Kitty Bland are one and the same. Master Friendly listening to the minister at church now heads a catechism and now figures as Tommy Careless in the 'Adventures of a Week.' A man and woman feeding beggars become, in time, transformed into a servant introducing two misers to his mistress. But no creature played so many parts as a bird which, after being named an eagle, a cuckoo, and a kite, is called finally Noah's dove."

But these chapbooks received their deathblow about the middle of the eighteenth century. They lingered on in England for the next fifty years or more, and somewhat longer in New England, as we have already seen. They had a long career, for catalogues of them exist dated as far back as 1598. They served their purpose and have disappeared, and are now become so rare as to be classed among the most treasured prizes of the book collector. The largest and most representative collection in the world is that in the library of Harvard University, made by Professor F. J. Child; but its value to the student is much impaired by the lack of a classified catalogue. It contains few specimens of American reprints or of chapbooks of American origin; and

the collection in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester consists entirely of reprints of English chapbooks. The few that I have been able to find of American origin belong chiefly to the first quarter of the present century. They were generally of the goody-goody type. "The Bad Boy Reformed," published by Babcock, at the Sidney Press, New Haven, in 1820, may be taken as an example.

During the two hundred years which closed with the eighteenth century there had appeared four world-famous books, which, though they were not intended for them, English-speaking children almost at once appropriated and made peculiarly their own; while another book written specially for children lay unheeded and unnoticed even in the land of its origin for years. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," published in 1688 for grown-up saints, was seized upon and read with avidity by little sinners. "Robinson Crusoe" came out in 1714, and fell upon immortality in the same way; and "Gulliver's Travels," in 1726, was speedily annexed by the little folk, who were ignorant of its satirical purposes, but revelled in the direct simplicity of its narrative. Then came "Munchausen," in 1785, intended to ridicule the extravagance of the travellers' tales of the times; but knowing nothing and caring as much about this, the little ones fastened on it also for similar reasons.

The fairy tales long current throughout Europe and especially in France, which Charles Perrault, or perhaps his son, or perhaps both, first wrote out and published in French under the title of "Contes de ma mère l'Oye" (Tales of Mother Goose) in 1697, began to become popular in England only in the period when "Gulliver" and "Robinson Crusoe" appeared, when the dying down of Puritan fervor and the rekindling of interest in child-life in the eighteenth century had lit that fire in England which burns as brightly to-day, both there and in this country, as that other fire which Master Ridley was cheered by his fellow-martyr, Latimer, into believing would "not be easily put out."

As the Puritan influence in England grew fainter, these books came into greater favor, and New England came lingering somewhat slowly behind at first in its appreciation of them. Before 1794, however, J. T. Buckingham tells us that he owned "Robinson Crusoe," "Goody Two Shoes," "Tom Thumb" and half a dozen other books of a similar character; although in 1786 the library of a farmer in Connecticut consisted of the Bible, Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion," Watts's psalms and hymns and lyric poems, which he says "much puzzled and exercised the youthful mind." In 1794 Buckingham had "Gulliver's Travels," "The History of the Pirates," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Tristram Shandy," "Tom Jones," "The Letters of Junius" and the eighth volume of "The Spectator." By 1810 the range had grown wider, for George Lunt tells us in his book already quoted that, though original American productions were few, the importation from abroad not large, and the demand for reprints a good deal limited, their library consisted of "The Scottish Chiefs," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," Miss Edgeworth's books, "Mrs. Grant of Laggan," the novels of Charlotte Smith, the memoirs of Baron Trenck; the young folks "perused stealthily" "Peregrine Pickle," and in poetry Henry Kirke White and Montgomery were favorites.

The world owes much to Oliver Goldsmith, that "gentle master," who "left scarcely any kind of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn"; but the world will probably never know just how much it owes to him for what he and John Newbery did together for children's literature. During the period of Goldsmith's closest intimacy with his publisher, and while living under his roof,

Newbery was busiest with his books for the young; and Goldsmith's quaint and genial humor can be traced in many a title-page, dedication and preface, and also in many an ingenious announcement of the numerous little books, the publication of which marked the beginning of a new and brighter day for children's literature, the first step in the onward movement which has led to such wonderful modern developments.

As we shall see, the work of Newbery and Goldsmith filled well-nigh as large a space in the literature of New England as in that of the mother country. With the keen business acumen which characterized our second greatest New England printer, he at once seized upon every product of the Newbery Press and openly and frankly reprinted every one as fast as it appeared in England. By this means he kept his numerous establishments in different parts of the colony busy, while some of them at least would otherwise have been idle, during his voluntary suspension of "The Spy." The books were described as the Massachusetts editions. This may have been done to distinguish them from the original English editions, or to distinguish them from among other reprints which might have been made. Thomas transcribed bodily the quaint and original announcements made by Newbery in the London newspapers, and used them to herald his reprints. He has often been commended for the ingenuity displayed in these advertisements; but in this the praise has been given to the plagiarist and not to the originator.

Nor was Thomas alone in this good work. T. C. Cushing of Salem, Patten, and Babcock of Hartford, Thomas Fleet, Cox and Barry, Fowle and Draper, John Boyle, Folsom, John Mein and Mein and Fleeming of Boston (a copy of whose reprint of Newbery's famous little "Thumb" Bible is in the Boston public library) and many others contributed by their reprints to make Newbery's little books popular in New England.

A very careful scrutiny of the books of account kept by John Newbery and Benjamin Collins of Salisbury, with whom Newbery was associated in many of his enterprises fails to reveal a single record of money placed to the credit of any of the publications by way of payment for "advance sheets" or in "courtesy recognition" of authors' rights. It is only fair to assume, therefore, that these early New England reprinters "*prenaient leur bien où ils le trouvaient*," as so many others have since done, and that they had not that fine sense of moral obligation which has always so honorably distinguished our nineteenth century Boston publishers in pre-international copyright days.

A very few lines must suffice for a glance at the career of John Newbery. He was born in 1713, the son of a small farmer in Berkshire. He received but a very limited education in his youth, which he improved by his own efforts in after life. In 1730 he went to Reading, where he was employed by John Carman, a printer; and when the latter died, he made Newbery one of his executors. Not long after, Newbery married his former master's widow. In 1744 he went to London, and opened a shop. Later he removed to Saint Paul's Churchyard and gave his house the sign of "The Bible and Sun," according to the fashion in those days before house numbering came into vogue. He was no sooner settled here than he began to publish books of all kinds. Christopher Smart and Dr. Johnson were among the earliest contributors to his rapidly growing catalogue. Through Johnson he became acquainted with Goldsmith and all the famous people of his time. Goldsmith soon became his editorial factotum,—translating, compiling, editing, composing title-pages, and writing introductions innumerable. Newbery's activity was unlimited; he joined to his bookselling the vending of patent medicines,

a business with little risks and large profits, and with these profits he embarked upon all sorts of literary ventures, founding newspapers, starting magazines and publishing books in every department of literature. All this brought him into contact with the artists and men of letters of his time, and all agreed with Goldsmith in calling him "the honestest man in creation." In the midst of all his enterprises and in the zenith of his fame and prosperity, he was overtaken by death in 1767,—in spite of his numerous medicines, which were puffed as cures for all the ills to which flesh is heir.

During the most active years of his active life, Newbery published over two hundred books for children. Not only in mechanical execution were they far superior to anything else that had been offered to this constituency, but in a great many of them there was a distinct originality of style. They were written in an engaging and humorous spirit, and Washington Irving and many others agree that, if there is anything in similarity of style, these elements are due to the informing genius of Goldsmith. We must content ourselves with quoting a few of these, selecting some of them which were made as familiar to New England folk as they were in the country of their origin.

One of the earliest was announced thus in 1744: "According to Act of Parliament (neatly bound and gilt) a little pretty pocket book intended for the instruction and amusement of little Master Tommy and pretty Miss Polly with an agreeable letter from Jack the Giant Killer, the use of which will infallibly make Tommy a good boy and Polly a good girl. Price of this book alone Six Pence or with a Ball and Pincushion Eight Pence. To the whole is prefixed a letter on Education addressed to all parents, guardians and governesses, etc.: wherein rules are laid down for making their children strong, healthy, virtuous, wise and happy." This advertisement was put forth before Newbery became intimately associated with Goldsmith. About this time he began the publication of "The Circle of the Sciences"; and later on he started "The Lilliputian Magazine," of which Goldsmith is said to have been both editor and chief contributor.

Here is an announcement made in 1755: "This day was published Nurse Truelove's new year's Gift, the book of books for children, adorned with cuts and designed as a present for every little boy who would become a great man and ride upon a fine horse: and for every little girl who would become a great woman and ride in a lord-mayor's gilt coach. Printed for the author, who has ordered these books to be given gratis to all little boys and girls at the Bible & Sun in St. Paul's Churchyard, they paying for the binding, which is only two pence each." Another advertisement runs thus: "The Philosophers, Politicians, Necromancers and the learned in every faculty are desired to observe that on the first of January, being New Year's day (oh that we may all lead good lives!), Mr. Newbery intends to publish the following important volumes bound and gilt, and hereby invites all his little friends who are good to call for them at the Bible and Sun in St. Paul's Churchyard; but those who are naughty to have none." Here is another: "Mr. Newbery intends to publish the following important volumes bound and gilt, and hereby invites all his little friends who are good or intend to be good to call for them at the Bible & Sun in St. Paul's Churchyard, but those who are naughty to have none: 1. The Renowned history of Giles Gingerbread, a little boy who lived upon learning. 2. The Easter Gift or the way to be good: a book much wanted. 3. The Whitsuntide Gift: or the way to be happy: a book very necessary in all families. 4. The Valentine Gift: or how to behave with honor, integrity and humanity: very useful with a Trading Nation.

We are also desired to give notice that there is in the press and will speedily be published either by subscription or otherwise as the public shall please to determine: The History of Little Goody Two Shoes, otherwise Mrs. Margery Two Shoes: with the means by which she acquired learning and wisdom, and in consequence thereof her estate: set forth at large for the benefit of those

> Who from a State of Rags and Care
> And having shoes but half a pair
> Their fortune and their fame should fix
> And gallop in a Coach and Six."

Of this same "Goody Two Shoes" a facsimile reprint of the first edition was published in 1882, with an introduction in which was discussed the reasons for assigning the authorship to Oliver Goldsmith. Later knowledge and reflection confirm the conviction that it could have been by no other hand, though Newbery may have helped in planning it.

But we have not space for a tenth of these quaint advertisements and attractive and original titles; and in taking leave of them it is scarcely too much to say that nine-tenths of the titles in any advertisement of children's books, by Thomas, Cushing, or any other New England printers of the last half of the eighteenth century, will be found in the catalogue printed at the end of the life of John Newbery—sometimes with words or phrases changed to suit the plainer republican taste of this country, or better to suit the comprehension of the young people born on American soil. The text of the little books was, as may readily be supposed, frequently edited, with the same object in view. Some information on this subject is given in detail in Mr. Whitmore's book, to which fuller reference is made later on; and a striking example of the translated advertisement may be found in one of the little volumes of "The Olden Time Series," edited by Henry M. Brooks, in which is printed an announcement from the Salem *Mercury*, in 1789, of a list of books published by T. Cushing. Every one of the titles in the advertisements is in the catalogue of Newbery's publications. A whole article might be devoted to a description of the contents of these little books, which would be "vastly entertaining." The most inveterate logrollers of to-day or of any period never employed "the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collusive and the puff oblique or puff by implication" so skilfully, nor be it said so unblushingly, as did Newbery. His advertisements were masterpieces of one branch of the art, and the manner in which he introduced allusions to his medicines and to other books in the little volume which he published is barefaced enough to include every other.

The contents of many of the books, in spite of the advertisements declaring them always to be highly moral in tone, were sometimes more free and outspoken than we should tolerate nowadays; and the style was frequently dull, heavy, didactic, prosy and stilted, partaking of the character of the "age of prose and reason," in which they were produced. There was still to be found in some of them a perverse, barbarous and trivial element; and sometimes what we now should call immoral, cruel and foolish ideas pervaded them. But, on the whole, they struck an entirely new note, opened out a fresh field, and prepared the way for the better things which have followed:—those charming and uplifting products of the imagination which, as President Eliot says, teach that the supreme attainment of any individual is vigor and loveliness of character, and implant and encourage industry, perseverance and veracity in word and act. Newbery's books, however, generally tended to encourage whatsoever things were pure and lovely and of good report according to the lights of the days in which they were written. While many of them have long since been deservedly forgotten and some have absolutely disappeared

from the face of the earth, others have lived on until the present day, and the old-time nursery rhymes and jingles, wonder tales and fairy stories, some of which were first printed in accessible form in Newbery's little volumes, are among the most precious of our nursery classics of to-day.

One of Newbery's little books, entitled "Mother Goose's Melody," for which he evidently adopted the "Mother Goose" from the title given to the collection of Perrault's fairy tales, which had by this time begun to be popular in England through a translation published some thirty years before, calls for a few words here, because around it has grown up a legend ascribing the authorship to a Boston lady, Elizabeth Goose, the mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, the Boston printer. This myth is entirely dispelled, first by the fact that most of the well-known rhymes and jingles in the collection are now known to have originated long before this estimable lady came upon this earthly scene, and next by the connection which has been clearly established in his book on "The Original Mother Goose Melodies," by Mr. W. H. Whitmore, the city registrar of Boston, between the Boston printed "Mother Goose" and the Newbery editions which preceded it.

Towards the end of the last century books for children enter upon a new and very distinct phase, and a few books were published, fragments of which are favorites to-day. But not yet had the time come for the production of books for children by American authors and with distinctly American characteristics. Our New England children were still "nourishing a youth sublime" almost exclusively on English food. Of "Eyes and no Eyes," which belongs to this school and this period, Dr. Holmes says he has never seen anything of the kind half so good. "I advise you," he said, "if you are a child anywhere under forty-five and do not yet wear glasses, to send for 'Evenings at Home' and read that story. For myself, I am always grateful to the writer of it for calling my attention to common things." Of "The Evenings at Home" school, and of about the same period, were Edgeworth's "Parents' Assistant," Day's "Sandford and Merton," Mrs. Trimmer's "History of the Robins," Charles and Mary Lamb's "Mrs. Leicester's School," Jane and Ann Taylor's "Hymns for Infant Minds," Taylor's tales and compilations, Roscoe's "Butterfly's Ball" series, and a host of others too numerous to mention, all of which were reprinted in New England in the early years of this century by Munro and Francis, and Brown, Taggart and Chase, of Boston, Farnsworth and Churchill of Windsor, Vermont, S. Babcock of New Haven and many more. At length, however, the impatience felt by New England boys and girls of forever reading books in which so much of the local color was entirely strange to them, began to lead our own writers to turn their attention to this hitherto neglected branch of literature and to set themselves to write books which should not be like those of which Oliver Wendell Holmes writes, "where James was called *Jem*, not *Jim*, as we heard it; where naughty schoolboys got through a gap in the hedge to steal Farmer Giles's red-streaks, instead of shinning over the fence to hook old Daddy Jones's baldwins; where Hodge used to go to the alehouse for his mug of beer, while we used to see old Joe steering for the grocery to get his glass of rum; where there were larks and nightingales instead of yellowbirds and bobolinks; where the robin was a little domestic bird that fed at table instead of a great fidgety, jerky whooping thrush."*

Possibly one of the strongest early incentives to the home production of

*This sentiment found expression in connection with other departments of literature; as early as 1789 we find in a novel entitled "The Power of Sympathy" (Isaiah Thomas and Company, Boston), a complaint that so many books "are not always applicable to the situation of an American lady. The general observations of some English books are the most useful things in them; the principal parts being chiefly filled with local descriptions which a young woman here is frequently at a loss to understand."

books specially written for children was the desire to supply them with suitable Sunday reading; and the literary annals of New England are studded with the names of authors who were preëminently successful in this department, as the circulation of some of their books testifies. Many of these, however, which for reasons we shall presently see had the largest circulation in the earlier part of the present century, are *demodés* and forgotten. Without attempting a complete list of those who have successfully labored in this field, we may mention the names of Dr. Harvey Newcomb of Thetford, Massachusetts; Rev. Dr. Baker and Rev. W. M. Thayer of Franklin, Massachusetts; Rev. Z. A. Mudge of Ovington, Massachusetts, among men, and the following women: Mrs. G. Oakes Smith of Cumberland, Maine; Maria J. B. Brown and her sister, Sara H. Brown, of Northampton, Massachusetts; Madeline Leslie of Andover, Massachusetts; Mrs. Sarah T. Martyn of Hopkinson, New Hampshire; Mrs. Catherine M. Trowbridge of South Mansfield, Connecticut; Mrs. Caroline G. Davis of Northwood, New Hampshire; Mrs. Annie M. Mitchell of Sandwich, Massachusetts; Mrs. Mary M. Clark of Fairford, Maine; Mrs. Harriet V. Cheney and Miss Tuthill (Aunt Friendly) of New Haven. Doubtless many other famous names of authors and their books will occur to our readers, that might be put into this list, but these are mentioned as giving some idea of the number of New England men and women who made the writing of Sunday-school books a leading feature of their literary work.

The history of Sunday-school books has been a curious one, reflecting in a striking manner the tendencies of the present age. At first they contained very distinct sectarian teaching, and each denomination or group of denominations had its own set of authors, who introduced such dogma into their books as was in accordance with its views and would insure their acceptance. Later on distinct sectarian teaching was gradually dropped; and those books had the best sale which were colorless in that respect, while inculcating only the broad religious principles on which all sects alike were agreed. Very keen, indeed, was the scrutiny to which the publishers submitted the books they put forth for this market, lest any bit of dogmatic teaching should creep in unawares. Whether this change was brought about by the publishers, who found that sectarian teaching restricted sales, or whether it was by influence from the outside, from the consumers of this class of book—by which is meant those who bought them for distribution—it is difficult to say; probably both causes operated. Then at a later period those books were most in favor which had the least direct religious teaching in them and which illustrated by example rules of conduct and of morals to be approved and followed. But Sunday-school books professedly put forward as such are no longer to-day in demand as formerly. Books specially intended as Sunday-school rewards, presents and prizes, which down to ten or fifteen years ago were written in such large numbers and manufactured and sold in such enormous quantities, are being superseded by what is called secular literature. Tons of the former class of books were shipped from England during the first three-quarters and well on into the fourth quarter of this century; and our home production during that period was enormous. But the old-fashioned Sunday-school book has vanished, never to return unless to be examined as a curiosity.



OLD LIGHTHOUSE AT HAVRE DE GRACE.

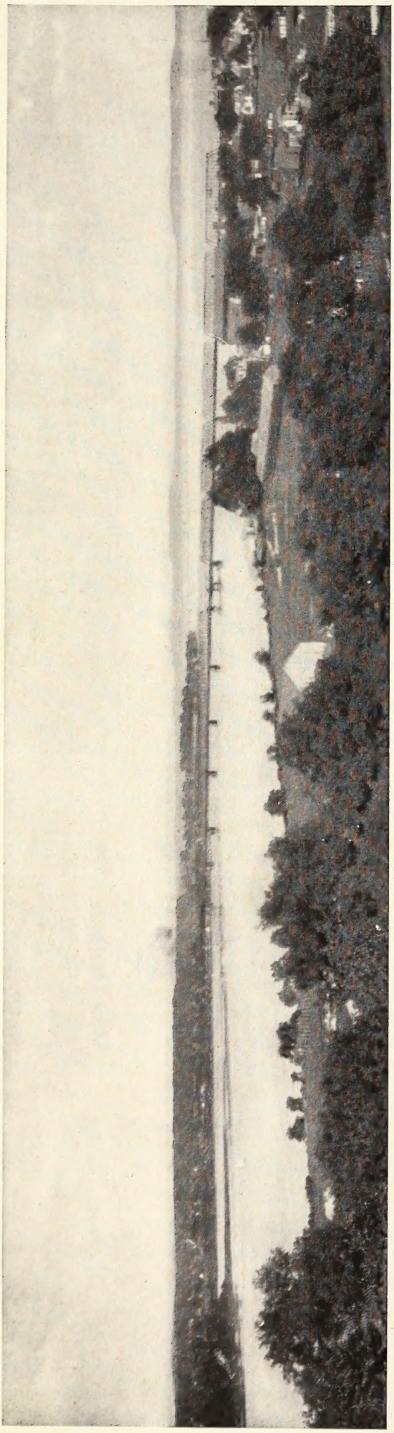
THROUGH AN OLD SOUTHERN COUNTY.

By Calvin Dill Wilson.

THERE are some parts of our country in which the people are strikingly indifferent to change, loving their own manners and holding to their own ideas with fervid faith that no better ones have been discovered. They have excellent customs, and revere them; they have noble ideals, and believe in them; and in such charming localities the inhabitants are not much troubled about progress, but are satisfied with the good already gained. The South is notable among the divisions in which many of the people are not eager for transformation; but even in the South some communities are in a happier frame of mind and heart than others, and the satisfaction with their own ideals is more intense. As representing this feeling in a high degree, there are, strange to say, portions near the line between North and South in which it is probably stronger than in more southern regions; and some counties of Maryland have this sentiment to the full.

There is a pleasant region of Maryland that borders on Pennsylvania, in which much of this spirit exists; and of this we have in mind one county that provides an excellent example. It is an old county, long ago settled by the ancestors of its present residents, who have inherited their ideas and customs, and who stanchly and proudly maintain them. The people are mainly of English descent, and their way of life preserves to this day much of the England of two hundred years ago. It is true that there are many individuals there who are quite in touch with the broad modern ways of thinking and who are at home in the larger world; yet a prominent citizen of the locality did not characterize himself alone when he declared that he never reads any book later than "The Spectator." If one looks over some of their libraries, he finds that a large proportion of the reading matter consists of the standard English books of one or two centuries ago.

This region is like a calm harbor after a storm; quiet, comfort and peace reign, rather than the battle and the struggle. Let us look, therefore, at the ways and manners of this people, turning aside from the rush and whirl of great cities. A ramble through this old Maryland county of Harford will bring us into contact with many interesting traditions, scenes and histories. It was formerly included in Baltimore County, and when set apart by itself was named for Henry Harford, a son of Fred-



THE SUSQUEHANNA AND HAVRE DE GRACE.

erick Lord Baltimore, who succeeded his father in the proprietorship of Maryland. The county is bounded on the east by the Susquehanna River and the Chesapeake Bay; on the north by the state of Pennsylvania; on the west by Baltimore County, and on the south by the bay and arms thereof. It contains, proportionately to its population, as many proud people, as much family pride, as many old customs and traditions, as any part of the country. It has the reputation in Maryland of being one of the most aristocratic parts of the state. History also touches it several times.

The county seat, Bel Air, is a long, comfortable town of about two thousand people, quiet, conservative and refined, with some excellent and aggressive business men, some able lawyers and many cultivated men and women, but in the main not a very pushing place. It contains a goodly number of handsome residences, many of them on its outskirts, and has some inhabitants who are prouder than Lucifer. In the day of Luther Martin, Reverdy Johnson and other famous Maryland lawyers of the old time, this village was the scene of some exciting escapades when court was in session and these great men had occasion to appear at the county seat of Harford. It was here that Thaddeus Stevens was admitted to the bar, after having failed in his examinations across the line in Pennsylvania; his qualifications as a lawyer are said to have been tested in Bel Air only by a question as to his ability to make punch, which was satisfactorily answered by an invitation to the proof of the pudding in the evening. When his examiners had assembled at the time and place appointed, Stevens gave such demonstration of his punch-making powers that he was admitted to practice by a unanimous vote; after which he carried his certificate back across the line, and put out his sign.

The spot on which the present

courthouse stands, formerly occupied by an old building for the same purpose, was the scene of Edwin Booth's first appearance as an actor, his home and birthplace being but three miles distant. While yet a lad, he, with Sleeper Clarke, afterward his brother-in-law, conceived a plan of giving a dramatic recital in the courthouse. In order to notify the public of their arrangements, they drove to Baltimore, thirty miles away, to have bills printed; and on their return, the posting of these advertisements was intrusted to an old negro slave of the family. On the day of the entertainment, as they passed up the road they saw to their consternation that all the notices were upside down, the negro not having been able to read. The exhibition, however, was a great success; the house was crowded, and there Edwin Booth, who was to delight and thrill multitudes in the future, first tried his noble voice in public, and that was the first audience that ever looked upon those splendid eyes and that radiant face.

In the present courtroom in Bel Air there now hang about twenty portraits of men who first saw the light in Harford and who afterward gained a state or national reputation. Among these is an excellent picture of Edwin Booth, presented by himself, on request. Here also are the faces of William Paca, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Captain John Webster, Judge Archer, Commodore John Rodgers, Colonel Edwin Webster, Hugh Jewett, Dr. David Harlan, and other worthies. For this admirable and appropriate gallery the people are indebted to Lawyer Edwin Allen, who solicited the portraits and hung them in this public place. Thus Harford may be seen to have a well-developed appreciation of its own sons, and cannot be accused of the common failing of omitting to honor the prophet in his own country.



A GLIMPSE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

Three miles eastward from Bel Air, on the main road, is the large farm which was the former home of the Booths. Junius Brutus Booth was so attached to this place that he made it his principal residence, and it was the birthplace of nearly all of his children. Here the celebrated Edwin and the notorious John Wilkes were born. The entrance from the roadway, that was used by the family, was twenty yards to the east of the present one, and of it there now remain but fragments of the gate posts and



ADMIRAL JOHN RODGERS.

a depression showing where the old lane was. The house in which Edwin Booth was born has been removed, and now stands about half a mile down the road, where it has been covered with boards, so that its identity is hidden; yet the framework is the same as that in which the great tragedian came into the world. The present house on the old Booth farm was built by Junius Brutus Booth after the birth of his children, and was their home for many years. It is a fine, large frame structure, with small diamond-shaped panes of glass in the windows. In front of this once stood a large cherry tree, which branched widely about ten feet up the trunk; and in this crotch Edwin was accustomed when a boy to take his seat and recite Shakespeare. The trunk of this tree, with several feet of the crotch attached, now lies in the lane, while the stump remains in its original position. After the assassination of Lincoln, guards were stationed all through Harford on the lookout for the young Booth, as it was supposed that he would naturally take refuge in his old home. Edwin Booth never visited Harford after the war, and the farm was sold; but he always continued to take an interest in his former associates, and whenever he played in Baltimore numbers of his old neighbors went to hear him, and he was accustomed to give such visitors a reception in the parlors of his hotel.

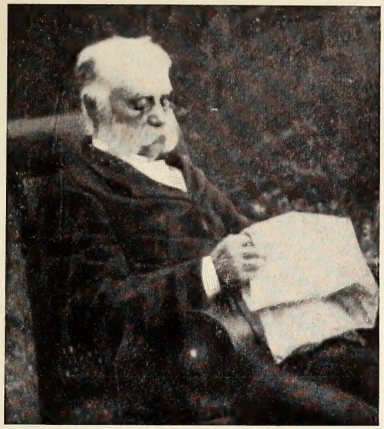


LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER JOHN A. RODGERS.

Three miles eastward from the Booth home, on the same road, is the old village of Churchville, at about the centre of the county, and on the watershed which runs northwest and southeast. In this village is the oldest Presbyterian church in Maryland, west of the river. It was originally called "The Whitefield Meeting-house," and was formed after religious enthusiasm had been stirred up by one of George Whitefield's visits in its vicinity. He of course belonged to another religious body, but his preaching aroused to action the people of Presbyterian training in that region, and the result was the old organization. To this village church in the old time the people came from twenty miles around, on foot and on horseback;



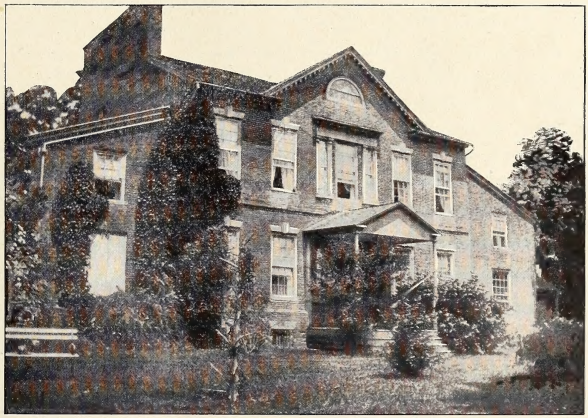
CAPTAIN FREDERICK RODGERS.



COLONEL R. L. RODGERS.

and it was well on into this century before a carriage appeared at the church, or a stove was introduced. Horseback was the universal mode of travelling, and a cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen used to arrive at the old church regularly on Sundays. It is related that, in the early part of the century, many of the male members of this church were accustomed to pay a visit to the tavern across the way for a dram before service and another after sermon. In fact the presbytery that covered that region had its own bar at its sessions until the year 1813, when the ladies at the place of meeting substituted tea, and the ministers were so well pleased with the innovation that they unanimously dispensed with liquors by vote, since that time using milder beverages.

Near Churchville there lived until his death, two years ago, a marked character, a man of most noble heart and life, a physician, Dr. John M. Finney; and when he died the public of that neighborhood erected by voluntary subscription, and dedicated by public ceremonies, a rugged granite monument above his grave. He was the "Dr. MacLure" of his county. He was a man of sturdy physique, benevolent, intelligent, smooth-shaven face, and a horseback rider to the end. He went day and night through all kinds of weather, wherever he was called, and was never known to present a bill except under strenuous urging upon the part of his debtor. He gave away most of the money he received, and was a universal benefactor. He belonged to the old order, and disliked exceedingly every appearance of innovation. He loved his county and state passionately. His apothegms and stories have become part of the wisdom of the neighborhood. He was a well read man, a skilful physician, with the instinct of his profession, a genius in his way, and one of the most noted characters of that part of the world. His friends and patients showed their appreciation by the erection of his monument, and the Baltimore dailies commented editorially upon the career of this kindly and noble man, whose life was spent upon horseback on lonely country roads, looking after the sick of all classes to whom he never presented bills. He was a fine specimen of the marked individualities and strong characters that grow up and develop in the retired parts of our land.

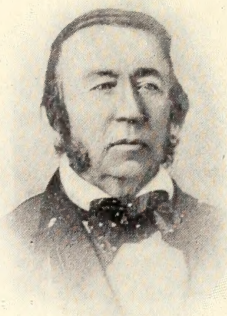


THE RODGERS HOME.



THE HOME OF CHIEF JUSTICE ARCHER.

But a few miles to the north of Churchville is a house known as the "Priests' House," at the ford of Deer Creek. This was one of the first Roman Catholic establishments in Maryland, and was founded by Trappist monks. The house is now used as a dwelling, but the walls are the same as when the monks lived there. Within a stone's throw is the old graveyard, in which sleep the ashes of many of this order, who settled in the then wilderness. The Deer Creek, which flows at the foot of the hill, was once celebrated as a haunt of large numbers of deer, as the name implies.



STEPHEN ARCHER,
Chief Justice of Maryland.

Eastward from Churchville, about ten miles, is the town of Havre de Grace, a familiar station to travellers between Philadelphia and Washington both on the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio lines of railway. This town is situated at the mouth of the Susquehanna River, which rises five hundred miles to the northward, and at this point unites with the Chesapeake Bay. Havre de Grace had the honor of being named by La Fayette, for a city in his native land. It is a town of four or five thousand people that once narrowly escaped becoming the capital of the United States; in the ballots at the convention called to choose a capital, it came within a single vote of securing the prize. So near do we sometimes come to greatness, yet fall short of it! No doubt the convention made a wise selection, but so far as natural scenery is concerned, Havre de Grace, at the head of the Chesapeake, and with its surrounding granite hills, would have made an admirable site.

This town has another claim to fame from the fact that it was burned by the British in 1813. In the early part of that year, Rear Admiral Cockburn began a work of destruction at the head of the bay. Early in the morning of the third of May, nineteen barges from the enemy's squadron appeared before Havre de Grace, and began to fire shot, shell and rockets. The town then consisted of about fifty houses, mostly of wood. A battery had been erected by the Americans, in anticipation of this attack, on a high bank below the town; this was composed of one nine-pounder and two six-pounders. There was also a small battery at what is now called Concord Point. In return to their fire, the little batteries opened, and were answered by grapeshot from the vessels. After fifteen minutes' bombardment, all the militia but eight or ten fled. The enemy effected a landing, and proceeded to burn and destroy everything; but one house was left uninjured. Cockburn carried off to his ships carriages, mirrors and other property to which he took a fancy.

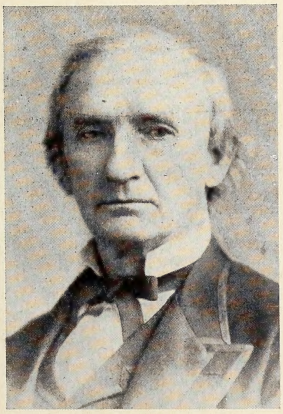
Two miles out and down from Havre de Grace is the long narrow island of Spes Utie, where there is established one of the United States fish hatcheries, from which millions of shad and other fish are deposited in the bay or sent to various locations throughout the country. On the shore at the

southern end of Havre de Grace stands the old government lighthouse, which was there when the British came up the bay. Here, also, at the head of the Chesapeake, is the most celebrated ducking point in our land. Here are the "Flats," where the canvasbacks and redheads feed upon the wild celery and take to themselves peculiar daintiness. Here, in the season, are to be found rich men from all over the country, who come to their clubs along the shores, or to their yachts, to engage in duck-shooting. Millionaires are plentiful about Havre de Grace station in the season; and two of our later Presidents have found recreation at this point or a little lower down the bay. Many of these shores are rented by clubs from the cities, with exclusive shooting rights, and there are several very fine clubhouses in the vicinity, notably the house of the Philadelphia Club on the Bush River. But the rich men do not have all the sport to themselves. The regular gunners for market pay a license, which gives them the privilege of using sink-boxes stationed out in the water; and these are the men who supply the tables of the affluent with the expensive luxury known as canvasback ducks. During the shooting season this part of the bay is a scene of great animation, with moving boats, exploding powder, flying shot and falling ducks.

The broad, rocky Susquehanna is at this point the scene of great hauls of shad and herrings in the spring; and these products of these waters are celebrated as of specially excellent flavor. In the times before the Civil War, the negroes who were engaged in laying and drawing the long seines indulged their inclination for singing to the full, and their music attracted crowds from all the surrounding country. Ladies and gentlemen arriving on horseback lined the shores, and ate freshly baked shad while they listened to the weird music coming across the water. Since the war, the negroes sing no longer at this work, and few of them follow fishing, their places being taken by Bohemians and other foreigners. These Susquehanna fisheries divide the honors with those of the Delaware River in providing the finest shad in the world. The Susquehanna also affords good bass and rock fishing, and its broad expanse and precipitous shores add poetry to the diversion.



"LANSDOWNE," HOME OF HUGH JEWETT.



HUGH JEWETT.

In the time of the Civil War, Havre de Grace saw much of the passing of troops, as it is on one of the main lines of railway between the North and South. Right across the river, at

Perryville, there was a camp of Union troops during a great part of the war, where the soldiers were in possession, with large numbers of horses and mules.

Turning from Havre de Grace to the westward, along the post road, formerly the old stage route, we come after the distance of a mile to "Sion Hill," the home of the very distinguished Rodgers family, which gave to the nation Commodore John Rodgers, Admiral John Rodgers, Colonel Robert S. Rodgers and the two able naval officers now in active service, Commodore Frederick Rodgers and Lieutenant-Commodore John A. Rodgers. These national characters are so well known as to need only mention in passing. The home remains in the possession of Mrs. Colonel R. S. Rodgers.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF CAPTAIN WEBSTER.

On this main road General Washington travelled on his way to his inauguration, putting up in a house still standing in Havre de Grace. As we travel farther to the westward, we come to what was once, in the days of the stagecoach, a familiar stopping place for those en route between the North and South,—



CAPTAIN JOHN A. WEBSTER.

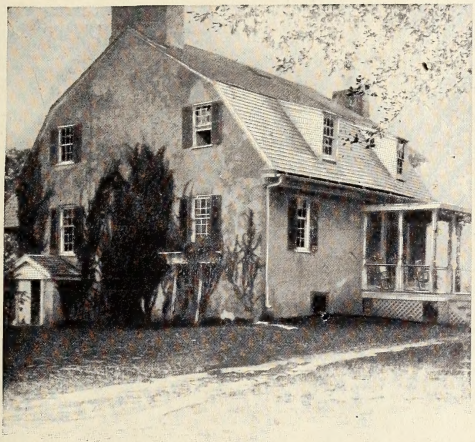
Bush Tavern. Here Washington several times had occasion to tarry for refreshment, and to this place the neighboring folk gathered to see La Fayette as he passed through with his soldiers. The people were greatly amused by those whom they called "jumping Frenchies." At this tavern, Andrew Jackson was once lodging for the night, when a man from the neighborhood who had a grievance against Jackson declared that he would kill



THE HOME OF CAPTAIN WEBSTER.

him. In the morning before breakfast he undertook to carry out his threat so far as to make his way upstairs and into Jackson's room. That hero was still in bed, but awake, and with a pistol beside him on a stand. This he reached for and, cocking it, exclaimed: "Get out of this, or by the Eternal I will kill you." It is related that the man was so eager to get away that he fell down the whole flight of stairs; and Jackson, when he had breakfasted and was ready, departed in peace.

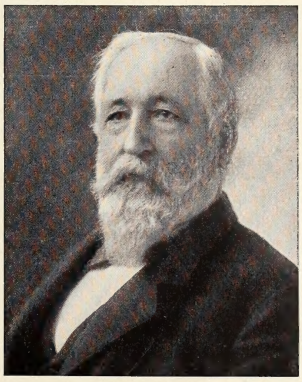
A little way west of this point is the so-called Bush River, which is not a river, but an arm of the Chesapeake Bay. This in common with all the shores and arms of the bay had in the old times a plentiful supply of boats and barges, for the early Marylanders were a water people, who used the waters as a highway, not only for business, but for social purposes. Gayly dressed parties of ladies and gentlemen were accustomed to go forth with negro oarsmen to make their calls and to enjoy the hospitality of their friends, just as later they went on horseback, and still later in carriages. These waters are still the scene of numerous fishing and crabbing expeditions, in the season, the Marylanders never having lost their love for a boat.



WEBSTER'S FOREST.

As representing the large estates and manors that were in former times common in this county and state, a good illustration is to be found in a grant that bordered upon this part of Bush River. It was known as "Webster's Forest," and was given by Lord Baltimore to one of his officers, Webster by name, who had accompanied him to America. This grant reached from the water northward five or six miles, and is now broken up into numerous estates, some half dozen persons of the name of the original grantee owning farms.

On the northern part of this tract is the estate now in possession of the family of Captain John Webster, who distinguished himself by services in defence of the city of Baltimore in the War of 1812. For him is claimed a good part of the credit of having prevented the British from taking and sacking Baltimore, as they had done with Washington. His gallantry was rewarded by the presentation of a sword by the state of Maryland and another by the city of Baltimore. He continued in the service of the government, first in the navy and then in the revenue service, until his death. His son, Captain John Adams Webster, served in the navy until his death; and a grandson of the old Captain is now in the service. Daniel Webster became intimately acquainted with the Captain while they were

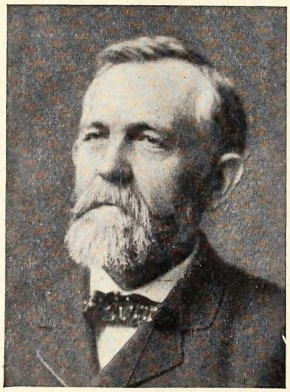


WILLIAM WEBSTER.



CAPTAIN JOHN A. WEBSTER, JR.

both in Washington, and always in his letters addressed him as cousin. If there was any actual blood relationship it probably belonged to a common stock in England before the migration of the ancestors of the two families. The Maryland Websters may well be of the same stock as Daniel, if we are to judge by the big, deep voices and large, strong faces of some of the men. It is told of Captain John Webster that he could be heard giving orders from his porch at almost any point on his farm, and that he was a very large and commanding looking man. He and Daniel Webster were much together in Washington, and the distinguished Massachusetts senator paid frequent visits to the home of the Captain in Harford County.



COLONEL EDWIN H. WEBSTER.

A daughter of the Captain tells of being held on his knee by the great Daniel, when she was a child, at the times of his numerous visits to her father's house. Large packages of letters from Daniel Webster were until recently in possession of members of the family at the "Forest"; but most of them were burned a short time since by one who considered them of too private a nature to fall into the hands of strangers. A diamond brooch given by Daniel Webster to the Captain's sister, Miss Hannah, is yet among the family treasures. For this cousin, who was a stately, handsome woman, as her brother, the Captain, was an exceptionally distinguished looking man, Daniel Webster had always a great fondness and admiration. One of the younger members of the family found this fact a sesame to an interview with the great statesman, when he once called upon him in Washington. He found the senator engaged with a company of officers of high importance, and his first request for an interview was unsuccessful; but when he told the valet to go back and say that "Ben Webster of Harford County wished to see him," Daniel came out quickly with both hands extended, and his first words were, "How is Cousin Hannah?"

This Captain Webster was, through his mother, related to the Adams family, and his place is called "Mount Adams," from that fact. In the "Forest" there still stands an old house that was originally built as a fort, a place of refuge for the surrounding white people in case of an alarm from Indians. The walls are of



LE ROY WEBSTER.

stone, and at the foundations are five or six feet thick. This has been enlarged upon, and is an interesting old residence, probably one of the oldest in the county. In this house there lived, more than a hundred years ago, a beautiful woman of national fame, by name Elizabeth Martin. She was reputed to be one of the handsomest ladies in the state, and had no end of suitors, but being difficult to please, became the subject of the old song running thus:

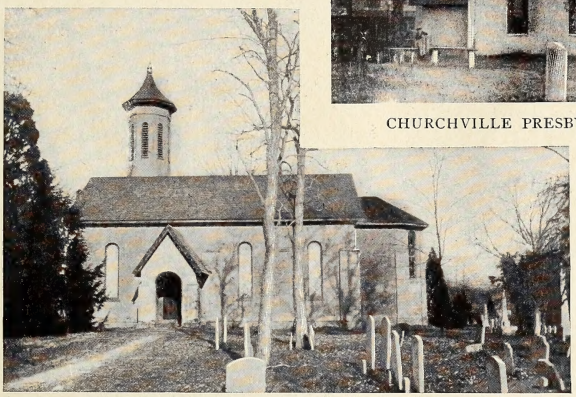
"High Betty Martin, tiptoe fine,
Couldn't get a husband to suit her mind."

She succeeded, however, in satisfying herself, and became successively the wife of two men, and the ancestress of many of the best people of Maryland. Numerous persons in that pedigree-loving region point to her with pride as in their ancestral line, and her slippers and other articles of apparel or ornament are treasured; the fireplaces are pointed out at which she warmed her lovely feet, and her memory is preserved as that of one who was quite the goddess of beauty of the county. Men and women who have done important things there are forgotten, but Betty Martin is a name to conjure with, and the citizens are as gallantly loyal to her fame as the people of Paphos were to their Aphrodite, who was probably originally a beautiful woman born in their town. So a fair lady may, in spite of homilies on the evanescence of good looks, have a more enduring renown than men mighty in war. At any rate, Betty Martin lives in the hearts of many Harford folk, and young girls hear of the glory of her beauty with quickened pulse, and long to find in themselves some inherited trace of the Harford queen who has vanished.

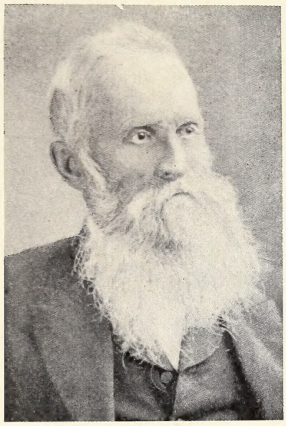
Several natives of Harford have gone thence into larger communities and made fortunes, and then returned to enjoy their riches among familiar surroundings. To the north of Havre de Grace, in the vicinity of the village of Darlington, lived until his death, a few months ago, Hugh Jewett, one of the best-known sons of the county. He was at one time president of a great railroad, and was once prominently mentioned as a candidate for the presidency of the nation. He was born on the estate where he recently lived, but was for many years out in the larger world, in which he made much money; and when the farm on which he had been reared was put up for sale, he purchased it, refitted and rebuilt handsomely, and spent a great part of his time in later life among the



CHURCHVILLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



SPES UTIE CHURCH.



DAVID HARLAN.

scenes of his youth. Mr. Jewett was descended from a New England physician, who in 1772 left his home in Sharon, Connecticut, to journey to Maryland and there marry Anne Webster, daughter of Isaac Webster, one of the largest planters and iron manufacturers of that colony. This Dr. Jewett was descended from Captain Caleb Jewett of Connecticut and from Governor William Bradford of Plymouth Colony. Not far away from the home of Hugh Jewett lives another rich man, D. C. Wharton-Smith, who went forth from Harford to Philadelphia to make his money, and returned to spend and enjoy it. He has erected near Darlington a fine castle-like residence, possibly the handsomest in the county.

In the period of the Revolution Harford did not produce any men who made much name for themselves, with the exception of William Paca, who signed the Declaration of Independence; but it sent forth to join the gallant Maryland line that did such splendid service many of its best and bravest youths. In the War of 1812, as we have already noted, Rodgers and Webster did brave fighting against the British. In the Civil War the younger Rodgers was the most distinguished son of the county. After him, possibly, Colonel Edwin Webster did the best service for the Union, part of the time in the field and part in Congress. General Archer of the Confederate Army, who commanded Archer's brigade at Gettysburg, was also a native of Harford.

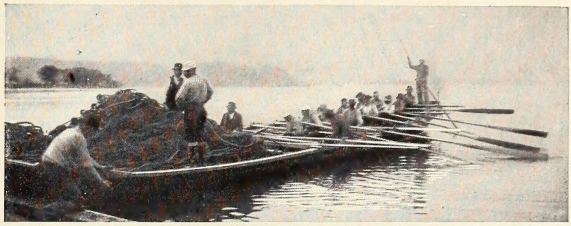
This county contains a great many old homes that still bear the colonial names, as "My Lady's Manor," "The Lodge," and similar titles. Many of the houses are picturesque in their reminiscences of age and of an earlier period. Manners are yet of a stately kind, and the family lines are as distinct and sharp as ever. Blood is everything, and "gentlemen" are discriminated from others as of old. There is a pathos about the decay of the old families that have been accustomed in the past and for many generations to certain luxuries and an abundant fashion of living, and who now in altered circumstances endeavor to maintain something of the dignity of the old order, when little is left except social standing. But in spite of changed conditions, the great-hearted hospitality remains unimpaired, and in this respect the South yet surpasses the world. The old families still reign socially. Many of them live as they have lived for generations, acknowledging the equality of no newcomers and caring little for



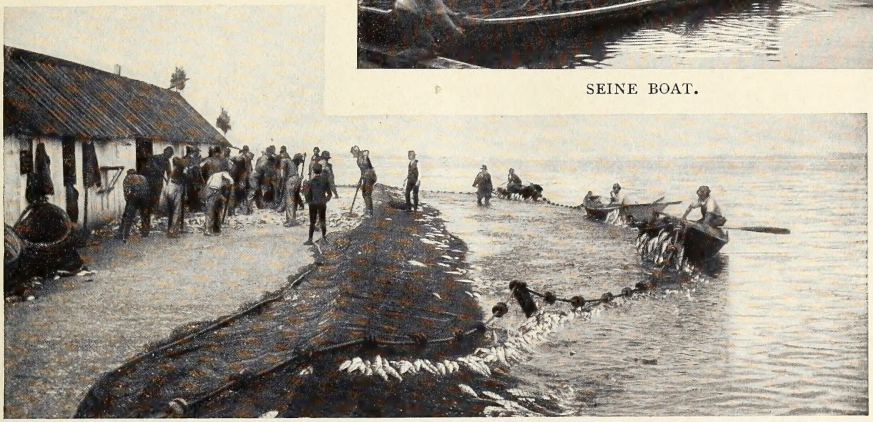
DR. JOHN M. FINNEY.

the prestige of newly acquired riches. They prefer the old houses because they are old and because there are traditions clinging to them. Old family pictures hang on the walls; old heirlooms are the most prized of treasures, and the old family graveyards are maintained with pride and care. Some of the ex-slaves are very interesting, and many of them find homes on the places where they were born. The old mammies and aunties are affectionately cared for, and buried with tears, and their memories treasured.

Certain social rights belong to the county families when they pass to Baltimore or to other parts of the state. To belong to an old family in any part of Maryland is a card of introduction into the innermost circles of Baltimore society.



SEINE BOAT.



SHAD AND HERRING FISHING AT HAVRE DE GRACE.

In northern states the local prestige of one's family will not necessarily give any recognition in the cities of one's state. But just as in England the great country families are recognized when they go up to London, so the English idea continues in Maryland.

Many of the farms are in most perfect condition. These people are fond of agriculture, and proud of it; and with the social, hospitable manners common among them, they make the country life vastly more attractive and delightful than is common in the northern parts of our land. Social life there is not confined to nor centred in the towns and villages; it is eminently a rural civilization. But it suits the people, and they love it, and are proud of the manners and traditions of their ancestors.

The county idea is the dominant one there. They do not live in this or that village or town, or district, but in "Harford County," and so speak, and many so sign themselves in a hotel register. One philosopher there says he loves his county first, then the state of Maryland, and if there is anything left he gives that to the rest of the country and to mankind.

Harford contains flint mines, whose products are hauled to the railroads and shipped for the purpose of glazing pottery. It has slate quarries and syenite quarries and chrome mines and produces some fine mica which is used for medical purposes. Fish, crabs and ducks abound in the waters. In the olden time deer were very plentiful, and there are stories of their being driven along the valleys past the homes, for the ladies to enjoy the



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

sight from the porches of their houses. In those days the head of the house was accustomed in the hunting season to hang in his cellar twenty or thirty deer for use during the winter.



HOME OF JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

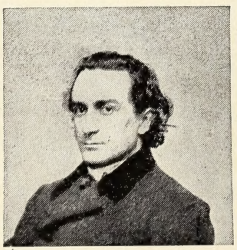
Streams of wagons still pour down from all the surrounding country to the river, in the shad and herring season, for vast loads of these fish to be salted and smoked for summer use. The brooks formerly abounded in trout, but the use of fertilizers and the cutting away of the bushes from their banks have destroyed the spawn until there are few of these fish now to be found.

Among the sports of the people fox hunting yet holds its own; while quail, rail and duck hunting are almost universal. Fine breeds of dogs for all these purposes are generally kept; pointers, setters and hounds abound, while along the waters splendid specimens of the breed known as the "Chesapeake dog" are to be found. Good breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and chickens are common. The people take pride in their stock and believe in good "stirps," whether of men or of beasts.

The general modern spirit of good roads has invaded Harford, and the roads that are said to have been almost fathomless in bad weather twenty years ago have been much improved. One of their well-to-do citizens, who died a short time ago, left $75,000 toward this public benefit, to be duplicated by a like amount by the people, to be spent on certain specified main highways.

The old-time life of the people was of a very jovial kind. Drinking was almost universal, and indeed there is a tradition of a Planters' Birthday Club that made a practice of celebrating the birthday of each member, and that grew so large that it broke up by its own weight, as its members found that they were occupied chiefly in celebrating each other's birthdays. But a more temperate spirit is now general; and while the universal practice used to be to invite the visitor to the sideboard, there are but few now who continue to do this.

But a little way from the southwestern corner of Harford, over in Balti-



EDWIN BOOTH.



CRABBING ON BUSH RIVER.

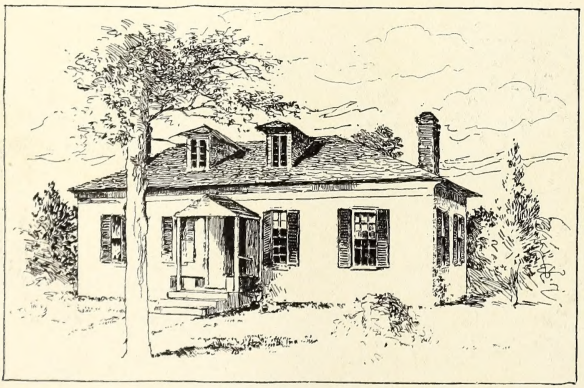
more County, there once stood at the head of the Gunpowder a town, by name Joppa, that was for many years the chief port of Maryland. Ships from all over the world came into its harbor, and it promised to be one of the leading towns of our country. But Baltimore began to loom up, and for many obscure reasons never satisfactorily explained, Joppa lost ground, until now there is but a single house on its site. Thus Harford has twice come within sight of greatness,—almost obtaining the honor of having the national capital on its eastern border, and almost having the metropolis of the state and one of the chief cities of the country on its western border. Both these opportunities have passed it by; but it remains a pleasant and bountiful land, bordered by pleasant waters. Its hills and valleys, its fertile fields and bright streams, its generous, whole hearted



COOKING CRABS.



and hospitable people, its broad river, all at the head waters of the great Chesapeake, make it a good part of the world to visit, and indeed to abide within. Here the old and the new meet together, but the full tide of the modern spirit has not yet transformed the inherited customs and ideas, or swept away many relics of things deemed quaint and unfashionable, according to our modern notions. And it may be that, after a while, men tired of the strain of our over-ambitious civilization, will turn aside to such corners of the land to learn how to live a more simple life, and once again to find peace and content away from the rush and roar. Peace be to this spot and its people! Long may the breezes of their bay and river and the fragrance of their hills and valleys bring them happiness!



PRIESTS' HOUSE.

RALPH DARROW'S TRYST.

By Maud Howe.



HREE men and a young girl were sitting together before a fire, waiting to sing out the old and sing in the new year. It was only half past ten o'clock. No one had spoken for five minutes. The eldest of the group, a florid man of seven or eight and twenty, rose and went to the piano. First he played an argumentative fugue of Bach's, then he swept the hearers away on the measures of a waltz of Chopin's, and last he raised a rich tenor voice and sang song after song, ending with Beethoven's "Adelaide." The three by the fire applauded rapturously.

"He is in great voice to-night," said the girl. Though her features and color were more delicate than the singer's, the resemblance between the two showed them to be brother and sister.

"He ought to have been a musician," said the youngest man, a youth not long past twenty.

"That shows, Basil, how little you understand Ralph. Music is his recreation; if he has made a mistake, it is in giving up his inventions. Two of his patents are in use to-day on every railroad in the country."

The speaker was a tall, keen faced man of about five and twenty. In dress and in manner he was more conventional than any of the others.

"Ralph, come help me keep the peace. Here are Basil and Philip on the verge of a discussion. You all promised there should be no disputes on the last night of this dear old year," said the girl.

"We said quarrels, Mildred; you will not object to a mild debate? See, we have still an hour of the old year left. What subject is under discussion?"

As he spoke Ralph left the piano and joined the group by the fire.

"You."

"Well, what about me?"

"Whether you made a mistake in becoming an architect instead of a musician or an inventor."

"They think I have made a mistake, do they? Look about you, friends; is this a good room?"

"It is the best room in the world!" cried Basil. "It is the only place in this accursed city where the truth is spoken or understood."

"For pure comfort I have never seen a room that could compare with it," Philip admitted.

"How happy we have all been here!" sighed Mildred. Basil and Philip looked first at her and then at each other.

"You think this is my first attempt, do you? I tell you I have been an architect since the day I built my first house of blocks, in my nursery. I was keeping my great news till midnight. It will keep no longer. My plans for the new capitol have been unanimously accepted by the competition committee; not a contrary vote."

There was a moment of astonished silence. The announcement seemed incredible.

A burst of enthusiasm followed. Ralph caught his sister in his arms, while Philip and Basil waltzed together round the great room, which resounded with their joyous cries and laughter. The first intoxication of surprise over, the group formed again before the noble fireplace where the yule log burned merrily.

"It's even more than it looks at first blush," said Ralph. "My sketches include plans for the new mint and

law courts. The whole future of the city is in my hands. The capitol is the keystone; my scheme for the avenue and buildings which approach it must be carried out, or the whole thing will be a failure. One of the committee said to me confidentially that I might be sure of being employed by the city for the next twenty years, if I live."

"If you live!" cried Basil. "I may die; Philip may die; I cannot imagine you dead. You are more alive than anything else in the world."

"Large phrases, Basil. If I live, you shall decorate the capitol, which will make you famous; Philip shall put in his new system for lighting and heating, which will make his reputation. I have always felt that I was in some strange way responsible for you two. The committee's decision is the foundation of three fortunes instead of one."

"Four fortunes!" corrected Mildred.

"My fortune is yours until some other man takes you from me," said Ralph, stroking her thin hand.

"If Philip's and Basil's and my fortunes are bound up in yours, big brother, you must take extra care of yourself," murmured Mildred.

"Yes," said Philip, laughing; "you ought to insure your life for our benefit, if you feel like dying."

"I never felt less like dying in my life," said Ralph. "Like Basil, I cannot imagine myself dead.—What is this thing that I call my soul?" Ralph continued after a long pause. "I can hardly grasp the idea of pure spirit: a soul has substance to me, as it had to those old preraphaelite chaps who painted it as a little white bubble passing from the lips of the dying."

"It has color to me," said Mildred. "Mine is white like a snowstorm; Philip's is gray like mist; Ralph's is red like that flame."

"And mine?" asked Basil.

"I cannot tell; I do not see it," said Mildred.

"If I should die, if the little white bubble should pass my lips before our great *coup* is made, I promise you all that I will linger long enough about this dear old earth to give you each a lift with your work. We four have been too much to each other to forget one another, even in another life. What are three or four score years out of eternity, after all?" said Ralph.

"What indeed?" echoed Basil. "We often wonder why we forget the dead so quickly. Is it not because they forget us? If we become so engrossed in life, which is already an old story to us, that we give less and less time to remembering them, why should we expect them, among all the splendid surprises that await them, to remember us?"

"Enough of this morbid talk," said Philip. "See! the clock is on the stroke of midnight. The song!"

"Fill your glasses!" cried Ralph. "Now, before the song, an oath, that twenty years from this day and hour we four will meet in this room and tell each other the story of our lives; they will be past the meridian then."

"I will keep the tryst, brother," said Mildred, always quickest to respond to his thought.

"I take my oath to meet you here, cost what it may," said Basil.

"I promise to come if I am alive," said Philip.

"Hear me swear,—no power, not death itself, shall keep me from meeting you three in this place, twenty years from this day and hour," said Ralph. He drained his glass, and shivered it upon the hearthstone.

So the oath was sworn, the cup of kindness drunk, and the song sung, as the last stroke of twelve died away.

After the others had gone, Ralph Darrow paced up and down the great living-room, which he had built when a more timid man would have built a modest house. It was a noble room, thirty feet high, with windows which showed nothing but the sky. One corner was partitioned off for Mildred's sleeping closet; in another stood Ralph's drafting table; a third held

the dining table, where, if the fare was humble, the hospitality was royal; the last angle contained a piano, bookshelves and a low divan, where he slept. Over the mighty hearthstone Ralph had painted the motto of his room, "The world forgotten, by the world forgot." Here he had fought out his great battle, here he and his friends had passed the best hours of their lives, since the day, five years before, when they first met, by chance, in a city where all were strangers. His mind was busy with past and future. Life stretched behind and before him like a pathway. Memory showed him his own footprints straight and even as an Indian trail leading to that day's triumph; hope pointed to a future of increasing success. His thoughts ran back and forth with tremendous rapidity. At one moment he reviewed the building of his room; in the next he was finishing his house on the same generous scale,—a suite for Mildred, a studio for Basil, a laboratory for Philip. He himself would keep to his one room; the others should have all the space they desired.

As the night grew cooler his mood became graver. The problems yet to be solved in his great work were grappled with, one by one. Two o'clock found him still busy making notes. The strokes from the bell of a neighboring steeple warned him that it was growing late, and he had an early engagement the next morning. Sleep was as far from him as ever; his body ached with weariness, while his brain worked with an almost agonizing activity. He must sleep, or the morrow would find him unfit for its duties. A thought struck him. Mildred's sleeping mixture always stood beside her bed; for years she had been a martyr to insomnia. "Poor little girl," he said, "I suppose she has to fight this uncanny wakefulness every night." He listened at her door, and heard her slow, regular breathing. Gently turning the handle, he entered noiselessly, found the phial in its accustomed place, and paused a moment to look at Mildred's face as the firelight from the outer room shone upon it.

"What a marble sleep!" he said to himself, and left the room as softly as he had entered it. He had often seen Mildred pour out her dose, one teaspoonful in a wineglass of water. "If it takes a teaspoonful to put that little girl to sleep, it will take twice as much for me," was his thought as he poured out the drug, measuring a generous tablespoonful. He set the glass on a table by the fire, drew his armchair nearer the blaze, lighted a cigar, drank off the draught, and took up the last poet's latest volume of verse. "If the combined effects of these three soporifics do not put me to sleep," he said, "I will give it up, and go to work."

The fire ate out the heart of the great yule log, which broke into two pieces, the ends falling together with a noise that caused Mildred to turn in her sleep. The flame in the lamp burned pale, flickered, and went out. The lofty room was in darkness, save for the glow of the embers on the hearth; but the man in the armchair did not move. The last sparks of fire faded into soft gray ashes; the cold dawn looked in through the windows; the first sunbeam sent its golden lance of light across the room,—and still he did not move.

Soon after sunrise Mildred was astir. As she was dressing, she sang under her breath snatches from the new carol she had learnt for Christmas. Her simple toilet made, she came out, duster in hand, ready for the first task of the day.

"Why, Ralph, are you up already?" she cried. "I believe you have never been in bed at all! Why don't you speak to me, brother?"

She laid her hand on his shoulder and shook him playfully. The book he had been holding dropped from his nerveless hand; the half smoked cigar slipped through his fingers. The drug had done its work too well. Ralph had turned the last page of his earthly life.

Ralph Darrow's tragic death made a deep impression on the community. People discovered that Darrow had been a man of genius. Designs and notes for a new park system, a public library, an art museum and a school of design were found among his papers. It was resolved to carry out his plans for improving the city. An avenue was named for him; it was proposed to raise a monument to his memory. This Mildred opposed. "His work is his best monument," she said. Those who had known him agreed with her. His fame increased as one by one his noble buildings rose from the ground and it was seen how well he had discerned the needs of the growing city.

The only plans not carried out were those for his own house. The great room remained as he left it. In time Mildred built a modest addition, and here she lived by herself. The years brought her a rich harvest of good works. She was the friend of all young artists and musicians. It was gradually recognized that she was a power for good in the community. Her soft voice and gracious manner covered a dauntless courage and an iron will; her work was so quietly done that others oftenest received the credit for it. Her efforts were all for education. "When I am old, I will visit the hospitals and the home for aged men," she said; "my youth belongs to youth."

Her beauty softened and mellowed with the passing years; her friends thought her lovelier in middle age than she had been in youth. A rumor that she was about to marry aroused a general apprehension; it was felt that, like one of the Roman vestals, she was vowed to the service of the city.

The day of Ralph Darrow's tryst found his sister living where he had left her. During the morning and the afternoon her friends came and went, for she kept open house during the holidays. That New Year's eve she dined alone. After dinner she gave a strange order to her servant:

"I am not at home to any of my friends to-night. I am expecting two strangers, who may be late. Admit them without question. When the clock has struck twelve, if no one has come, you may lock the door."

She had gone about all day with heightened color. The evening found her almost as pale as the white dress she wore; though it was of an antiquated model and had been folded away in lavender for a score of years, it fitted her slender shape as well as on the day when she first put it on. At nine o'clock the yule log was lighted, and Mildred sat down before the fire to wait. For whom? She did not know.

A sketch of Ralph by Basil hung over the mantel. Her eyes were fixed on the spirited face; her thoughts went back to the last evening of her brother's life, twenty years before. The hour she had so eagerly anticipated came unheeded; she was living in an hour long passed. Ten o'clock struck; she did not heed the strokes. She did not hear a step on the stair; she was unaware of the presence of a man who entered the room until his voice aroused her.

"Mildred, have you no word of welcome for me?"

"Philip!"

They looked long and silently at each other, as if eager to find the face each remembered.

"You are faithful to Ralph's tryst," said Mildred, her gentle eyes filling with tears.

"You never doubted me?"

"No. I knew you would come if you were alive."

"You did not even know whether I was alive or dead!"

"I have heard nothing of you in all these years."

"Nor I of you, Mildred. They must have been good years to you. How young you are, not a gray hair! Look at me. Should you have known me?"

"I might have passed you in the street and not recognized your face.

Your voice is the same; I should have known that anywhere."

"Tell me—there is so much to tell—where shall we begin?"

"Let us wait and see if Basil comes before we begin."

"Where is Basil? Not finding him with you, I feared—I hardly dared speak of him."

"I have neither seen nor heard of Basil since the day you both left me."

"Mildred, what are you saying? I went away because I was not strong enough to bear seeing you and Basil happy together. I knew you loved each other."

"I think you were mistaken," said Mildred, softly.

Philip, seated in Ralph's armchair, hid his face in his hands and groaned.

The clock struck eleven. A carriage stopped before the door; and a moment later Basil entered the room. The others were startled to find his eager face and his light figure so much as they remembered them, save for a deepening of the lines across the brow and about the mouth and a broadening of the chest.

"So you are both alive, thank God!" he said, taking a hand of each. "Philip, you will allow me to kiss my old friend's hand, after so many years of absence?"

Mildred drew back. "Basil, it is not as you think," she said.

He looked wonderingly from one to the other. "Do you mean that you are not man and wife?" he asked.

"I am no man's wife, dear friend; I am the old Mildred you remember. Come, draw closer to the fire. You are shivering with cold."

Basil and Philip stared blankly at each other. Mildred moved restlessly to the piano, and played a short prelude that had been a favorite with Ralph. When she rejoined the two men by the fire, each saw, with a jealous pang, that there were tears in her eyes.

"You remember, Basil, that according to the conditions of Ralph's tryst we all agreed to tell the stories of our lives? We have waited for you. Mine is a tale that is quickly told; will you hear it first?" said Mildred.

"Surely," said Philip. He passed his hand across his forehead, as if to wipe out the lines time had drawn there. Basil said nothing; his consuming eyes were fixed on Mildred's face.

"When you were all gone, Ralph, Philip and Basil, and I was left alone, there was nothing for me to do but to carry out the work you had begun. You remember Ralph's idea for a public library, Philip's scheme for a school of design, Basil's longing for a museum of fine arts?"

"I remember," said Basil. Philip was silent.

"Those dreams of ours are now realities, and I have helped a little to make them so. The first seven years I worked for Ralph's library; my next seven years are built into the foundations of Basil's museum; Philip's school of design, last but not least of the three, has been in existence for a year past."

"You have done great things, Mildred. My life shows poor beside yours," said Philip.

As he spoke, he sighed. Basil's eyes had lost their fierce hunger; they were full of tender comprehension now. "Who could have believed the little sister would do such large things?" he said.

"I have done no more than the gardener who tends the seeds his predecessor has planted. The time was ripe for these things. I was often discouraged and tempted to turn aside, but something stronger than myself compelled me to go on. Whenever a cause seemed lost, some champion rose up, as if divinely sent, to turn defeat to victory."

"Ralph himself could hardly have done more," said Philip.

"As I drove through the city, I thought I passed Ralph's buildings, which we three saw planned in this very room; but they looked so misty in the moonlight that I fancied my imagination had played me a trick," said Basil.

"The old Basil!" cried Philip. "Never quite sure what is fact and what is fancy. Tell us your story next. What have the years brought to you?"

"I am the least of all," said Basil; "let me speak last."

Philip threw a handful of pine cones upon the fire. The blaze sprang up and showed his earnest, alert face, his thick iron gray hair. "According to the world's standard, mine has been a successful life," he began. "I went to London with Ralph's legacy, his half completed invention. He and I had often talked it over together; I believe I am the only man in the world who could have finished it. It was uphill work at first. I held in my hand one of the greatest inventions of our civilization. I lived in an attic, and cooked my bit of meat over a shovelful of coals when I could afford it; when there was no fire, I lived on bread and soup from a diet kitchen. I was rated as one of the deserving poor of London. For two mortal years I worked over that model. It was a great time, the best in my life, now that I look back on it. I shall never forget the night the last obstacle was overcome. It was New Year's eve, the second after Ralph's death. I had eaten a fine charity dinner and had fallen asleep over my work. The solution came to me in a dream. I sprang up and ran out into the street crying, 'Eureka, Eureka!' My whole capital was thirty shillings and some odd pence. I spent half of it in treating the other lodgers on my floor. By noon the next day the model was complete and in working order; a week later I had found my capitalist. The next three years were spent in educating the public up to the new idea. Suddenly that slow old British public woke up to the fact that it was neglecting one of the great inventions of the age. From that moment success was assured. A company was formed, of which I am now president, and to-day, as you both must know, poor Ralph's invention is used in every town in the civilized world."

"I am glad you gave it his name, Philip. I have been on the point of writing to thank you for that a hundred times, but I did not know in what part of the world you lived," said Mildred.

"During my greatest poverty," continued Philip, "I discovered that while I was out of my room some one was in the habit of surreptitiously adding a few coals to my low stock, a pinch of tea to my empty canister. I set a watch and caught my benefactress in the act. She was a little seamstress, who lived below me. I had often seen her on the stairs, and perhaps stared at her more than was seemly, because she made me think of you, Mildred. The day I received my first twenty pounds I married her. She has been a good wife to me. We have four sons and one daughter, who looks like her mother, and not unlike you. I have given her your name."

There was a long pause before Basil spoke. "If you have known nothing of me, Mildred, you know something of my work." He pointed to a painting on the wall.

"A friend bought that picture in Paris some years ago. Last summer he died and left it to me," said Mildred.

"He bought it because the woman is like you," said Basil.

"So he said."

"Year by year I have painted your dear face as I have seen it in my dreams. Look at the picture, Philip; is it not like Mildred?"

He held a lamp before the painting of a mother and child. The pictured face, glowing with the light of motherhood, had something that the living face lacked.

"It looks as Mildred might have looked; but it is not Mildred," said Philip.

Mildred sighed and folded her empty arms over her breast. Something in the unconscious gesture moved both men. Basil set the lamp

down so that its rays no longer fell on his Madonna. Philip echoed Mildred's sigh. Basil continued:

"That face, your face, is familiar in every capital in Europe. My life has been the most uneventful one you can imagine. I have never travelled nor seen the world, but my pictures have gone to the four quarters of the globe. Italy received me with her perfect hospitality, and I have stayed on, a not ungrateful guest, hardly noticing the passage of the years, until a few months ago I realized that the time of Ralph's tryst was almost come. Do you remember, Philip, his saying that even if he died he would give us each a lift with our work?"

"It comes back to me, now that you speak of it," said Philip. "Dear Ralph,—I believe he would have done so if he could."

"I believe he has," said Basil.

Mildred's hand stole out from its white drapery and touched his brown nervous fingers for an instant. "I know he has," she whispered.

"I do not understand; please explain what you mean," said Philip. He spoke a little harshly.

"Don't you remember that I always felt Ralph's presence, that it was impossible for him to come near where I was without my knowing it, even if I neither saw nor heard him?" asked Basil.

"I remember," said Mildred, "and how Philip used to try and cheat you by mimicking Ralph's footsteps."

"In moments of doubt and difficulty I have more than once been aware of Ralph's presence beside me. This sensation is followed by a sudden illumination of that which was obscure, as if a message had been conveyed, by a finer medium than words, from his intelligence to mine."

"A dangerous illusion, Basil, and one that is easily explained. Ralph was, as we all now recognize, a man of consummate genius; he was by far the most remarkable man that either you or I have ever known, or are likely to know. We were all influenced by him, you more, perhaps, than either of us. His tragic death strengthened the impression he made when alive. You have dwelt on what he said, half in jest, the last evening of his life, and the idea has hypnotized you. You have, like many another victim of an hallucination, only yourself to thank."

Philip spoke with some heat. Mildred lifted a deprecating hand as she said: "Your dog hears and sees things which your senses are not fine enough to detect. You admit this? If a dog has powers which you have not, why should it seem so strange to you that another man should possess a faculty which you lack?"

"Science forbids!" cried Basil, ironically,—"science, which is forever eating its own words, and accepting to-day as fact what it rejected yesterday as fallacy."

Philip was about to reply when Mildred touched his arm gently. "We must agree to disagree. Let me be the peacemaker, as in the old time. See, it is nearly twelve o'clock."

Philip pressed her hand and kept it in his own, holding out his other hand to Basil. The yule log blazed merrily on the hearth, its flickering light falling now upon Ralph's portrait, now upon Basil's Madonna. As they sat silent a strange peace filled the hearts of the three friends. Flesh and sense sank out of sight. The woman, the man who had forgotten her, and the man who had remembered her were as those who dwell where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage. The master spirit of Ralph Darrow, whether a living presence or a living memory, still dominated theirs.

The hour passed, their souls were again clothed with flesh. They parted with few words. Basil lingered a moment, and Philip, as he left the room, heard him say:

"Mildred, let this be our last leave-taking! Forgive my blindness; forget these lonely years!"

A FORGOTTEN DANGER TO THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES.

By Frank Strong.



THIS danger consisted in the removals and attempted removals of New England people to other countries, between 1635 and 1660. The gravity of the danger to new communities not yet thoroughly rooted lay in the fact that these were organized movements in the main, whose results would be a more or less general depopulating of New England. The subject naturally falls under three heads: The early removals of New England people to the West Indies; the attempts by Cromwell to transport New England people to Ireland; and the attempts by Cromwell to transport New England people to Jamaica.

The causes of the early removals were both economic and religious, although the first was by far the more important. The religious element in the widely prevalent discontent did not in general lead to removals out of New England, but to changes of location in New England. The emigration to the Connecticut Valley from the towns about Boston, which was the earliest phase of the whole movement, illustrates in part this truth. The economic conditions leading to removals were poor soil, harsh climate, lack of capital, and the falling off of immigration. The most important proximate influence, however, was the falling off of immigration, which made such products as the settlers had to dispose of nearly worthless. From 1620 to 1640 the influx of settlers into New England was large and constant. This kept prices high and conduced to the general prosperity. When the contest between Charles I and Parliament took on definite form, the immigration to New England at once fell off, prices declined, and ruin stared the colonies in the face. This continued for about twenty years, and during this time all the most serious attempts were made to depopulate New England. The threatened exodus was alarming enough to induce the leaders there to attempt to suppress it; and the whole disturbance was much more profound than is generally supposed. The Massachusetts leaders especially were very jealous of any attempts to show destitution in New England, or that the soil was poor and conditions were hard. A curious example of this is found in the case of Pratt's Apology, written in 1635. Pratt was a physician of Newtown, or Cambridge, and wrote a letter to England saying that there was nothing in Massachusetts but rocks and sands and salt marshes. The Court of Assistants heard of the letter and forced Pratt to make a written apology to the Court.

But a much more important man than Pratt had engaged in the attempt to withdraw people from New England. Lord Say and Sele was making great efforts to get settlers to Old Providence Island off the Mosquito Coast, which had been granted to Pym, St. John, Lord Say and others. There was some very spirited correspondence between John Winthrop, then governor of Massachusetts, and his lordship, on

the subject of the attempt to break up the Massachusetts colony. In reply to a sharp letter by Winthrop, Lord Say made a caustic rejoinder, in which he shows that he considered New England merely a temporary refuge for the Puritans. This idea was more or less common in England,—for it was also held by Cromwell.

Lord Say's efforts led to considerable disturbance in New England. Winthrop is the authority for the fact that, about 1639, many began to inquire about southern points, and went so far as to sell their estates in order to transport themselves to Providence. Both Endicott and Winthrop were very much disturbed by the threatened movement led by John Humphrey, whom Winthrop calls a man of special parts. About 1639 the material condition of Massachusetts was so bad that Winthrop and others advocated sending an agent to England to raise funds, and they submitted their plan to Endicott at Salem. Endicott strongly opposed it, especially in view of the present movement toward the West Indies, because it would confirm Lord Say and others in their judgment that New England could not subsist of itself, and because even the persons thought of as agents by Winthrop had become infected with the desire to remove to the West Indies. Hubbard says that this movement existed as late as 1645–50, that many began to inquire about Virginia, the Caribbee Islands, and especially Providence, which was much sought after. In the mean time a church was founded at Providence, which begged for assistance from New England, and many were drawn there by this plea. Something of a colony went to Barbadoes about 1646 or 1647. Lucy Downing, sister of Winthrop, writing to John Winthrop, Jr., in 1648, discloses the fact that her two sons had already been to Barbadoes and intended to return. The general spirit of unrest seems to have affected John Winthrop, Jr., as well. When George Downing went abroad as religious instructor for seamen, there was some sort of arrangement between the two that Downing should look carefully into the different West India Islands as places to settle. From the correspondence it appears that Winthrop fully intended to remove thither. The rush to the Indies did not last long, though it affected Old as well as New England. That the matter was not more serious is due to the firm stand taken by Winthrop and other leaders in Massachusetts against Lord Say and Sele and all who attempted to misrepresent the condition of affairs in New England. Another thing that diverted the flow from the West Indies, although it did not help New England, was the fact that the momentous struggle in England was absorbing attention and those who removed went back to the mother country. This number must have been considerable, for the Massachusetts General Court in its petition to Parliament after the Navigation Act calls attention to the fact that Massachusetts had sent over men to fight for Parliament besides those who went voluntarily. Some of these Winthrop says (1643) were men of chief rank.

But the execution of the king brought a breathing spell and opened the way for the plans and ambitions of Cromwell. Cromwell was in a general way friendly to New England. Yet, so far as the continuity of the state already established there was concerned, New England had much to fear from him. His interest in New England was in a great measure conditioned by his policies for England, and New England was suspicious of the Protector and careful to hold itself independent; so that while he was proclaimed by Stone in Maryland, he never was proclaimed in New England. Cromwell's attitude toward colonies in general did not depart from the traditional colonial policy of the time; and no act of his official life

indicates that his colonial policy, if he had lived to carry one out, would have been enlightened or liberal.

From the time he was sent to conquer Ireland, Cromwell never relinquished the idea of transplanting New England people to the Old World, or to some other place in the New, where they would minister to his ends. If he had succeeded, the state then well started would have been either annihilated and the development of this part of North America greatly delayed, or the whole character of the government, the whole moral, intellectual and religious aspect of New England, would have been changed. Cromwell early had a plan of his own for the settlement of the Irish question. It included, first, the depopulating of Ireland by transporting men, women and children to the Continent, New England, Virginia and the West Indies; second, the refilling of the island with a thrifty, industrious and stable population, which should at the same time revive trade and industry and be satisfactory in a religious way to the Puritanism of the time. The reason why Cromwell turned to New England people is plain. They were Puritans of approved metal; they had been schooled in adversity, and had demonstrated their ability to overcome great difficulties in the settlement and development of a country. Late in 1649 or early in 1650 he began systematic efforts to get New England people into Ireland. He wrote to New England for settlers and especially for missionaries. To whom he addressed himself can only be conjectured. There is no trace of correspondence at this time between Cromwell and any one of Massachusetts except John Cotton, to whom Cromwell wrote early in October, in answer to a letter of July, 1651. Samuel Desborough, however, who was close to Cromwell, kept in communication with Cotton. But Cromwell and Cotton were brought into communication by William Hooke of New Haven, with whom Cromwell was frequently corresponding just at this time. Hooke in turn was intimately known to Desborough; and New Haven was the colony with which Cromwell was most closely connected. Probably, therefore, the matter was managed by Hooke and Desborough through Cotton of Boston and William Cobbet of Lynn. However that may be, six men of Massachusetts, four of them ministers, made answer to Cromwell, December 31, 1650. They were Peter Bulkeley of Concord, Thomas Cobbet and Samuel Whiting of Lynn, John Knowles of Watertown, Daniel Dennison of Boston, and John Tuttle of Ipswich. Their answer shows that Cromwell had made very definite offers, and to others besides the six here represented. It shows further that Cromwell contemplated a more or less organized movement, of which he expected these prominent men to be the leaders.

The conditions which these men attached to their answer, for Cromwell's consideration, are especially significant. They show that they contemplated as possible a general movement, with themselves at the head: they show formulated plans, a pretty thorough canvass of the conditions to be met and the class of people to be affected. It is fair to assume that men of their prominence did not write a letter of this kind without discussion among themselves and others, without unanimity of feeling and design and a full understanding of what they were undertaking. It seems certain that the combined efforts of this company of men to organize an emigration to Ireland covered nearly a year. Why did they then suddenly cease their efforts, and why did the movement come to an abrupt termination? The main reason lies in the determined opposition to all such movements on the part of the authorities of Massachusetts. The anxiety and

alarm produced by this organized effort were great enough to bring the Massachusetts General Court to an unwontedly bold and open stand against Cromwell. Near the close of October, 1651 (October 21), the Court addressed a letter to Lord General Cromwell to the end that no private information might occasion him to prejudice the colony by inviting over many of the inhabitants to be transported to Ireland. The reasons given for this request do not concern us especially, except the last, which discloses the fact that "the great noise and general report of so many invited and intending to transport themselves to Ireland" had already occasioned discouragement to the colony. The letter shows considerable intensity of feeling, as if the necessity of warding off an impending calamity was very great. It seems fair to conclude that the disturbance over Ireland was very considerable, and that the plans of Cromwell through these ministers and others brought out the letter of the Court in reply.

The letter of the General Court seems to have had the desired effect, and there are no further traces of attempts by Cromwell on Massachusetts. But although any general movement had been summarily checked, there were individual removals, probably comparatively numerous. Two of the six who answered Cromwell's letter left New England; one of them, John Tuttle, settled in Carrickfergus; the other, John Knowles, went to England and probably to Ireland.

Cromwell now turned his attention towards New Haven, where the general despondency seemed to offer a good opportunity. These efforts did not cease until October, 1654. William Hooke, Samuel Desborough and William Leete were Cromwell's agents in the matter. Very probably the movement began while Desborough was still a resident of Guilford in 1650. After Desborough left for England, he induced Leete to write to Cromwell, some time before March, 1653–54, in behalf of New England, entreating him to relieve their afflicted and straitened condition. Cromwell made a favorable answer, which was enforced by a letter from Desborough, March 5, 1654. Leete took the matter up and spread the Protector's offer through the colony. Some more or less definite arrangements were made for removal, and the city of Galway was chosen as a place for settlement. The form which this arrangement took and why no general migration resulted cannot be ascertained because of the loss of the New Haven Records, 1649–53.

Most of the removals and attempts at removal referred to took place before Parliament entered upon systematic attempts to settle the Irish question by filling the middle and east of Ireland through Protestant immigration from Bohemia, the Low Countries, Germany and New England. After the Act of September, 1653, the commissioners for Ireland tried to make use of Thomas Harrison to reorganize the New England movement. They expected large results, because Harrison had lived in Virginia and New England and was now in Ireland. Although he accomplished nothing, some new movement was on foot by 1655; for proposals were received in that year for the planting of Sligo and thereabouts by New England families. Lands on the "mile line" and Oyster and Coney islands were leased for one year from April 10, 1655, for such families as should come from New England. In 1656 several families went from New England to Limerick, while in May and July still others settled as tenants on land belonging to the state near Garristown, county of Dublin. The places in Ireland that New England people settled or negotiated for were Sligo, lands on the "mile line," Oyster and Coney islands in Sligo Bay, Limerick, Garristown, Galway, Carrickfergus and Dublin.

But the most determined and systematic effort to deport New England people was made by Cromwell in connection with his West Indian expedition of 1654 and 1655. After the capture of Jamaica, the Protector was confronted with the problem as to what to do with the island. He attempted to colonize it, first, by transporting criminals, political offenders, paupers and abandoned women from England; second, by a more or less general removal of New England people to Jamaica. He did not trust to letters this time, but sent a special messenger. He could not have chosen more wisely. Daniel Gookin, whom Cromwell sent on this mission, was no stranger to America. In 1621, when a boy of only nine years, he went to Virginia. In 1644 he removed to Boston and then to Cambridge, from which place he was representative in the General Court. It was while on a visit to England that he was chosen for this mission. Many circumstances favored Cromwell. The colonies in general were in a very depressed condition, the winter of 1654–55 had been a very severe one, and an epidemic sickness had prevailed in the succeeding summer, which had been unusually fatal. In addition, great interest was taken by New England in this expedition and in the West Indies in general. Cromwell by this time had given up his plans about Ireland and had hinted to Leete, Higginson and Roger Williams his plans as to Jamaica. Therefore the knowledge of the matter was generally abroad when Gookin arrived at Boston, December 30, 1655. By the terms of his commission, he was to acquaint the New England governors with the fact of the capture of Jamaica and was to describe the situation of the island and the value of its resources. The religious inducement, however, was the most prominent inducement held out. One chief end which Cromwell had in view was to settle the island with people "who knew and feared the Lord"; another was that New England people, who, he said, had been "driven out of the land of their nativity into that desert and barren wilderness for conscience's sake," might remove to a land of plenty. This gave a rosy color to Jamaica affairs not warranted by the facts.

Gookin went to work immediately on his arrival. But some one had been before him and had given an unfavorable account of conditions in Jamaica. This unfavorable news had come through Robert Sedgwick, then practically governor of Jamaica, who corresponded with John Winthrop, Jr. Therefore all the encouragement that Gookin could give to Cromwell was that some of the principal men of Massachusetts seemed well disposed toward the project. The Protector had kept in particularly close touch with the New Haven colony through Desborough, Leete and Higginson of Guilford, and Hooke of New Haven, and felt especially sure of getting the New Haven people to Jamaica. In fact, New Haven is the only place specially mentioned in Gookin's instructions. To no other colony are the propositions in the instructions so pointedly addressed. These propositions are of great interest. From them it is plain that Cromwell contemplated the removal of whole colonies to Jamaica. The colonies were to be incorporated under the great seal with the privileges and immunities of any corporate city or town of England. The Navigation Act was to be enforced against them in all respects after three years. Cromwell reserved the right to appoint the governor, commander-in-chief and assistants. He promised liberty and protection for the churches, and transportation for the settlers, with their servants and goods. The land tenure was to be free and common socage; twenty acres of land were promised to each male twelve years old and upward, and ten acres to all others. The whole plan was comprehensive and well

thought out; but here, on the whole, were no inducements to men who believed in a strict theocracy, had free land and had already contracted the habit of electing their own governors.

In January, 1656, Gookin presented his instructions to the governor of Massachusetts Bay and some other prominent men, who promised their best counsel and encouragement. He found two obstacles in the way to success. One was the reports of the unhealthfulness of the place; the other was the fear of continual invasions by the Spaniards. He found it impossible to reach the other colonies because of the impassability of the roads. So he labored in Massachusetts until spring, as his letters to Thurloe show, and got the governor to call a meeting of the Council in February. The Council showed little interest, and delayed its meeting until March. It then authorized him to print and publish in all the English colonies a declaration of the Protector's offer; and he organized his efforts by hiring several persons in different places to take subscriptions. In mid-April he made the journey from Boston overland to Connecticut and New Haven, about one hundred and fifty miles, he tells us, for the most part through the woods. He seems to have depended especially upon Theophilus Eaton of New Haven, for no special mention is made of Connecticut. He found that while the New Haven people did not object to the West Indies in general, they did to Jamaica on account of the great sickness there. As it was, he got only a few families to subscribe. One great hindrance in New Haven Gookin found to be that in his instructions he was not empowered to make provision or offer special encouragement for ministers and men of prominence. His letters show that New Haven was in a very depressed condition, being unable to support a minister if they removed. He asked for a provision for ministers and an annual allowance for a term of years for each person removing. There is no record of action of any kind by the General Courts of Plymouth and Connecticut, nor does he seem to have visited Rhode Island at all.

There was considerable stir in New Haven. A session of the General Court was held in May, 1656, and the whole matter submitted to the various towns. An agent was also sent to Jamaica to find out the real condition of the island. The New Haven town meeting was distinctly favorable to removal; but the General Court after a somewhat stormy session decided against removal. The decision of the Massachusetts General Court was also adverse, and, being fearful of offending Cromwell, they did not trust their explanations to Gookin, but dealt directly with Cromwell through John Leverett, their agent in London. Leverett presented their letter declining Gookin's offers and the Protector's resentment is very noticeable. He told Leverett that the people of New England had as clear a call to go to Jamaica as they had in the first place to go to New England. He reminded Leverett again that "that design hath its tendency to the overthrow of the man of sin." New Haven's objections to the lack of provision for self-government in his instructions to Gookin led him to offer through Leverett to waive the appointment of the governor and to put the government entirely into the hands of the people. But the offer came too late. In August, 1656, Gookin reported to Thurloe that he had personally visited Connecticut, New Haven, New Plymouth and the Bay, but had received the subscriptions of only about three hundred persons, for the most part young persons under family government, and many of them females of low estate. The poor people of New England, he tells Thurloe, were so reduced in circumstances as to be entirely unable to remove and sustain a colony.

THE SOUTHERN OLD SALEM.

By Max Bennett Thrasher.

Illustrated from photographs by H. W. Peterson.

"AND they called the name of the place Salem, which means peace, because there they hoped to find rest from the persecutions which had beset them in their own land."

When we in New England speak of Old Salem, we think of the beautiful city by the sea, rich in its historic past, and no less rich in the charms of its quaint present. Not every one knows, or at least remembers, that within the boundaries of our country there is another "place of peace," founded like our Massachusetts city as a retreat from religious persecutions and founded so long ago that it may very well be called, as it is called, Old Salem. Moreover, like the Massachusetts city of the same name, it is no less attractive for the quaintness of its houses, streets and institutions to-day than it is interesting for its history. I have quoted for my first paragraph not, as might have been thought, from the annals of Salem, Massachusetts, but of Salem, North Carolina, a Moravian settlement of the middle of the last century, and one of the few places on this continent where the picturesque Moravian life and customs have come to their fullest development. When, in the summer of 1898, I was making a plan to visit the hill country of North Carolina, a friend who had been there said to me: "Wherever else you go, be sure and see Salem. You will find it the most interesting place in all that country." I followed his advice, and I think his judgment was correct.

I went to Salem from Greensboro, about thirty miles, over a branch of the Southern Railroad. Greensboro is in the centre of the northern part of North Carolina, about a thousand feet above the sea level; and like all that region, it seemed blessed with a delightful climate. To go South in summer and find the weather grow cooler was as unexpected as it was pleasant. I left Boston sweltering in the heat of the first days of September. New York and Washington were no less hot; but from the time we left the capital the air grew cooler and lost that stickiness which glued all one's clothes to one's body. At Greensboro and at Salem it was delightfully cool.

The sign on the station at my destination read "Salem-Winston"; for Salem is one-half of a married pair of cities. The union is apparently as ill assorted as any of those among human beings, of which the newspapers and novels tell us. Sober old age and giddy youth, quiet and bustle, the middle of the last century and the keenest development of the hustling last end of this century—these are Salem and Winston. Salem was founded in 1766; Winston is the growth of the last few years. Only a narrow street separates the two, yet the life of each is entirely different from that of the other. In Salem the streets are narrow and heavily shaded by many trees. A trolley line has just been allowed to slip down the one long main street; but the cars have been painted a decorous black, which makes them look like an electric funeral, and they slide stealthily along as if they felt themselves out of place. The queer old brick houses stand back from the sidewalk in gardens in which shrubs and vines strange to my northern eyes grow where they were planted a hundred years ago. The doors of many of the houses open di-

rectly into the living rooms, and in more than one "sitting-down room" I saw sweet faced Moravian women knitting. The only public building, except perhaps the schools and the "Sisters' House" and the "Widows' House," is the old brick church, known in the reverent speech of the townspeople as "The Mother Church." Built in 1800, severely plain in design, it has a simple dignity which made it much more imposing than many more ornate modern buildings.

In Winston the streets are broad and bare of trees. They are paved and noisy with the clang of electric cars and the rattle of tobacco wagons. In the middle of the city square is a magnificent courthouse, built of yellow sandstone, which in design and size would do credit to any northern city. The stores and business blocks around the square are no less modern and attractive. Just on one side of the town are streets of massive tobacco factories, in which five thousand people find employment.

One is a city of a past century, the other very much a city of to-day. And yet the strange marriage is said to be a happy one, and the contracting parties have never been in any danger of getting into the divorce court. Each city has its own municipal government and manages its own affairs. Salem has a population of about 4,000 and Winston about 10,000. The resident of Salem takes his visitors over to Winston to see the huge tobacco factories and the fine modern buildings, but does not forget to tell him that the taxes there are considerably higher than in Salem. The resident of Winston drives his guest down the long shady streets of Salem, points out the quaint old buildings and tells their history—how Washington stopped here, and Cornwallis there—but does not tell about the taxes.

I have said that Salem was founded by the Moravians in 1766. I quote a paragraph which gives some information about this peculiar, universally respected but not very well known people. I needed such information myself, and possibly some of my readers may be as ill informed as I was.

"The brethren of Moravia are descendants of a people who may be traced through the Greek directly to the primitive Church. The year 1457 saw the commencement of the Protestant Episcopal Moravian Church (under the name of the United Brethren, or *Unitas Fratrum*), which existed in Bohemia and Moravia more than fifty years before the Reformation. It received its episcopal orders at the request of the synod convened at the village of Lhota in 1467, from the hands of Stephen, bishop of the Waldenses, a people who, in the secluded valleys of the Alps, preserved their faith pure, from the apostolic age downward. The succession followed on to Bishop Amos Comenius, for many years resident of Fulnek, Moravia, whose well earned fame induced the English government in 1641 to urge his presence with a view to effect an improvement in the educational system of the universities and schools. When Martin Luther began his reformation in 1517, the Brethren of Bohemia and Moravia constituted a church of reformers numbering at least two hundred thousand members, counting over four hundred parishes, using a hymn-book and catechism of its own, proclaiming its doctrines in a confession of faith, employing two printing presses and scattering Bohemian Bibles broadcast through the land."

In 1752 Bishop Joseph Spargenberg came to this country as the representative of the Moravian Church, which then had its headquarters in Herrnhut, Germany. His mission was to locate somewhere in the territory belonging to Lord Granville, in what is now North Carolina, a place where the church could buy 100,000 acres of land in one tract, and where the conditions of climate and soil would be

favorable. This tract it was proposed to make the seat of a Moravian colony, in which the religion and customs of the sect could be developed unmolested. As a result of a long search upon the bishop's part, extending as far west as into what is now Tennessee, 100,000 acres were bought and paid for surrounding the spot which now is the site of Salem. This tract was named Wachovia. There was already a settlement of Moravians at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In 1753 twelve single brethren left the Bethlehem colony for the newly acquired location. It was the policy of the Moravians to centre all executive and industrial as well as religious life in the Church. In the settlement the Church owned and managed all trades and industries, directed how many and which men should work at those trades, paid them fixed wages and took the proceeds of their work. Until more were absolutely needed, there were allowed only one miller, one baker, one carpenter, one blacksmith, etc., in Salem. It was only in 1872 that the Church turned over to the municipal government of Salem the last of its civic responsibilities, the control of the city water works.

Apropos of this ecclesiastical control of all the business of the town, I was interested in an old document which I found in the rooms of the Historical Society at Salem. This was an "Agreement" between John Lehnert, who was to serve as landlord of the tavern, and Samuel Stolz, church warden, who, acting for the Church, contracted with Lehnert to run the public house for one year for a certain stated sum. An inventory of the furniture and other property connected with the tavern followed. I remember there were a good many feather beds, and a very generous supply of drinkables, including "920 gallons of Good Whiskey" and "455 gallons Peach and Apple Brandy." The inventory of live stock followed that of the furniture. This begins with,

"11 Cows,
10 Hogs, big and small,"

and closes with

"1 Negro Boy, Virgil, value $480
1 Negro Girl, Jinny, value 316

$796

deduct 10 per cent."

I wondered why the note, "deduct 10 per cent," was added to the inventory of the slaves, but nothing which I could find in the papers of the Historical Society told me, nor could my courteous guide tell me, although I believe he was able to answer every other one of my many questions. Could it be that "Virgil" and "Jinny" were expected to deteriorate ten per cent in value in a year?

The practical nature of these early settlers is seen in the diversified industries which they represented. A record gives the occupations of the twelve as follows. I quote the names of the men also, as showing the odd foreign names, many of which remain to-day those of the active residents of the city:—Rev. Bernhard Adam Grube, the first pastor; Jacob Losch, business manager; Hans Martin Kalberlahn, physician; John Beroth and John Lisher, farmers; Herman Losh, miller; Jacob Lung, gardener; Christepher Merkle, baker; Erich Ingebresten, carpenter; Henry Feldhausen, carpenter and hunter; Hans Peterson, tailor; Jacob Pfeil, shoemaker.

These colonists founded a settlement which they called Bethabara. The name means house of passage, showing that this was not to be the final or chief town of the colony. By 1765 Wachovia had prospered sufficiently that it was felt this final enterprise could be inaugurated. Count Zinzendorf, then at the head of the Moravian Church in Germany, and perhaps the most able and best loved leader it ever had, selected the name of Salem. It was desired to locate the town as nearly in the centre of the tract as might be; but the final choice was by lot. Five locations, all

apparently desirable, were fixed upon, and then lots drawn to decide which should be taken. The present site of Salem was the result. This method of a selection by lot was particularly favored by the Moravians, it being believed that in this way "the final choice was left with the Lord." What seems most remarkable to us is that this custom should once have extended to marriage. I quote from one of the pamphlets given me at the rooms of the Historical Society in Salem:

"One of the peculiar customs of the early Moravians was that of marriage by lot. According to their ideas, young people were not allowed to mingle freely together in social life. There was no visiting or meeting except in the presence of their elders, after the European style. The young brethren lived together, and the young sisters, when fourteen years of age, left their homes and went to the Sisters' House where they were under the guidance of an elderess of the Church, who directed what kind of employment should engage their attention in the various industries in which the sisters were proficient. This was their home, as an increasing family in the paternal dwelling did not allow room or time for such study and reflection as was needed to fit them for the duties of life. When a brother desired to marry, he went to the pastor of the Church, signifying his purpose, and perhaps naming the young lady whose character from reputation would suit him. Assembling the elders, after consultation and prayer, the matter was decided by lot, believing if it came out 'yes' it was God's will, and if 'no,' accepting it as not best for either that they should live together in holy matrimony. When the lot revealed 'yes,' then the minister went to the elderess of the Sisters' House and told her the decision. She summoned the young sister, who had the privilege of accepting or declining the offer of marriage after due consideration. If she accepted, the day was appointed, and the elderess immediately set to work to help her prepare for the important event, one of the requirements being a goodly supply of linen for household use, which linen was spun from the flax cultivated so extensively in the country, and woven by their own hands. The marriage was usually celebrated at the church, the bride entering one door with her father, the bridegroom the other, meeting at the altar perhaps for the first time. The synod of 1817 decided to abolish marrying by lot, some of the younger members rebelling against its requirements, as, according to the Church discipline, if a brother went in opposition to the lot, he was immediately expelled and not allowed to live in the settlement. There is no criticism of the custom. The matter was entered upon religiously and accepted in faith, no evil consequences ever followed, and no divorce to this day has ever been



PUBLIC SQUARE, SALEM.



MAIN STREET, SALEM.

known amongst the Moravians of Salem."

In January, 1766, the first house in Salem was built. With the growth of this town the importance of Bethabara decreased, and that settlement came to be spoken of, and almost always called, even to-day, "Old Town." In 1768 William von Marshall came to Salem to live, and during all the rest of the century, so long as he lived, came to be so prominent in the affairs of the town that he is usually spoken of as its founder.

The fact that, because the teachings of their Church forbade them to bear arms, the Moravians took no part in the Revolutionary War, caused the citizens of Salem at the time to become at first objects of suspicion to both sides in that struggle, and they suffered accordingly; but before the close of the war it came to be seen that they were sincere, and they were let alone and respected. In February, 1781, the British army under Cornwallis passed through Salem, and camped for a considerable time near there. Ten years later, Washington spent a day in Salem, on his way to visit Governor Martin. It is written of this visit: "He passed the time visiting the various establishments of the Brethren, visited the Brothers' and Sisters' Houses, and was especially pleased with the water works. In the evening six Brethren dined with him, and at night the President, his secretary and Governor Martin of North Carolina, who had come to meet him, attended the singing meeting, to their great edification."

No battlefield of the Civil War was near Salem, but both Northern and Confederate forces marched through the town at different times. I found a quaint account of the passage of the Union soldiers in the "Memorabilia of the Moravian Church" for 1865: "After we had enjoyed the solemn meetings of Palm Sunday, we were greatly startled the next day, April 10, by the intelligence that the same part of the Federal army looked for on the third would pass through Salem, and indeed toward evening, about four o'clock, they appeared all at once in our midst. Before we could realize it, soldiers were seen at every corner of



SALEM HOTEL.

the streets, had taken possession of the post office, and secured our whole town. Some of our brethren had gone out to meet General Palmer, the commander of the troops coming our way, and our mayor, Bro. Josh. Boner, addressed him personally. When commending our town and community to his protection, not only on our own account but also on account of our large female boarding school, the General assured him that no destruction of any kind would be allowed, and that we might feel perfectly secure from harm during their stay with us. General Palmer established his headquarters in the house of our Bro. Josh. Boner. In very great, comparative, silence, about 3,000 cavalry passed through our town, pitching their tents on the high ground beyond the creek. Had it not been for the noise their horses and swords made, it would hardly have been noticed that so large a number of—at the time—hostile troops were passing through our streets."



TRADE STREET.

Writing lately of the same event, Miss Adelaide Fries, the latest historian of this section, says: "Guards were stationed at all the principal buildings in town, and Mr. Augustus Fogle, the steward of Salem Female Academy, used to enjoy relating his experiences with the soldier who was put in charge of the academy. Finding him little more than a boy and tired out from his long march, Mr. Fogle put him to bed, where he slept serenely until an officer came by and excitedly demanded his whereabouts. Being ushered into the room, the officer was completely amazed, and exclaiming, 'A soldier in an enemy's country asleep in an enemy's bed!' jerked the young fellow to the floor and ordered him off to camp."

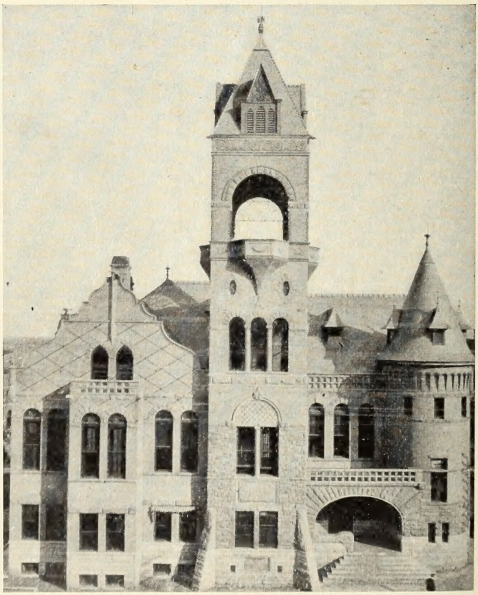
With the name of Salem, Count Zinzendorf sent over from Germany a plan after which the new town should be laid out. According to this design, the church was to be built in the centre, like the hub of a wheel. Around the church were to stand in a circle "the six Choir Houses, the Apothecary Shop, the Inn and the Church offices." Between these buildings radiated eight streets like spokes in a wheel. That one of the intervening sections which lay towards the



OLD BOYS' SCHOOL.

east was designated as the "God's Acre." It was found that the natural condition of the location at Salem made this plan impossible, and it was widely departed from in the final laying out of the town. In one respect, however, there was no change, and that was in the prominence given to "God's Acre." One of the first acts of the early settlers was to select on a gently rolling hillside a site for the cemetery. I have never seen any other city of the dead, save "Sleepy Hollow," so beautiful. Along the brow of the hill and parallel to the main street of the town extends an avenue one hundred feet wide and a quarter of a mile in length. A double row of superb old cedars passing the entire length of the avenue shades a neatly sanded broad walk. The turf on each side is like green plush, and no horse or vehicle is ever allowed to mar the beauty of walk or lawn. Those who make up the grandest funeral procession, as well as the humblest, pass down in the shade of the cedars on foot. On one side of the avenue, separated from it by a fence with three quaint old gates, lies the burying ground. The walks here lie at right angles, and at the intersection of the two main avenues there were planted in 1771, when the first grave was filled in there, four cedar trees. Now the trees are old and gnarled and so shaken by the winds of over a century that they have been chained together, up among the branches, that each may strengthen the other; but they are still green and beautiful—truly, it seemed to me, "cedars of Lebanon." The simplicity of the Moravian customs and the sinking of the individual life in the institution are shown again in the burying ground. The men are all buried by themselves in one part of the yard, the women in another, and the children in another. That there may be no chance for ostentation, the Church furnishes headstones for all alike; and these are simple squares of marble inscribed only with name and date. The headstones are about eighteen inches square, and are laid down flat over the head of the grave.

It is in this cemetery that one of the



THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE.

most unique of the Moravian customs is observed each year, one so beautiful and interesting that it brings to Salem hundreds of visitors each year to see it. The two most honored festivals of the Moravian Church are Christmas and Easter. The Easter festival, coming as it does when the Carolina springtime is bursting into its fullest splendor, is held out of doors amid the trees and flowers which beautify "God's Acre." Led by the bishop of the Church in his robes of office, the entire parish marches out



MORAVIAN CHURCH.

to the cemetery early in the morning. The bishop stands beneath the four old cedars. The choir and the horn players stand about him, and as the first cheering light of the rising sun falls on the graves a grand chorus of rejoicing rises to welcome the new-come Easter time.

Until very lately, even if it is not still the practice, the announcement of a death in Salem was made by the blowing of six brass horns in the church steeple, the tune played indicating the age of the person who had died.

On Christmas eve the services are held in the church. This is especially a children's festival; and just before its close, wax tapers about four inches long are given to each child. Then these are lighted, and as the great audience disperses, each carries out his lighted taper, the twinkling lights as they disappear being looked upon as typifying the light which Christ brought into the world. On the last night of the year another special service is held, or rather two services, one early in the evening and one late, closing at midnight. At this service the "Memorabilia" of the year are read. This is an epitome of the important events of the year, particularly of those which pertain to the Church and parish. From this I have quoted in this article. I am also greatly indebted to the Wachovia Historical Society, to a little volume written by Mrs. A. V. Winkler, and to a recently published history of Forsyth County by Miss Adelaide Fries.

Standing next to the church on the shaded public square of Salem, and next to it in importance among the institutions of the city, is the famous old Salem school for girls, founded in 1802. From the very first, the Moravian schools have been closely identified with the Church, because "Moravian parents, by reason of the responsibilities incurred in their missionary enterprises, were incapacitated for providing for their children, and their education and maintenance devolved entirely upon the Church. The girls' school was a development to furnish an opportunity for a higher education." There is a similar school for boys, though not so large nor with so great a reputation. In the management of these schools is seen the survival of the old-time parental care of all the affairs of the colony. "The Academy," I quote from a pamphlet published in 1898, "was not originally



MORAVIAN SISTERS' HOUSE.

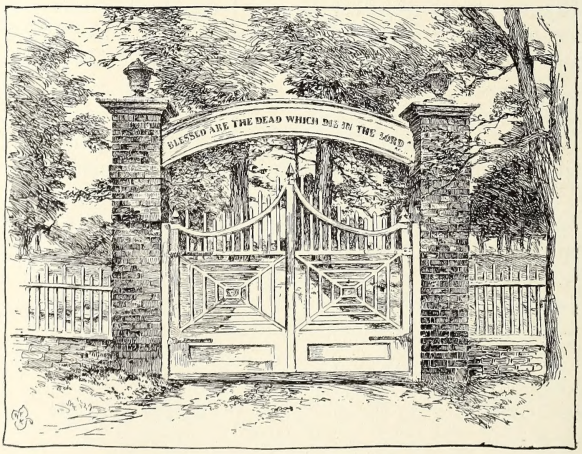
established, nor is it now conducted, for purposes of gain, but as a means of Christian usefulness. The principal has no personal pecuniary interest in the school, being simply the agent of the Church, by the authority of which he is selected for this department of its activity."

This girls' school has had a remarkable history. It was one of the very few schools in the South which did not close its doors during the Civil War, amid the stormy times of which it moved along, a safe retreat, to which many families were glad to send their daughters. Its graduates now number over ten thousand. Among them were Mrs. President Polk, Mrs. Pattison, the daughter of President Jackson, and Mrs. General Stonewall Jackson.

On the same side of the public square as the church and the academy stands the Sisters' House, a century old monument to another unique Moravian custom. It is a big, old two-story house built of brick. It dates back to the time when the unmarried women all lived there together, and is kept in repair even now by the interest on a fund accumulated in the days when the women put all their earnings into a common fund. That custom has been discontinued now some fifty years, but the unmarried women who prefer an independent life to sharing the home of some relative, still live there. I took special pains to inquire whether this was looked upon in any way as an asylum, but could not learn that it was. The women who live there now are universally respected in the community, so much so that it seemed to me almost to confer a certain distinction to be a resident there. On the opposite side of the square is the Widows' House, a similar institution. Originally there was also a House for the Brethren.

I was told at Salem that nearly everybody outside the Moravian colonies, who knows anything about this sisterhood, has a wrong idea of the institution, and that even Longfellow was not correct in his poem, "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem," at the consecration of Pulaski's banner. The first lines of this poem read:

"When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowléd head;



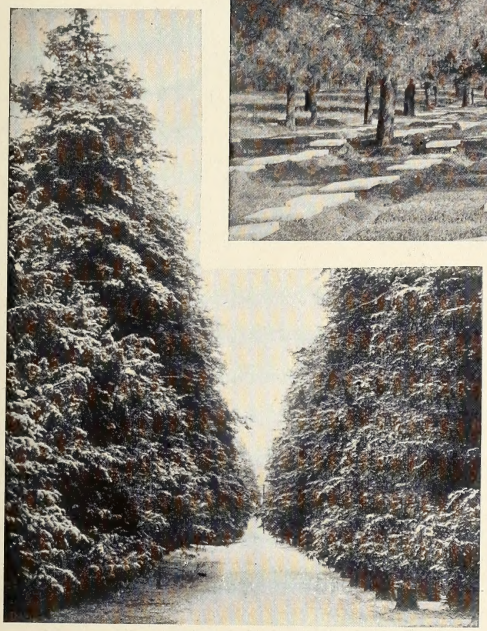
ENTRANCE TO THE MORAVIAN CEMETERY.

And the censer burning swung
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle."

Of this, Miss E. A. Lehman, who has written very intelligently of Moravian life, says: "Pulaski, the gallant Pole, who came over to assist in the Revolutionary War, was at Bethlehem on wounded furlough. Before he left the place, the Moravian sisters (not nuns) presented him with a crimson banner, which he courteously accepted, saying it should be defended with his life and be his shroud in death. The minor details of the poem are incorrect. There are no Moravian nuns, and the accessories of burning incense in swinging censers before the altar, the cowled heads, the nuns' sweet hymn sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle,—all existed only in the poet's imagination." I confess that I am myself troubled to see how the presentation of a war banner like this could be reconciled with the doctrine that it was wrong for the Brethren to go to war.

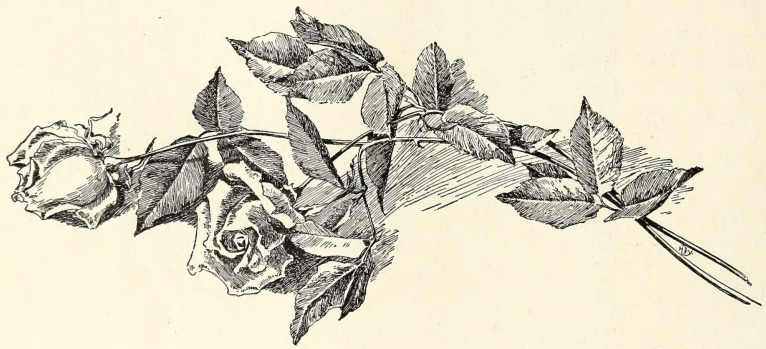
There are probably few counties in the country which have not at some time been the scene of animated contests over the location of a new courthouse, which rival towns ardently desired to have built within their boundaries. In Salem's history we find a record of a most unusual reverse of this—a town fighting to have a fine new courthouse not located within its borders. In 1849 the Legislature of North Carolina divided the county of Stokes into two parts, Stokes and Forsyth, and appointed commissioners to select and purchase the site for a courthouse and other public buildings. The commissioners applied to the overseers of the Salem Congregation for some thirty-one acres of land north of the town; but they refused to decide so weighty a question and referred the matter to the Congregation Council. Then the debate waxed warm. A new town would spring up, new settlers would come in, their views would conflict with those of the Brethren,





VIEWS IN THE MORAVIAN CEMETERY.

Moravian rules and ways would be disturbed, perhaps destroyed. The Congregation Council agreed to sell thirty-one acres to the commissioners, the southern line to come no nearer Salem than the northern side of a certain lot in the city. This new town was named "Winston," in honor of Major Joseph Winston, a prominent North Carolinian of Revolutionary days. Until the Winston courthouse could be built, the Forsyth courts were held in the concert hall in Salem, the church authorities having given their permission on condition that no whipping-post should be put up there. Thus it was that busy, bustling Winston sprang up beside its century old comrade, which in population it now outnumbers three to one.

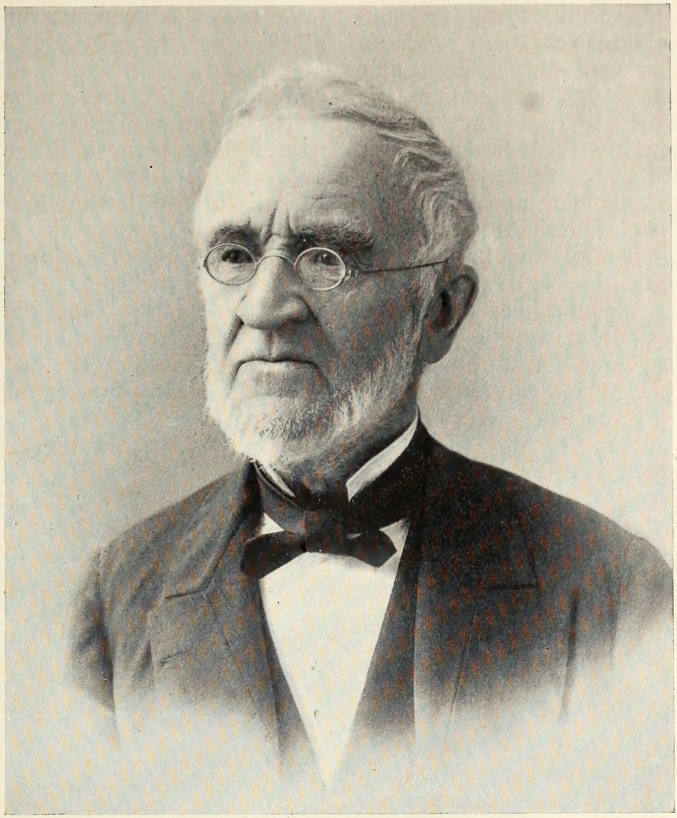


THE COMING EASTER.

By Emma Playter Seabury.

HOW glorious will dawn that Easter day,
When all the germs of all the good of earth
Shall blossom in regenerated birth,
And all the wrong and evil pass away.
As snows dissolve before the sun, shall they
Before the light of truth, and trammelled worth
Shall break its bonds as rills that laugh in mirth,
When April buds have blossomed into May.

Then love shall burst forth from its prisoning tomb,
And love of self give place to love of men,
And hope in every burdened soul be borne;
The lily of the centuries shall bloom,
When Christ shall claim His kingdom here again
In all the glory of that Easter morn.



From a photograph taken in 1897.

SAMUEL MAY.

SAMUEL MAY OF LEICESTER.

By John White Chadwick.

MY title has a pleasant sound, suggesting "Drummond of Hawthornden," "Lord Herbert of Cherbury" and other well-known collocations that identify a man with a particular locality. But why "Samuel May of Leicester"? Perhaps to distinguish him from his cousin, Samuel J. May, the distinction being the more necessary because they were both so active in the antislavery cause that their names were often on men's lips. I do not know how long he has been "Vich Ian Vohr with his tail on." Until the death of his father in 1870 he was known as Samuel May, Jr. Latterly his complete identification with Leicester by long residence and intimate association has justified the title which has since been accorded him. There was a time when it may have been said of him by the Leicester people, "He is with us, but not of us." Perfervid in his antislavery sentiments, he was not *persona grata* to the dignitaries and conservative politicians of the town. But that was in the days before the war. Time and his beautiful old age have reformed it altogether, and probably he is now generally regarded as the first citizen of Leicester and with a reverence and

affection that could hardly be surpassed. He deserves them well, so large and warm the place that Leicester has long occupied in his brooding heart. If its history should be lost, it could be recovered from his memory, still excellent in his eighty-ninth year; and his annotations of such histories of Leicester as have been written are an invaluable addition to their original worth. Though not Leicester born, no one has entered more deeply than he into the treasures of her history and her traditions; so that by this sign, if by no other, his right to be called Samuel May of Leicester would be sufficiently secure.



SAMUEL MAY, SR.

To see Leicester at its best, one should see it in its summer green or autumn bravery; but on my first arrival there the mercury was at twelve degrees below zero and the wind was blowing a gale, so that, as I set out from the local trolley terminus to walk across the little park which crowns the hill, I paid little attention to the buildings facing it, being too much engaged with my personal safety, for it seemed as if the wind might wrap me in a corner of its mantle and whirl me off a dozen or a score of miles. Nothing could have been more delightful than the transition from this blustering wind and cold to the warmth and shelter of Mr. May's sitting room, where the open fire was blazing cheerily and every aspect of the place was as comfortable and sweet and pleasant as could be. The house is one that may be called a mansion without foolish pride,—the main part with four large rooms on either floor, while an extension at the rear gives ample space for all the offices that a spacious and well ordered house requires. It stands facing to the south, with a broad piazza running round three sides. Southward, beyond a middle distance of cultivated fields,—those, in part, of Hon. John E. Russell's goodly farm,—there is a wide background of woodland, surprising in its depth and lateral extent, considering that Leicester is next neighbor to "that great city," Worcester. The view eastward is similar but more diversified, for on this side the hill, on the brow of which stands the May house, falls off very sharply, and at its foot there is a lovely pond so irregular in its shape that it has the appearance of a river winding in and out as if hating to leave the pleasant town behind; in fact, it was made by damming Kettle Brook. From the northeast to the southwest the view is singularly beautiful, on clear days reaching to the Connecticut hills. The effect, mainly, is that of billowy hills, smoothed by the farmer's toil or wearing still the garniture of wood which they inherit from the primeval forest.

Without any doubt or question, Mr. May's situation is the most beautiful in a town of generous rivalries. As if the first settlers of the town divined its character, they numbered it "Lot 1" when they laid out the original township with the irregularity of a "crazy quilt" and in delightful though bewildering contrast with the gridiron plan of modern towns and states. Mr. May could not have chosen more wisely if he had known that he was choosing a dwelling-place for nearly seventy years. Moreover the house was built after the manner of the celebrated one-horse shay, each part as

good as every other; the materials and workmanship the best that could be had. The house and land were his father's outright gift; and his father-in-law furnished it with equal generosity.

The genial host of this big, old-fashioned house was born in Boston, April 11, 1810, just a week later than his classmate, James Freeman Clarke, and six weeks earlier than his classmate, William Henry Channing, and his nearness to these in point of age was ominous of their nearness to his heart. His father, Samuel May, was a Boston merchant of enviable reputation for probity and public spirit, with a face resembling Edward Everett's, but more rugged in its noble beauty.



MR. MAY'S HOME AT LEICESTER.

His mother, Mary (Goddard) May, lived to be a year older than her husband at the time of his death, dying in 1882, in her ninety-fifth year. "She was an avowed and working abolitionist in the days when the word was a reproach and scoffing. She zealously maintained the principle of religious freedom, joining with her husband to vindicate it in the persons of John Pierpont and Theodore Parker." Peace, total abstinence and the political and legal rights of women found in her an earnest advocate, and yet the habit of her life was exceedingly domestic. Congratulated on the satisfaction she must take in so much public usefulness, she said that her greatest satisfaction was in the thought that she had habitually stayed at home with her family. To have such a mother for seventy-two years was one of the richest blessings of her son Samuel's life, and his appreciation of it was perfect and entire. One of his sisters was Miss Abby W. May, well known in Boston for her educational and philanthropic work. During "the great war," as Phillips Brooks called it, and as now we may well call it more than ever, she was secretary of the Massachusetts branch of the United States Sanitary Commission. For many years she was a member of the State Board of Education, and she was one of the founders of the New England Women's Club. Two younger brothers of Mr. May have reached a good old age, another of great promise dying in his early prime.

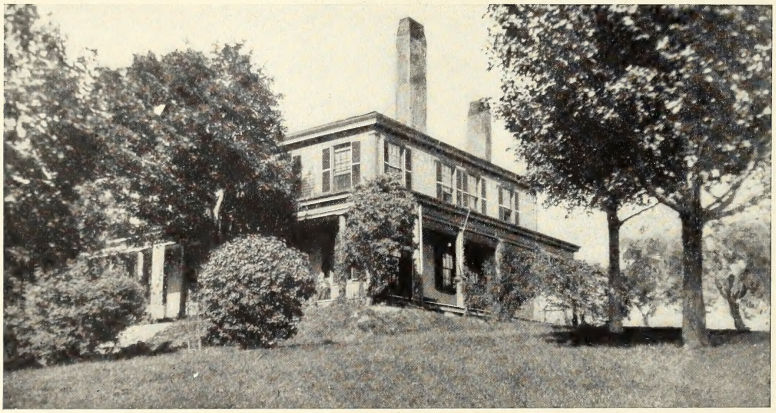
Mr. May's earlier education was at Deacon Samuel Greele's school in Boston and the Boston Latin School, with a concluding year at the famous Round Hill School in Northampton, of which George Bancroft was (jointly with Joseph G. Cogswell of Astor Library fame) the head master, his celebrated history not yet so much as "almost about to be commenced." In 1825 he went to Harvard and graduated in the class of '29, which had the great good fortune to count Oliver Wendell Holmes as one of its eighty-one members. For forty years, less one, he wrote a song for the annual class meeting, and some of these songs are among the happiest products of his skill. When in 1859 he read "After the Curfew," and concluded,

"So ends 'The Boys,'—a lifelong play.
We too must hear the Prompter's call
To fairer scenes and brighter day:
Farewell! I let the curtain fall,"

a solemn silence fell upon the little company. They all felt it was the last

class poem, and it was. "We met once more," writes Mr. May, "a year later, at Parker's. But three were present, Smith, Holmes and myself. No poem—*very quiet*—something very like tears." This was in 1890, and Dr. Holmes died October 7, 1894. But subsequent to 1890 there were three annual meetings at Dr. Holmes's house, feasts for both flesh and soul; at the last, 1893, Holmes, May, Smith and Storrow being present. In 1894 May and Smith had their meeting at Dr. Holmes's funeral at King's Chapel. It must have seemed very strange to have Holmes there and so silent. The height of poetic justice would have been that he should have outlived all the other members of the class and then sung his last song, *solus cum solo*, himself at once reader and sole audience; but hardly less dramatic will be the event if Mr. May is permitted to survive the two others who are now living, Edward L. Cunningham of Newport and Charles S. Storrow of Boston, and complete the class record which he began as class secretary in 1829 and has continued until now.

This is his *opus magnum*, a book as large as the ledger of a great commercial house, bound in full Russia, which is as handsome now as it was seventy years ago. The book is nearly full of matter, the longest records being those of Dr. Holmes and James Freeman Clarke, written in a hand which at its best was like copperplate and in Mr. May's eighty-ninth year has fallen off but little from the top of its condition. In fearful contrast with his own are several pages written by one of the class who borrowed the book and scrawled over his allotted space with the details of his own private history. In 1858 about half the members of the class then living had their photographs taken, upon a joint resolution, and these appear in the book, with many later ones, some of them bettering with time, but not all. Here is Benjamin R. Curtis, whose opinion on the Dred Scott case was counter to that of Judge Taney and the majority of the bench. His face is one of the handsomest, if not one of the most attractive, in the class. Here is Samuel F. Smith, of whom Holmes wrote in "The Boys":



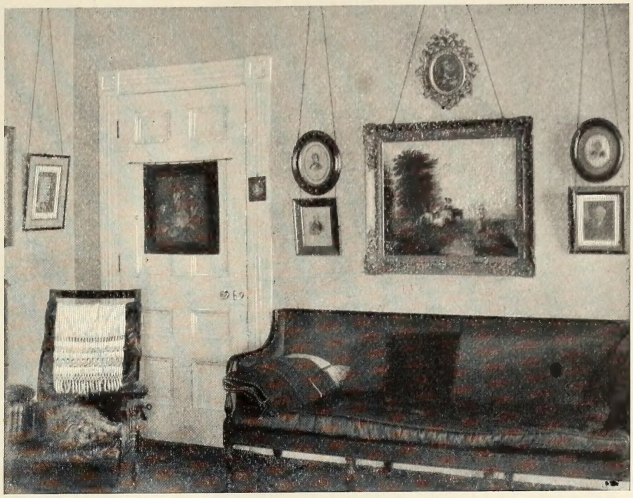
THE MAY HOUSE.

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, 'My country,' 'of thee.'"

Here, too, a very striking face, is Benjamin Pierce, the great Harvard mathematician, and Chief Justice George T. Bigelow, whose judicial

career was conspicuous and honorable to a high degree.

Mr. May's recollections of the collegiate Holmes are persuasive that the boy was father of the man. He tells of him as sitting before his wood fire and discoursing of its comfort and its sentimental warmth in a manner that foretold the future autocrat. He tells of his saying to his classmate Devereux, at the Coffee Club, "Come, let's have a talk," and drawing up his chair to face his rival in the middle of the room for a good long mutual sharpening of their wits, Holmes conscious of his ability to enjoy an easy mastery. Devereux (George H.), adjutant-general of Massachusetts, delighted and amazed his classmates with his free and eloquent translations of the Latin texts.



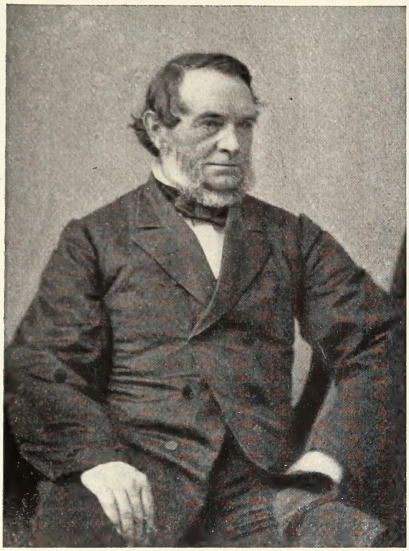
A CORNER OF THE FAMILY ROOM.

There is something very interesting and pathetic in Mr. May's vivid consciousness of his official relation to his class. All of his classmates' fortunes and misfortunes, their trials and struggles, failures and successes, are treasured in his memory with generous pride or compassionate kindness, as each separate life deserves. Little is likely to be added to the book by Mr. May's survivors, if he is first to go. When the record is complete, the book will be committed to the care of the Harvard University Library. When it was two-thirds full, William Henry Channing, having borrowed it, returned it saying that he had read every word of it with the warmest interest. It will be interesting and valuable for generations yet unborn.



MARY GODDARD MAY.

After leaving Cambridge Mr. May spent a year in Brooklyn, Conn., where his cousin, Samuel J. May, was preaching to the sole Unitarian congregation in the state, a remarkable one for its intellectual and moral character. Mr. May's admiration for Samuel J. May was then, and always afterward remained, most liberal. He said to me, with generous effusion: "I don't care if he was my cousin, it was an unspeakable privilege for a young man to live in daily contact with a character so simple and so grand as his, so abounding in good will to men, and with so much cour-



SAMUEL JOSEPH MAY.

age in the expression of his opinions and in the general conduct of his life."

It was Mr. May's purpose to study theology with Sam J., as he was generally called; but he did more than that to fit himself for the ministerial office. He became thoroughly imbued with his cousin's public spirit and interest in great public questions, especially those touching slavery. Opposite the parsonage lived the Bensons, a few years later active colaborers with Garrison, Helen Benson becoming his beloved wife. A year or two in advance of Garrison's "Thoughts on Colonization," Samuel J. May and his neighbor Benson were working out the conclusion that colonization was a scheme that operated more for the advantage of slavery than for that of the slave. A sister of Samuel J. May was at this time a member of his family; and hither came Bronson Alcott to woo and wed her, taking at any time as little thought for the morrow as the lilies of the field.

Returning to Cambridge in 1830, Mr. May remained there for three years, taking a full course of study in the Divinity School, of which he became the senior alumnus in 1898. Here as in college he had for classmates Freeman Clarke and William Henry Channing and Chandler Robbins. His principal teachers were Andrews Norton (for a short time), John G. Palfrey and the younger Henry Ware. Palfrey's antislavery record was still far in the future, and Lowell's "Wut! voted agin him?" when Palfrey voted against Robert C. Winthrop for the Speakership of Congress, in December, 1847; nor was it until 1843 that Henry Ware, Jr., wrote his noble antislavery hymn,

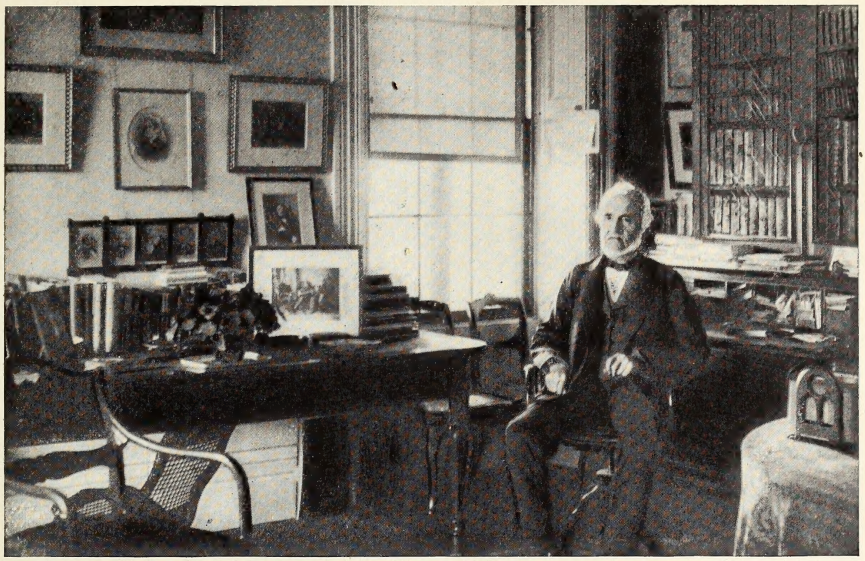
"Oppression shall not always reign,"

which, until slavery was abolished, did valiant service in the Unitarian churches. Mr. May does not remember that there was any antislavery spirit manifested in the Divinity School during his course of study, nor was he consciously more antislavery than his fellow students. Probably he would have been sooner involved in the conflict, if he had gone straight to a pulpit from Samuel J. May's parsonage.

In September, 1833, only a few weeks after his graduation, Mr. May preached in Leicester to a new Unitarian Society, the Second Congregational, which had been incorporated early in that year. Services were held at first in the old town hall; but on August 12, 1834, a church was dedicated, which still witnesses to the energy and modesty of the few hardy pioneers. Among the sixteen original incorporators were some of the most influential men in Leicester, Flints, Southgates, Sargents, and so on, who had found the burden of Dr. Nelson's orthodoxy—or rather of his exchanges — heavier than they could bear. They were "audience fit though few" for Rev. George R. Noyes of Brookfield and other ministers who came from round about to preach to them until, in June, 1834, they called Mr. May, who was ordained and installed August 13. The names of the ministers who took part in the church dedication on

the twelfth and in the services of the following day are those of some who were accounted giants in those days. Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, father of the historian, one of the earliest Unitarians, was moderator of the ordaining council. Rev. James Walker, coming by stage from Charlestown, brought the news of the scandalous destruction of the Ursuline Convent; Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood preached the ordination sermon.

Before the new dwelling-house was quite completed, Mr. May married (November 11, 1835) Sarah Russell of Boston, daughter of Nathaniel P. Russell, literally a man of monumental reputation, seeing that for a term of years he was treasurer of the Bunker Hill Monument Association. The first Thanksgiving came a fortnight later, and no end of creature comforts were sent out from Boston to the young housekeepers. But, when the feast arrived at that stage where the mince pie was imminent, there was a circumstance which gave them pause. The pie seemed to have turned to stone; it was impossible to cut it. But in fact there had been no miraculous transformation; it had merely frozen solid. From this pie as a foundation it is easy to build up the inference that Mrs. May had been daintily reared and brought little practical knowledge to her new duties. But she was a quick learner and adapted herself to these with marvellous success, proving herself in all ways a fit helpmeet for her husband, whose bump of order was of no common height. In his antislavery work Mr. May enjoyed her perfect sympathy and wise coöperation, sometimes the benefit of a judgment less eager and impetuous than his own.

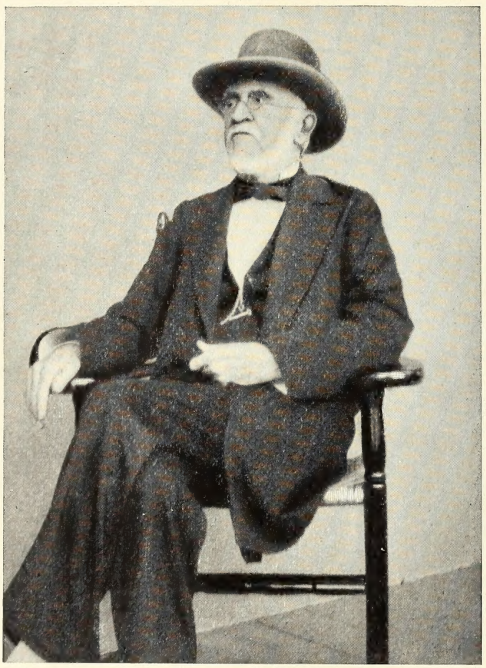


MR. MAY IN HIS LIBRARY.

She was one of the efficient managers of the antislavery fair. Her husband's antislavery office took him away from Leicester three months every year and much increased the weight of her domestic cares, but not beyond her willingness to bear them or her ability to meet every emergency with appropriate wit and will. Four children were born of this marriage: Adeline, Edward, a pay director in the navy, Joseph Russell, and Elizabeth Goddard. Mrs. May died in 1895, since when the unmarried daughters have kept unbroken

the tradition of the house in every kindly way. Mr. May and his family have welcomed there hundreds of antislavery workers and other friends, and the outward beauty and the inward cheer have conspired to make the experience memorable for those who came and went.

Mr. May's early years in Leicester were those of a profoundly earnest and religious minister, devoted to his work with generous ardor and singular fidelity. And in these particulars there was never any change. Ultimately there were intimations that his antislavery work trenched on his ministerial; but there was no slightest proof that it was so. Theologically, he was liberal without being radical. His approval of Theodore Parker's theology was less entire, I judge, than that of his parents, though for his antislavery spirit and his general character he had only admiration. Like Garrison's, his temper was selective of everything in the Bible that made for humanity and reform, so that however he might differ from the traditional New England theology, Christianity was for him inclusive of his loftiest ideals and aspirations, and Jesus was the great exemplar of its spirit. How the world moves is aptly illustrated by his experience, about 1844, with the Worcester Association of Ministers. He read to this association an address contending that the Old Testament was authority for Christians only so far as it accorded with the doctrine and spirit of the New; whereupon Dr. Thayer of Lancaster, moderator of the association, expressed his entire dissent, and the rest agreed with him, one father in Israel saying that he "would rather have the spotted fever come into Bolton than an antislavery lecturer." By this time Mr. May was named and known by his antislavery principles and it is probable that the brethren were predisposed on this account to think his theology unsound. I remember an old lady who, having been (erroneously) told that the minister had officiated at John Brown's funeral, said of his sermon that he was "just kivering up John Brown all the way through," though in truth there was not the slightest conscious or unconscious reference to that heroic man.



From a recent photograph.

SAMUEL MAY.

Not only were the duties of the young minister at first sufficiently engrossing to prevent his taking an active part in antislavery work, but he was not quite sure of Garrison's ways and means of agitation. It is a significant fact that he did not take the *Liberator* until 1840, though he did take the *Cradle of Liberty*, for a year and more of its brief course, which began in 1839. Containing the cream of the *Liberator*, Garrison was wisely

apprehensive that it would abridge the circulation of the larger paper. Its discontinuance made *Liberator* subscribers, and Mr. May was one of these. But from the beginning of his ministry no Sunday passed without his prayer "for those who are in bonds, as bound with them," and on Thanksgiving and Fast days he availed himself of the privilege then commonly allowed and used at such times in the New England churches of addressing himself squarely to great public questions and especially to the nation's duty in regard to slavery. Gradually his references to slavery at other times became more frequent and explicit, and the range of his antislavery activities increased from year to year. That was the time of antislavery petitions; and to know what a part they played in the national House of Representatives one must read the life of John Quincy Adams. They were sent not only to Washington, but to the Massachusetts Legislature. Where there was a head rearing itself against the antislavery principle, the Donnybrook rule of the petitioners was to hit it. One purpose of their state petitions was to repeal the laws against the intermarriage of white people and colored, whence, probably, the triumphant argument of the proslavery party, "Do you want your sister to marry a nigger?" took its rise. But, whatever the petition, Mr. May was the man to carry it round. Was there an antislavery meeting to be called or an antislavery society to be formed, he took a leading part. An antislavery society was formed in Leicester about 1840, and of this society he was the leading spirit, while at the same time active and prominent in the larger organizations. In January, 1838, a clerical convention of eighty members was held in Worcester, and of the eighty only three Unitarians supported an antislavery resolution; and here was, possibly, the beginning of that distrust of his fellow Unitarians which as time went on had many incidents and aggravations. There were two Worcester County antislavery societies, the North Division and the South; and of the latter Mr. May was secretary or president for many years. Disunion sentiment was by no means uncommon among the "Conscience Whigs" of New England when Texas annexation was on the tapis, and it furnished Mr. May in the winter of 1844-5 his most surprising victory. He told the story in a much later convention (1857) meeting at the city hall in Worcester, but, unlike Phidias, he did not paint himself into the shield. Of this convention of 1844 Judge Strong of Leominster was president, and such men as Levi Lincoln, Emory Washburn, and Charles Allen were present. Following the lead of Emory Washburn, who had said, "Let us adopt the methods of the Revolutionary fathers, and say plainly what we will do, and what we will not do," Mr. May moved a resolution, "That the annexation of Texas would be a just and sufficient ground for a dissolution of the Union," and it was carried by a majority of twelve. Much frightened, the minority pleaded for a reconsideration and induced a few of the majority to join them in effecting it by the skin of their teeth. Captain Isaac Southgate of Leicester, a very public spirited man, foremost in school matters, a thoroughpaced Whig, was one of Mr. May's most prominent parishioners. He knew all about the Worcester resolution and Mr. May's other antislavery doings, and this knowledge rankled in his mind, and, lest others should be forgetful, he "stirred up their pure minds by way of remembrance," so that gradually a good deal of feeling adverse to Mr. May was generated in the society.

One of the most significant of those meetings which Mr. May organized from time to time in the antislavery interest was that of August 1, 1845, celebrating the West Indian Emancipation. It was held at Leicester and in the Unitarian Church.

Wendell Phillips and Adin Ballou were the principal speakers, and there was no mincing of matters, we may be sure. This meeting was one of the heavier straws that went to break the back of proslavery endurance in Mr. May's congregation, and shortly after he resigned his charge; but his resignation was not accepted. To the majority of his people he had endeared himself by affectionate anxiety for their highest good and by his sympathy with their griefs and losses. But some withdrew and others showed "a disposition to abridge his just liberty," which he could not endure. His financial support was not a factor in the situation. His salary had been $600, but he cut it down to $400 at a time when the larger sum was difficult to raise. In August, 1846, at the conclusion of his twelfth year, he resigned definitely. For the best part of the following year he preached in Brooklyn, Connecticut, Samuel J. May, after a pastorate of six years in South Scituate, Massachusetts, having gone to Syracuse, New York, where he had a long and fruitful ministry. And now Mr. May of Leicester was confronted by the likelihood of going forth, like Abraham, not knowing whither, leaving behind him the beautiful house which had been the outward form and symbol of his home and in which his children had been born.

"But sudden the worst turns the best to the brave;
The black minute's at end;"

and there opened to him the prospect of indefinite continuance where already his roots had gone deep down into the earth. His energy and efficiency in the antislavery work had marked him as the right man for the office of general secretary of the Massachusetts Antislavery Society. It was Abby Kelley's urgency that immediately effected his appointment to this post. Living near him in the county, she knew his works and that he was not lukewarm in the cause. He held the office until 1865, when, with the passage of the Thirteenth Amendment, the need of further antislavery agitation seemed to him, as to Garrison, no longer necessary. His valedictory, in the last number but one of the *Liberator*, rings as triumphantly as Miriam's song, but with an undertone of tenderness, a sentiment of regret that the round table should be broken up and all its goodly knights scattered upon different ways. But he could take an omen from the day — December 22 — and find the omen singing grandly in the concluding stanza of Lowell's "Present Crisis," which in December, 1844, had made his heart leap up like flame:

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea."

The new duties were those connected with the status of the emancipated slaves and the operations of the Freedmen's Aid Society. For Mr. May there was "no discharge in this war." He could not, like some others, content himself with being a mere *laudator temporis acti*. Since emancipation, as before, his interest in the welfare of the colored people has been always intelligent and deep; often profoundly sad. But I am getting ahead of my story.

His willingness in 1846 to suspend his ministerial office was greater, possibly, because, owing to his antislavery spirit and action, he had ceased to be *persona grata* to many of his Unitarian brethren and he had lost much of his confidence in them. In a letter to Miss Mary Carpenter, the Englsh philanthropist, written in 1851, he denounces their "bigotry, narrowness, and worldliness," and their organization as "a lifeless, soulless thing." If there was any danger of their being exalted above measure,

here was a thorn in their flesh to prevent such exaltation. He was not slow to notice their shortcomings, nor soft in naming them. In 1843 he spent several months in Europe, and being urged by English Unitarians to explain to them the relation of the Unitarian churches in America to the antislavery reform, he did so in an elaborate letter from Geneva, very carefully and cautiously expressed, but which, nevertheless, charged his coreligionists with "having, with a few exceptions, done nothing, *nothing*, to expose the true character of slavery and towards its abolition." In conclusion, he urged his English brethren to write to the Unitarians of America urging upon them the discharge of their duty in some more efficient manner.*

His own letter and that of the English brethren gave great offence in this country and was hotly resented in some quarters; but there were happy incidents, and one of memorable significance. May 29, 1845, a meeting of Unitarian ministers was held in the Bulfinch Street vestry, and one hundred and seventy-three set their names to a statement written by James Freeman Clarke, which concluded, "And we do hereby pledge ourselves, before God and our brethren, never to be weary of laboring in the cause of human rights and freedom, till slavery be abolished and every slave made free." It is greatly to be feared that this pledge was but indifferently kept by the majority of those who made it, and that the most of them were never "weary" because they did no work; but the joint action was the most honorable event in the history of the Unitarians, as affected by the antislavery conflict, and it was Mr. May who drove them into it with the point of his celestial spear.

It was in connection with this incident that Mr. May brought down upon himself the wrath of Dr. Gannett, who, marvellously good and kind, and unselfish and self-sacrificing as few men are, had somehow the misfortune of finding himself on the wrong side of the greatest moral question of his time. Mr. May was handled roughly at a meeting of the Berry Street Conference (in May, 1844), Dr. Gannett denouncing in the severest terms his aforesaid dealings with the English Unitarians and in general his antislavery action and spirit. Late that night Mr. May (sitting in his father's home) heard the characteristic click of Dr. Gannett's two canes on the sidewalk, and then came his hand upon the knocker and, Mr. May admitting him, a pathetic humbling of himself for his severity. This was Dr. Gannett's way. At another Unitarian meeting, to which Garrison had come on Mr. May's invitation, Dr. Gannett denounced "the hellish spirit of this man who has forced himself into our meeting." For this, too, he was doubtless sorry after he got home. But what an instructive moral tragedy the great gulf fixed between two men of such exalted moral temper as were Gannett and Garrison!

Another occasion when Mr. May followed up his Unitarian brethren in a lively manner was in 1851, when the *Christian Register* containing an article by Rev. John Parkman, "Slavery in Boston," on the rendition of Thomas Sims, which had just taken place, was sent to the country subscribers, while a special edition was made for Boston subscribers omitting the mildly inflammatory article: all of which business Mr. May reported

*In Mr. May's later years no recollections of his earlier life were more vivid, grateful and affectionate than those of the friends he made in England at this time: Rev. George Armstrong, father of Rev. R. A. Armstrong, who is now preaching in Liverpool, Rev. William James of Bristol, Miss Mary Carpenter, Richard D. Webb of Dublin, one of the earliest biographers of John Brown, James Haughton of Dublin, Miss Eliza Wigham of Edinburgh, Joseph Lupton of Leeds, Rev. S. A. Steinthal, and especially Dr. John Bishop Estlin of Bristol, a very distinguished physician and surgeon and justly celebrated ophthalmologist. Mr. May counts his long correspondence with Dr. Estlin and his daughter Mary as one of the greatest pleasures and honors of his life, and similarly that with various members of the Carpenter family. Dr. Estlin was profoundly touched by Mr. May's antislavery address before the Western Unitarian Association of Great Britain, and invited him to his home, thus initiating a friendship that proved not only very pleasant to both, but very useful to the antislavery cause. Speaking of Dr. Estlin, Wendell Phillips said: "Sam May, your visit to England brought to the support of our work in America its ablest and best helper of recent years."

faithfully in the *Liberator*, while Mr. Garrison added a characteristic comment.

Whatever the motives which urged him to accept the office of general secretary of the Massachusetts Antislavery Society, there were no sordid ones among them, his salary being fixed at eight hundred dollars per year. His work was compounded of office duties in Boston, where he made his home with his parents, and travel throughout New England, mainly in Massachusetts. His duties were, in part, to arrange and provide speakers for nearly one hundred different conventions, in anticipation of which there were preparatory lectures in the towns round about the local centres in which the conventions were to be held. Many of these lectures were of his own giving. His first convention was in Waltham, Massachusetts. Lowell and Edmund Quincy came to it together, a pair of kindly wags. "Don't you feel like saying a word?" said Mr. May to Lowell. "I never said a word in my life," said the poet, who had latent in him the potentiality of being one of the most graceful speakers of our time. Other duties were connected with the Boston anniversary meetings and the great annual antislavery fair, to which came things from England, "curiously and wonderfully made," and at which Wendell Phillips bought a bust of Calvin from Lydia Maria Child, paying for the same five dollars—"one dollar for each of the five points." Nothing was more characteristic of the antislavery movement in its Garrisonian form than the inclusiveness of its democracy. Aristocrats as blue blooded as Wendell Phillips and Edmund Quincy subordinated themselves cheerfully to Garrison, who was to quite another manner born, but in soul as much a gentleman as they; and many callous hands of farmers and mechanics grasped, with naïve forgetfulness of everything but the mutual help and need, those of the finest gentlemen and ladies of those days. But there was nothing but the most aristocratic elegance and beauty in the copperplate engraving of the invitation to the antislavery fair sent out by Maria Weston Chapman, Lydia Maria Child and a score or two of other antislavery women. Mr. May was reputed to be an excellent economist, and there never was a better than Lydia Maria Child; but in this particular their agreement that the best was none too good seems to have been entire.

In his "journeyings often" about the country, the experiences of the general secretary were, like those of the apostles he sent out, extremely various. Frequently his lines of travel fell to him in pleasant places and he enjoyed a hospitality that was comfortable and sweet; but at other times, where the disposition was as kind, he slept in rooms cold as only country chambers can be without sun or fire, and which, with the mercury at zero, strike a deadly chill into your bones. On one of these occasions he and his son Edward, then a growing boy, shared the bed and tried to keep each other warm, but the father's conscience has accused him ever since of getting more than he could give. At another place the November morning wash was in the yard, where the water came rushing icy cold from a pipe led down from the hills adjacent to the house. Such things are pleasant to remember, but Mr. May has a much livelier recollection of the rougher experiences of his "field hands," as Parker Pillsbury called them, than of his own. They made a joke of trials that would have daunted men and women knit of softer stuff.

For any flies in the ointment there were great compensations in the noble incitements of the work and in the companionship of the leaders, men and women, and the close contact with the agents who looked to Mr. May for the direction of their work. These often found their way to the home in Leicester, though it was at the *Liberator* office, on Cornhill, that they

generally got their instructions and made their reports. Mr. May's admiration of these agents is inclusive of Stephen Foster's wayward genius, notwithstanding the unqualified frankness of his speech. He had the defects of his qualities, but his qualities were an absolute sincerity and a complete consecration. His wife, Abby Kelley, thought well enough of Stephen to marry him,—and he could have had no better recommendation. She was an excellent woman, with too much "life in herself" to be sent hither and thither by the general secretary; instead going her own way and arranging her own work with uniformly good results. Another of the agents was Lucy Stone; and nothing could render more effectively the temper of the opposition than the scurrility of the *Springfield Republican's* attack on her and Parker Pillsbury, nor Mr. May's temper than the indignant scorn of his reply. Yet another agent whom Mr. May valued highly was Sallie Holley, who with her faithful companion, Caroline F. Putnam, did the work of an evangelist for nearly twenty years and then, shifting the burden, instituted a school for colored children in Lottsburgh, Virginia, whither Mr. May's unfailing sympathy and help followed the inseparable pair until 1893, when Miss Holley died, leaving Miss Putnam to carry on the work alone—yet not alone. Parker Pillsbury, swarthy denouncer of the churches for their recreancy to the spirit of their founder, was one of the most valued on the list. Another was Charles C. Burleigh, a flame of eloquence, perhaps too consciously cultivating his resemblance to the traditional portraitures of Jesus. Cyrus Burleigh was less known. Andrew T. Foss, an ex-Baptist minister, did yeoman's service. Last, but not least, there were the three colored men, Frederick Douglass, Charles Lenox Remond and William Wells Brown, stars differing in glory from each other, but each gifted with a penetrating ray. Douglass's attachment to the Free-soil party deprived Mr. May of his services soon after he assumed the secretary's office.

Those who were not his agents were his companions to a more liberal degree. And what a privilege it was to live in daily contact with such men as Quincy and Phillips and Jackson and Loring, such women as Lydia Maria Child and Maria Weston Chapman, the Weston sisters, the Wellingtons and Caroline Severance and others of that noble company. Best of all was the close relation to Garrison, whom Mr. May found always simple and genial, by no means so overbearing as he has been represented, and not only profoundly religious, but most aptly scriptural in the expression of his thought. Once when Mr. May, meeting him casually, lamented the perversity of certain ministers and others who should have been in the forefront of the anti-slavery movement, but were not, Garrison answered immediately with the text which was perhaps the aptest from Genesis to Revelation, "How *can* they believe who *will* have honor one of another?" Not without many reasons did the sons of Garrison dedicate their splendid "Story" of their father's life "to Samuel May of Leicester, Massachusetts, who freed from toil and care the declining years of William Lloyd Garrison." The meaning is that he collected the sums, in no case exceeding $500, which made up in 1866 a testimonial to Garrison of more than $30,000. This was the crowning act of Mr. May's devotion to his great captain, but it was the expression of a loyalty which was then of twenty-six years' duration and which, stronger than death, has lasted until now.

When the war broke out, Mr. May was quick to range himself with those who were promoting its efficiency. At a meeting called in Leicester to form a military company, April 22, 1861, there was no more ringing speech than his. Indeed, he had never sym-

pathized with Garrison's non-resistance principles. He had his share of the true *gaudium certaminis*, as any one may know who hears him talk of the eventful past. At such times the wine stirs in the cask; the blood glows in his cheek, his hand is clinched, his mouth is set, as if he were again confronting a proslavery mob. From 1840 he had ceased voting national and state tickets; but in 1865 he voted for Lincoln, and he has since been a stanch Republican, faltering in his allegiance only in 1884, when he could not cast his vote for Mr. Blaine.

In church matters he has been a loyal adherent of the local Unitarian society since he resigned its charge, except at one time when the church was shut against an antislavery lecturer. It was an interesting situation when in 1880–81 he found himself set for the defence of Captain Isaac Southgate's will and opposing one of his successors in the pastorate by whom the will was technically infringed. That was better than heaping coals of fire upon the head of the man who had done most to drive him from the Leicester pulpit. It was returning good for evil, though it presented itself to him as a matter of simple justice, in which no choice was left to him.

Since 1865 Mr. May's function in Leicester has been that of the good citizen. There and elsewhere he was very active and efficient in the business of the Freedmen's Aid Society, organizing a local branch and taking a deep personal interest in the teachers sent to the southern states. His position on the school board, which he had resigned in 1846, was resumed and held for nine years more. Leicester Academy, a once famous institution, had omitted him from its board of trustees as being "ultra in his views"; but in 1875 that little world came round to him. His interest in the Leicester public library has been an engrossing one. For a long time he was the chief buyer for the library, and practically the librarian, making a catalogue that was as conscientiously accurate as the record of his class. In 1875 the town made him its representative to the state Legislature, and he was chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations. But at any time since the great war his political influence has been out of all proportion to his official rating. In his own person he has been a committee of correspondence, ever on the alert to criticise what seemed to him a doubtful course in national or state legislation or to encourage what seemed to him the better part. Written soberly and seriously, his letters have been graciously received by those to whom they have been addressed, and have often helped effect the end he had in view. Love, honor, troops of friends have attended his declining steps, and his house has been a house of pilgrimage to many coming from afar to see the man rich in such memories as to-day he shares with but a feeble remnant of a once glorious company. Long may his good gray head irradiate his hospitable board, and bend attentively above the books he loves so much, and the letters that give courage to so many hearts!

THE FIRST DUEL.*

By Frank W. C. Hersey.

"Here lies the body of Benjamin Woodbridge, son of Hon. Dudley Woodbridge, who died July 3, 1728, in the twentieth year of his age."
Granary Burying Ground.

THE dew bejewelled the greensward cold,
And the night mist trailed from the marshes.
A spectral gleam where the river-tide rolled,
A lustre, pale as the succory's bloom,
On the mottled lawns and the leafy gloom,—
Lo, this was the sheen a midsummer sky
Had shed o'er the Common in Boston Town,
In the days when the province loved the crown.
The crickets chirped with a drowsy cry,
The frogs in the slime of their pond droned low,
And the sombre old town a sleep—like snow—
Had buried in silence deep as the tomb;
For good men dream when the black tides flow,
And the night-mist trails from the marshes.

Like phantoms gliding athwart their haunt,
Two striplings trod 'neath the shroud that hung
From the drooping limbs of the Great Elm gaunt,
Where gibbeted Quaker and witch had swung.
The twain stalked on through the shade of death,
With the lust of life agleam in their eyes;
Both waited the word that hate never saith,
Then hurled away cloaks and hats in a breath,
And whipped out their swords to clash and clink,
And flash in the gloom like fireflies;
While the echoes rang o'er the river-brink,
And the night-mist trailed from the marshes.

Did the young hearts ache with remorse for the jeer
In the heat of the wine flung forth too free,
For the dicing in spite of the mothers' tear?
Or throb with the maddening ecstasy
Of parry and thrust 'twixt peer and peer;
With the frantic hope and the deadly will
The blood that would quench their hate to spill,
While the night-mist trailed from the marshes?

A twist of the arm, and a supple lunge,
A lithe recoil, and a clank of steel;
A dart of a blade like a snake in its plunge,
A moaning curse, a tottering reel,—

And a smooth white face lay bathed in dew;
While the blood and the hate ebbed away with the tide,
And the slayer of life wished himself had died
Where the shroud of the Elm drooped dimly blue,
Where the night-mist trailed from the marshes.

*The first duel in Boston was fought on the Common on the night of July 3, 1728, by Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips, two intimate friends, and fellow-students of Harvard College. Their ardent social nature led them to the gaming table; gambling, to the free use of wine; and this finally to a fatal dispute. Woodbridge was slain; and Phillips fled to Rochelle, France, where, exactly one year after, he died of a broken heart.

ANTISLAVERY TIMES IN PLYMOUTH.

By Abby Morton Diaz.

THE antislavery movement in the old town of Plymouth began in my father's family, although as to fugitives Plymouth was not in the direct line of the underground railroad. I recall one, however, a tired, silent colored man, sitting one evening on the stairs leading down into my uncle Stephens' kitchen, almost in darkness, for greater safety—waiting until the night should be far enough advanced for taking him through town to Kingston, on the north.

I am asked: "How was it there? Can you give some account of those early antislavery days?" The request acts as a summons to the long ago departed. Sitting with closed eyes I behold the familiar forms and faces—yes, I can almost hear the very tones of their voices and come again into close touch with their enthusiasm.

First to appear to me are my aunt Sally Stephens—*née* Morton—and her husband, Lemuel, truly a united couple. Both were thinkers and by nature and New England nurture keen sighted for a principle and sure to be pronounced advocates of justice and freedom. Aunt Sally was small in stature, but all animation,—a brisk worker, impatient with idlers, quick to plan and to accomplish, whether in household matters or those of a wider scope. She was a founder and almost lifelong director of Plymouth's primitive charity, the "Fragment Society," its original design having been to gather up from garrets and elsewhere what could be well spared, and bestow as needed.

Uncle Stephens was of more moderate cast, slower of movement, more deliberate in thought and speech, likely, even in busy times, to stand discussing creeds or politics over a fence, or in some available corner,—while Sally would be anxiously explaining to men awaiting him that she was expecting Mr. Stephens every minute. He was a man of fine mind, and his well thought out conclusions were sure to be excellently worded.

With these two must always appear to me my father, Ichabod Morton, tall, erect, earnest in bearing, usually of serious aspect and much given to planning for the kingdom of heaven to come on earth, and to freeing people from the cruel old-time ortho-

doxy. In his meditative moods, or when he was singing the old hymns to the old tunes, his countenance often assumed a rapt expression, consequent upon a remarkable experience which befell him one night in his young manhood. When away from home on business, his room in Boston was supernaturally lighted and he was given a vision of the state of the world as it would be when conducted on the plan of human brotherhood; and he then and there promised the devotion of his whole life to the work of making this vision a reality. In fulfilling this promise he became an earnest worker for temperance, for antislavery, and in a special manner for the educational movement begun by Horace Mann. Not an educated man himself, in the ordinary sense of the term, he was familiar with the methods of Pestalozzi and Fellenberg in Europe, and in company with Horace Mann advocated the establishment of normal schools in this country, — one of the earliest ones, that in our own county, having been very largely due to his efforts.

And now Horace Mann appears to me — tall, erect, with a high, bulging forehead and prematurely white hair, as he stood in our little low walled "keeping-room."

With the larger front room is associated the Concord sage, Bronson Alcott, and his transcendental talk given to antislavery enthusiasts who came trooping over from the town.

Along with my father appears, now, his brother, Edwin Morton, younger, blue eyed, fair haired, strong for truth and progress, yet facetious withal and of quick sympathies.

A company of bright, earnest young girls, devoted to the cause, a number of thoughtful, self-consecrated men and women,—these, too, come at the call; and with them one other, somewhat apart from them by residence and profession, — Rev. Samuel J. May.

"For soul is form and doth the body make,"

said Spenser, long ago. Never was a more soul-made countenance than that of our well beloved and widely known Samuel J. May. Peaceful, benignant, animated, serene, joyous, a constant benediction — all these words do but partly give an idea of its heavenliness. He was then settled in Scituate, some twenty miles nearer Boston, and frequently exchanged with our venerable minister, Dr. Kendall, pastor of the First Church, one of the New England churches of which the majority in each became Unitarians under the influence of Channing — my father being prominent among those in Plymouth.

My home was in the low, gambrel-roofed house a mile south from the town centre,—the family of our Pilgrim ancestor, George Morton, having taken their land in that locality. Our homestead grounds reached to the shore, where were my father's wharf and shipyard. His sister, Aunt Sally Stephens, lived half a mile nearer town, in one of the only two houses at the shore end of Stephens' Lane, — long, narrow, and edged on either side by the tall and slim Lombardy poplars, which marked its straight course from the main road down to Stephens Wharf, owned by Uncle Stephens and his father, Daddy Stephens, who, with Mammy Stephens, occupied the other house. With them lived their long time widowed daughter, a woman of fine character, strictly orthodox, devoted to church interests and known to all people as Mis' Phebe Cotton.

Mrs. Cotton, by opposing her mere womanly convictions of duty to pastoral authority, began an agitation which finally disrupted the Congregational Church in Plymouth and thus indirectly benefited the antislavery movement, which was to come later on. Her offence lay in asking the attendance of a recent convert, an obscure young man, at an evening prayer-meeting at her own

residence, and inviting him to speak, all without consulting her pastor, a stern, dark visaged man, Rev. Frederic Freeman. For this she was dealt with by official visits from the deacons and from the pastor. Still she could not perceive her error nor feel it right to make the humble acknowledgment urged upon her. The matter grew in importance. The parish took sides for and against the culprit. Frequent disciplinary interviews, the persuasions of many near and dear to her, the aloofness of others, Mr. Freeman's arrogant bearing in their private interviews, whole nights spent in vain struggles between duty to pastor and duty to her own convictions, loss of appetite,—all this long continued, brought her to the verge of dangerous illness. If the account written by her brother, Uncle Stephens, savors of mediævalism, it must be remembered that those were the days of the pastoral authority so strongly enforced in antislavery times. The whole affair ended in a division. Those standing for a reasonable individual freedom drew off and built a small and exceedingly plain meeting-house—for they were not of the wealthier sort — and named themselves the Robinson Church, in memory of the Pilgrims' pastor, who, in his discourse to them at their departure, charged them to follow him no further than he followed Christ.

Five or six years later came news of a great stir made in Boston by one Mr. Garrison, who lived and printed his paper in an obscure den, with only a negro boy for assistant. The paper was called the *Liberator*, and its purpose was the liberation of our three millions of slaves. Details of all this were brought by my uncle, Edwin Morton. He arrived from Boston by stage or coasting packet, and walked along shore and stopped "down the Lane" to tell "Sally." From her the word quickly spread, and as may be supposed from all the foregoing, it came to numbers as a call to close up ranks and join in the conflict. For probably in no other town was there so much of specially prepared mind. A meeting was called in the Robinson Meeting-house, and there the Rev. Samuel J. May gave an address, so made up of facts, sound principles and heart-stirring appeals as to meet quick and most enthusiastic response. The situation was seen to call for immediate action. The basic principle insisted upon was that of inherent self-ownership. No human law or custom could give one man ownership of another. "The Greeks? The Greeks are at your door!" was quoted from Mr. May's address; also his statement of the reason given by Mr. Garrison for being, as was said of him reproachfully, "all one fire":—"I have need to be on fire when all around are mountains of ice to melt." Deep interest was awakened, though among comparatively a few. The large majority of the people, including, of course, the wealthy and influential, held aloof in enmity or in contemptuous indifference.

By private notice a meeting for forming an antislavery society was called "down the Lane" at Aunt Sally's, but from fear of outside disturbance it was held in "the other house," Mrs. Phebe Cotton's. Public meetings followed in due course, Mr. Garrison coming as one of the speakers. The Lane was one of the earliest of the antislavery homes. I gazed upon Garrison there with mingled awe and admiration. By the opposers he was thought of as some malignant ogre, ready to devour the poor, long-suffering slaveholders.

The cause progressed. Much was accomplished by individual effort. The Antislavery Society, Junior, whereof I had been made secretary, was always under orders, and saw much active service. Aunt Sally's activity and Uncle Stephens' moderation were both brought into account.

Mrs. Child's Appeal!—what memories the very name awakens!—"An Appeal in favor of that class of Americans called Africans," by Lydia

Maria Child. At the Lane these were household words. Aunt Sally's copies were sent to individuals whom she had marked for conversion, and were kept in constant circulation. The Junior Society attended to this on its way to and from school. Antislavery almanacs were issued. We stopped at houses to sell them. Petitions were yearly sent to Congress asking for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. We called at houses for signers. Families who dared to sign ranked high in our esteem. We boldly confronted opposers; for had we not attended all the meetings and were we not always just ready to explode with facts and arguments? A frequent objection was, "Do you want to marry a nigger?" We distributed "cent-a-week boxes" to stand on mantels, yellow, covered with antislavery mottoes, and having a slit for the weekly penny.

At school three of us antislavery girls kept on the watch for chances. The class recitations afforded now and then a chance for bringing in some harrowing tale of slaverydom, or to quote from Mr. Garrison and others and sound their praises. The teacher was an "opposer." Though highly esteeming us as pupils, she would shake her head solemnly on these occasions, yet often with a lurking smile. We made our composition books of the antislavery writing paper. It came in the very large square sheets of the period, each being headed with a print of a slave in chains with the question, "Am I not a Man and a Brother?" or "Woman and a Sister?" We made the covers of black pasteboard tied with black strings. I remember my chum and myself going up into her garret to write our compositions. They were to be in letter form, and we hunted the map over to find a town having some antislavery significance and finally addressed our letters to "Stanton," the name of one of our heroes and most eloquent speakers, Henry B. Stanton, husband of Mrs. Cady Stanton, who is still in the front ranks of progress.

This school friend and myself kept in our desks our "accounts" of the cotton garters which we knitted and sold in order to make up half of the weekly quarter we had each resolved to place in the treasury of our society. The other half we obtained from our mothers by doing without butter at that rate a week.

The Juniors did their prettiest for the fairs which helped pay the expenses of our public meetings. Some odd contributions to these were manufactured by Miss Nabby Judson, —sister of Adoniram Judson, the pioneer missionary to India,—a prim, elderly, demure, quaint little body who lived a secluded life all by herself in the roomy old Judson house, perched high by the roadside, with no visible approach to the front door. I remember being once admitted by a circuitous back way to the interior, where the furnishings were largely made up of idols and numerous other mementoes from far away Burmah, and the atmosphere was rendered almost oppressive by my vivid imaginings of monster gods, and pagans and pagodas, and juggernauts, burning widows and drowning girl babies.

As the interest in our meetings and speakers increased, these drew larger and larger attendance, and now and then a person of the highest standing would be won over, to the dismay of his or her connections. For abolitionists everywhere were as yet a small minority of the people. But that small minority, scorned, ridiculed, looked upon with abhorrence, held of no account, proved a conquering host; for the Scriptural "chariots and horses" were ever present in the shape of high and mighty principles. To firm believers in the cause its increased recognition was made a main object under all manner of circumstances; truly might they have sung the old familiar strain, "A charge to keep I have." No chance was let go. If Aunt Sally had to pacify waiting

men by assurances that Mr. Stephens would be coming soon, she was in some measure comforted by the thought that he was somewhere expounding the gospel of emancipation.

In one special case his efforts brought great gain. The need of rigging for his vessels took him at times to the office of a prominent citizen and business man, a good Unitarian brother, superintendent of the manufactories of the widely known and owned Plymouth Cordage Company, an old-school gentleman of means and influence, also of strong convictions and generous impulses, humorous to a degree, and of much reputation as a teller of comical stories,— stories with places where the laugh came in, — his own being enough to set off a whole company. Business completed, Uncle Stephens, a man of his own leisure, for he made it himself, would casually open conversation by an adroit entering wedge, then answer queries with always-at-hand replies, keeping principles apart from expediency, perhaps sustaining his positions by the unfailing *Liberator*, sure to be accidentally in his pocket and always kindly lent to his interested questioner.

The conversion thus accomplished of Mr. Bourne Spooner was an event in the town. To the abolitionists it brought rejoicings and to the cause enduring benefit. A lifelong subscriber to the *Liberator*, he never swerved from its Declaration of Rights or its motto, "My country is the world, my countrymen all mankind." His wife, too, became a devoted adherent; and in their fine residence, "out north," antislavery lecturers found cordial welcome. Garrison, Phillips, Edmund Quincy, and others were accustomed guests, duly conveyed thither after the evening session, the general hand-shaking and personal greetings were over; and could those old walls speak, many a tale could they tell of the good times at and far beyond the much needed repast so hospitably provided. Interchange of experiences ludicrous and pathetic, signs of the times hopeful or otherwise, cheery talk, the light repartee, swift strokes of wit and humor, mine host's story-telling,— with the sure outbursts of laughter, joined in so gleefully by the host himself, — all these went to make up the "revelry by night" at Bourne Spooner's,— "not that bourne," as Mr. Garrison wittily said, "whence no traveller returns."

Those who think of Mr. Garrison and his compeers only as austere and aggressive reformers, dwelling on the heights, so to speak, of everlasting principles, swaying audiences by their eloquence or their relentless logic, have small idea of the gentle courtesy and the delight in social intercourse, and the aptitude for merriment of those same stern, uncompromising abolitionists.

Mr. Garrison enjoyed singing. A favorite old tune of his was "Amsterdam," the words beginning:

> "Rise, my soul, stretch every nerve,
> And press with vigor on,"

sung at his funeral in the Roxbury church. I remember one evening at my uncle Edwin Morton's, in our neighborhood, while all hands were singing

> "In the days when we went gypsying,"

he suddenly faced about, as I stood by his side, and by expressive glances and motions in time with his singing, playfully made as if we two were the "we" that were boy and girl together and "went gypsying in the long time ago."

And Quincy, most welcome and astonishing convert from the very *élite* of Boston, Edmund Quincy, scholarly, cultured, from his home of luxury and refinement answered calls from remote villages in the outskirts of Plymouth and elsewhere and, filled with the spirit of the movement, became an apostle of freedom, speaking in the little red schoolhouses, sleeping in cold spare chambers, taking his

meals *en famille* in the kitchen. We may think of him enlivening the company at Mr. Bourne Spooner's by telling them the astounding fact that the country folk "actually considered *beans* the dinner!" also, of the woman who, when sitting by him braiding straw, showed her womanly interest in his wife by asking, "And what does Sister Quincy do for a living?" He answered, politely of course, that Mrs. Quincy was fully occupied with the charge of her household.

Among other frequent comers were Parker Pillsbury, with his sledge-hammer eloquence; and a kindred spirit, Stephen Foster,—both fired with righteous indignation against the Church, declaring it to be the very bulwark of slavery in justifying and defending it, while standing as leader of public sentiment. Mr. Foster married Abby Kelley, of Quaker birth, rather stately, of serene countenance, impressive, earnest, her dark hair drawn smoothly down over the temples, a white muslin kerchief crossed on her bosom. I remember with what almost dazed admiration I gazed at her, wondering how a woman could possibly dare to stand up before everybody and speak to an audience. Would she know what to say? Would she know how to say it? Suppose she should forget right in the middle of a sentence! And what a sensation when Frederick Douglass came, an escaped slave direct from the plantation, who by his native eloquence and his knowledge of the whole matter became a power in the antislavery ranks! I remember hearing him describe the plausible preaching addressed to the slaves: "Behold how God has fitted each for his duties. Your hard, horny hands show you to be made for service, while the whites, born to rule and to enjoy leisure, have soft, white hands unfit for toil."

At one grand convention, which brought to town all the big lights, we had the joy and the glory of coming face to face and hand to hand with George Thompson, the eloquent and devoted English orator, who was once the cause of that Boston mob of "gentlemen of property and standing"—as the leading newspapers so proudly called it — which, urged on by those papers, broke up the women's antislavery meeting and, not finding their prey, Mr. Thompson, nearly murdered Mr. Garrison whose life was saved only by a hasty police conveyance to Ludlow Street jail!

If the younger people of to-day fail to comprehend the spirit of hatred and opposition shown by the general public, neither on the other hand can they begin to have an idea of the abiding enthusiasm, and the devotion of the early abolitionists, and their entire absorption in the cause. Their solicitude was for it; their business was to forward it. It was to them a continuous inspiration, their life, their world — a whole world of thought, effort, principles, enjoyments, occupation, aims, motives, standards, apart from all that was going on around them.

This was especially true of the women. They it was who were foremost in planning our Plymouth meetings, writing to the speakers, entertaining them, securing a place for an audience, devising means for raising the needful money. Was a prominent church desired for the lecture? The women proceeded cautiously, getting the consent of each separate trustee on condition that the others would agree to it. Long before the date of a county or state convention, the women would say among themselves: "It is time to begin to stir up the men." For it was the men's part to arrange for conveyances. Not that the men lacked in enthusiasm; but they somehow had come to depend on the women, — as one does on an alarm clock, sure to *go off* at the right hour.

Weather was no consideration, or we might have turned back after some miles of travel had proved it a

"way below zero" day, and have given up our ten or twelve miles' ride to Hanson, — "we" being my father, the elder two of the "Harlow girls," and myself, in a small open one horse sleigh. Two of us rode backward on a low front seat, and I remember my father repeatedly holding a muff to his cheeks to keep them from freezing. Though numb with cold, we found ways of letting each other know our delight that owing to the hurried and very early start and our house being unusually warm, he had been misled as to temperature. Finding ourselves in danger of actual freezing, we stopped at a solitary house and begged a chance at the fire. The woman was what she herself would have called "dumbfoundered." "Out on the road a day like this?" "Goin' to a meetin' way off there? Don't ye have no meetin's in Plymouth?" It was upon our entrance into the meeting-house "way off there,"—my father having stayed out to care for his horse,—that Mr. May spoke from the front, saying: "I hope our friends will come directly up to the stove, for though they are very warm abolitionists, I know they must be very cold ladies."

The women helped greatly in making possible our Plymouth Antislavery Reading-Room, devoted to antislavery literature—by that time quite plentiful—and to social intercourse of a high order, the whole being our daily delight. For while the world's girls found their enjoyment in parties and balls and clothes and talking of beaux, the antislavery girls found theirs in gatherings of the faithful, in a newly arrived *Liberator*, in learning of recent converts, in working for antislavery fairs held in Boston or at Plymouth, and above all in planning and anticipating the occasions which should bring to town our heroes, the great leaders of the antislavery host.

Truly their coming among us was like the descent of the gods upon the earth. When the actual day arrived, we could hardly contain ourselves, and when at last beholding them in bodily form, we did not try to; and even then were yet in prospect the delightful gatherings close around the speakers, after the meetings at some private residence.

Very high among these leaders stood our Samuel J. May. The Sundays he was exchanged with the regular minister my school friend and I sat together to help each other bear the overwhelming joy of his presence, and that when the tones of his wondrously sweet and thrilling voice should fall upon our ears we might relieve the intensity of our emotion by pinching and squeezing each other. Once when my father took me, with two others older, to an educational meeting at Scituate, and we were to have our suppers and spend the evening at Mr. May's—actually at his very own house!—my friend made me promise to bring her something, no matter what, from that to us sacred temple. I sat mute through the whole time, from bashfulness and a deep sense of the situation, but at supper I had secreted under my plate a bit of crust, which was gladly accepted and preserved.

The two others who went to Scituate were Ruth Harlow and my cousin, Sarah Stephens, a teacher of some note, secretary of the Antislavery Society formed at Mrs. Phebe Cotton's, and always a devoted worker in the cause.

Prominent from the very first among the workers, the starters, the stirrers-up, the manœuvrers with church trustees, were the Harlow girls, elder sisters of my school friend. It was they who, foremost in planning it, took chief charge of the Antislavery Reading-Room, kept it swept and garnished, made and sold ice cream, dealt there also in confectionery, kept the accounts, conferred with the brethren as to means and speakers and public meetings, enticed in readers, greeted all visitors, labored with inquirers, thus making the rooms a social centre and in very many ways a benefit to the cause.

And of these girls, especially Ruth —Ruth Harlow, of beloved memory, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, always cheery, her face aglow with enthusiasm. Saint and martyr, for with not one thought of self she sat whole days through in those chilly rooms, chilly because fires would take money needful to the cause. The consequences, a cold, later an ominous cough, and still later the not uncommon lingering disease which at last took her from our mortal vision, leaving vacant a large place among the many to whom she had long been guidance and inspiration. I said she thought not of self. To comprehend this in its fulness, the young people who read this must form an idea of a self-abnegation which was not self-abnegation, for it had no thought of a self as separate from the cause. This oneness was so real that doing for the cause was doing for self. Thus to dress in the extremes of plainness and economy, relinquishing pleasures of various kinds and giving to the cause the money thus saved, was not self-sacrifice, for the reason that the cause had so absorbed self that itself was self.

In explanation of this absolute merging of one's self in the cause must be counted in the New England color-phobia, which forbade the education of colored people, even at their own expense; the vivid portrayals of slavery, its cruelties, its barbarities and its immoralities, as shown by the numerous "partly white" slaves advertised; the vindication of the system by leading publications and by those highest in Church and State and in social life; the scorn and hatred visited upon the antislavery leaders,—our heroes,—the soul-stirring appeals of the whole host of these, including Mr. Garrison with his mighty convictions, Mr. Phillips with his overpowering eloquence, Whittier sounding his fervid blasts of indignation, Theodore Parker—a quite frequent visitor to Plymouth—spiritually enlightened and giving out inspiration—all consecrated to the work, all earnest and, what is more, all backed by invincible truth! Against so much of magnitude, poor little selfhood had small chance. And there was more. The public must be brought into touch with all this; certain underlying principles must gain recognition. This required speakers and audience rooms and for these money, a great deal of it. Could we afford to waste it on ourselves? For there was not only the South to influence, but nearly the whole North. Business interests were involved. A gentleman came to Mr. May during a public meeting in Boston and said in effect, "Mr. May, I want to tell you people that your principles are all right; slavery is wrong. But the northern commercial interests are so dependent on the South that we cannot show opposition to their peculiar institution. Your movement will never succeed." The great body of the clergy were arrayed in opposition, and they were a power. The orthodox Congregational Association issued an italicized and capitalized "Pastoral Letter" charging that lectures had been given "within the parochial limits of settled pastors without their consent . . . . a violation of sacred and important RIGHTS." "Deference and subordination are essential . . . . in the relation of a people to their pastor." The Unitarian Association refused to condemn the Fugitive Slave Law, and eighty of the leading Unitarian ministers—many of them noted names—refused to sign a protest against slavery. A prominent Boston clergyman wrote a pamphlet vindicating slavery from the Bible.

This pastoral and church opposition shows why our Plymouth antislavery women had to manœuvre in securing a place for their speakers. In Boston the opposition was so great that the antislavery conventions could find no place other than the large hall over Marlboro stable. In Plymouth the Robinson Meeting-house could always be had, at whatever risk. I

was present at a meeting when it was assailed by a violent mob; stones thrown through the windows are yet to be seen. My father went for the sheriff, a prominent citizen, but he refused to come. The sign of the Antislavery Reading-Room was found one morning besmeared with tar.

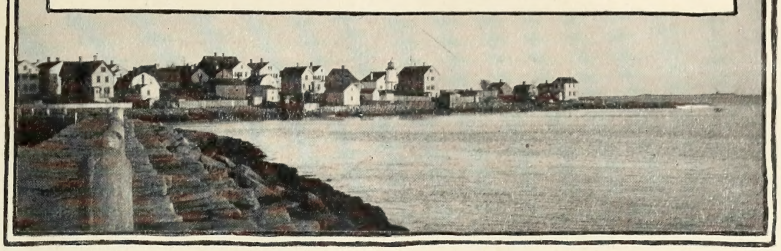
Thirty years of the struggle, thus inadequately set forth, caused an extension of the antislavery sentiment throughout the North, and the consequent alienation of the South, resulted in the war which at last brought about the overthrow of slavery. But there was other gain,—one of deep import, above all to a republic. The talk of the antislavery leaders, who came and went among us and elsewhere, was not always on southern bondage. There were gatherings, indoors and out, where our loved and honored guests discoursed on high themes and especially upon a regenerated human society, so that, listening, we were caught up, as it were, from all that is low and base in this earthly existence; and such exaltations are never merely for the moment; they affect the whole after life. Add to this that in every little village and hamlet throughout the North were numbers who had learned to judge from principle rather than expediency. Thus a royal heritage was surely handed down, for to this day wherever is going on a work demanding the spirit of progress and freedom, with enthusiasm for the right, are certain to be found those proud to call themselves the children, or grandchildren, of the old abolitionists.

The antislavery movement continued through the war, the same people circulating the same petitions to Congress; and I have still mine which shows the names already obtained when further effort was made needless by Lincoln's Proclamation of Freedom. We often encounter wonder to-day that the country did not at once free itself from a system so paralyzing to body, mind and soul of millions of human beings. Just so will they of a remote future look back upon these present times, wondering at a "civilization," which by its various conditions—business, political, social, industrial—so restricts the higher human powers and qualities that millions pass through existence scarcely conscious of possessing minds,—many with recognition, by themselves and others, of only the mere animal needs, food and shelter, these being called the "necessities of *life*" for a human being. Business men tell us the Golden Rule comes too high, except for Sunday use, and they have to keep a brass one for every day. The law of human brotherhood is stigmatized as "idealism." But Emerson says: "They only build for eternity who build on an Idea;" that is to say, on a fundamental principle.

Mr. Garrison was a young man when he began his championing of the principle, *no human ownership of human beings.* Now, as in his day, everlasting principles are being dishonored in business conditions and trailed in what politicians themselves call "the dirt and mire of politics," when they should hold absolute dominion in human society. Among our young people are there none who will champion these? They will have to rule some time, since no human institution, no state, however seemingly grand, can stand firm on any other foundation. The merging of self's good with others' good is not mere sentiment; it is universal law. In all membership, in the human body, in every tree and shrub and flower, in the planetary system, disaster to any one member brings disaster to every other, even to those who may seem advantaged by overabundance. Three million of people allowed only the animal necessities of life were a menace and a degradation to those seemingly advantaged thereby, and a blot upon the country. The moral, which so deeply concerns us all, is not hard to find.

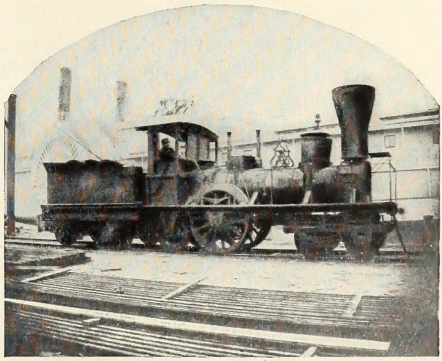
STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

By Henry Robinson Palmer.

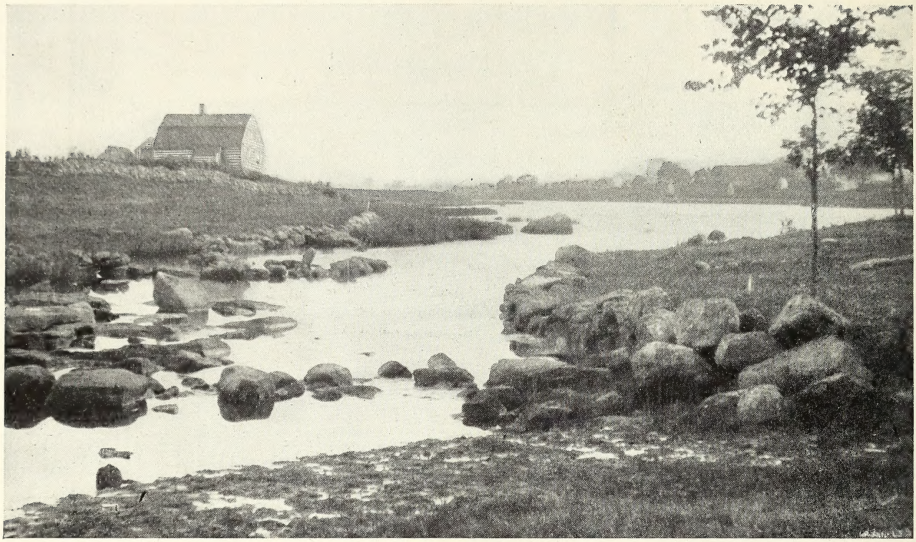


WHEN Longfellow wrote of "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea," he was thinking of Portland; but his tender song applies to Stonington. If the town is not strictly beautiful, since it has no fine buildings and stately streets, still it is set in the midst of a pleasant country and the charm of the sea wraps it about. A mile from the shore its roads wind their way through overhanging woods, and the traveller loses his sense of the ocean, except as its scent is borne to him on the breeze. But from every hilltop the sea is disclosed. It stretches in soft expanse as far as the eye can reach. On clear days the white cliffs of Montauk and Block Island come into view. A dozen tall lighthouses cast their glow over the evening waters. There is salt in the air and in the speech of the fishermen. It is the sea that gives the town its distinctive note.

Before the white man came to New England, the savage Pequots held sway in the region east of the Thames. They had swept from the head waters of the Hudson, driving the inferior tribes of Connecticut before them and scattering the mild Niantics from their territory on the shore. Some of the latter unfortunates took refuge beyond the Pawcatuck and the rest crossed the Thames and settled between that river and the Connecticut. The Pequots liked the country their valor had won and chose it for their permanent abode. They extended their borders to Fisher's Island, and made warlike expeditions to Block Island and Montauk. Their bows and battle-axes were a terror to their enemies, and they could summon nearly four thousand fighting men to the warpath. In 1632 they defeated the Narragansetts of Rhode Island and extended their territorial claims ten miles east of the Pawcatuck. Smarting at this and other injuries, the Narragansetts retaliated five years later, assisting Captain John Mason in the annihilation of the Pequots at their great fort near the Mystic River. This savage slaughter saved the colonies from further annoyance at the hands of Sassacus and his warriors; but it did not settle the dispute over the eastern boundary of his domain. The whites, when they came, inherited it, and it caused a border warfare between the



THE "APPONAUG" (1837).

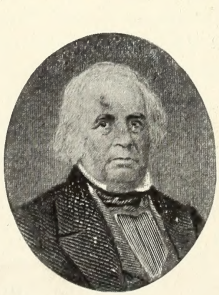


WEQUETEQUOCK COVE.

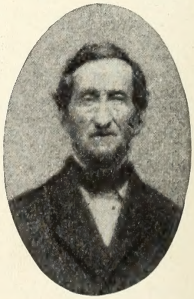
settlers of Rhode Island and Connecticut for eighty years.

The Dutch were not only the pioneer white settlers of the Connecticut valley, but the first Europeans to explore the southern coast of New England. Captain Adrian Block sailed out of New Amsterdam in the year 1614, in the *Restless*, a forty-four foot vessel built on the banks of the Hudson. He made his way in a leisurely manner up the Connecticut shore, explored the rivers and harbors, and gave them names that have not remained, except on the musty maps of the old Dutch geographers. He cruised past Stonington, into Narragansett Bay and up the Pawcatuck, which he called Oester Riviertjen. "Within the Great Bay (Long Island Sound)," writes the Dutch historian of that day, "there lies a point in the shape of a sickle, behind which there is a small stream or inlet, which was called by our people East River, since it extends toward the east." The crooked point is the sandy crescent that stretches westward from Watch Hill and forms the extremity of Rhode Island. Since the old Dutch navigator sailed past it, it has extended its sickle formation many hundred feet. It is now within seven-eighths of a mile of the Connecticut shore and still approaching.

The Dutch have left, however, no trace in the Connecticut valley or on the shores of Little Narragansett Bay. The fame of Block is perpetuated in the name of Block Island; but otherwise his voyage from New Amsterdam to Cape Cod is forgotten. It remained for the English to establish a permanent colony in the Pequot country; and eight years after the destruction of the Pequot power at Mystic, John Winthrop the younger came from Boston and began the settlement of New London on the banks of the Thames. While engaged in this task he became acquainted with



EPHRAIM WILLIAMS.



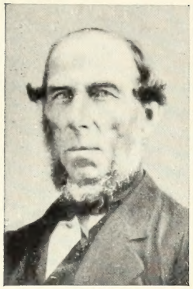
JOHN F. TRUMBULL.

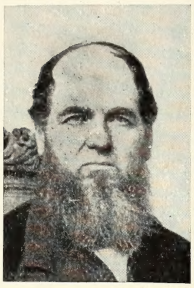
William Chesebrough of Rehoboth, Plymouth Colony, and invited him to join in the enterprise. Chesebrough visited New London, but the location did not satisfy him and he turned homeward, passing through the present town of Stonington. On the shores of Wequetequock Cove, two miles and a half northeast of what is now the borough of Stonington, he stopped and selected a site for his future home. It was on high ground overlooking the cove, with a calm valley and level meadows sweeping down to Little Narragansett Bay. Here in 1649, two hundred and fifty years ago this spring, he brought his family from Rehoboth and made the first permanent English settlement within the borders of the present town of Stonington. He had come to America with John Winthrop the elder, in 1630, from Boston, England, where he was born in 1594. In the new Boston he served as constable and was one of two who were chosen to represent that town in a colonial conference which was practically the forerunner of the House of Representatives in the Massachusetts General Court. He was a gunsmith by trade, and before he had been at Wequetequock a year the General Court of Connecticut summoned him to appear before Captain Mason at Saybrook, or some other magistrate, and give an account of himself. The first act of the Court had forbidden the sale of firearms or ammunition to the Indians; and the Hartford authorities suspected that the gunsmith who had established himself in the heart of the forest at a distance of fifteen miles from the nearest white settlement was bent on breaking this law. At first he disregarded the summons, believing that he was within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, but in 1651, acting on the advice of his friend Winthrop and others at New London, he decided to present himself at Hartford and answer the charges made against him. He insisted that he was not engaged in any unlawful traffic with the redskins and that his religious opinions were entirely orthodox (he had been a member of the First Congregational Church at Boston). He did not intend to remain alone in the wilderness, and he agreed to give a bond of £100 not to furnish the Indians with munitions of war.

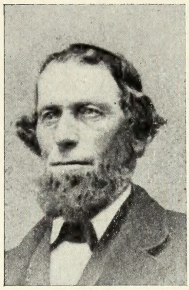


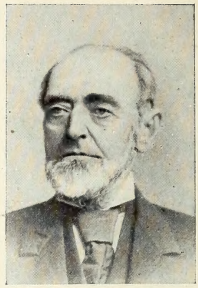
A COLONIAL HOUSE.

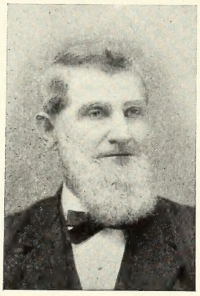
Mr. Chesebrough was followed to Stonington in 1650 by Thomas Stanton, who set up a trading post on the shores of the Pawcatuck. Mr. Stanton was born in England or Wales, and came to Virginia in 1636, when he was nineteen or twenty years old. He studied the language of the Indians to such good purpose that he achieved a widespread reputation as an interpreter, and in after years became the interpreter general of the New England Colonies. Although he occupied his house at Pawcatuck as early as 1650, it was not until 1658 that he established his family there. Mean-

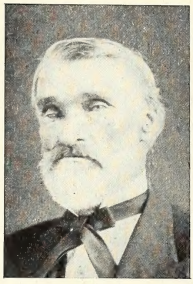

CHARLES O. BREWSTER.

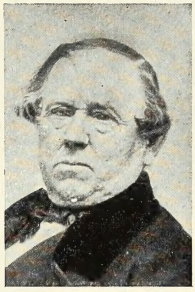

JOSHUA STEVENS.

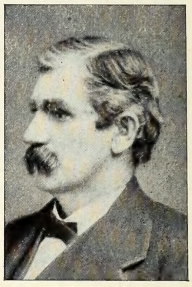

JOHN BROWN.


GEORGE HUBBARD.


WILLIAM E. BREWSTER.


ALEXANDER S. PALMER.


WILLIAM NOYES.

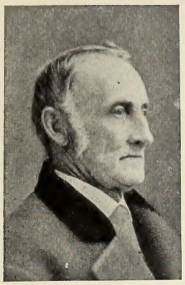

JOHN R. STIVERS.*

while, in 1652, Thomas Miner, who had arrived in America in 1630 and lived successively in Charlestown, Hingham and New London, came to Wequetequock and built a home for himself directly across the cove from the Chesebrough house. A few months later, Walter Palmer of Rehoboth, yielding to the desire of his former neighbor Chesebrough that he should settle in the same region, purchased the Miner property, as well as a large tract belonging to Governor Haynes. Thereupon Mr. Miner moved to Quiambaug Cove, two miles west of the present borough of Stonington, and erected a house on land that has been in the hands of the Miner family ever since. Mr. Palmer had come to America from Nottinghamshire, England, in 1629. The site of his house at Stonington is shown in the left foreground of the picture of Wequetequock Cove accompanying this article; while Mr. Chesebrough's homestead was so near, on the right bank, that conversation could be carried on across the water from door to door.

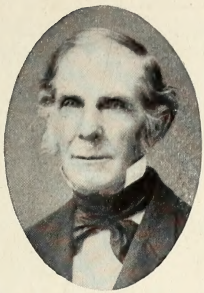
Captain George Denison, a sturdy Indian fighter and a leader in New England affairs, built a house near Pequotsepos Brook, in the western part of the town, in 1654, and Captain John Gallup and Robert Park arrived with their families the same year and settled near the Mystic River. Captain Gallup lost his life in the great swamp fight at Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1675, when the Narragansetts were overthrown.

The name of Stonington had not yet been given to the territory settled by these pioneers. "Mystic and Pawcatuck" was the local designation, the first portion of the title covering the region west of Stony Brook, and the latter the land east of it. As soon as the settlers felt themselves strong enough, they petitioned to be set off as a separate town; but the General Court at Hartford, influenced by the opposition of New London, which claimed jurisdiction as far east as the Pawcatuck, refused their request. Continued appeals did no

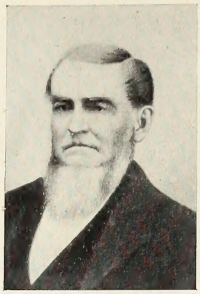
*These portraits and those on the following page are old whaling captains of Stonington.



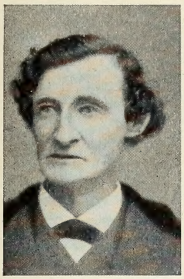
JOSEPH E. SMITH.



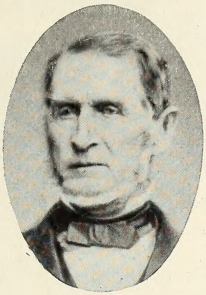
FRANKLIN HANCOX.



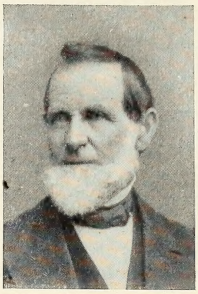
THOMAS BURTCH.



GURDON PENDLETON.



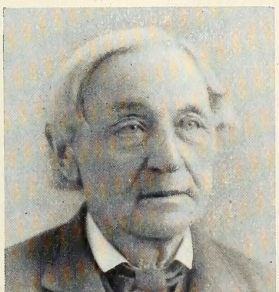
CHARLES T. STANTON.



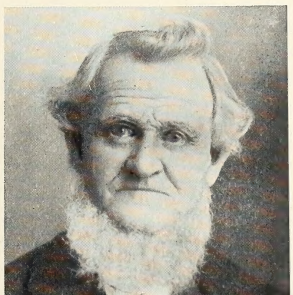
GEORGE S. BREWSTER.

good, and so in 1657 a petition was presented to the General Court at Boston for incorporation as a town within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. The petitioners represented that Massachusetts claimed the land on which they were established, and, as they considered, justly. But Massachusetts deferred its answer and sent to Hartford for further information. The next year the petition was renewed, but the only result was an unsatisfactory letter in which the Boston Legislature informed the petitioners that it had received no response from Hartford, and from this it judged that Connecticut was not willing to surrender its claim to the region in dispute. The petitioners were therefore advised to "order theire affaires peaceably & by Comon Agreement" until the commissioners of the United Colonies should meet. Accordingly, in 1658 the little settlement set up a squatter sovereignty under the style of "The Asotiation of Poquatuck Peple." "Wheras," recited the agreement of this association, "thear is a difference betwene the 2 Cullonyes of the Matachusetts and Conecticoate about the government of this plac, whearby we are deprived of Expectation of protection from either . . . we hose names are hereunto subscribed do hearby promis, testify & declare to maintain and deffend with our persons and estait the peac of the plac and to aid and assist one another acoarding to law & rules of righteousness acoarding to the true intent & meaning of our asociation till such other provition be maide ffor us as may atain our end. . . . And we do not this out of anny disrespec unto ether of the afoarsaid governments which we are bound ever to honnor, but in the vacancy of any other aforesaid."

The Anglo-Saxon is capable of orderly self-government under the most

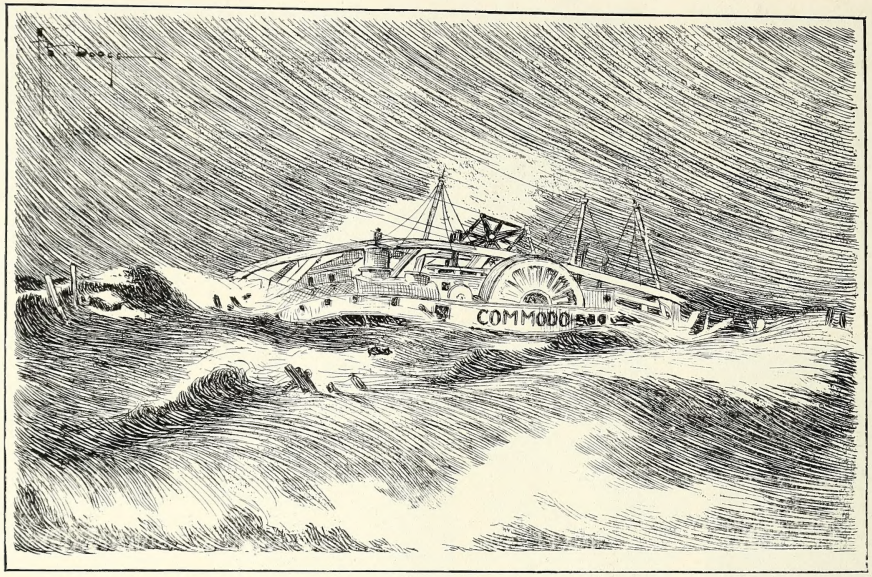


CAPTAIN BILLINGS BURCH.



CAPTAIN B. F. PENDLETON.

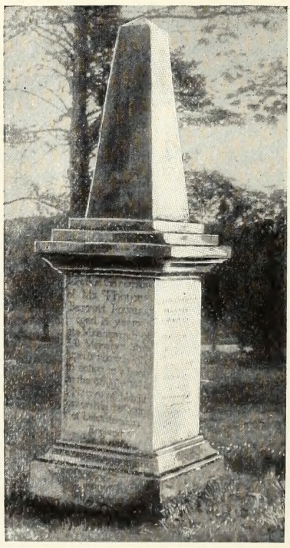
The two living Whaling Captains of Stonington.



Drawn by F. E. Dodge from a contemporary print.

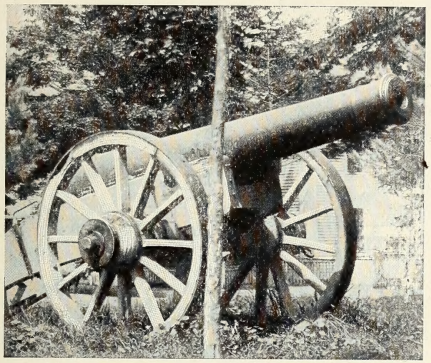
WRECK OF THE COMMODORE.

adverse conditions, and the settlers of Mystic and Pawcatuck administered their own affairs until the recreant colonies saw fit to pay attention to them. In September, 1658, the commissioners rendered their decision in the dispute, adjudging that the rights of Connecticut and Massachusetts to the contested territory were practically equal, since both had had a share in the conquest of the Pequots. They divided, therefore, the tract between the two, making the Mystic River the boundary. From this stream to Wecopaug, now in the town of Westerly, Rhode Island, the jurisdiction of Massachusetts was to be paramount, and the General Court at Boston gave the inhabitants of Mystic and Pawcatuck permission to extend their plantation to the limits indicated. The cumbersome name of the settlement was changed to Southertown, and its boundaries were established on a line drawn eight miles north from the mouth of the Mystic River and thence to a point abreast of Wecopaug. The committee appointed by the town to lay out this line reported in March, 1659, that "we did as followeth ffirst we began at Misticke Rivers mouth, and ffrom thence we run six miles to the north, northeast to the pond lying by Lanthorne (Lantern) hill, where we marked a chestnut tree with six noches right against the middle of the pond, which pond we ffound to be



MONUMENT TO MIDSHIPMAN POWERS.

seuen chains and one pole wide, and from thence we run two miles due north to an ash tree which we marked ffouer ways and set eight noches for the eight miles." Lantern Hill, the highest land in southeastern Connecticut, is sighted by the incoming mariner before he sees Montauk, though it is less than seven hundred feet above the surface of the sea. The boundary commission continued its line eastward ten miles to the Pawcatuck, thence nearly seven miles south-



AN EIGHTEEN-POUNDER USED IN 1814.

ward, and again eastward to a point north of Quonocontaug. This was more than two miles beyond Wecopaug, but the surveyors respectfully submitted to the town that they had taken possession of the added territory "ffor the countrie to dispose of either ffor us or as the contrie shall cause." They were pioneer expansionists.

For fourscore years the people of Rhode Island and Connecticut who lived along the border quarrelled about it. The former colony claimed jurisdiction as far west as the Pawcatuck; but Connecticut asserted authority over a large portion of the present town of Westerly. Collisions between the opposing sides were frequent, and the joy of the Connecticut settlers when one of their constables lugged a captured Rhode Islander off to jail for alleged trespass was equalled only by that of the Rhode Island colonists when a Rhode Island officer performed a like service for an unfortunate Stoningtonian. In 1668 some of the citizens of Stonington (the town had been surrendered to Connecticut by virtue of the charter of 1662, named Mystic in 1665, and finally called Stonington in 1666) sent up a pathetic petition for redress to Hartford. The Rhode Islanders, they declared, were the bane of their lives. These settlers on the east bank of the Pawcatuck, said the petition, "ar growing numerous, & doe noe less threaten the west side of Poquatuck River and wee know not but they may as well take all as a part, nay, our houses over our heades, by as much right as wt they at present injoye, for anything the Pattent priveledges more to one side of the River than the other. . . . May not parents heartes bleed when about to leave the world to thinke how they leave their deer children in the mouth of the Lion & paw of the Beare, and worse, as being daylie tempted by exampells to follow after & imbrace lies, to live as riotous, wanton, luxsurious, and even no better than to bee said vnto, Serve other Gods or no God?" Any one who



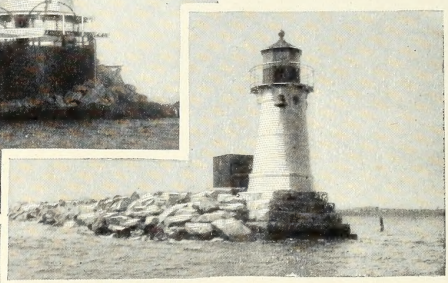
MONUMENT TO THE DEFENDERS OF STONINGTON IN 1814.

failed to subscribe to Congregational doctrines was a dangerous person in the opinion of the sincere but bigoted Puritans of Connecticut and Massachusetts, two hundred and fifty years ago.

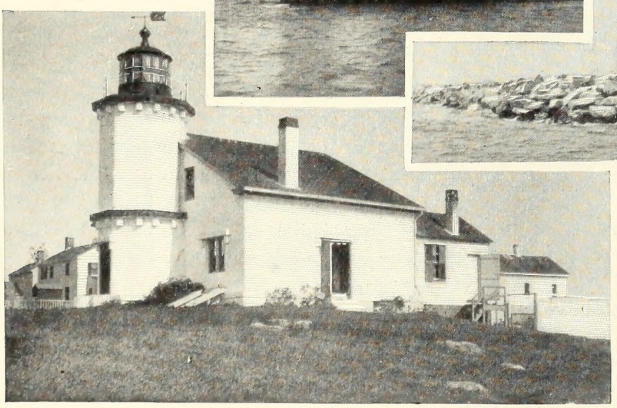
The records of this far-away colonial era show that the little settlement grew and prospered in spite of the danger from Indians and the annoyances and privations inseparable from life in a pioneer community. The men were mostly farmers, whose wives spun their own linen and wove their own wool, dressed it on hand machines and dyed it in primitive vats. The first gristmill was erected at Wequetequock in 1662, and within the next four years another was built at Pawcatuck. James Dean of Taunton came in 1676 and established the first blacksmith shop at Quiambaug, where the family name is still perpetuated in "Dean's Mill." But for many years the town continued to be essentially agricultural. The planters lived, many of them, at long distances from each other, and came together but once a week, on Sunday. The first religious service was held in 1657:

"Near where the Anguilla brook still murmurs down,
As then, its soft low chant of praise to Heaven;
At Walter Palmer's, on the eastern side
Of shallow Wequetequock's befreshened tide."

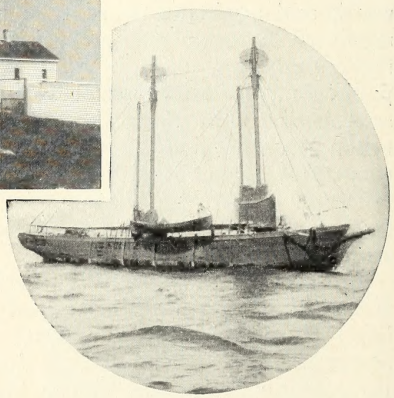




WEST BREAKWATER LIGHT.

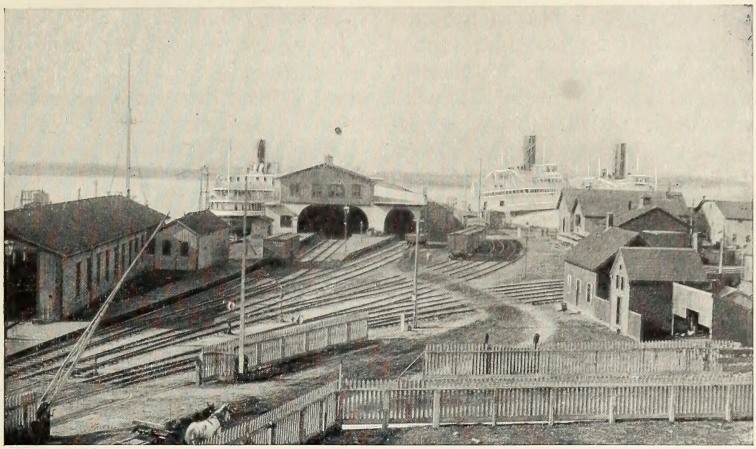


LATIMER'S REEF LIGHT.
STONINGTON LIGHT.



RAM ISLAND LIGHTSHIP.

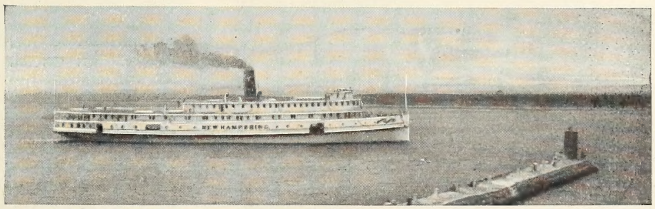
The First Congregational Church was organized in 1674, and its first pastor, Rev. James Noyes, a graduate of Harvard, was also the first school-teacher. He had taught and preached at Stonington for ten years before being ordained and settled in the pastorate. His ministry continued until the close of the year 1719, at which time he had been preaching, as licentiate and ordained



STONINGTON LINE YARD AND WHARF.

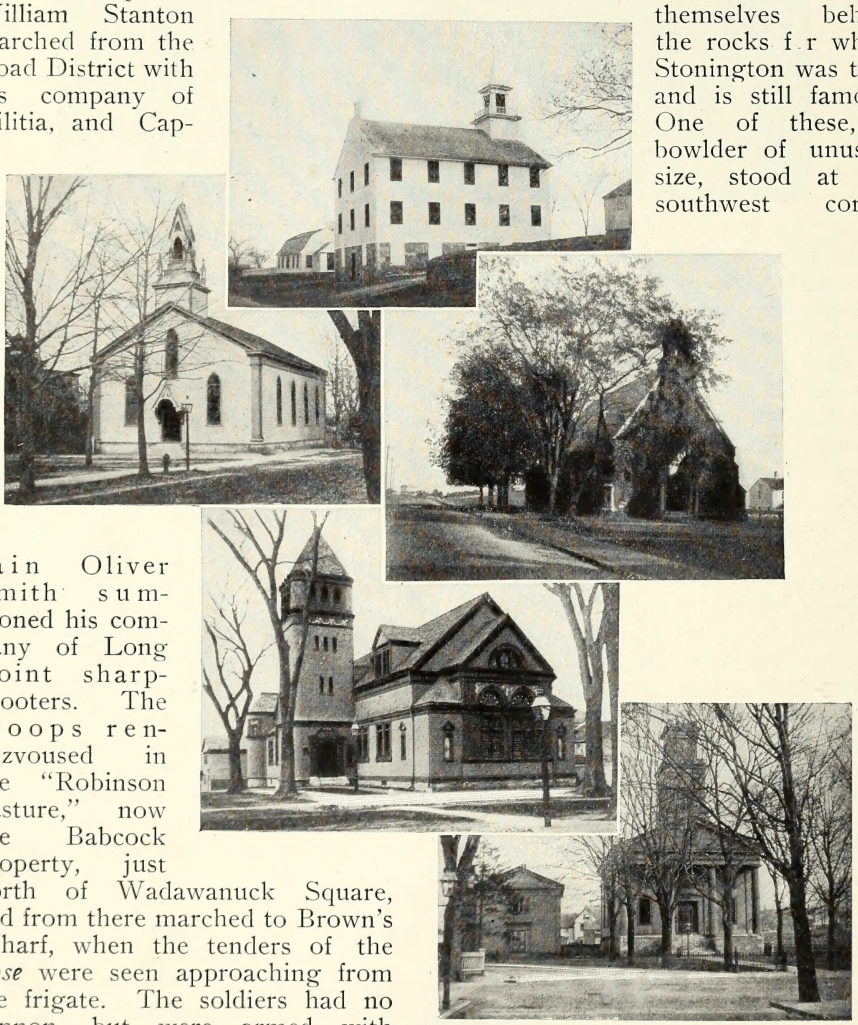
minister, no less than fifty-five years. In 1700 he was one of the since famous group of twelve Connecticut ministers who brought their books together at Saybrook for the founding of Yale College.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century a little settlement grew up on Long Point, now Stonington borough, and added various coastwise industries to those already in existence. Trade sprang up with other coast towns and even with the West Indies. By 1775, when the Revolutionary War broke out, seventy-five houses had been erected at Long Point, and the number of its inhabitants had increased to five hundred. In that year the British army was shut up in Boston, and the Americans were endeavoring to draw the net more tightly about the invaders. Provisions were scarce in the beleaguered town, and Admiral Graves sent Commodore Sir James Wallace along the coast with three frigates and several tenders to procure cattle and other supplies. Commodore Wallace was a ruthless pillager and pirate, who had no compunctions about the capture of all movable property and the destruction of such as he could not take away. He burned twenty houses and barns on the island of Conanicut in Narragansett Bay and carried off a cargo of live stock. Sailing up to Bristol with his three frigates, he sent word to the magistrates of that town to come on board his ship, the *Rose*, and hear his demands. As they did not comply with this request, he opened fire on the place and wreaked great damage, whereupon the town furnished him with the cattle and provisions he desired. The news of these depredations came to the ears of the people on Block Island, whose exposed position, ten miles from the mainland, made them apprehensive of a similar attack. They therefore shipped their cattle on board a number of small vessels and piloted the little fleet to Stonington, where the stock was pastured back from the harbor on Quonaduck plains. Sir James heard of this move and promptly appeared off Long

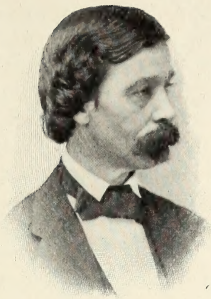


THE STEAMER "NEW HAMPSHIRE" AND THE OLD BREAKWATER.

Point with the *Rose* to obtain the cattle. Arrived in the offing, he sent a boat ashore to demand their delivery, and promised terrible vengeance in case of a refusal. But the Long Pointers were as peremptory as he. They refused to surrender the cattle and assembled to resist the promised attack. Captain William Stanton marched from the Road District with his company of militia, and Captain Oliver Smith summoned his company of Long Point sharpshooters. The troops rendezvoused in the "Robinson pasture," now the Babcock property, just north of Wadawanuck Square, and from there marched to Brown's Wharf, when the tenders of the *Rose* were seen approaching from the frigate. The soldiers had no cannon, but were armed with Queen Anne muskets, which are said to have been very effective at long range. The fire they poured into the marauding boats was hot and heavy, and compelled them to retreat to the *Rose* with severe loss. Commodore Wallace, doubtless angered by this resistance, opened fire on the town and continued the bombardment for several hours, during which most of the houses were struck. Some of the inhabitants descended for safety to their cellars; others found they had important business up country; and still others sheltered themselves behind the rocks for which Stonington was then and is still famous. One of these, a bowlder of unusual size, stood at the southwest corner of Wadawanuck Square, and was struck by a shot. There were no fatalities among the defenders and only one man was wounded, Jonathan Weaver, Jr., a musician in Captain



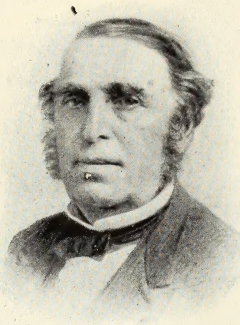
STONINGTON CHURCHES.



JAMES HAMMOND TRUMBULL.

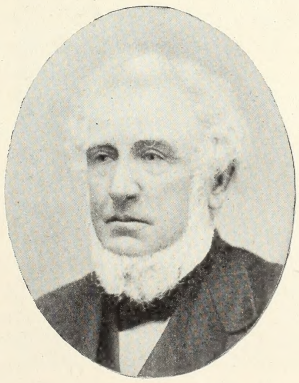
Smith's company, to whom the General Assembly, at its next session, allowed £12 4*s.* 4*d.* Captain Smith was promoted at the same time to the rank of major. The British commodore made no further attempt to land and secure the Block Island cattle, and having vented his spite in the bombardment of the place, sailed away.

Some time after this attack, Stephen Peckham, a Tory who had piloted the *Rose* into Stonington, was caught and brought to Long Point for punishment. There was a large buttonwood tree standing near the present site of Stivers's store, and called the Liberty Tree, because the Sons of Liberty were accustomed to meet and transact their business under its wide branches. Peckham was brought to this tree, and compelled to stand upon a platform which had been erected beneath it. A large crowd of townspeople assembled to witness the proceedings, and to them Esquire Nathaniel Miner, one of the leading patriots of the place, read the written confession of Peckham, to which the unhappy Tory had previously assented. In effect it was: "I, Stephen Peckham, do hereby acknowledge that, being instigated by the devil, I did great injury to the inhabitants of this place, for which I profess my hearty sorrow, and do humbly ask their forgiveness." Occasionally Esquire Miner would interrupt himself in his reading and say, "Not I, but that fellow on the platform." This was all the punishment Peckham received, but the inhabitants of Long Point got much satisfaction out of it.



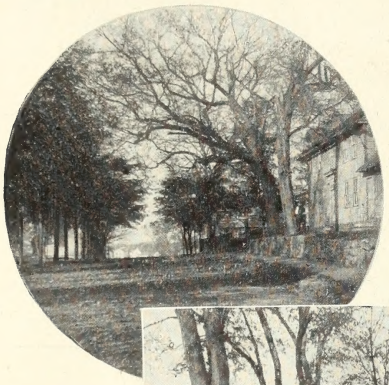
CAPTAIN CHARLES P. WILLIAMS.

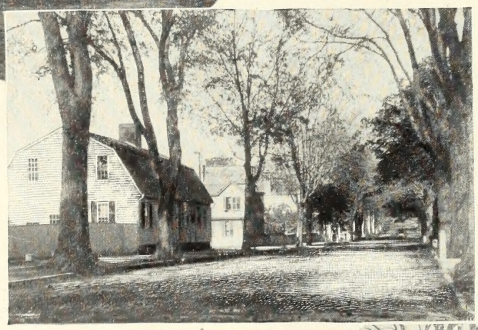
The gallant repulse of Sir James Wallace has been overshadowed, however, by the remarkable defence of Stonington in 1814, when a British squadron under command of Captain Thomas M. Hardy was repulsed by a detachment of volunteers whose only guns were two eighteen-pounders and a four-pounder. Stonington Port (Long Point) was incorporated in 1801 as the first borough in the state of Connecticut, and at the opening of the second war with Great Britain comprised about a hundred houses, most of them set close to the water and near the end of the point. The inhabitants were apprehensive lest an attack should be planned by the blockading British fleet at the mouth of Long Island Sound, though it was thought that the insignificance of the place as compared with New London and Newport might secure it immunity. But on the ninth day



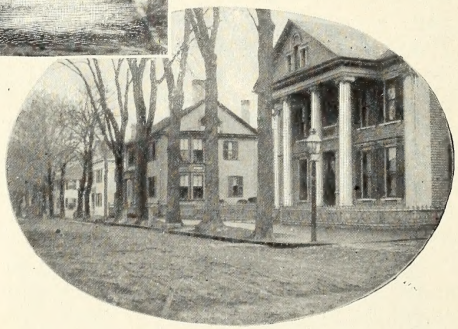
RICHARD A. WHEELER.

of August, 1814, a squadron of British vessels was seen to be in motion in the direction of Stonington, and as they steered past Fisher's Island, it became apparent that they were bound for the little town. At five o'clock in the afternoon they dropped anchor in the offing, and the captain of the *Ramillies* sent this





peremptory message ashore from his temporary headquarters as commander of the squadron on the *Pactolus:* "Not wishing to destroy the unoffending inhabitants residing in the town of Stonington, one hour is given them from the receipt of this to remove out of the town." The general sentiment of the assembled villagers, to whom the message was read, was in favor of resistance. A contemporary account says: "It was exclaimed from old and young, 'We will defend.'" Expresses were sent to New London for assistance and to Colonel Randall, commander of the Thirtieth Regiment. A four-foot breastwork near the end of the point, defended by the three guns mentioned, was all the fortification the place could boast, but here the scanty ammunition on hand was collected and preparations were made to resist the promised assault. At eight o'clock in the evening the bomb ship *Terror* began the attack, and a shot from one of the eighteen-pounders was promptly fired in return. A detachment of four barges and three launches (another account says five barges and one launch) was immediately sent from the squadron, and taking up its station off the point, sent a shower of Congreve rockets and carcasses into the town. The effect was at first alarming, but the missiles soon ceased to annoy the defenders, who watched for them to determine the location of the boats, and send their shots seaward in the direction of the glare. The bombardment continued until midnight and was renewed at dawn of the tenth, by which time a large force of militia was collecting in the town. Several barges and launches had taken their station near the point on the eastern side of the village, and from this situation poured another volley



GLIMPSES OF MAIN STREET.

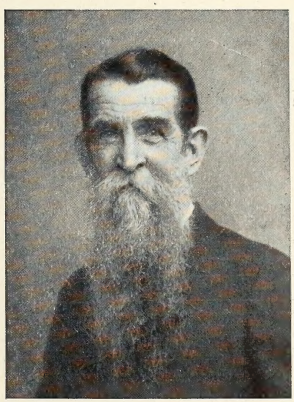
of rockets ashore. The four-pounder was dragged to the east shore of the point, and a number of volunteers hastened there, expecting the enemy to attempt a landing. A detachment of the Thirtieth Regiment assisted in the movement of one of the larger guns to the extreme end of the point, from which exposed position it was worked



THE HARBOR.

so successfully that the attacking party retreated, with one of their barges torn to pieces. Meanwhile the *Dispatch*, a twenty-two-gun brig, was tacking up to an anchorage within a mile of the point. From this easy range she began pouring a fire of thirty-two-pound shot and grape into the town, while the *Terror* hurled her shells ashore. For two hours the little battery at the point, having no ammunition left, was unable to reply to the bombardment, and the volunteers in despair spiked the remaining gun at last and retired. With the advent of a new stock of powder and shot, the vent was drilled open and the piece so well sighted that "at three o'clock the brig slipped her cable and hauled off, with her pumps going, having received several shots below her water line and considerable damage in her spars." One shot from the shore, it is said, passed down the companion-way and caused a great loss of life. Captain Amos Palmer reported to the Secretary of War in 1815 that British officers who came on shore after the conclusion of peace confessed to twenty-one dead and fifty wounded.

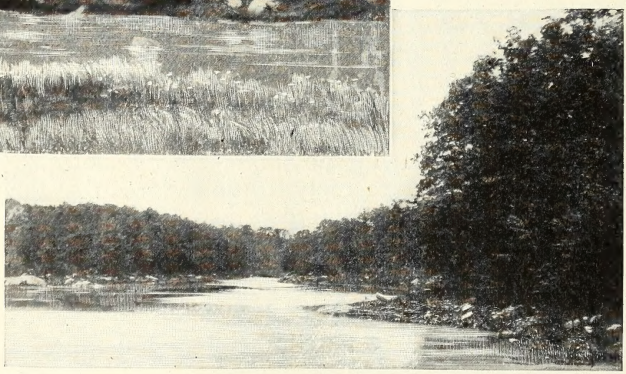
The *Ramillies* and *Pactolus* (the former carrying seventy-four guns and the latter forty-four) at one o'clock in the afternoon took up a station two and a half miles from the town, and affairs looked desperate for the patriotic defenders. A deputation was sent with a flag of truce to ask Sir Thomas the reason for the attack. The reply appears to have been that the people of Stonington had fitted out torpedoes against the British fleet. This charge was denied, but the Commodore declared that the wife of the vice-consul, lately resident at New London, must be sent aboard his ship within an hour. The Stoningtonians knew nothing of the lady in question, and



REV. HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL.

could not comply with the demand. They received the ultimatum of the British officer with indignation and sent him no reply. At three o'clock on Thursday, the third day of the bombardment, the *Terror* renewed her shower of shells, and on Friday she was at it before sunrise. At eight o'clock the *Pactolus* opened fire, and the *Ramillies* soon followed, and from that hour until noon a terrific cannonading continued. About four in the afternoon the ships hauled off to their former anchorage, having given up the attempt to burn the town, and the next morning, the fifteenth of August, they retired, with the injured brig in a sinking condition.





WALNUT GROVE AND DEAN'S POND.

The force of soldiers assembled on shore was by this time large, and any attempt to land would undoubtedly have proved futile. The troops were ready and anxious for a fight, but their hopes were disappointed. The few but sturdy volunteers had shown the British landing parties on the first night of the attack that the place was prepared to defend itself, and every hour thereafter brought reënforcements. It may seem strange that the long bombardment of the town did not destroy it, but a partial reason is found in the belief of the British gunners that most of the houses lay farther back from the water than was the case. This error caused much of the metal fired from the ships to go over the village, though forty buildings were more or less injured and a few were ruined. An improvised bucket brigade did effective service in putting out incipient fires, and, strangest of all, not an American was killed, though one man was wounded and afterward died of his injuries.

Captain Hardy, who was personally in charge of the attack, was Admiral Nelson's favorite officer. He served at the battle of the Nile and was acting as fleet-captain at Trafalgar when Nelson was fatally shot. The two were pacing the deck together at the fatal moment, and it was to him that the dying hero addressed his pathetic request: "Kiss me, Hardy, before I die." When the deputation of Stonington citizens visited Hardy's vessel during the attack, he spoke pleasantly to them and pointed to a lounge or settee in the cabin, which he had

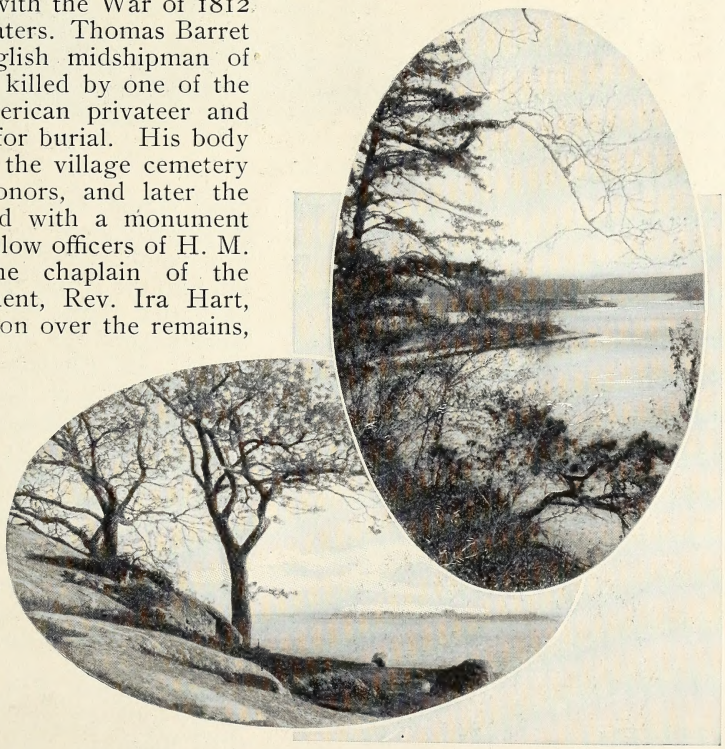


CAPTAIN ZEBULON HANCOX.

brought from his old ship, *Victory*. "It may interest you, gentlemen," he said, "to know that on that couch Lord Nelson lay in his death, after I had given him my parting embrace."

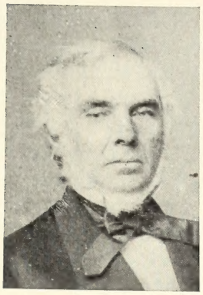
There is another story of equal pathos connected with the War of 1812 in Stonington waters. Thomas Barret Powers, an English midshipman of fine family, was killed by one of the crew of an American privateer and brought ashore for burial. His body was attended to the village cemetery with military honors, and later the spot was marked with a monument erected by his fellow officers of H. M. S. *Superb*. The chaplain of the Thirtieth Regiment, Rev. Ira Hart, preached a sermon over the remains, "which was listened to with deep feeling, drawing tears from many an eye unused to weep," the tender age of the young officer—eighteen years—evoking general sympathy. Late in the summer of 1815 a dignified and elderly gentleman appeared in Stonington, sought out Mr. Hart, and told him he had crossed the ocean to visit the grave of his only son. Together they went to the little cemetery, where the minister remained at the gate at the stranger's request. Slowly and reverently the latter approached the grave, but when he reached it he fell, overpowered with emotion, and wept upon it unrestrained. Here on every recurring Decoration Day fresh flowers and the American flag are placed, in token of a lasting peace and a human sympathy that transcend all political bounds.

After the conclusion of peace in 1815, the commerce of New England began slowly to revive. At Stonington several vessels were fitted out as sealers, among them the brig *Hersilia*, in which Captain Nathaniel B. Palmer sailed as second mate. The Falkland Islands in the southern hemi-



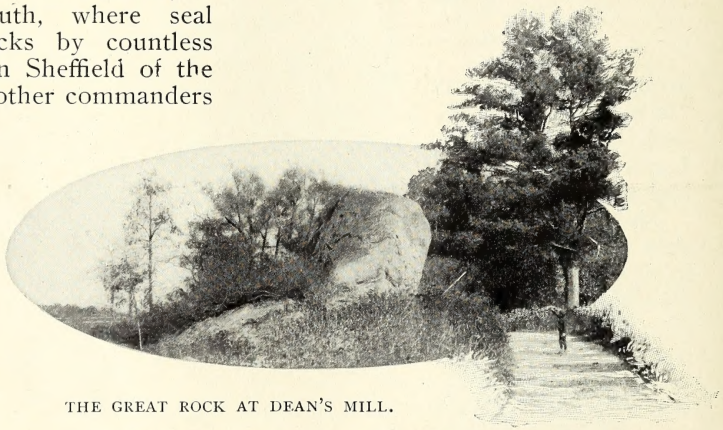
THE MYSTIC RIVER.

MYSTIC ISLAND FROM MASON'S ISLAND.



STILES STANTON.

sphere were the objective point of sealing expeditions at this time; but marine tradition told of "the Auroras," a group farther south, where seal basked on the rocks by countless thousands. Captain Sheffield of the *Hersilia*, like most other commanders of the period, sailed from the Falklands to discover the fabled islands, but returned unsuccessful. Meanwhile young Palmer, then a lad of nineteen, who had been left behind at the Falklands, had revolved the problem in his mind, and demonstrated to his own satisfaction the location of the mysterious group. He communicated his ideas to Captain Sheffield, and once more the *Hersilia* set sail, this time to come within a few days in sight of the Auroras, since known as the South Shetlands. The *Hersilia* was the first American vessel to visit them, and "Captain Nat's" fame as a discoverer spread through all the sealing ports. The next year (1820) he sailed from Stonington in command of the sloop *Hero*, one of a squadron of several sealing vessels. She was a tiny craft of forty-five tons; but Captain Palmer pointed her south from the Shetlands when he found that seal were scarce in those islands, and set off in search of new hunting grounds. The daring and magnitude of this quest cannot easily be overestimated. A single-masted vessel in command of a youth of twenty deliberately set sail into the Antarctic Ocean, through uncharted latitudes, seeking new lands beyond the limits of the known world. And Captain Nat was not disappointed, for at last he sighted a long range of barren coast, which he threaded for days, to prove that it was not an island. He found no seal there, but he made a discovery that gave him lasting fame and left his name on the map of the southern hemisphere. The land he found, says General Greeley, "is now known to be the most northerly projection of Antarctica."

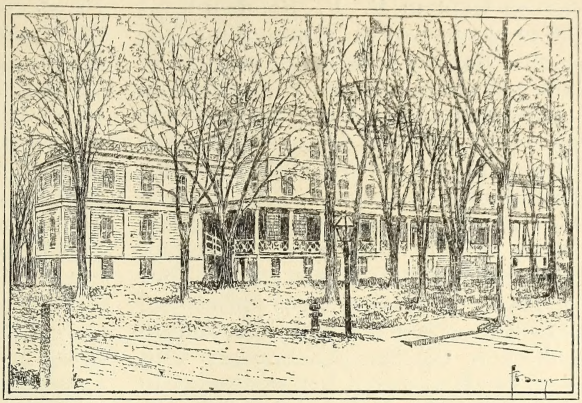


THE GREAT ROCK AT DEAN'S MILL.



PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Shortly after 1830, the whaling industry took the place of sealing as the chief maritime resource of Stonington. Captain Charles P. Williams



Drawn by F. E. Dodge.

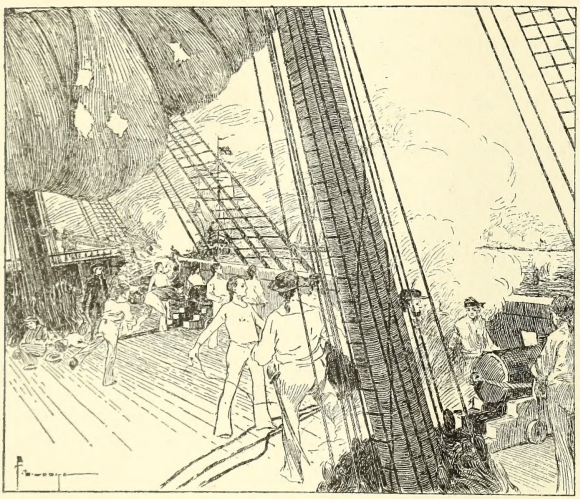
THE WADAWANUCK HOUSE.

fitted out, first and last, no less than twenty-eight whaling ships; Charles Mallory of Mystic, on the western borders of the town, nineteen; John F. Trumbull, eleven; and other individual owners or firms, half a dozen. The industry reached its climax in the forties, when fortunes were made in single voyages, and the Arctic and Antarctic seas were stripped of the profitable monsters. The whalemen sought the Southern Ocean first, and in their zeal sailed it from east to west, sometimes circling the world. When the whales became scarce in that portion of the globe, the intrepid venturers made their way north and found even greater prey in the waters of Alaska and Kamchatka. Their voyages lasted sometimes but a few months, at other times they extended over four or five years. During this prosperous period, Stonington was a live commercial town. The fitting out of a whaleship required much time and industry, and the sorting of cargoes made the harbor front a busy and interesting place. Oil casks, anchors and rigging, lumber and spars, were strewn about. Sailors lounged at the corners or leaned over the bar at the taverns. They wore blue trousers and roundabout jackets and black ties knotted in sailor fashion. They were a jovial, happy-go-lucky lot and bent on rough-and-ready pastime when they got ashore. The taverns rang with the scrape of their fiddles and the clatter of their hornpipes; and once when two ships sailed into port the same day, the rival crews, boasting of the prowess of their favorites, formed a ring on Water Street and held high fistic carnival. As fast as one contestant measured his length in the dust, another took his place, while a crowd of villagers packed the street and cheered the valiant. There was little brutality; when a man went down he was "out of the game." One young fellow of fine physique maintained his place in the ring against a large number of fresh comers. One blow of his fist was enough for each of them. A distinctive American artist like Mr. Pyle could make a lively picture of the scene.

The annals of whaling are tinged with tragedy. A Stonington captain died at sea, and his wife, who had accompanied him on the voyage, brooded over his death till one morning her room was found empty, with the window at the stern of the vessel open. Accidents on shipboard were followed by rough but effective treatment in the absence of a doctor, as when an unfortunate colored seaman injured his leg so severely that amputation became imperative. The captain—a stern disciplinarian accustomed to strict measures—consulted with his ship-keeper, and together, after the suffering man had been lashed to a ring in the deck, they sawed off the offending limb and seared the arteries with fire. The patient must have had *un mauvais quart d'heure*, stretched on the deck without anæsthetics; but the grit of the skipper saved his life.

Discipline on shipboard was necessarily severe, and incipient mutinies were promptly dealt with. Captain Billings Burch, who, with the excep-

tion of Captain B. F. Pendleton, is the only survivor at Stonington of the great company of whaling masters of half a century ago, once quelled an uprising on the *Charles Phelps* off the coast of California by chastising the ringleader and putting eighteen of his companions in irons. "And if he is alive now," says the quiet old captain with a twinkle in his eye, "he remembers the thrashing I gave him." This vessel, the *Phelps*, was afterward named the *Progress*, and thousands of visitors to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 visited her as she lay in the South Lagoon, fitted up as a museum of the whaling period.



Drawn by F. E. Dodge.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF STONINGTON IN 1814.

The name of Stonington has now been intimately connected with the passenger traffic between New York and Boston for more than sixty years. In the old days the stagecoach lines connecting the two cities covered the distance—it is two hundred and thirty-two miles by rail and rather more by carriage road—in forty-eight hours, and schemes for any material improvement in this time were at a discount. But the inauguration of a regular steamboat service between New York and Providence in 1822 and the opening of the Boston and Providence Railroad in 1835 changed the situation. On the second of June, in the latter year, the first train started from Providence for Boston, with two cars drawn by horses, as the locomotive intended for the journey refused to run. Not far from the starting point one of the beasts ran away, and in the words of the contemporary report, "she and her coadjutor in the rear rolled together in the ditch." Another horse was obtained and the journey continued "until again arrested by the capsizing of the locomotive in the thills." "Steam power," says the story, "seems to be safer for the propulsion of railroad cars than horse power, especially for the horses."

Two years later, on the tenth of November, 1837, the railroad from Stonington to Providence was opened. The steamer *Narragansett* brought a party of directors and their friends from New York to Stonington that morning and was welcomed by the roar of cannon—probably the eighteen-pounders that had done more serious duty in 1814. Two trains "of superb cars" were made up for the first trip to Providence, drawn by the diminutive locomotives *Stonington* and *Little Rest*. The first proceeded as far as East Greenwich at a distance of fourteen miles from Providence, but became disabled and was passed by the second section. A large additional company started back from Providence with the Stonington excursionists, and the waybound passengers at East Greenwich joined the expedition at that place. At Stonington an elaborate dinner was served at the Wadawanuck House, a fine hotel just erected by the railroad company for the entertainment of passengers en route between Boston and New York. Eight o'clock was the dinner

hour, and nearly four hundred guests sat down to the spread. The governor of Connecticut was present, and so was the mayor of Providence. Governor Edwards responded to the toast: "The New York, Providence and Boston Railroad—may it realize all the reasonable expectations and wishes of its friends!" Mayor Bridgham's toast was: "The Railroad Company—they have aimed at and reached up to Providence as the end of their work; by a higher Providence may they be sustained and prospered!" There were more than thirty toasts in all; the last was: "The ladies of Stonington—may the railroad, the completion of which we are this day called to celebrate, more extensively introduce their charms and virtues to their fellow-citizens from Maine to Georgia." The New York guests returned on the *Narragansett* the same evening, and the Providence company left at 11.30 o'clock in a train drawn by the locomotive *Apponaug*, which had brought them to Stonington in the afternoon. A picture of the *Apponaug*, from a photograph loaned by Mr. F. B. Noyes, accompanies this article.

The steamers *Rhode Island* and *Narragansett* were put on the line between New York and Stonington at once, and with the exception of a short time in the sixties, when Groton was made the eastern terminus, Stonington has been to this day the connecting point in one of the chief land-and-water routes between Boston and New York. The railroad company at first ran but three round trips a week between Stonington and Providence, but increased business soon compelled a more frequent service.

At the present time, the chief industries of Stonington borough are those connected with the railroad and steamboat line, the manufacture of silk machinery and fine velvets, and the catching of fish. True to the past, a considerable number of the inhabitants make their living from the sea, and thousands of barrels of fish are shipped in the course of a year to the New York market. Several fishing steamers and smacks make Stonington their headquarters, and in the season of "scup" the scenes about the steamboat wharf are lively and interesting. Most of the fish—including cod, haddock, bass, bluefish and mackerel—are caught off the southern coast of Rhode Island, where the fishermen set their nets and drag their trawls. During the winter just past two experienced young fishermen have ventured out on the Atlantic in an open wherry, several miles from land, and fished for cod and haddock with great success. On a single day their shipment to New York netted them seventy dollars.

The township of Stonington contains eight thousand people, only two thousand of whom live at Stonington borough. The remainder are divided between Pawcatuck, which is practically a part of Westerly and has about four thousand inhabitants; Mystic, at the western extremity of the town, with fifteen hundred more; Old Mystic, three miles to the north of Mystic, with a population of five hundred; and an extensive farming district. Pawcatuck is a busy community with manufactories of textile goods and printing presses. Mystic is a picturesque village set in a charming valley, with cotton and velvet mills. At the southwest corner of the town is Mason's Island, a part of the grant to Captain John Mason, the Indian fighter, and still in the possession of the Mason family; and just beyond it is Mystic Island, the extreme southwestern limit of Stonington authority. The town for the most part is rocky, and the superabundance of "stones" may account for the name of "Stonington" received from the General Court in 1666. Regarding this name, ex-Judge Richard A. Wheeler, the "historian of the Pequot country," writes in a recent letter: "I have searched as with lighted candles all of our New England records to learn the

origin of the name of Stonington, but thus far have failed. I have two books entitled gazetteers of all the known civilized nations of the world, one published in London in 1782 and the other published in Philadelphia in 1806, in neither of which does the name of Stonington appear except as a place in Connecticut. So the name or word Stonington may have been coined, I think, by one or both of our representatives, viz., Thomas Stanton, Senior, or Samuel Chesebrough." Be this as it may, it has taken firm root in American nomenclature, and been grafted on new communities in several states of the Union. To all of these old Stonington sends greeting and best wishes on her two hundred and fiftieth birthday.



REJECTED.

By Julie M. Lippmann.

ALL my life I was aware
One beside me mutely stood.
Craven-heart, I did not dare
Search the face beneath her hood.

"For," methought, "this sure is Grief.
Fool were I to take her hand!
She will make her sojourn brief
If I let her silent stand."

But she waited, waited on,
Till I bade her cease annoy.
Now, alas! she's gone, she's gone;
And I know that she was Joy.

HIRAM'S MAJORITY.

By Harriet A. Nash.



HE three Miss Picketts sat in their great living room, enjoying that comfortable leisure which comes after the household tasks are completed. Not that the three Miss Picketts were idle. It is doubtful whether their calendar catalogued a more heinous sin than idleness. But as Miss Cynthia had been known to say, "There's a vast difference between putterin' around the house doin' the work that's got to be done, and sittin' down quietly to the work you want to do."

Miss Lucia hovered over the soapstone stove, her trim feet side by side on the hearth. The skirt of her dress was thriftily turned back across her knees, lest the heat fade it, and the fleecy white shawl growing rapidly under her swift fingers was a counterpart to the one wrapped snugly about her shoulders. For Miss Lucia was a chilly body and wanted a wrap handy even on the warmest days.

Miss Anastasia sat by the open east window, piecing a crazy-quilt from bits of silk and velvet; glancing frequently out at the gayly hued autumn flowers, and the maple woods, that she might effectively arrange her harmonies of color after nature's own pattern; "Though the pink and purple don't combine half so handsome in the quilt as they do in the aster bed," she acknowledged doubtfully, leaning out to draw in a deep breath of the crisp air. The window was unscreened, for Miss Anastasia protested that she "couldn't abide strained air," and a belated bumblebee wandered in and out at will, occasionally eliciting a little shriek from Miss Lucia, who was a timid creature and sometimes suffered from nerves.

By the west window, Miss Cynthia's knitting needles flashed in the rays of the afternoon sun, which enveloped her angular figure and sought out an occasional shining thread in the dark hair. Sunlight was one of Miss Cynthia's hobbies. It might be hot, she confessed, but 'twas healthy.

It was generally conceded that the three Miss Picketts were singular. If you went deeper into the matter and studied the various characteristics of the trio, it became evident that the most singular fact about them was that they never quarrelled; and perhaps the next most singular fact was that they never agreed. The first might have been due to careful parental training; the second was unmistakably the result of qualities of character inherited from who shall say how many generations of strong-willed ancestors.

The great brick house at the corner of the crossroad, built by the first Pickett who worked his weary way through the wilderness of Maine forests, was a model of comfort and thrift. Each succeeding Pickett, while he kept up the repairs and made such various additions as would add to the household comfort, had religiously forborne to make any alteration in the general appearance of the house. It stood to-day as it had stood for a century, a fitting representative of the sturdy New England stock that had sent forth from its ample roof countless strong shoots to be grafted into the nation's life. It was now ten years since Squire Pickett, ripe with years and honors, had closed a worthy, well-spent life, and been gathered to his fathers in the old cemetery over the

hill, whither his faithful wife had preceded him by thirty years. He had married but once. The Picketts were tenacious in love as in all else, and the thought of replacing the lamented centre of his family life had never occurred to him. As Miss Anastasia sometimes remarked, "They were not a marrying family."

Miss Cynthia, then a girl of twenty, and her sisters, one and two years younger, had fitted into the vacant place and assumed the household cares. Between them they had made the father comfortable and reared the frail week-old baby that the mother left to their care. Looking now at Hiram's sturdy six feet of manhood, the sisters found it difficult to convince a stranger of the trouble he had given them. Miss Cynthia firmly believed that only his outdoor life with ample sunshine could have saved him; Miss Anastasia was equally sure that his present perfect health was the result of copious doses of herb tea in early years; while Miss Lucia, secretly scorning both theories, attributed their success with the child to the warm flannels she had insisted on his wearing. Be all this as it may, the fact was indisputable that the care bestowed by Hiram's three sisters had been unremitting; and Hiram had repaid it with a gratitude at once dutiful and appreciative. If it sometimes occurred to him that in early childhood he had been kept in dresses long after other boys of his age boasted trousers; that his hair had hung in long straw-colored curls until the closely cropped heads at school bestowed upon him the lifelong appellation of "Curly"; that until he reached the age of fifteen and towered in height above them all, his sisters had been accustomed to escort him into church, one holding each hand, while the third in the rear removed his hat and brushed his hair with her fingers on the way up the aisle; that swimming and skating were unknown arts to him, even fishing forbidden unless one of the sisters accompanied him; in short, if Hiram ever recognized the truth that from earliest infancy to this his fortieth year he had been the submissive victim of sisterly coddling and tyranny, no one had ever heard him voice the complaint. The sisters rarely agreed with each other; Hiram agreed with them all. The neighbors sometimes declared that Hiram, though the image of his father, had none of the Pickett disposition.

On this October afternoon Miss Cynthia from her window cast frequent glances down the winding road. "Seems to me it's time for that boy," she remarked at last.

Miss Anastasia thought not; it was early yet; while Miss Lucia interposed anxiously: "Like as not something has happened to him. I don't approve of his going off alone with that colt!"

The "colt" had been a present on Hiram's twenty-fifth birthday and was now approaching dignified age; but the same blindness to the lapse of years that kept his master a boy prevented his being designated by any other title than "the colt."

"The colt's perfectly safe," returned Miss Anastasia impatiently. "Father saw to it himself that he was well broke. If you feel in a hurry, Cynthy, you'd better come away from the window. A watched pot never boils."

As if to verify her words, the minutes wore away and, notwithstanding Miss Cynthia's searching glances and Miss Lucia's increasing anxiety, Hiram came not. The early dusk had fallen and the supper table was spread in the cheery kitchen before the colt's feet sounded on the turf outside and Hiram's gentle "Whoa" brought him to a standstill. Miss Cynthia, holding the lamp high above her head in the open doorway, demanded somewhat severely to know where he had been so long; Miss Anastasia inquired sarcastically if he had to go to New Orleans after that molasses; and Miss Lucia uttered tearful reproaches. Contrary to custom, Hiram made lit-

tle reply, but, having carefully stabled the black horse and run the wagon under cover, intimated that he was ready for supper.

Squire Pickett at his death had left the farm to Hiram, with a comfortable maintenance to each of his daughters. At first it had seemed a simple matter for the sisters to look after household affairs and manage the farm—and Hiram. It was easy enough to divide the responsibilities of the farm. Miss Anastasia looked after the haying; Miss Lucia superintended the orchard and gardens; and all other crops were left to Miss Cynthia's supervision,—the proceeds from each department being placed in the savings bank in trust for Hiram. Any question whereon there was danger of collision was carefully referred to "what father would have said." Squire Pickett's opinions on most subjects had been sufficiently pronounced to leave little doubt in the matter of their application to the case in hand. Indoors, matters were not so easily arranged. To be sure, the general care of the house was disposed of by each sister taking charge for a week in turn; but when it came to the culinary department, each Miss Pickett had theories of her own, which sadly clashed with the other two. Squire Pickett's opinions hardly applied so well here. Even Miss Cynthia, the most conservative of the three, confessed that "a man didn't always understand housework, and father's notions were rather behind the times." So after several domestic differences of opinion, which nearly amounted to something stronger, the sisters in solemn conclave decided that a separate maintenance was the only way out of the difficulty. Thereafter provisions from the farm were carefully divided into three parts; each Miss Pickett purchased her own "store goods," and separate boards were set up on three sides of the great square table. Hiram "boarded around" from one side of the table to another in regular rotation, and each of his sisters in turn vied with the other two in preparing choice viands for his delectation.

This plan in its early days was not entirely without difficulties. On one occasion, when Hiram was partaking of Miss Anastasia's hospitality, Miss Lucia had urged upon him two hot biscuit, edibles of which both her sisters disapproved. Miss Anastasia had said nothing at the time, but frankly told Miss Lucia afterwards that it must never occur again. After that there was little trouble; and if Hiram sometimes ate stewed chicken when he would have preferred the boiled dish across the table, no one ever knew it. When guests came, they were seated at the fourth side and plied with delicacies on every hand. To the average small boy among the Pickett cousins, Pickett farm thus became a paradise of delight; but older people not infrequently traced the beginning of lifelong indigestion back to a visit to the farm.

To-night Hiram sat beside Miss Lucia, with a marked absence of appetite and speaking only in answer to his sisters' questions. When supper was over, he pushed back his chair, tilting it against the wall, the two front legs rising in air.

"Don't do that, Hiram," reproved Miss Cynthia; "you'll scar the paint."

Perhaps for the first time in his life Hiram paid no attention. "Hold on, girls," he said as the sisters began to clear the table, "I want to talk a minute."

"Wait till the work's done, Hiram," returned Miss Anastasia; "it's getting late."

Hiram brought his chair down on all four legs with a resounding thump. "No," he said with decision. "I've got something to say, and I'm going to say it now; and I want you should all sit down and hear me."

Three pairs of astonished eyes were fixed upon him. Six astonished ears wondered if they could have heard aright. Miss Cynthia was the first to recover herself. "Hiram," she began

severely; but he interrupted with a bomb that froze the words upon her lips.

"I'm thinkin' of gettin' married," he said.

Had the tall old clock in the corner rung out in its solemn tones a request for a companion clock to stand in the opposite corner; had the great fireplace, cherished relic of the earliest Pickett, demanded a new kitchen range to be the partner of its joys and sorrows; had the old house itself declared that it would stand no longer without a set of new Queen Anne stables, the dismay in the Pickett household could not have equalled the present dismay. The breathless silence was broken only by the solemn ticking of the old clock. Then the three voices—indignant, sarcastic, reproachful—in their turn rose in expostulation. In vain Miss Cynthia declared he did not need a wife, Miss Anastasia argued that they were not a marrying family, and Miss Lucia sobbingly complained that he was tired of the sisters who had brought him up. Argument he answered not, sarcasm he only smiled at, and reproaches seemed unheard. His response at the close was the simple statement he had made at the beginning: "I'm thinkin' of gettin' married,"—adding, indeed, when hard pressed by Miss Lucia, that he was getting tired of boarding and wanted a home of his own; but that was all. The most skilful cross-questioning failed to elicit the information which each sister most desired. Who was the author of this mischief? What particular daughter of Eve had wrought this havoc in their peaceful home? Hiram stubbornly replied that it wasn't settled yet,—when it was, he'd let them know.

Long after their brother had retired for the night, the three Miss Picketts sat around the table in solemn council; and for the first time in their lives the three agreed upon a common course. They must crush out this nonsense firmly and without delay.

"Hiram's always been a good boy to mind, and easy led," argued Miss Anastasia in favor of this course. Miss Cynthia shook her head a little doubtfully. "He looked a sight like Grandsir Pickett to-night," she said, "I'm afraid he's beginnin' to develop the Pickett disposition." Nevertheless she conveyed their decision to Hiram next morning in concise tones. "We have decided not to allow it," she said firmly. "Neither of us will consent to live in the house with another woman."

Hiram made no reply, but went about his work in silence. Miss Cynthia cast a look of triumph at her sisters; but nothing was said. A week passed, and no further mention of the matter was made. The Miss Picketts, congratulating themselves on the easy victory they had won, united in making up to Hiram for the disappointment by extra indulgences. Hiram remained silent and thoughtful, but cheerful.

Miss Anastasia came up the crossroad one day, laden with spoils. She had been out all the afternoon, gathering not only a supply of herbs for winter use, but also materials for household decoration, for Miss Anastasia was the artistic member of the family. Feathery clematis trailed over her arm, while her basket held brilliant leaves from the oak and maple and fluffy pods of milkweed, which would by and by assume the form of picture draperies and pillows. Miss Anastasia wore the preoccupied air of one who has something on her mind. Her two sisters had driven over to the village with Hiram, and would attend a church supper before returning. Having, therefore, no one in whom she might confide, she meditated in silence until the family returned a little after eight.

"Hiram," began Miss Anastasia, as her brother seated himself by the centre table and unfolded the *Bloomfield Chronicle*, "I was down the crossroad this afternoon, and noticed a pile of rocks on that oak knoll beyond the

pasture. What on earth is that for?"

Miss Anastasia spoke in the tone one uses toward a child caught in mischief. The other two sisters looked inquiringly at Hiram, who from behind his newspaper replied that he thought they might come handy to build a cellar.

"A cellar!" shrieked three voices in unison. "What do we want of a cellar down there?"

Hiram's paper dropped into his lap, and his genial face settled into the lines that marked a strong resemblance to Picketts dead and gone. "Yes," he said deliberately. "As I've said before, I'm thinkin' of gettin' married; and since you three don't seem to take to the notion, I'm thinkin' I'll build one of them dower-houses such as they have in English storybooks, where the women of a family go to live when they can't get along to home any longer. You've said you wouldn't stay here."

Hiram calmly resumed his newspaper. Miss Cynthia rose and left the room, followed in silence by her sisters. The old kitchen wore a strange, unfamiliar look. The great fireplace yawned defiantly; the tall clock ticked loudly in rebellious tones. The trio looked at each other.

"It's the Pickett disposition," groaned Miss Cynthia. But Miss Anastasia shook her head. "The Picketts have never been a marryin' family," she said. Miss Lucia was weeping in a discouraged manner.

It was no use trying to crush it, they decided at last. Since Hiram was determined upon matrimony, their best hope lay in selecting for him a suitable companion; for most assuredly he, who had never even selected his own clothes, must not be left unaided to choose so important an article as a sister-in-law for the three Miss Picketts. But here, as usual, the sisters differed. Miss Cynthia had strong preferences for the minister's daughter; Miss Anastasia leaned heavily toward the village milliner, who she insisted was both good looking and capable; and Miss Lucia, drying her eyes, protested that the accomplished teacher of the district school was the only suitable person. The debate was long and earnest, but they finally agreed to disagree and each support her favorite,—"Though I think 'twould be much better if we could unite on the milliner," said Miss Anastasia.

Pickett farm was popular among the village people, and invitations to visit it were sought after; so it was not difficult to arrange, and ere long the three unconscious candidates for Hiram's favor were frequent visitors. The sisters had decided to give up their separate boards and live all together for a time, under Miss Cynthia's supervision. To strangers, who didn't understand the Pickett disposition, it might look as if, in the old way, they were quarrelsome. "And, of course," Miss Anastasia said sweetly, "it's natural for us to give up to you, Cynthia, bein' the oldest."

"H'mph," returned Miss Cynthia, grimly, "I ain't so much ahead of you in years that that need to trouble you."

They also decided to bring out the best dishes and heat up the large parlor for daily use. "There's no sense pinchin' and savin' for them that's to come after you," Miss Cynthia said; "and I'm sure Grandmother Pickett would rather we'd use her china than leave it for strangers to nick up."

Hiram, entirely unsuspicious of the deep-laid plot, enjoyed the visitors perhaps more than did his sisters, treating them all in the most hospitable and impartial manner. He was equally ready to go on long walks and drives with the milliner, who went into ecstasies over the beautiful sunsets and gorgeous autumn tints; to crack butternuts on the stone hearth with the minister's pretty daughter, while they gravely discussed the affairs of church and Sunday-school; or to read poetry with the more intellectual lady of Miss Lucia's choice. The sisters frequently remarked on

how well Hiram appeared, though he was their brother; and they felt that the years they had insisted on his spending at Bloomfield academy had not been in vain.

Winter came on apace. The gorgeous tints grew sombre, and the enthusiastic milliner gushed over the first fall of snow, the wintry landscape, the lacework that the slender birches made against the sky. The stock of butternuts grew low, and the minister's daughter developed an appetite for pop corn. The school-teacher, having exhausted Longfellow and Whittier, commenced initiating Hiram into the mysteries of Browning. Hiram's interest repaid her efforts. Evening after evening between her frequent visits the *Bloomfield Chronicle* lay unopened, while Hiram, his brow knit in puzzled thought, pored over an open volume of Browning's poems. Miss Lucia thought this an indication favorable to her hopes; but her sister would not listen.

"He seems to like 'em all," said Miss Anastasia. "I can't see as he favors any particular one."

"You don't suppose," hinted Miss Cynthia anxiously, "that after all there's some one else?"

Miss Anastasia scorned the idea. "Who could there be?" she asked. Their watchful tact provided that Hiram rarely went to the village alone; and surely he never went anywhere else. Still the sisters felt uneasy; and an event suddenly occurred which deepened their apprehensions. Miss Cynthia was mending Hiram's overcoat one wintry day, when a letter slipped from the pocket. She picked it up quickly. Letters were rare in the Pickett family, and Hiram had few correspondents. "See here, 'Stasia," said Miss Cynthia.

Miss Anastasia held the letter off at arm's length and studied the address, while Miss Lucia rose and looked over her shoulder. It was a woman's writing unmistakably,—not the minister's daughter's, for they had frequently seen her writing on parish notices; neither was it the milliner's writing, which, on the rare occasions of a new bonnet, appeared on the receipted bill; nor even the school-teacher's, who had once sent Miss Lucia a little note in a graceful hand with many little flourishes. Yet the letter was addressed to Hiram—and mailed at the village. It had been opened—and presumably read. They passed it from hand to hand, each speculating as to its writer.

Miss Lucia fingered the torn side of the envelope nervously. "It's all open," she said hesitatingly; "I don't see's 'twould be any great harm, just to see what name's signed to it."

Miss Cynthia rose and took the letter from her. "Lucia Pickett," she said solemnly, as she stowed it away in the coat pocket, "we can stand it to be turned out of the house, if it comes to that; we can go and live on that crossroad with a pasture for our only neighbor, and no passin' to be seen from week to week; but we won't disgrace the honor of the Picketts by reading other people's letters."

She hung the coat away; but the episode cast a shade over the family group. Even when the minister's daughter drove out to spend the day, and the school-teacher came up to tea the same evening, the cloud lingered; and each Miss Pickett, as she watched Hiram gallantly dividing his attentions between the two guests, wondered whom that letter had been from. A week passed, and Miss Cynthia felt she could bear the suspense no longer.

"Hiram," she said as he was leaving home one morning, "I saw a letter in your overcoat pocket last week. Was it from any of our folks?"

Hiram looked puzzled, and drew the letter out for reference. "Oh, no," he replied, putting it back as he opened the door. He was going without telling them.

"Hiram," demanded Miss Anastasia, "who was that letter from?"

"From Mis' Perkins," replied Hiram promptly,—"Tom Perkins's

widow, you know,—she that was a Brown."

The door slammed behind him. The sisters went about their work in silence.

"'Stasia," inquired Miss Cynthia thoughtfully after a long pause, "did Tom Perkins leave four children or five?"

"Five," returned Miss Anastasia in a hopeless tone.

"And they say them two oldest boys are the terror of the village," put in Miss Lucia drearily.

The shadow deepened. Miss Anastasia put away her crazy-quilt, declaring she had no heart to work upon it; Miss Lucia had a severe attack of nerves that week; and Miss Cynthia broke Grandmother Pickett's best sugar bowl. "Though I can't feel to mourn for it," she said resignedly, "for no knowin' whose hands 'twould have fallen into."

One morning Johnnie Perkins called with his sled, "After the potatoes ma wrote Mr. Pickett for," and volunteered the information that ma was going to take them all and go down East to live with her folks; she could get steady work down there. Johnnie had a pleasant call at the farm. Miss Cynthia fed him on fruit cake and preserves, while Miss Anastasia filled his pockets with nuts and apples.

"He's a nice-mannered little boy, after all," said Miss Lucia after he had gone.

"I don't know but what it's a good thing for Mis' Perkins to do," said Miss Cynthia, ignoring the fears of yesterday. "She'll be better off among her own folks."

So that shadow lifted. But the Pickett disposition was developing in these days. Hiram talked boldly of his plans for the summer's work and proposed the introduction of several improvements which had hitherto been forbidden; and somehow no one found courage to dispute his plans. It was to have been expected that Hiram would have control of the farm some day, as his father and grandfather had done before him. The sisters' only fear was lest he were too young for the responsibility.

One day in late winter the minister's daughter drove out with her parents, to announce blushingly her engagement to a young missionary; they would be married and sail for India in April. Of all the Pickett congratulations, none were warmer than Hiram's. He jokingly promised a barrel of pop corn as a wedding present, and agreed to ship his entire crop of butternuts to India next fall.

When the March winds blew keenest, the teacher closed her school and said good-by. She had accepted a more lucrative position in Fairfield, and would return no more to the Pickett farm. "I hope you'll keep up the Browning," she said to Hiram at parting. "The blossoms of the poet's real thought unfold so beautifully as one proceeds."

The milliner's visits still continued, though there was little to admire in country scenery at this season, and the muddy roads were almost impassable. Still there were snow-shoeing expeditions to Hiram's sugar camp, which was "so picturesque," and early morning rambles over the frozen crust of snow. But with the early days of April, spring openings in the large cities began to beckon, and the alluring voices of Paris fashion called her away. The household began to settle back into its old grooves. Miss Cynthia remarked one evening that it really seemed nice to be quiet again. Hiram emphatically agreed.

"It's well all this company business stopped before spring work came on," he said. "This keepin' dressed up and talkin' accordin' to grammar is too big a job for a feller with ploughin' and plantin' on his hands. I'm near beat out, and the black colt's aged more this winter than in ten years before. The pop corn and butternuts wa'n't so bad, but I b'lieve I've got scenery enough to last a lifetime, to say nothin' of poetry. I hate to give

up beat on any kind of a puzzle, but that Brownin' stuff's too much for me. I don't b'lieve 'twas ever meant for farmers."

The last snowdrift melted away from the rock pile on the oak knoll. The Pickett sisters strolled that way one afternoon and looked the ground carefully over. It was a pretty spot, they admitted, and the view of stream and hill was sightly; but it was on that lonely crossroad, far from all other habitations. There would be little passing to see, and Miss Lucia was sure she could never sleep nights without a man in the house.

"There ain't rocks enough here to make much of a cellar," said Miss Cynthia, walking around the pile. "I don't believe he means to build a very big house."

"It'll be hard gettin' along in a little house after livin' in an ark all your life," sighed Miss Anastasia, "but it's no use sayin' anything, I s'pose. He'll do as he thinks best."

The great brick house in its green fields looked strangely fair in the spring sunshine, as they walked homeward. A wave of homesickness rushed over each of the three as they gazed upon it. Hiram was mending an ox-yoke in the dooryard, and looked up to inquire where they had been.

"Down the crossroad," replied Miss Anastasia, adding in a tone of unwonted meekness. "When you goin' to build down there, Hiram?"

Hiram whittled carefully on a bow-pin. "Well," he said slowly, "I guess there ain't goin' to be any great hurry about that. I'll tell you how 'tis, girls. I've been thinkin' for a year or so back that, bein' considerable past twenty-one, I ought to be gettin' to my majority. But there didn't seem to be any great majority in prospect, and I couldn't quite see how to get at it. I kind of thought gettin' married might help it along, so I planned on that for a spell. But I've been lookin' round some among young women, and I ain't seen one but what wants to be the majority herself; and I've about concluded I don't want to marry. As you say, 'Stasia, we ain't a marryin' family. So we'll go along as we are. Only"—the Pickett look came into his face—"I want you girls to remember that I'm a-going to be the majority after this. If you want to stay here and do by me as you did by father, all right. I ain't got any fault to find with the way you've brought me up, but you can't go on bringin' a man up all his life,—and now's a good time to stop. I'm goin' to run the farm, and I ain't goin' to do any more boardin' 'round."

He turned towards the stable as he finished and the sisters without a word walked on towards the house. Miss Cynthia, from the stone doorstep, turned to look after him. "Hiram's a fine-lookin' man," she said.

"Yes,—and sensible, too," chimed in Miss Anastasia. "He shows the pains that's been taken with him; and though I do say it, there ain't a man of better judgment anywhere round. I wouldn't change one thing about him if I could."

"What's he doin' now?" inquired Miss Lucia.

"Harnessin' the old black horse," replied Miss Cynthia with a sigh.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"THE Organization of the World" is the subject to which a series of important weekly meetings is now being devoted in Boston. "The Federation of the World" is the subject of an important book just published in Boston. In the New England capital, where so many great movements have been born or fostered, the movement against militarism, which Gladstone ten years ago rightly named "the most conspicuous tyrant of the age," has found at this time efficient voice and efficient pen. The Boston meetings have been arranged by the Good Citizenship Society, which well declares international duty to be a prime factor in all good citizenship to-day. The Boston book is by Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, whose lifelong labors in behalf of international order and fraternity have been so intelligent and untiring.

The importance of this subject of the better organization of the world, which was our theme in these pages in our Christmas number, has never been felt so deeply by thoughtful persons as it is felt to-day. Whatever the various feelings of various men concerning the events of the past year, it becomes clear and imperative to all that the civilized nations, whose industrial interests and trade relations are now so complex and manifold, and becoming more and more so with such rapidity, should be brought into closer and more organic legal and political relations. The methods of war do not befit the age; they are not adequate or proper methods for the settlement of international troubles and disputes. The time has come for civilization to take a great step forward. The feeling in Europe upon this subject is intense. The Czar's recent manifesto, calling for the decrease of armaments, is a memorable expression of this feeling. The coming international conference at the Hague will be a historic event. Its influence and results will be largely determined by the expression of public opinion in the various countries of Christendom. The response in England is inspiring and most impressive. Not since the day of Gladstone's appeal for Bulgaria, twenty years ago, has there been seen in England a popular movement so noteworthy as the present Peace Crusade, with great meetings in every city, the circulation by millions of the journal of the Crusade, *War against War*, and the words from the great leaders in Church and State. America should not be behind England in this great movement; and she will not be.

In Boston a Peace Crusade Committee has been formed, at whose head stands Edward Everett Hale, and a weekly journal, *The Peace Crusade*, has been established as an organ of the movement, to be published for three months. The rooms of the committee are at 14 Bedford Street, and from this centre during these months the literature will be circulated and correspondence directed. The Boston meetings are held in Tremont Temple on Monday noons. At the opening meeting Dr. Hale spoke on "A Permanent International Tribunal." The further programme includes Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, on "Organized Labor's Contribution to International Peace"; Rev. Lyman Abbott, on "International Brother-

hood"; and a meeting in the hands of the women, to be addressed by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer and others. Other meetings will undoubtedly follow. While these meetings are in progress in Boston similar meetings will be organized in other places in Massachusetts. It is hoped that in every large city there will be such meetings; earnest citizens everywhere have been asked by the Good Citizenship Society to act in the matter. The ministers of all the Massachusetts churches have been asked to make this momentous subject the theme of pulpit discourse. In the churches, in the press, and in every influential way, it is trusted that Massachusetts and New England will show that conspicuous interest in this commanding cause which they have so often showed in what most concerns the interest of mankind. The movement thus inaugurated here will quickly spread, we are sure, to the whole country; for throughout the country earnest men and women are feeling that it is the movement whose necessity and claim to-day are paramount. In New York and Philadelphia and Chicago leading men are already moving; and we are confident that before the conference meets at the Hague the expression of public opinion in America will be as widespread and impressive as it is in Europe.

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Most impressive was the first of the meetings in Boston, on the first Monday in March. A thousand men and women gathered at that noon hour. Chorley's great hymn, "Give to us peace in our time, O Lord," was sung, from the noble little collection of a score of "Hymns for the Peace Crusade," which has been printed in a leaflet to serve the movement; and Dr. Hale gave his stirring address.

It was especially fitting and noteworthy that Dr. Hale should have been present at this first peace meeting and been its chief speaker. Three years ago (July, 1896) we devoted our editorial pages to a discussion of Dr. Hale's preëminent services in behalf of a permanent international tribunal. That was just after the great arbitration conference at Washington. At that conference it was remembered that in a sermon on "The Twentieth Century," preached in Washington half a dozen years before, Dr. Hale had outlined in clear and full detail the idea of a permanent tribunal as the rational substitute for the method of war in the world. His words were read by Senator Edmunds, the president of the conference, as a remarkable prophecy of the things for whose promotion the conference was assembled. Dr. Hale sat on the platform as his prophetic words were read. It is not improbable that he will live to see his prophecy far on the road to fulfilment. In England and everywhere where men are discussing the coming conference at the Hague, they are seeing and saying that the demand for disarmament must be accompanied by the demand for a regular international tribunal. Dr. Hale has kept on proposing this, with iteration and reiteration, on every occasion and by every means—the speech, the sermon, the magazine, the newspaper—during the last ten years. In this year of grace he has spoken oftener and with greater force in the interests of this cause than any other man in America—we had almost said than all other men. In a recent fortnight, travelling through large towns in the Middle States, he spoke, we think, every night, with a vigor and devotion, at threescore and fifteen, which put younger men to shame. On one Sunday he addressed in the morning a great congregation in New York, in the evening one as great in Philadelphia. On the Monday morning he was inspiring the Philadelphia editors to service, and one of them, Herbert Welsh, wrote:

"Dr. Edward E. Hale, that knight-errant of all things good, and especially of prom-

ising causes in present need of a defender, stepped into our editor's room last Monday morning with a word in behalf of a project to which he is devoting several months of his invaluable time. Dr. Hale, as everybody knows, is a lifelong reformer and enthusiast; but he does not suggest or press on their course things chimerical or that are without practical value. It is said of him that he has initiated or lent a hand to more good causes than any living man, and we can well credit the assertion. He is working now, in the evening of a long and most fruitful life, with all the enthusiasm of youth, and with a superb negligence of himself, for a great project that is just as sure to come as the twentieth century dawns—the establishment of an international law court. Just as certain as that the reign of law has spread its blessed influence over regions of human activity once dark and bloody with unchristian strife and discord is it that ultimately it will enter and control this last refuge of anarchy. The signs are evident that reason and justice and law will in this international realm supplant the awful arbiter that now determines too many national disputes and crushes to the earth whole peoples by the weight of military preparation. But Dr. Hale wants to bring that happy day to the world sooner than it will come if he and others stay foolishly content with the present. It is a day that he may not, and probably will not, live to see. All the finer, then, is the picture of this grand old man, at a time of life when most of us lose faith in the future, or at least wish to be free from its burdens, serenely putting on his harness afresh in the service of a great cause. Dr. Hale's example ought to make some strong men in this city feel very much ashamed of their infidelity to good causes, and of the misuse or lack of use of great talents and opportunities. But where he leads surely there will be many to follow; many who, like him, though loyal citizens of the United States, are in this respect willing to render obedience to the authority of the Russian Czar in trying to advance the sway of peace and law between nations. The cause which Dr. Hale represents is certainly as hopeful as that of antislavery seemed to be in England when Wilberforce, or in the United States when Garrison and Phillips, first advocated it. We wish Dr. Hale success in his pilgrimage, and we believe there are thousands among us who will esteem it a great honor to help him win it."

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It was a beautiful fatality by which Chorley's great peace hymn was set years ago, and is still, we think, commonly sung, as it was sung at the opening of the first Boston peace meeting, to the music of the Russian Hymn. For we cannot forget that it is to Russia that we owe the inspiration of the great peace movement which is now sweeping over the world. It is not the only thing that civilization owes to Russia in this time. Deep in the Russian nature, deep within this great people pushing its way up from barbarism and tyranny to freedom and civility, there seems to be a strenuous and superb idealism. In that most nefarious and mischievous of poems, "The Truce with the Bear," Kipling has sought to strengthen in the English world a fundamental distrust of the Russian people. Russia is a treacherous bear, a bear trying to act like a man, but doing it treacherously, for a bear's purposes. We may perhaps at this time fairly ask ourselves the question, which is in the more hopeful condition, a bear that is trying to act like a man or a man that is trying to act like a bear. But we will not press the question. This at any rate is true. that the three men who in this time have done the greatest service for the world's greatest cause are all of them Russians,—Tolstoi, Verestchagin and now the Czar. Of the Czar's sincerity and deep earnestness in his proposals looking towards disarmament and the permanent peace of nations there can be no doubt in sane and noble minds; and those proposals are of a character likely to give them an epoch-making place in history. Of the sincere and earnest purpose of the Czar, as of his sagacity and farsightedness, we have noteworthy assurance at this moment in the words of our returning ambassador, Mr. Hitchcock; and the countrymen of Mr. Kipling—Englishmen and Americans alike are now his loving countrymen —will remember how clearly Gladstone saw that the habit of distrust of Russia was an insanity with Englishmen, the most mischievous insanity

in modern European politics, and how sedulously he sought during the last thirty years of his life to remove it. Earnest and sincere or not, the Czar's proposals are a call, and in response to that call the representatives of all the nations of Christendom will assemble in a conference which neither Russia nor any other power can dominate, for free consideration of the world's greatest curse and greatest hope.

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The curse of militarism rests like a paralysis upon every nation of Europe. England may feel it least, but how appallingly England feels it appeared in the discussion of the army and navy budget in Parliament on the very Saturday before the first Boston Monday meeting. Two hundred and forty million dollars was the estimate for British army and navy expenses for the next fiscal year. "You can't keep up a splendid empire for nothing," said Mr. Balfour, defending the appropriations. The treasury is at its wit's ends to devise fruitful forms of taxation, a tax even upon wheat and sugar, the staffs of life, being now meditated. The "bread tax" the newspapers begin to talk about.

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America, however, does not have to cast her eyes across the sea to point morals upon the curse of militarism. It is a curse which threatens ourselves; the man who does not see it and is not spurred as an American and a lover of America to new devotion to the rational organization of the world is a fool and blind. Ideas and standards are confessed and are gaining headway in great circles of our people from which a year ago every man would have shrunk. Good men think various thoughts about the recent war with Spain. The President, the Secretary of State, and our Minister to Spain all felt it, as all have told us frankly, to be wholly unnecessary; that had the politicians and the people exercised a reasonable patience and self-control, everything which we demanded and in the name of humanity had a right to demand could have been secured peacefully instead of by the horrors of battle and the waste of half a billion dollars. Other men think the war was inevitable. But think variously as men may about the recent war with Spain, it is hard to see how any American can look upon our present war with the people of the Philippines save with melancholy, horror and shame. Claiming to desire to help these people to independence and self-government, we have ruthlessly mowed down and broken the prestige and the power of that body of the people which alone had vitality and capacity to develop self-government, which had waged long and heroic resistance to the Spanish oppression, and had demonstrated organizing talent of an order which commanded the respect and confidence of every democratic man. It is the blackest blot upon the pages of our history; and the American who, seeing it in white light, does not denounce it as a crime is not a patriot, not true to the republic and its ideals. The President has just declared in Boston that no instinct of imperialism lurks in the American heart. Yet even as we write, the chairman of the Congressional Committee on Appropriations, reporting how we have spent our half billion in the war, publicly repudiates for himself, and ventures the prediction that the next Congress will repudiate, the President's professed idea of giving the people of the Philippines the independence they desire. "We could not if we would," he says, "and we would not if we could, part with the territories acquired from Spain." This means one of two things—that we shall incorporate these territories into the republic or that we shall hold them subject to the republic. This last is "imperialism." There is no need to deal with the term gingerly; it simply means dominion over a

people whom we deny self-government—like the dominion of England in India; it makes no difference whether the "imperialism" is exercised by an empire, a kingdom, or a republic, it is the same denial of self-government to a people. The President protests that no thought of it lurks in the American heart; but the undeniable fact is that it is already on thousands of American lips, and worse things with it. The most influential newspaper in New England, which not a year ago execrated such doctrine, has recently declared that, remembering the struggles of the Poles, the Hungarians and the Irish, and our own struggle a hundred years ago, we cannot but understand and sympathize with the Philippine people in their struggle for independence, but that since this is counter to our interests we must suppress it. The same journal has also gone on to declare that, if the partition of China by the powers of Europe seems at any time imminent, we must not fail to be party to it, from the vantage ground of the conquered Philippines, and to seize our share, which share would be a territory with seventy million people. This doctrine does not simply "lurk in the heart," but is openly proclaimed in the home of Samuel Adams and Charles Sumner; and there is probably no other section of America where it is not proclaimed more. It is fatuous to deny these things; it is our duty to meet them like men. It is most fatuous of all not to see that what has given license and momentum to doctrines so opposed to the spirit of our American republic and to what we have all hitherto agreed to praise is the militarism of the year and the "headiness" resulting from spectacular and easily successful war. A year ago there was not a senator at Washington nor a boy in the schools who would not, as matter of course, have referred to the partition of Poland a century ago, by the powers which preyed upon her, as a colossal crime. If it shall by and by appear that, with phrases against "imperialism" and professions of zeal for self-government on the lip, the government of this republic is really serving the programme of militarism and seizure and subjugation, permitting this America to swing into line with the hoary iniquities of the past, the historian of a century hence must summon stronger words than those which have served for the crime against Poland to characterize our crime; for we shall have sinned against greater light and have betrayed a greater trust. And in this thing let every one of us remember that plain word of Hosea Biglow's:

> "Guv'ment ain't to answer for it;
> God 'll send the bill to you."

For in a republic, "the government" is what we let it be. "We, the people of the United States," are the government of the government; and we, the people, must ultimately bear the praise or blame.

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For our own part, we have faith in the American people and that their returning sobriety and common sense, to say nothing of their nobility, will quickly check the militarism which for the moment has got rein and impulse. The sharp criticism in Congress itself of the army and navy bills, and the considerable reduction of the estimates and proposals, is one sign of the returning sobriety; and the laughter at Cecil Rhodes's sober proposition that we should subjugate and annex South America is another. Laughter at such things will help on laughter, and shame as well, at propositions not quite so swollen. We believe that no political party will ever venture to face the American people in a general election with a programme of militarism. We believe that the popular heart will respond to the call which now goes forth for service in the cause of peace and the organization of the world; and we may remember with encouragement that

the same call, which is now waking so marvellous a response in England, found England also in a spasm of military revival, jingoism and imperialism.

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The duty of America to frown upon military policies and the military spirit is peculiar. America in truth holds the key to the situation. John Bright pointed this out clearly in a Fourth of July speech twenty years ago. America, not burdened by taxes for the support of great armies and navies, was free to devote all her resources and energies to the development of her industries. This gave her an incalculable advantage over the burdened countries of Europe, an advantage which every one of them was feeling keenly. Let her maintain this advantage in the industrial competition, and they would all soon be forced to disarmament for sheer economy and self-protection. Did not the recent word of Prince Radziwill, a word so nervously explained away, mean the same thing? It cannot be that America will recklessly abandon a position in which she can steadily command the world to peace and efficient industrial organization, and consent to meet old tyrannies on their own terms and in their service.

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Half a century ago, Charles Sumner, speaking in Tremont Temple, told America, in words never to be forgotten nor escaped, wherein lies the true grandeur of nations. In Sumner's Massachusetts, from Sumner's time to George F. Hoar's, the great leaders of the people have been true to Sumner's gospel. We believe that the people of Massachusetts and New England and the country will be true to it to-day as they hear the call to make themselves felt in the great movement which is shaking Europe and which promises to do more than any other movement in history to hasten the time when the swords shall be beaten into ploughshares.

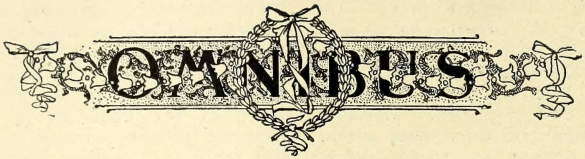
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We said that the great cause had found voice in Boston, and had also found a book. It is a singular good fortune by which at this precise moment appears Dr. Trueblood's book on "The Federation of the World." Dr. Trueblood's services in America for the cause of peace and international fraternity have been immense. "The Advocate of Peace," which he edits with such distinguished ability, ought to be every month on the table of every thoughtful man in the country, whatever else is there or is not there. His pamphlets on the history of arbitration and related subjects are the best which there are. No other translation of Kant's "Eternal Peace" is so good as his. But in this little book (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, $1.00) he covers the whole ground in brief. The ten chapters treat: The Solidarity of Humanity, Solidarity Unrealized, The Causes of the Disunity, The Development of the War System, The Influence of Christianity in restoring the Federative Principle, War Ethically Wrong, War Anti-Federative, The New World Society, The Growing Triumph of Arbitration, and The United States of the World. An appendix contains the Czar's rescript, calling for the conference on reduction of armaments; and seven pages are given to a bibliography of the most important publications relating to the federation of the world. We wish that it were possible to illustrate here, by passages from successive chapters, the broad range, the wisdom and the vitality of this timely book; but this is not here possible. One pregnant passage from the striking chapter on "The United States of the World" we give, as an interesting forecast of the steps by which the better organization of the world may ultimately come about:

"Along what lines the movement toward this general world government will take place it is not easy to forecast, except in a general way. Two or three courses are open, any one or all of which may be followed. The United States of America may in time become really such. The very name seems to be prophetic. Canada, Mexico and Central America may some day, of their own accord, ask to be admitted into a federal union with the United States. In time a great South American republic of republics may be formed, through some movement or groups of movements akin to that already taking place among the Central American states and the British Australian colonies. Then may follow a federation of the two American continents. The United States of Europe, so long dreamed of and written of by European reformers, seem to-day but the shadow of a name; but whoever remembers the history of the consolidation of France, or Italy, or Germany, or the still more remarkable history of the consolidation of the Swiss cantons composed of peoples of different races, speaking different languages, into a coherent national federation, will not say that a United States of Europe is an impossibility. On the contrary, the whole course of the modern history of nation-building foreshadows a European federation. The continent of Asia may some day have a like transformation; and that of Africa, too, renewed at last by a Christian civilization; and that of Australia before either of them, if one may judge from the federative tendencies already showing themselves between the colonies there. If this should prove to be the way in which the world state is to work itself out, the islands of the sea will group themselves in with the continental federations where they naturally belong. At last these continental federations will flow together into a great world federation, the final political destiny of humanity, where all the larger hopes of love and fellowship, of peace and happy prosperity lie. I do not pretend to assert that the actual order of movement will be as here outlined, but only that this is a possible, perhaps a probable order in which the federation of the world will come, at least in part. This forecast is in harmony with actual historic processes now working, and having for generations worked, at several points in civilized society.

"Another course is possible. A great racial federation, as of the Anglo-Saxon people, may come first, with its centres of agglomeration in all parts of the world, which will gather to itself by an irresistible moral gravitation all other peoples. Racial federation is already playing its part very powerfully in the processes of civilization. Several races, it is true, are exhibiting, in greater or less degree, kindred phenomena. But racial distinctions are in many respects beginning to break down, because of the intermingling of peoples in all quarters of the globe. What may be styled the universal human characteristics, those belonging to the one race of man lying at the basis of all sub-races, are destined thus more and more to come to the front as against those which have marked off one portion of mankind from another. That race, whichever it may prove to be, which develops these general human characteristics most fully and most rapidly, and throws off most completely all that is adventitious and unessential, will, in the nature of the case, prove to be the nucleus or furnish the nuclei about which civilization in all parts of the world will crystallize. Men will not care at last by what racial name they are called, or what language they speak, provided their highest interests of every kind are served. They will feel it more noble to be men and to speak the one universal language of men than to be Englishmen or Germans or Frenchmen, and to speak any of these great tongues. Whatever race shall prove itself fittest to lead in this federative process, whether the Anglo-Saxon, as now seems possible, or some other, will itself be modified, purified and strengthened for its work as the final world race by what it receives from the races which it draws to itself, and even from those which through weakness shall finally be eliminated."

Dr. Trueblood's book is the book of books for the crusade which is now being inaugurated among us; and it should be circulated by the thousands. It is a book of hope and confidence. After all the long and dark survey of history and sober estimate of present facts, the last word is the word of one to whom the federation of the world is already in sight; and we can close with no better word: "The great idea of a world federation in some form has gotten clearly into men's minds. It is too powerful, too attractive and inspiring to be resisted. All obstacles to its realization will be broken down, if not to-morrow, then afterwards. How soon, will depend largely on the purpose, the intelligence, the heart, which those already possessed of the great idea shall put into the work of reconstructing and reorganizing humanity on a world basis."



The Old Garden.

This is the garden where Grandmamma walked—
Grandmamma, witching and dark and small;
This is the bench where she sat and talked,
'Neath rose vine arbor beside the wall,
While somebody's horse at the garden gate
Neighed impatience of somebody's wait.

Here is the spot where the heart's-ease grew,
And bachelor's buttons there were set,
With larkspur—crimson and white and blue,
And fragrant patches of mignonette;
Yonder were lilies, coxcomb red,
And velvety pansies, bed on bed!

In dress of muslin, as white as snow,
With the briefest waist and the scantest skirt,
She chatted with gallant powdered beau—
For Grandmamma was an arrant flirt!
I know by the letters I have read—
Letters from lovers she would not wed.

For one she scorned, and at one she laughed,
And one a bachelor's button gave,
And coxcomb handed to one who quaffed
Her smile till he vowed himself her slave!
And then she would send them all away,
And walk by herself in the dying day.

But somebody came—as somebody will,
When Youth and Beauty are still unwed,
And Grandmamma's saucy laugh was still
When this tall somebody bent his head
To her lesser height, as they slowly walked
'Tween stiff box borders, or sat and talked;

Sat and talked while the gloaming fell,
And whinnies sounded beside the gate—
For when young Love has a tale to tell
Then somebody's horse perforce must wait;
And a heart's-ease sprig on somebody's vest
She pinned—But I will not tell the rest.

Rose petals drop on my head to-day,
As they dropped on those lovers' heads of yore;
And down the path, where the shadows play,
I fancy coming from open door
Grandmamma—such a charming bride!
With courtly Grandpapa at her side.

Tho' dead those lovers of long ago,
Dead tender bridegroom and winsome bride,
The garden's story will live, I trow,
Like scent of roses that Grandmamma dried—
A subtle sweetness, a rare perfume,
A bud of Arcady burst in bloom.

—Mary Clarke Huntington.

*
* *

The Signs Were All Right.

No lover ever went forth braver; none
Ever returned in less triumphant guise.
And yet the signs were with me: every one
Boded good fortune to my enterprise.
I found a spider in my room last night;
I put my stockings on the right foot first;
An extra spoon at breakfast met my sight;
I passed a red-haired woman; and so nursed
On happy omens, called on her—to find
Signs go by contraries with womankind!

—Gordon.

*
* *

At Church.

Where others find salvation, I too came—
And lost the peace I had; for you were there
Breathing devotion, while the sweet acclaim
Of choiring voices rose in rhythmic prayer.
The priest enjoined churchgoing; so did you
With finer eloquence:—I'll take a pew.

—Gordon.



THE DEATH OF NATHAN HALE.

Reproduced from a water-color sketch by F. O. C. Darley, now in the possession of the New Haven Historical Society.
Photograph by Herbert Randall.

THE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. MAY, 1899. VOL. XX. No. 3.

THE SHARE OF CONNECTICUT IN THE REVOLUTION.

By J. Moss Ives.

COMPARISONS are sometimes odious; but when they act as incentives to historical research, when they are comparisons of patriotic effort, they are not to be discouraged. It is not the purpose of this article, however, to show the record of Connecticut in the War of the Revolution merely for comparison with the records of other states, but to vindicate the claim that this commonwealth played a paramount rôle in the struggle for national liberty. The full extent of Connecticut's share in maintaining the war and making final victory possible has generally been underestimated, and in some cases entirely overlooked by historians; but it has been recorded in the archives of the state, the indelible proof of its supreme patriotism, and the constant source of inspiration to its sons and daughters. Each of the original American colonies has a story of patriotism to tell, better than all the traditions of martial and knightly chivalry, a story which may well be made the theme of historical investigation and the occasion of friendly rivalry.

The great principle fought for in the Revolution may be traced straight back to the primitive union of three little settlements on the banks of the Connecticut River, Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield. The residents of these settlements migrated from Massachusetts. The great purpose of this migration was to secure popular control of legislation. There was a constant struggle in the Massachusetts colony between the forces of aristocracy and those of democracy. The better blood of the colony was determined to establish a privileged class, as in the old country. Finding it difficult to resist the power of blood and wealth, many of the freemen, under the leadership of Thomas Hooker, came into the wilderness of Northern Connecticut to establish a more demo-

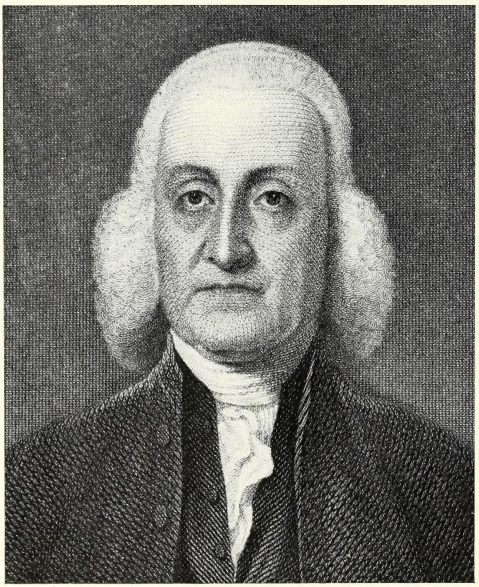


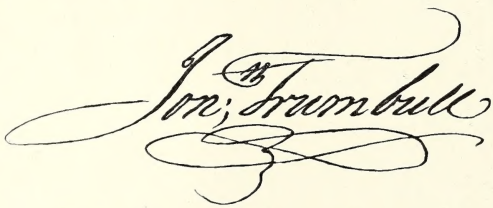
GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

cratic form of government for themselves. Alexander Johnston, in his "Study of a Commonwealth Democracy," says, "It is not difficult to show that the settlement of Connecticut was itself merely a secession of the democratic element from Massachusetts, and that the Massachusetts freemen owed their final emancipation from a theocracy to the example given them by the eldest daughter of the old commonwealth."

The planters of these three settlements met in convention at Hartford, a few years after their departure from Massachusetts, and there adopted the first recorded pledge of civil liberty in America, the Connecticut constitution of 1638–9. This constitution was, in a very real sense, the foundation of America's great political structure. It embodied the principle of a government by and for the people. It was the prophecy of the Declaration of Independence. It first gave utterance to the war cry of the Revolution, "No taxation without representation!" and the sentiment of which it was the expression made the Revolution possible.

The compact made in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, generally acknowledged to be the first intimation of democracy in America, began with a formal recognition of the king as the source of all authority. It was the power of the crown "by virtue" of which "equal laws" were to be enacted. On the other hand, there is no mention or hint of royal or parliamentary authority in any part of the Connecticut constitution. It sets out with the practical recognition of the doctrine that all ultimate power is lodged with the people. It made the body of the people the body politic. The governor and other magistrates and the deputies themselves were made a kind of committee, delegated with powers to act for the planters. The state officers were elected by the people by popular vote out of their own number, to spend a short official term in the discharge of their trust, and then to return to the ranks of citizen voters. Each deputy who was elected to the Legislature went from his own town, and was a free planter of that town. There was to be no taxation without representation in Connecticut. The towns, too, were recognized as independent municipalities. Here the idea of civil liberty first took shape in the actual form of government; and here was the embodiment of the principle fought for in the seven years' struggle against the mother country. Bancroft says of the Connecticut constitution, in





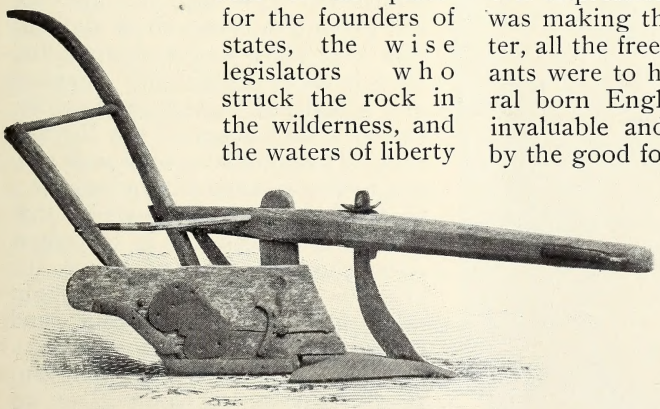
The Revolutionary War Governor of Connecticut.



PUTNAM HILL, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT.

The Scene of Putnam's Famous Ride.

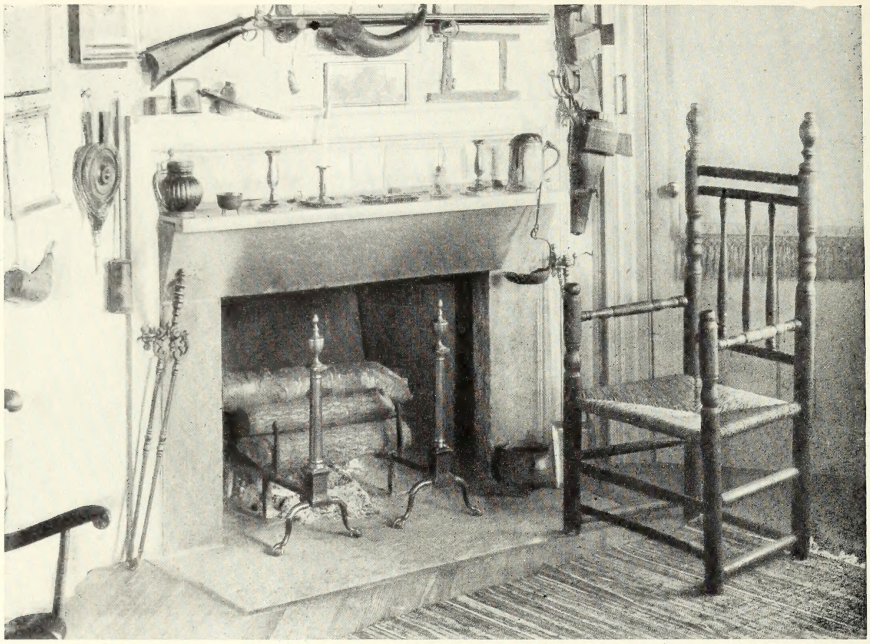
one of his most celebrated passages: "Kings have been dethroned, recalled, dethroned again, and so many constitutions framed or formed, stifled or subverted, that memory may despair of a complete catalogue; but the people of Connecticut have found no reason to deviate essentially from the government established by their fathers. History has ever celebrated the commanders of armies on which victory has been entailed, the heroes who have won laurels in scenes of carnage and rapine. Has it no place for the founders of states, the wise legislators who struck the rock in the wilderness, and the waters of liberty gushed forth in copious and perennial fountains?"



PUTNAM'S PLOUGH.

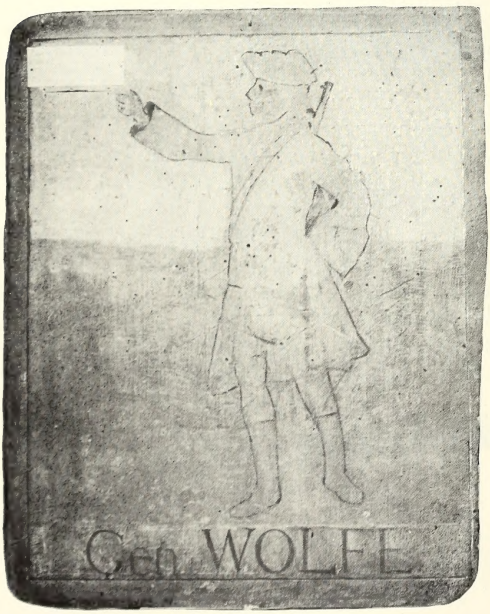
To give legal authority to this form of government, a charter more democratic than any other document ever handed down from king to people was granted in 1662. Just previous to this the colony formally proclaimed Charles II king, more than a year after the news of his accession had been received; and this step was not taken until remonstrances had been received from friends on the other side, warning the colony of the evil impression its continued silence was making there. Under this charter, all the freemen and their descendants were to have the rights of natural born Englishmen. This was an invaluable and sacred grant, gained by the good fortune of Winthrop. It defined the rights of the colony, already drafted in the constitution, and placed them far beyond the grasp of the royal prerogative.

Connecticut showed the spirit of the Boston Tea Party when Governor Andros



FIREPLACE FROM PUTNAM'S HEADQUARTERS AT REDDING, CONNECTICUT.
Now in the possession of George F. Ives, Danbury, Connecticut.

came to Hartford in 1687, and demanded the charter. The authorities of the colony could not fail to be alarmed at the threatening aspect of affairs, but they had resolutely determined to keep inviolate their sacred right of civil liberty, come what might. Every reader of history knows that Andros failed to obtain the charter, how the lights in the legislative chamber were extinguished, and how when they were relighted the charter had disappeared. This was the first lesson given to a royal officer showing him that there was a sharp difference between an English populace and a body of American freemen. It was a forerunner of the Revolution. The colonists could well submit to the tyranny of Andros for a short time, with the knowledge that their charter was still in existence. After the abdication of James, the precious document was brought forth from its hiding place, and charter government was resumed.

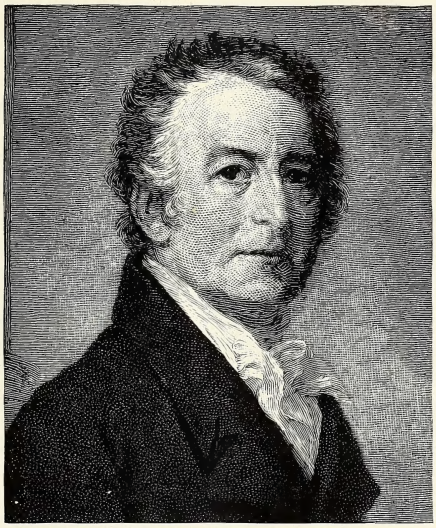


TAVERN SIGN OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

These democratic institutions enabled the people of Connecticut "to maintain throughout their colonial

history a form of government so free from crown control that it became the exemplar of the rights at which all the colonists aimed" in the Revolution. The close of the French and Indian war marks the period when Connecticut's democratic spirit began to influence the other commonwealths. Their demands upon the crown caused a steady approximation toward the establishment of a local democracy such as Connecticut had maintained for one hundred and fifty years. So when the war broke out, no state was more fully prepared to act a worthy and heroic part.

The first recorded evidence of action on the part of Connecticut that indicated the impending struggle was a proclamation by Governor Trumbull, in May, 1774, which recited the dangers with which the colonists were menaced. The proclamation was soon followed by an order to all the towns to double the quantity of their powder and balls, and also by a set of resolutions denouncing the measures of the British Parliament as usurpations which placed life, liberty and property in hazard in all the American colonies, and proclaimed it as the duty of the people of Connecticut "to maintain and transmit their rights entire and inviolate to the latest generation."

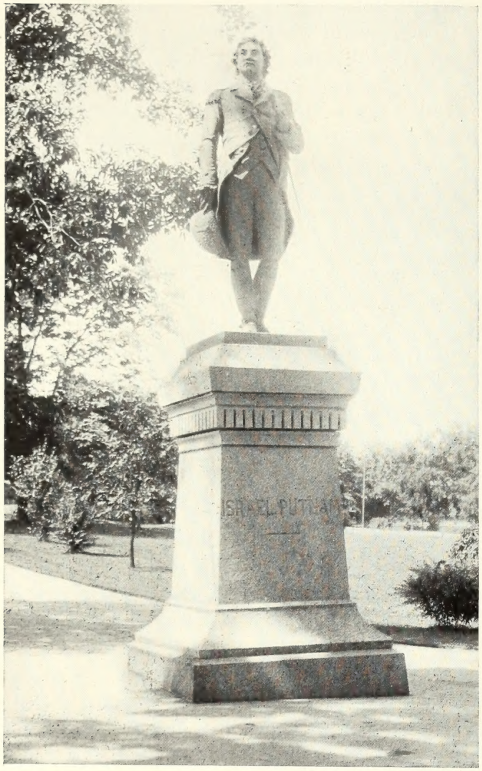


JOHN TRUMBULL.
The Patriot Painter.

How strong was the feeling of the Connecticut colonists against the measures of the mother country at this time is shown by the treatment that was accorded to several persons who denounced the doings of the Continental Congress. Dr. Beebe, an obnoxious tory of East Haddam, was given a coat of tar and feathers. Two tory inhabitants of Ridgefield used language in a public house at Wethersfield which was derogatory of the Continental Congress. They were put astride a rail and escorted out of the town amidst the groans and hisses of the people, who followed them beating a dead march with drums. Certain persons were appointed to conduct these offenders further on their journey and to acquaint "the inhabitants of the other towns with their behavior, and leave them to their further transportation as by law is provided in the cases of strolling idiots and lunatics."

When hostilities began, Connecticut was the first colony to take her stand beside Massachusetts. In September, 1774, upon a bare report that British ships were cannonading Boston and British soldiers killing its inhabitants, a large body of men from Connecticut started forth to render their aid to the sister colony; and when, on April 19 of the following year, "the shot heard round the world" was fired at Lexington, Connecticut sprang to arms. Thousands of men upon the first reception of the news started from every part of the colony for the scene of action. Many a plough besides that of General Putnam was suddenly forsaken for the battlefield.* One

*See illustrated article on "Homes and Haunts of Israel Putnam," in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for October, 1897.



MONUMENT TO PUTNAM AT HARTFORD.

quarter of the militia of the colony, consisting of six regiments, was prepared for immediate service. Four of these regiments, commanded by Putnam, Spencer, Hinman and Parsons, were ordered to be in readiness to march on to Boston, and were soon sent to the front.

It is a noteworthy testimony of Connecticut's readiness to aid Massachusetts that, while the latter was defending herself, the first measure for her relief and the relief of all the colonies, the capture of Ticonderoga, was undertaken by Connecticut. Those who first projected the scheme borrowed funds from the treasury of Connecticut for the purpose, consulted with Governor Trumbull, and received his hearty coöperation. Ethan Allen's ringing command to surrender inspired new confidence in the power of American arms. During the same month, Governor Trumbull ordered Colonel Hinman to march to the defence of Ticonderoga and West Point, and applied money from the treasury of the colony to pay for strengthening the fortresses and for the support of the troops. Governor Trumbull was also the prime mover for the invasion of Canada, the latter part of the same year, which resulted in the capture of the strong fortress of St. John and the taking of Montreal. For a time, as Johnston well says, "almost the entire burden of the struggle lay on Connecticut, and the unflinching manner in which it was sustained made it the more conspicuous by the fact that the colony was not individually menaced," as were the other colonies. In 1775, the Department of the North had 2,800 men in the field; of these, 2,500 were from Connecticut.*

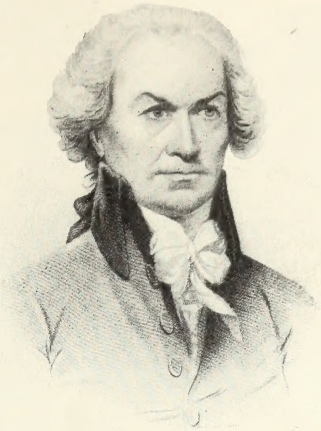
Lexington had aroused Connecticut to great activity in providing for the relief of Boston. This relief it continued to afford. To the troops already in camp under Putnam and Spencer was soon added another regiment, together with a fresh supply of ammunition from the colony stores. As to Connecticut's share in the battle of Bunker Hill, I will but refer the reader to the "Life of Israel Putnam," by Rev. Increase Tarbox, the greater part of which is taken up by the argument that Putnam was the real commander of the day, and that it was the troops of Connecticut who bore the brunt of the fighting and kept up the deadly fire of small arms which twice totally broke the British ranks. Mr. Tarbox further claims that it was the militiamen of Connecticut who, with the New Hampshire troops, covered the retreat of the Massachusetts militia and prevented a disgraceful and panic-stricken rout. This claim seems rather bold, but it appears all the

* See chapter on the Revolution in Johnston's "Connecticut," which is largely drawn on for this paper. There is a large volume on "Connecticut in the Revolution," by Royal R. Hinman.

more bold when it is considered that the author was, at the time the book was published, a minister in the city of Boston. It is a contention that is certainly worth careful investigation and study. It will doubtless always be a mooted question as to who, in the general confusion, was the real commander-in-chief at Bunker Hill; but the irrepressible Putnam certainly conducted himself in a manner that gives his native state cause for laying claim to the distinction.

At the close of the war General Washington wrote a letter to General Putnam, from Newburgh, in which he approved in generous terms the services of the old Connecticut hero. He said in the course of the letter:

"I can assure you that among the many worthy and meritorious officers with whom I have had happiness to be connected in service through the course of this war, and from whose cheerful assistance in the various and trying vicissitudes of a complicated contest, the name of a Putnam is not forgotten; nor will be but with that stroke of time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues through which we have struggled for the preservation and establishment of the Rights, Liberties, and Independence of our Country.



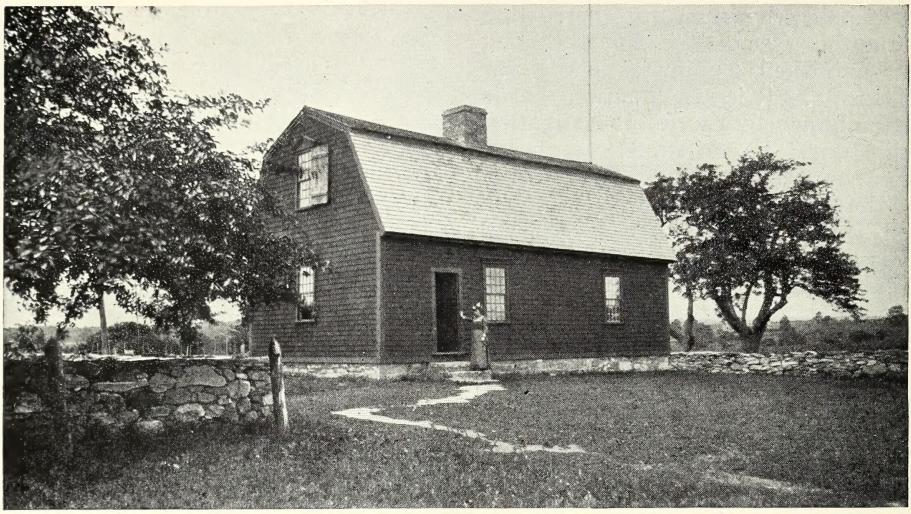
OLIVER ELLSWORTH.



DAVID WOOSTER.

"Your congratulations on the happy prospects of peace and independent security, with their attendant blessings to the *United States*, I receive with great satisfaction; and beg that you will accept a return of my gratulations to you on this auspicious event—an event, in which, great as it is in itself, and glorious as it will probably be in its consequences, you have a right to participate largely from the distinguished part you have contributed towards its attainment.

"But while I contemplate the greatness of the object for which we have contended, and felicitate you on the happy issue of our toils and labors, which have



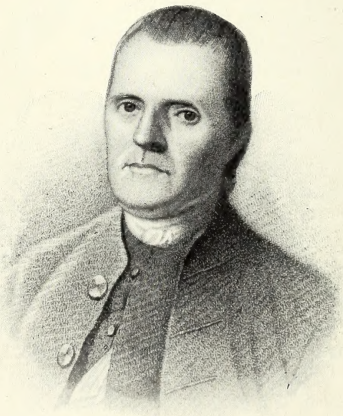
THE OLD WAR OFFICE.

terminated with such general satisfaction, I lament that you should feel the ungrateful returns of a country, in whose service you have exhausted your bodily strength, and expended the vigor of a youthful constitution. I wish, however, that your expectations of returning liberality may be verified. I have a hope they may—but should they not, your case will not be a singular one. Ingratitude has been experienced in all ages, and republics, in particular, have ever been famed for the exercise of that unnatural and sordid vice."

This letter, together with portraits of Washington and Putnam, was engraved on a handsome memorial tablet, which has been placed in the armory of the Putnam Phalanx at Hartford. The Phalanx is the oldest military organization in Connecticut and one of the oldest in the country. It uses the regulation buff and blue Continental uniform and marches in the old Continental step.

Soon after the battle of Bunker Hill, 1,700 men under Wooster, which force had already been raised for the defence of Connecticut, were sent to Harlem, at the request of New York. A part of these troops, with Wooster in person, passed over to Long Island, and there, while guarding the exposed points from the cruisers of the enemy, assisted the defenceless inhabitants in removing their goods and cattle to places of safety. Provisions of every kind, on account of the demands that were being made by the army, were at this time very scarce, and by order of the General Assembly an embargo was proclaimed on all provisions raised in the state.

At the beginning of the war, prepa-

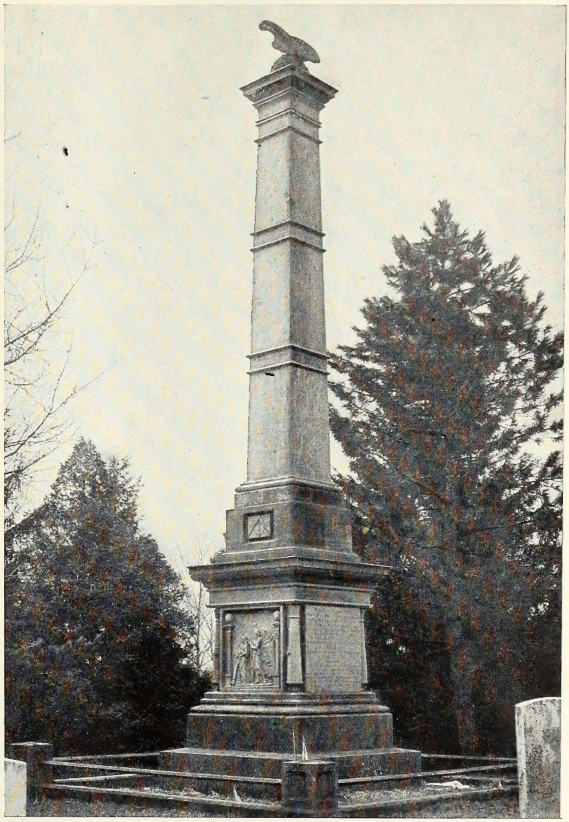


ROGER SHERMAN.

rations were made by the towns, in the traditional Connecticut fashion;* but the General Assembly soon began to direct operations. In May, 1775, a Committee of Safety was appointed to aid the governor in directing the marches and stations of troops and in supplying them with "every matter and thing that should be needful." Under the direction of the governor, this council made such great efforts in behalf of the American cause, and accomplished such eminent good, that Connecticut became known, throughout the Revolution, as emphatically the "Provision State." In October of the same year, Governor Trumbull was appointed by the Continental Congress one of a special committee for ascertaining "the most effectual method of continuing, supporting and regulating a Continental army." Benjamin Franklin was one of the other members of this committee. So zealous was Governor Trumbull in his actions that he became a special object of the enemy's vengeance, and early in the war a price was set upon his head.

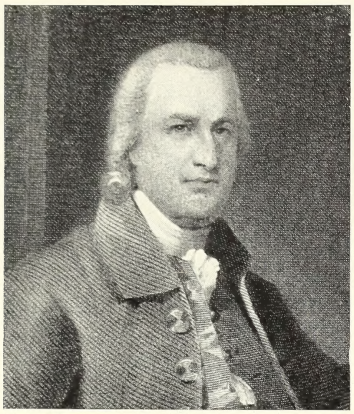
Although the main theatre of the war remained outside of Connecticut, her troops shared in all its dangerous hardships. But while the state was sending its bravest sons and its best provisions to the relief of the other colonies, it was kept constantly active in defence of itself. The long extent of seacost was in constant danger of attack, and the incursions of the enemy were frequent and demanded the utmost vigilance. Consequently a system of naval warfare was kept up, meeting with wonderful success. Besides this, the state, by reason of a general confidence in the superior watchfulness and loyalty of its inhabitants, had charge of more prisoners during the war than any other colony. Conspicuous among these were many dangerous tories and important prisoners of war.

When the year 1776 opened, it found Connecticut conspicuous among the colonies in the cause of liberty. Thousands of troops with arms, ammunition and provisions were being sent to the army around Boston, to the Department of the North, and to General Lee to aid in the defence of New York. All this Connecticut did under straitened circumstances, for its treasury was



MONUMENT TO GENERAL WOOSTER AT DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

*See illustrated article on Litchfield, showing the noteworthy activities of the Wolcott family and others, in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, February, 1897.



OLIVER WOLCOTT, THE ELDER.

exhausted. Nevertheless the urgent solicitations of Washington and Congress were met with heroic effort. Besides the great amount of provisions that was raised, iron ore and lead were obtained from the mines of Salisbury, and moulded into cannon and shot.

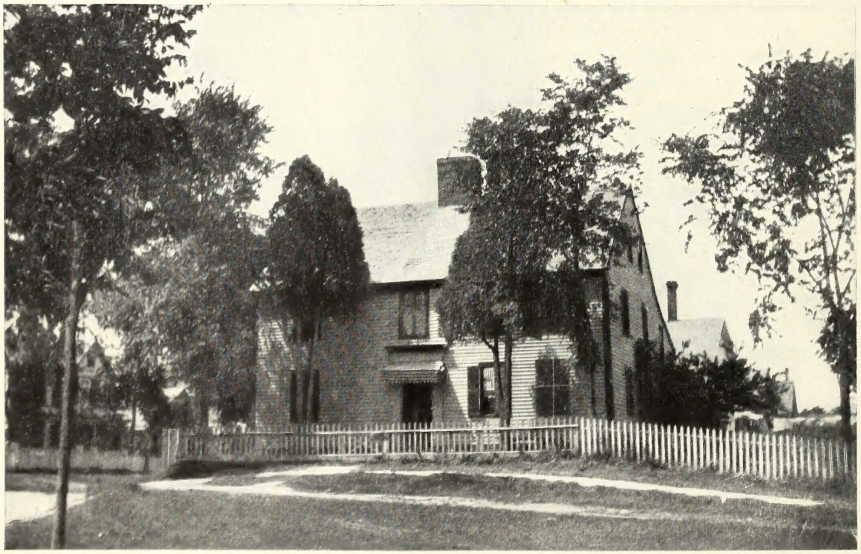
Governor Trumbull's store adjacent to his house was the point from which nearly all the soldiers and provisions were sent. It was familiarly known as the "War Office," and all through the Revolution it was one of the centres of action.* Many important councils of war were held within its walls, and many distinguished personages crossed its threshold. This building is now standing, and is one of the historic landmarks of the state, a monument of its patriotism.

John Trumbull, the great painter of the men and scenes of the Revolution, was a son of the governor; and he cannot be forgotten when we consider Connecticut's share in the Revolution. It is from his brush and pencil that we have many of the most authentic records and revelations of that historic period.†

In the letters of Washington are found frequent allusions to the loyal support he was receiving from Connecticut. In a letter to Governor Trumbull, under date of September 9, 1776, he writes: "I cannot sufficiently express my thanks, not only for your constant and ready compliance with any request of mine, but for your own

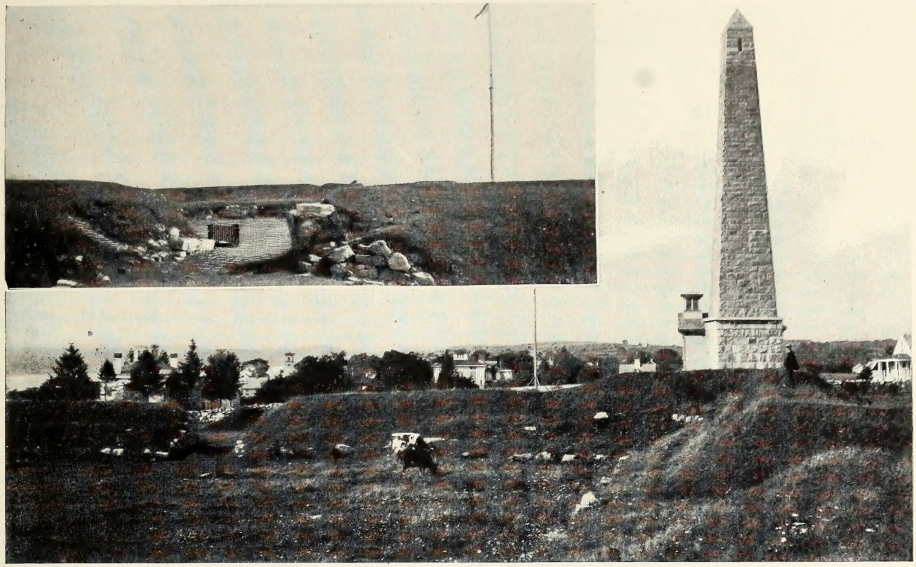
* See article on "Brother Jonathan and his Home," in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for September, 1897.

† See article on "John Trumbull, the Patriot Painter," in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for January, 1896.



THE AVERY HOUSE AT GROTON.

It was to this house that the wounded were carried during the attack on Fort Griswold.



FORT GRISWOLD, SHOWING THE SPOT WHERE COLONEL LEDYARD FELL.

strenuous exertions and prudent forecast in ordering matters, so that your force has been collected and put in motion as soon as it has been demanded. . . . The exertions of Connecticut upon all occasions do her great honor."

When it became known that General Clinton and Lord Cornwallis were to make an attack upon New York, after the evacuation of Boston, Governor Trumbull issued a spirited "exhortation" to the people of the colony to form companies and march on to the new seat of war. The appeal was irresistible. Men rushed to supply the army, and of the twenty-five Connecticut regiments, all but two were soon collected at New York, together with many companies of volunteers. After New York was taken, more regiments were sent to Long Island, leaving the state almost without any defence whatever.

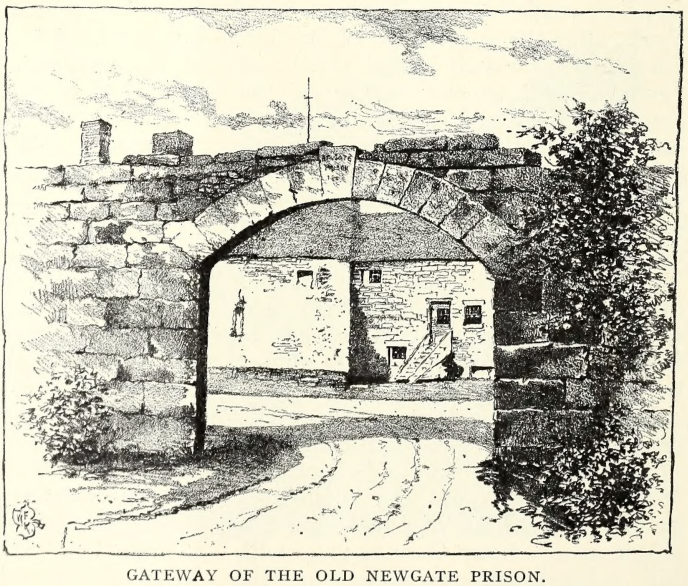
When in the dark and gloomy December, just previous to the flashing of the light at Trenton and Princeton, Washington had but the shadow of an army, destitute of cavalry save a single troop from Connecticut, with his soldiers almost naked in the piercing cold of winter, Connecticut lighted up anew the torches of effort by sending reënforcements and provisions, making possible the victories that followed. When Burgoyne began his march southward from Canada, Connecticut was foremost in sending regiments and volunteers to check his progress. In the victorious battle of Saratoga, one of the turning points of the war, it was a brave son of Connecticut who rallied the disheartened troops and led them on to victory—a deed which did his country more service than all his later acts of treason did it harm. The glory of Saratoga soon gave way to gloom, when winter found the American patriots starving in their winter quarters at Valley Forge. Washington in his distress again appealed to Connecticut for aid. In response, nearly all the live cattle in the state were driven in one vast herd to the distant camp of Washington. This relief, which was said to be impossible to furnish by the other states, was thus generously given by the already famed "Provision State of Connecticut." The demands from Washington and Congress upon the



BENEDICT ARNOLD.

state at this time were almost incessant. But Connecticut did not once falter in her duty. Every demand was met in some degree. Every response seemed the result of superhuman effort.

Connecticut bore her full share of suffering. Two of the most horrible massacres of the war were perpetrated upon her territory. The massacre of Wyoming laid eight beautiful towns belonging to Connecticut in ashes, and the greater part of one thousand families fell victims to the tomahawk. For several years the whole surface of Long Island Sound had been vexed with every species of conflict known to unrestrained human passions in time of war; but the burning of New London and the butchery that followed were by far the most revolting. The traitor Arnold was a native of Norwich, and was of course acquainted with the whole neighborhood and knew the very steps to take to insure success. Colonel William Ledyard, to whom the command of the two forts and the towns in which they were situated had been intrusted, exerted himself to the utmost to put the coast in a state of defence. After he had made such arrangements as his scanty means would allow, he crossed the ferry to Fort Griswold, where he had determined to make his last stand. As he stepped into the boat, his friends gathered to wish him success; and his voice had the triumphant tone of prophecy when he said to them: "If I must lose to-day honor or life, you who know me can tell which it will be." Within twelve hours after he had spoken these words, he was standing with a few survivors in the inside of the fort, after a resistance unsurpassed in the history of freedom's battles, waiting to present his sword to the British officer in command. The brute took the proffered weapon, and instantly plunged it to the hilt into the breast



GATEWAY OF THE OLD NEWGATE PRISON.

of the unsuspecting patriot. The little band of militiamen saw that they were contending with savages, and, knowing it would be vain to look for quarter, rallied around the corpse of their commander and fought till they fell pierced, some of them with more than twenty wounds. Then followed a scene of carnage too brutal to recite. One of the British officers, sickened with the protracted butchery, ran from room to room of the fort with his drawn sword in his hand, crying: "Stop! stop! In the name of Heaven I say stop! My soul cannot bear it!" After a while the carnage was checked, but not until eighty-five men lay dead in the fort and sixty more wounded, only a few of whom survived the horrors of that day.*

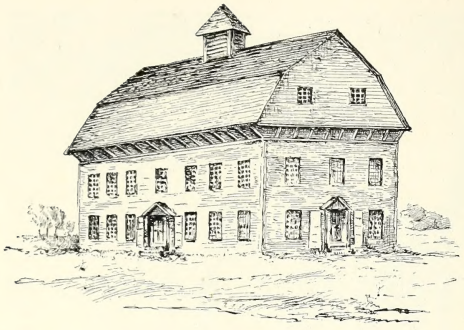
To those massacres were added the frequent depredations of the British along the coast. But the incursions of the British troops upon Connecticut soil were necessarily brief and lively. The state militia was too active to permit of protracted visits. The most serious of these ravages was the burning of Danbury, and the battle of Ridgefield which followed. In this battle the brave Wooster received a mortal wound while rallying his troops for a last attack upon the retreating British lines.



THE STATUE OF NATHAN HALE BY MACMONNIES.

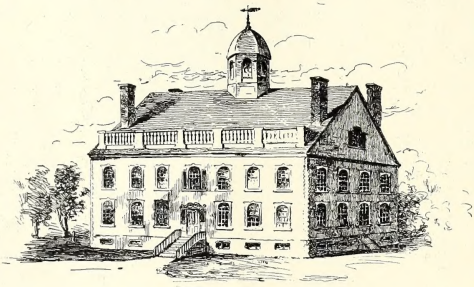
It is well to note here that Yale College in New Haven was, all through the Revolution, a veritable

*See article on "The Smitten Village," in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for August, 1895; also article on "New London," May, 1896.



THE FIRST STATE HOUSE AT HARTFORD.

furnace of patriotism. Of the small number of its alumni, two hundred and thirty-four rendered conspicuous service. Of this number was the martyr, Nathan Hale, whose only regret was that he had but one life to lay down in defence of his country. Yale's record in the Revolution is found complete in Johnston's "Yale and her Honor-roll in the Revolution"; and from its pages the sons of Yale to-day can find added inspiration for college pride.

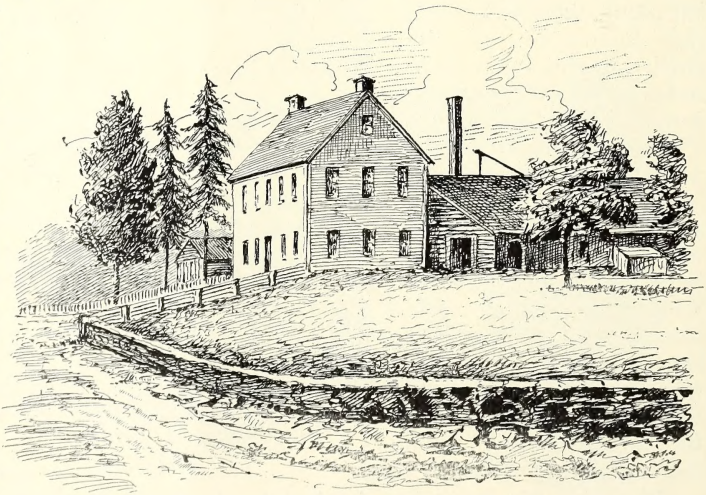


THE FIRST NEW HAVEN STATE HOUSE.

In 1781 a memorable conference was held at Hartford, between General Washington, Governor Trumbull and others. The result of this was the campaign which ended with the surrender at Yorktown and the final triumph of American arms.

The Connecticut delegates in the Constitutional Convention held a position of great influence. Their democratic government had given them a training which enabled them to mould the form of the national constitution into a corresponding shape.

In number of men furnished during the war, Connecticut stood second. According to the figures in Johnston's "Connecticut," it had 31,939, Massachusetts being first, with 67,907. Considering the difference in population, Connecticut's quota stands out prominently with the 25,678 of Pennsylvania, the 17,176 of New York, the 6,417 of South Carolina, and the 2,679 of Georgia. Connecticut's authorities were indefatigable in raising and provisioning troops, and the people equally earnest in offering their services. In general orders of June 16, 1782, Washington spoke of the Connecticut brigade as "composed of as fine a body of men as any in the army," and he expressed a wish for a general review of the men to decide the relative proficiency of the Connecticut men.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF NATHAN HALE.

There are no figures to justify Connecticut's claim to supplying the most provisions,—nothing except the records of the Council of Safety and the general opinion expressed at the time. She was regarded as one of the four strong states supporting the cause, ranking with Massachusetts, Virginia and Pennsylvania. Connecticut's troops participated in all the important battles, and nearly all of the inhabitants rendered service during the war. The state was practically unanimous on the question, while New York and other states were badly divided, the tories being of wealth and influence.

Of the 31,931 men whom Connecticut sent to the Revolutionary fields, not one rendered more valuable service than did the loyal governor of the state, Jonathan Trumbull. He was known in Great Britain as "the Rebel Governor," being the only chief magistrate of a colony who at the outbreak of the war took the side of liberty. Every one of the governors of the other colonies was a tory. Governor Trumbull was also one of the foremost figures in the arena of the Revolution. With untiring energy he flung himself into the cause, gathered thousands of men from the hills and valleys of Connecticut to fight the battle of freedom, raised provisions for armies, and made himself a pillar of support to the American cause. He applied himself at all times to efforts that would have prostrated a man of ordinary courage and patriotism. From Virginia came Washington, the hero of the Revolution; but Connecticut furnished his chief supporter, on whom he relied with unfailing confidence.

The martyrdom of Hale, the eloquence of Ellsworth, the bravery of Wooster, the dash of Arnold, the headlong valor of Putnam, the statesmanship of Wolcott and Sherman, and the foresight and wisdom of Trumbull, with the ardent patriotism of the entire state, during the War of the Revolution, nobly exemplified the Puritan faith and the Anglo-Saxon love of liberty, which have always characterized the commonwealth of Connecticut.

THE DEPTH OF HOPE.

By Clifford Trembly.

HE saw each proud ambition swiftly fade,
The cherished hopes of happy youth grow dim,
The glowing sunlight turn to dark'ning shade,
And the oncoming night encompass him;
But from himself he turned, and the dark ways,
Unto the distant blazing of the star
Which Hope had kindled for his greedy gaze
Within the heavens, dimly and afar.
"Some time the light will come, the shadows end,"
He said unto himself as, day by day,
His hair grew white, his steps infirm and weak;
"Some day kind fortune will my path attend;"—
And, hoping ever, trudged he on his way,
Nor saw the star blazed not that he would seek.

HEINRICH HUFF VERSUS ARTHUR VAN WYCK.

By Harriet Taylor Upton.



N an August morning, a dozen years ago, an American youth was standing on the bank of a canal at Amsterdam. He looked cross; he was cross; he had been cheated out of his morning nap by the housemaids scrubbing and chattering at his windows.

The china, the glass, the brass shone in the tiny room he occupied; the furniture and woodwork had a polish as if just new; the curtains were stiff with starch, and the linen pure white. Such a room would have delighted any woman traveller, but it chafed the youth, and he said to himself: "House-cleaning! Thank Heaven I came the day after instead of the day before!" Two Dutch mottoes hung on the walls, and a slip of cardboard had these English words, written in a Dutch hand: "Throw not ashes on the floor; please put them on the dish." The youth smiled at the thought of his having time to do aught else but let ashes drop as they would. The last thing he remembered as he went to sleep was throwing his cigarette butt on the rug beside the bed.

At five o'clock he was awakened, as he supposed, by the rain dashing against his window. This ruffled him, for he was to go to Alkmaar that day, and he did not fancy a drive in a storm. Although disturbed, he turned himself in bed for another nap. Soon there began so vigorous a scratching and rubbing that he thought a dog or a cat was trying to make its way through the window. He rose quickly, peered through the curtains, and saw two housemaids arrayed in lavender gowns, white caps and aprons, one rubbing the window dry, the other with a pointed stick the size of a lead pencil digging out the cracks about the windows and the sides of the house. He called to them to stop, but unfortunately they knew no English and he no Dutch. He was wide awake now and so out of temper that he could sleep no more. He therefore dressed and went out into the street. As he walked along he saw numbers of these same lavender-gowned creatures, scrubbing and digging on every side. How he hated them! They were washing windows, sides of houses and sidewalks. The Hollanders of his class were still in bed; they are late risers.

He made directly for the water, as most travellers do. The canal was alive with boats,—little boats, big boats, dirty boats, clean boats, sail boats, steam boats, boats drawn by horses, boats drawn by women and children, boats paddled by men. It was a moving picture, and the young man, his face still denoting discontent, struck a match on his trousers, lighted a cigarette and, stuffing his left hand back into his pocket, became interested in the panorama. The boats in front of him were moving up and down, sails were filling, and arms were clanking, bridges were opening up in the air to let the boats pass, and lowering themselves again that the working people might crowd across them. The arms of the windmills, far and near, were moving with dignity and grace, and the music of the chimes of half past five were ringing out.

Just then a boat came into sight which attracted his attention. It was of different shape from the others; its sails were new, its paint was fresh, its brass highly polished. It stopped directly in front of him. On the port

side, half hidden by the sail, stood a girl. He walked up the canal to get a better glimpse of her, and just as he did so she walked across to the port side. She was now very near him. He could see her fair face, her red cheeks, her yellow plainted hair. Across her forehead was a black band of cloth, and over this a tight-fitting lace cap. Her chemisette was of white, her sleeveless waist of blue, her full short skirt of brown. The young man was not a painter, nor a poet, nor even a romancer, but as he looked at the girl the frown disappeared from his face. Just then a maid in a purple gown and white apron and cap appeared on deck, and the youth expected to see her pounce upon something with her suds and brush,—possibly upon the young woman herself. The lavender frock brought back the morning episode; and, putting his hands deeper into his pockets, he walked back to his hotel and breakfasted.

His mission in Holland was to purchase cheese for his father, who was an importer; and he was bound for Alkmaar. He drove. No American bent on business could waste time on a canal boat. A young boy accompanied him, to drive the horse back. He had purposely taken one who could not talk English, for he hated a chattering companion, and yet he had not gone far before he wished he had some way of knowing what the things about him were. He attempted to find out by talking loudly and gesticulating, but he soon gave it up, and together they rode in silence.

Presently he spied ahead of him the boat of the morning. He hurried his horses; but just at this point the road left the canal side, and, instead of getting nearer as he progressed, he got farther away. Forward the housemaid was hanging the linen to dry, and aft the girl, with an arm around a child, was sitting on a long bench, their white sabots swinging vigorously.

On the sunny side of the boat the owner, Mynheer Brabrant, and his wife were conversing,—he a great, sleek, fat fellow, smoking his pipe, and she somewhat younger, fat and knitting.

"To-morrow's Reta's birthday, and I shall give her her headband and rings," said the wife.

"They won't spoil her, will they?" asked the husband, between puffs. "Reta's a good girl, but she's not quite like us."

"I know she doesn't approve of some of our ways. She says that we spend so much time cleaning house that we can never go away and leave things, nor can we ever read any books or know anything. She says she rather hear men talk than women, because women always talk of baking and brewing and scrubbing and sewing. Yes, she says she rather know what Japanese eat and Chinamen wear than to have us talk whether brick or pomade is best for brass."

Mynheer chuckled. "She's a warm blooded little thing. How she kisses my lips when I am smoking, and rubs my bald head and laughs at me and cries for me! She's got a big heart, but I will feel better when she and Heinrich are married. You can't depend on English blood."

Meantime Reta and her cousin Adolph were chattering together. Reta was knitting lace.

"Will you see Heinrich at Alkmaar?"

"I think so."

"Are you going to marry him?"

"I don't know."

"When are you going to know?"

"I don't know. You must not ask questions."

"Well, father says he will feel safer when you are married."

"Did he say that?" gasped the girl. "Did he say he was tired having me?"

"Oh, no, he said he did not know what he would do without you, that he loved you, you were so warm-hearted; but he said he would feel safer when you were married."

"I don't know what he means," replied the girl.

"Were you ever at Heinrich's farm?" asked the child.

"Yes, twice."

"Why didn't I go?"

"You were too young when we first went, and you were sick the last time."

"Was that when I had the sore lungs?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about the farm. Is it big?"

"Yes, big and beautiful. It has a great canal running by it, and then it has two canals of its own. It has its own boats, and they are the greatest fun to play on. They haul the hay and the feed and all that, on their boats, from one part of the farm to the other. The house is beautiful. The dining room I remember best, with its high mantel and chimney-corner seats, and its dish cupboards. Heinrich's mother is a little fat roly-poly woman, good natured, who spends all her time superintending the servants. The stable, however, is the building they all brag about. It is a prettier shape than the house, and built of nicer stones. It has many, many windows, and each window has muslin curtains and screens. The stalls are stone, the floor is tile, and it's just as clean as this boat. There is not a wisp of straw nor a seed nor anything on the floor, except where the cow lies. Running through the stall is a drain, and the cows are scrubbed till their white spots are like snow; and their tails are tied to a hook in the ceiling to keep their bodies from getting dirty."

At this the child began to laugh, and said: "Oh, you are telling me fairy tales," and ran to his mother to ask if this statement were true.

Left to herself, Reta fell to dreaming of the happy to-morrow; for she was to have her mother's gold headband, her mother's beautiful rings and real lace cap; besides her aunt had made her a new blue braided cloth waist, and she was to go to the kirmess as many days as she cared to, and she was to have her own money to spend. Over and over again she had planned how she and Heinrich would buy presents for Hans's children. She was going to go to the Chinese and Arab villages and see how people in other countries lived.

How she wished her father and mother had not died! Then she could have gone to England and seen the great town of London, and perhaps the Queen herself. Perhaps she could have seen her father's pictures, for some of them were in the great gallery. The best ones were of Holland —Holland women at their work. If her mother was half as beautiful as her pictures, she could not see why the English grandfather and grandmother fairly disowned their son for marrying; and if he was as good and true as people said he was, she could not see why her Dutch grandfather objected so strongly. She loved this mother, whom she could scarcely remember, and the father, who used to carry her about with him as he sketched and worked. At school she was at the head of her class; she spoke English with only a very slight accent. She read every book she was allowed to read. She longed to travel, and she was so restless that she was delighted when she could persuade her aunt to take up her summer quarters on the boat. Her uncle was getting richer all the time. He now owned two windmills, besides the boat and a house in Amsterdam. She was afraid he would sell his boat and stay at home, and then she would have to knit and sew and clean all the time.

Suddenly she noticed the sails. They were not filling; the ropes were flapping. A startling thought came to her. "What if it should die out, and we have to remain here all the night!" Running to her uncle she said: "The wind's going; what shall we do?"

He smoked a minute and then replied: "There's no hurry; we'll get in to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Could she wait until to-morrow to shine up the headband and don the cap, and to feel and see the rings on her fingers and in her ears?

"Start the steam," she pleaded.

"Oh, what's the use of wasting fuel?" he replied.

The girl turned away, and tears ran down her ruddy cheeks. After a time she put her arm around his neck and, rubbing his cheek with hers, she said: "If I can get the boat in without sail or steam and without cost, may I?"

He laughed and said: "Want to see him pretty badly, don't you? Yes, you may if you can,—but you can't. You can't pull it yourself like the canal women, and none of us will help you."

"You promise?"

"Yes."

Then Reta fell to, with all her persuasive powers, and in an hour the uncle was roused from a nap by the movement of the boat. Looking on shore, he saw the helmsman, the loader, the housemaid, Reta and his son Carl pulling with all their might, while his wife was steering. He rose slowly, and was about to command them to stop, when he noticed a foreigner on the path. The man was watching the workers, and presently, in a most impatient tone, said:

"Shame on you, you wretch, to let a beautiful girl work like that! In America you'd get thrashed."

No one understood this save Reta, and she called out softly: "It isn't his fault. I wanted to do it."

"You wanted to!" muttered the man. "How many thousand women tell lies every day lest the world think ill of the men of their families!"

By fast driving Arthur Van Wyck had reached Alkmaar earlier than he expected. He had eaten a luncheon and looked about the kirmess, and still the man he was to meet had not arrived. He walked down to the canal; he wondered if the boat was in. He concluded it was not; he therefore strolled along the path. A real romancer would tell you that he had met his affinity, that he felt himself drawn that way, that he could not help seeking her; but the writer of this tale thinks that, in a country where he knew no one, the persons he had seen in the morning appeared like old friends, and he wanted to see them again. At any rate, he walked on and on, lured by the sight of a boat always advancing, until, three miles outside the town, he came upon the person he sought, under the circumstances I have described. He had started the day in anger, and he had been vexed and bothered all day. If he had acted upon his impulses, he would have attempted to thrash the fat Dutchman, but instead he turned and walked across the fields at right angles to the boat, so that he could watch the company. He had never seen a more beautiful person than this girl; and now that she was walking, her figure seemed perfect. All the Dutch girls he had seen looked as if they wore great bustles quite around their waists, and as if they had strapped down the bust; but she was plump without being fat, and strong without being clumsy.

"Stop!" called her uncle. "Come in!" and they obeyed. "Light the fires, Fritz; we can steam in before night. Reta, I did not know you wanted to go so badly. You should have told me."

So it happened that Reta reached Alkmaar the night before her birthday, and they all visited her uncle's oldest son, Hans. And so it happened that the next day, in her new waist and her mother's rings and cap, she spent at the kirmess. Some of the Holland kirmesses are low affairs, but not so at Alkmaar. Although there is much more freedom than on ordinary occasions, there is little drunkenness. Women may go by themselves undisturbed.

Reta and Adolph started early. They had seen the acrobats and clowns, and were about to go to the Chinese village, when she noticed a

crowd. She could hear an English voice. She made her way into the crowd, and found that a thief had snatched a piece of money from a child. The American had seen it and, running after the thief, caught him and brought him back; but no constable understood his English nor knew what he wished. Reta soon straightened matters out.

The American wished to inquire who the girl was, but he could not be understood, so he followed her and the child into the Chinese theatre. They did not notice him. The girl was as happy as the child. They talked constantly, sometimes in Dutch but sometimes in English. This made them interesting, as he could occasionally overhear and understand a little.

"The fellows at home would laugh," thought he, "if they could know I was following a gold-banded, wooden-shoed Dutch girl about; and her uncle, I suppose, would thrash me."

Just then he met her eye. She smiled in a friendly way, not coquettishly, and said: "I'm so glad you are here. I wanted to tell you about last night." She spoke as if they were old acquaintances, and then, with childlike simplicity, she explained the events of the afternoon, and how she had finally won.

"Why did you want to get here last night?"

Reta hesitated. "I don't want to tell you."

"It's because," said Adolph, "she wanted to see Heinrich."

"It's no such thing," said Reta.

"Well, it's all right. Girls will love; that's all right."

"But that was not it; it was something else. Maybe if I see you some other day, I'll tell you; but I'll never see you, probably."

"I hope you will," replied the American. "I am waiting here to see Heinrich Huff."

"Heinrich Huff!" put in the boy; "he's Reta's sweetheart."

"He'll be here to-night," said the girl. "He is a cousin of my cousin here, but no relative of mine."

And so it happened that the man whom Arthur Van Wyck had driven from Amsterdam to see was the lover of the boat girl, as he called her. And as Arthur had letters from his father to Heinrich and his father, the three were much together. Thousands were the questions Reta asked him of America, American ways, American women; and as she spoke English more fluently than Heinrich, she was often with them during the business transactions. To Arthur there was something very charming about her. He was fascinated in spite of himself, and he lost no opportunity to be with her. There was no coquetry about her, and Heinrich did not seem to object to his attentions.

The kirmess was over. Heinrich went back to the farm, Reta and the family to the boat, and Arthur continued his business journey. Mynheer liked him, although he called him the skinny Yankee, and three weeks later invited him to make a trip on the boat from Amsterdam to Alkmaar.

It was a beautiful September day, the air was clearer than usual, and so cool that they gathered on the sunny side of the boat. Mynheer attempted to talk a little English, but Van Wyck was unable to understand him. Reta acted as interpreter, and sometimes Adolph talked a little. Of course this could not last long, and finally Van Wyck and Reta fell to talking English, to the delight of both. Van Wyck sang some college songs, which she could not understand well because of the slang. Then Reta brought a lunch of biscuits and beer, although they had had a hearty noonday meal. Suddenly Mynheer looked up and exclaimed: "Mein Gott, the sails are flapping!"

"Don't swear," said the wife.

"Well," exclaimed the Dutchman, "it's going to calm. This is the place where we sometimes get it."

Reta said: "There is no hurry, uncle; we can stay here all night."

"But there is hurry. I promised to see the burgomaster to-night about the dike tax. Fritz, light the fires, and we'll steam in."

Fritz lighted the fire, but soon a flue head blew out, and there they were, three miles from Alkmaar, with no wind and no steam. The uncle was exasperated; he declared he would walk in; but his wife insisted that he was not well enough. Fritz offered to walk to his son's, fetch his horse, and drive him back. There was hardly time for that, and besides it would leave the boat without a managing hand. Van Wyck suggested to Reta that he go to the burgomaster, explain the situation, and make an appointment for the following day. This Reta reluctantly interpreted to her uncle, who immediately agreed it was the thing to do. As Van Wyck was to see them no more before he sailed for home, he bade them all good by, and departed.

When he had gone Reta ran below to her little room, threw herself on the bed, and smothered her sobs with a pillow. She wished he had never come, and then she could have been happy with Heinrich; but now she never could. Around her heart was a feeling of great weight, which the longest breath did not seem to lift. Poor little Reta! This sorrow was all her own. She told Heinrich all her troubles, but she could not tell him this; neither could she tell her aunt. How she wished she could run away where she would see no one she had ever known!

Suddenly she stopped grieving, bounded from the couch, washed her face, and appeared on deck as bright as ever, saying: "O Uncle, Mr. Van Wyck does not know the burgomaster speaks no English. I think I will run after him, and I can talk for him, and then I can go and stay all night with Hans."

"Very well, child, it was good of you to think of this. Go."

And so it happened that when Van Wyck had been gone a quarter of an hour he heard his name called and, looking back, saw Reta running very fast, her braids flying far behind her, her gold band glittering in the sun, and her wooden shoes clattering. He turned to meet her, holding out his hands to her, and she grasped them firmly. Very close to his side she walked, and her heart beat so fast and seemed so light that she forgot it had been so heavy only a few minutes before. When they had gone half the distance, they seated themselves on a great stone; and when they again started on, they crept slowly along. Much later the burgomaster at supper heard the merry chatter of youthful voices and, opening the door, beheld two love-lit faces.

A week later, Van Wyck, a most morose passenger, sat by himself on the deck of a Dutch boat bound for New York. He refused to make acquaintances and smoked sullenly or paced nervously.

Reta refused to be betrothed to Heinrich, and told Adolph that some day she would lay aside her short, thick dress and wear a long, scant one; that she would live in New York, where she could see Niagara Falls and the Rocky Mountains, and that some day she would come back to Holland to see him, and that she would bring him an Indian spear; that in America she could read and study and be happy. On a ribbon about her neck she wore a fraternity badge, which Arthur had given her on that last walk. "Keep it till I send you a ring," he had said; "I want you to have some outward and visible sign of my inward and spiritual love." This pious sentence she understood quite as well as she did the fraternity badge: they both meant something to her in her way.

Many were the months that she carried letters inside her chemisette, so that they would be near her, and so that she could read them. She knew them by heart. When no new ones

came, she read the old ones, and hoped and guessed by turns.

And Heinrich sold his interest in the great farm and went to Curaçao, in South America, where he became first a merchant, and later a banker.

And did none of them marry? Oh, yes, they all married. Van Wyck married. I do not know whether he is happy or not. He does not know; he cannot take time to think; he is making money. He has children, but he gives them little attention; he thinks he will when he is older and has more time. At a banquet of his fraternity some time ago he said he was sorry not to wear his badge; he said it was misplaced, he could not remember when he last had it.

And Heinrich? Why, he married Reta, of course, and carried her off to Curaçao; and she is one of the happiest of women. I know she's happy, for she told me so, and married people always tell you the truth about themselves. I saw her at Curaçao last winter. She has a handsome Dutch house, and three little children. She said:

"And you are from the States! Mr. Huff is going to take me there some day. I want to go so much. They say it is woman's own land. She can do what she wants to. She can study, work, go to college, and vote. I don't know about doing this; I think that's most too much. States women are so pretty; they are so long-waisted and so thin and so stylish, and they wear such beautiful clothes!" Turning about to the mantel, she lifted up a gold band and a lace cap and, putting them on to her little daughter, said: "Those are what I used to wear in Holland. Ain't they funny?" and she laughed at herself. "I am bound my daughters shall be educated in the States. I want them to be independent. I want them to know American young men. American men are so spritely and jolly. Heinrich says they are not true, as Dutch men are. Do you think he is right?"

THE GIFTS OF MIDAS.

By Minna Irving.

SHE sat before the crimson coals;
Above the frozen snow
Without, a pale young winter moon
Hung up its silver bow.
The spirit of a dying rose
Within perfumed the air,
And gems and laces in the room
Were scattered everywhere.

Here from its case a ruby shone,
An eye of angry fire,
And there along the carpet trailed
A length of silk attire.
But wearily with careless hand
She brushed them all aside.
"Give me instead some gift," she said,
"That love has sanctified."

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.

By Wilmot Price.



TELL you, Frank, if a man can just get a reputation ready made it doesn't matter whether it fits him or not."

This remark not being greeted by either contradiction or assent, Charley Morris dropped his feet from the fender to the hearth with an accentuating clatter and continued: "People don't think of looking to see whether a reputation is too big or too small. They take it for granted that a fellow has made it for himself, when half the time it has been given him by charitable friends, or thrust upon him by uncharitable enemies. By Jove! I sometimes think that if a born idiot were properly advertised, he would be accepted by society as a genius."

"My dear boy, you are taking extreme cases; and extremes sometimes meet," drawled Frank Williams, without removing his cigar. "It would be a lot easier to pass off an idiot for a genius than it would be to make people think a tiresome bore a witty and agreeable fellow."

"But even that could be done," Morris persisted. "People will believe anything they hear about a person. They'll take him at any valuation society puts upon him. It never occurs to them to ask whether a man's all he's cracked up to be. They wrap his poor, emaciated character in a sugar coated reputation, and swallow him whole."

He stopped a moment to taste the full sweetness of his simile, secretly hoping that Williams was impressed by his cleverness. Conversations between the two men invariably turned into monologues. "Think of that wretched little foreign chap Mrs. Davidson imported last winter," he continued. "Any sane individual could see that he was a cad; but society hung on his every word. When he was rude it called him 'original,' and when he was ill tempered and cross Mrs. Davidson said he was 'highly organized.' And it was all because he brought letters from no one knows who, saying he was clever and artistic and all that sort of thing. It's enough to make a cynic of a saint."

Frank Williams smiled indulgently at his friend's effort to contort his amiable countenance into an expression of bitterness toward the world, but said nothing.

"Look here, Frank," Morris burst out again, "let's make a test case of Selton Jackson. You know he's going to Boston for two or three months this winter. He's been 'doing' all the important cities of the world, hoping to find appreciation somewhere, and he has saved Boston till the last. Now why wouldn't it be a good idea to give him a boost by writing a testimonial to some society leader among the bluestockings, just saying that in Philadelphia we had 'found him matchless for the hands and complexion,' or words to that effect, and see if they're taken in."

The silent smoker considered his companion's suggestion for a moment. "I don't believe it will go," he declared at last. "People aren't going to think that a nonentity like Jackson is an ornament to society simply because you choose to tell lies about him. However, there's no harm in trying."

"All right; then it's a go!" cried Morris, with an accent of finality. "I'll bet you a box of the best Havanas that I'll make Jackson all

the rage, if you'll leave him in my hands; and what's more, I'll bet you he makes a brilliant marriage and gets some girl that all the Boston men are wild about. It's a great scheme, and it'll be, as I said, a test case. Jackson hasn't a thing to recommend him except that he's a gentleman. I sometimes wish he wasn't; he might have more snap. But if I succeed you'll have to acknowledge that I'm right about human nature. It's simply a matter of what the psychologists call 'mental suggestion.' I put the idea into Boston's head that Selton Jackson is the most entrancing of his race, and the first thing he knows he finds himself on the top of the wave, without knowing how he came there, probably thinking it's because Bostonians are so discriminating. He'll come back with a brilliant reputation and a bride whom every one envies him, and you present me with a box of cigars, as the logical sequence. Why, my dear Frank, there's more success due to stage managing than there is to good acting; and after I've written a letter to a certain lady in Boston, Jackson will step to the footlights an acknowledged star."

"And what if you fail?" Williams put in quietly, by way of punctuation to his friend's enthusiasm. "Don't you think the certain lady might feel justly indignant at being made a fool and a tool of, and don't you think—"

"Oh, you've got to give me full license to say all I want," Morris interrupted easily. "Of course I always run the chance of being found out. However, I'm pretty sure of success, and I have, to my advantage, the fact of the prophet being out of his own country, where, if he can't make a new reputation for himself, he's at least unhampered by an old one. And this prophet won't even have to prophesy! I will do it for him. I here and now prophesy that he makes a social hit, and comes back with a charming *fiancée* who has slain her thousands. Do you take me up, Frank? I warn you you'll lose!"

"Oh, yes, I take you up," Williams replied. "Only it isn't my fault if you make enemies of all these people. You may not make a dead failure of the thing, — you're always such a lucky chap; but you won't succeed completely, that I'm sure of. I almost wish I might lose for the pleasure of seeing intellectual Boston making a lion out of that lamb."

"They'll do it," Morris insisted, as they shook hands on their bargain. "I'll throw the lion's skin over him so skilfully that he won't even have to roar, to keep up the illusion."

That night Morris wasted many sheets of paper on experimental notes to his friend, Mrs. Kingston, in Boston. She was one of the acknowledged social leaders of several diverse sets, including the fashionable, the artistic, and the intellectual. She had launched many crafts on the social sea, and Morris selected her as the person best able to aid him in giving Selton Jackson what he called "the time of his life." After many epistolary attempts which seemed to say either too little or too much, Morris finally sealed the following letter:

My dear Mrs. Kingston,—I may as well say at once that I am going to ask you a favor; but it is one which I hope will not be entirely without reward to yourself. It is the remembrance of your kindness to me when I was in Boston two years ago, that gives me courage to write now and ask if you will give half as good a time to a much better fellow. An acquaintance of mine, Selton Jackson, is going to Boston in the course of a week, to spend two or three months, and if you will allow him to call upon you I shall be very grateful, and he much more so, I am sure. I have not spoken of this to him, for he is a modest sort of chap and hates to be thrust forward; but I know the difference it would make in his winter if you would let him come to your house and meet some of your friends. He is a very uncommon fellow, though reserved and quiet, and not every one would discover at once what unusual qualities he possesses. That is why I have selected you as the person to meet him first. He has travelled a great deal, and has dug pretty deep into many questions;—but don't be discouraged if he won't exhibit the result of his deep sea dredgings. Serious things

mean too much for him to care to make small talk out of them. I believe that in India and Japan he made very exhaustive researches into various obscure religious sects unknown to most foreigners,—even to most students; but he is so morbidly modest concerning his work that he won't talk much about it. He is truly cosmopolitan, and has been making quite a study of the civilizations of different cities, sociologically and socially,—from the saloon to the salon, so to speak,—and has left Boston till the last, for reasons very complimentary to Boston. I have not been able to see much of Jackson myself these last years; but you know how it is with a man of that type. Individuals have no right to expect to see a great deal of a person who is demanded by society or societies.

Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Kingston, for trespassing on your time with all these details; but your past kindnesses make me sure that you will give me still further cause for gratitude by letting Jackson have —through you—a glimpse at the best of Boston.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES W. MORRIS.

P. S. Jackson comes of a fine old family on his mother's side. You know in Philadelphia we are reputed to think much of such things.

The next morning, before mailing his letter, Morris bent his steps toward Selton Jackson's office, with the idea of warning him of the ovation he was likely to receive in Boston; but he had scarcely left his own door when he met Jackson coming toward him. The two men were not friends, though they met frequently in society and at clubs, so Jackson was somewhat surprised when Morris turned and walked beside him for a block. The Unconscious Experiment had a small, insignificant frame, and rather sloping shoulders. His hair, eyes and complexion all toned into each other in negative hues. There was nothing definite about him to relieve the monotony of his perfect commonplaceness. Like Private James, "no characteristic trait had he of any distinctive kind."

"By Jove! I did have cheek to write that letter," Morris thought. "If I'd seen him just before I wrote I couldn't have done it." But to his companion he said: "I hear you're off to Boston the end of the week, to spend the winter. Wonder how you'll like it."

"Oh, I guess I'll like it all right," replied Jackson, with no special animation. "I hear it's a nice enough place; but they say the girls are terrible bluestockings."

"Oh, well, there are some awfully nice people there, you know," said Morris hopefully, — "such as Mrs. Kingston, for example, — although she'd be rather exceptional anywhere. You may have heard of her. She's one of the leaders of Boston society. I've just written to her," he continued, poking nervously at the cracks in the pavement with his stick. "I told her I was going to send you to call on her. You'll meet the nicest people of all sets in that way,—and it's a pity you shouldn't see old Boston at her best. Mrs. Kingston will be nice to you and give you a good start. I told her you'd travelled a lot, and had studied up the religions of Japan and India. I knew you'd been there, and most travellers seem to make a specialty of those things, so I thought I was pretty safe. All you'll have to do is to look wise and say nothing if she asks any impertinent questions."

"That's awfully good of you, Morris," Jackson said, with more enthusiasm than his metallic voice usually displayed. "I'm ever so much obliged, and I'll call on Mrs. Kingston with pleasure. I understand Boston ladies are very intelligent. Probably she knows more about Indian religions than I do."

"Oh, not at all! not at all!" said Morris vaguely. "I must turn back here. I just wanted to warn you not to be surprised if Boston falls on your neck unexpectedly hard. Good by. A pleasant winter to you!"

They shook hands, Morris guiltily, Jackson cordially, and parted.

"I feel a good deal like a pickpocket," Morris thought to himself, with a sudden twinge of conscience.

"But I've gone too far to retreat now. I should hate to offend Mrs. Kingston, and I'm sure I don't want to make an enemy even of poor little Jackson. However, it's too late to repine." So he changed the current of his thoughts by whistling a tune.

Jackson went to Boston, and for some weeks the conspirators in Philadelphia heard nothing of his failure or success. But one morning Charley Morris burst into his friend's office, crying, "Victory! victory! Read this letter, my boy, and see how an average man can hoodwink a clever woman. The average man is either Jackson or myself, whichever you choose to give credit to. I don't claim my cigars yet, but I'll take one and wait while you read this letter." He handed Mrs. Kingston's letter to Williams, and sat down on the desk to enjoy the joke with him.

Dear Mr. Morris,—[Williams read aloud] I have waited before acknowledging your letter introducing Mr. Jackson until I should have seen something of him, though I felt sure of liking any one you were able to say such delightful things about. Now that he has been here some time, and I have had frequent opportunities of seeing him, I am glad to be able to write and thank you most sincerely for having sent him to me. You did not say half enough about him; and, believe me, I am pleased and proud to have been the first to introduce him to Boston society. He now rests entirely on his own merits. He is so many sided that he finds points of contact with all, and his praises echo through Philistia and Bohemia alike. How deceptive first appearances are! I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that, if you hadn't written me such pleasant things about Mr. Jackson, I am afraid I might have been undiscerning enough to take him at his own valuation, just as first. But of course on the second interview I saw hints of all you said was concealed. Even his face, when one gets to know it, is interesting, and his eyes are quite beautiful and expressive. As for his smile, it is enchanting!—it is so slow and quiet and pervasive. The quality of his mind is rare and fascinating; and though he hasn't the firework sort of wit, there is a steady glow of humor, and a luminous intelligence which wears much better than the gift of quick repartee. This evening I am to dine with him at Mrs. Miller's, to meet Professor Hodges, who has just returned from six years in Japan. I shall try to make Mr. Jackson "show off" a little more than he usually consents to do. But perhaps he will be more willing to talk about the subjects that interest him now that he is to meet a man able to discuss them with him.

Are we never to see you here again? Why don't you come on to the Bachelors' Ball next week? Then you can see for yourself how fortunate Boston thinks herself in being the temporary abiding place of Mr. Jackson.

Thanking you again, and hoping we may see you before Bar Harbor days come round once more, I am

Very sincerely yours,

ALICE JAMES KINGSTON.

"Well," said Morris, throwing back his head with a hearty laugh, "what do you think of that? I mean to go into the advertising business now. Jackson ought to give me a handsome commission. I must say I never expected to make such a quick success of him. I was almost afraid that Mrs. Kingston was too clever a woman to be taken in; but I needn't have been alarmed. People are all like sheep; they will follow their leader, and the leader will take any road the shepherd points out. In this case I am the shepherd and Mrs. Kingston is the blind leader of her silly sheep."

"Your conversational style is becoming quite figurative," said Williams, laying his feet comfortably on the desk in front of him. "You will soon deal so exclusively in metaphor that you will have to take an interpreter about with you. I shouldn't have thought parables were in your line, but this advertising business has gone to your head. You're growing sensational."

Morris appeared not to hear his friend's comments, and continued to chuckle to himself at the picture of Selton Jackson with Boston at his feet. But presently he jumped up. "Well, I must be off. There's a man waiting at my office, but I couldn't resist showing you proofs that in a couple of months I shall be smoking six cigars a day at your expense."

After the door slammed behind

Morris, Frank Williams opened Mrs. Kingston's letter once more and ran his eyes over it with some deliberation. Williams possessed a certain astuteness in the background of his face, which people were apt to overlook, there were so many more obvious qualities nearer the surface. But this expression was unusually pronounced as he put the sheets of delicately perfumed paper back into their envelope. Then, "Methinks the lady doth protest too much," he said aloud. Frank Williams was not a man who indulged in public quotations from the poets, but when he was alone he frequently felt that Shakespeare could speak more to the purpose than himself.

One afternoon in early spring, about four months after Jackson besieged Boston and forced it to surrender, Mrs. Kingston sat at her writing desk absorbed in thought, if one might judge from the knitting of her brows and the absent scribbling of her pen on a chance piece of paper. First, amusement seemed to predominate in her handsome face, then vexation and doubt. Finally determination got the better of all conflicting emotions, though mirth still lingered at her lip corners. She took a sheet of note paper and wrote as follows:

Dear Mr. Morris,—You probably have heard of Selton Jackson's engagement to Edith Warrington. It came out yesterday; but I want you to hear a little about the girl herself from some one who has known her a long time, so that you can tell Mr. Jackson's relations and friends how fortunate he is, in something more than the conventional meaning of the word. I am sure they will like to be told that she has been a great favorite ever since she came out five years ago, and has been sought in marriage by men of all types. She is handsome, of excellent family, perfect disposition, and charming in every respect. *So* much any one can see. But only those who are privileged to know her well, and who have watched her growth and development, can know the depth and sweetness of her nature and the real beauty of her character. This sounds sentimental; but when you see Edith you will feel how impossible it is to associate her with sentimentality, or with any but sincere, healthy qualities of mind and heart. The fact that she and Mr. Jackson have found each other makes my cynicism tremble in its shoes.

Mrs. Kingston stopped writing a moment and read over the last few sentences with some hesitation in her face; but after a slight pause she continued:

She is going to Philadelphia in a few days, and I think Selton Jackson's mother will find that Edith Warrington is worthy of her son. I am not afraid of the verdict of Philadelphia, though of course its attitude of mind cannot fail to be critical towards the fortunate girl who has won Selton Jackson's affection and who goes a stranger to a new city. But if you incline people in her favor, they are sure to be charmed by her. She is—like him—reserved and quiet, and that makes their discovery of each other the more remarkable. When you find the real Edith Warrington, as you will some day, you will understand why I have written you at such length.

I am so glad we stand a chance of seeing you soon! Let me know when you arrive, and come and dine,—just *à deux*,—or *à trois*, if Jim is at home.

Yours sincerely,

ALICE JAMES KINGSTON.

Mrs. Kingston read over her letter with an evident mingling of satisfaction and doubt. She was sealing it when her maid came in to announce that Miss Gray and Miss Davis were downstairs. Mrs. Kingston went down and allowed herself to be kissed by two young ladies, who seated themselves, one on each side of the little afternoon tea table where their hostess placed herself, and both girls began to talk at once.

"Well, what *do* you think of the engagement?" Helen Gray exclaimed, with the accentuating vehemence of youth. "Isn't it a *perfect shame* that Selton Jackson should throw himself away on Edith Warrington? She's so—"

"She's so perfectly commonplace and stupid," struck in Katherine Davis, as if she and her friend were singing a canon. "Of course she's *nice* enough, good family and all that, but so *dull!* She's never had a scrap

of attention in her life; and to think that a man like Mr. Jackson, whom every one says is so—"

"Oh, he's *so* unusual and clever!" cried Miss Gray enthusiastically. "Every one speaks of him as such a wonderful man. *I* never *dare* to *speak* to him myself, because I'm awfully afraid of clever people, but it's really just his reputation that frightens me, because I don't think he himself is a *bit* alarming. But I do hate to think of Edith Warrington going to represent Boston in Philadelphia! They'll think she's the most attractive specimen we can produce, now that Mr. Jackson has singled her out from us all. But it's always the way. The clever men always—"

"I know it!" burst in Katherine Davis again. "They always choose the most uninteresting wives. There are lots of dull old stand-bys in Boston who would have made perfectly satisfactory husbands for Edith."

"She probably preferred one clever husband to several stupid ones," said Mrs. Kingston, speaking for the first time. "Perhaps quality counts more than quantity when it comes to a question of husbands. Besides, I think the fact that Mr. Jackson has chosen Edith Warrington shows that she must have something about her which we don't see. We can't judge her apart from her traditions. It takes an outsider sometimes to put the real value on a person. Mr. Jackson sees something in her which we have never found; and, as you say, every one speaks of his brilliancy and insight, so he ought to know. I have just written rather extravagant praises of Edith to a friend in Philadelphia, who will be certain to repeat some of them. If Mr. Jackson's friends can only be made to feel that Edith has been a great belle here, her fight will be won. Her husband will always be infatuated with her, and they will live happily ever after."

Further discriminating criticisms of Miss Warrington followed, in which the poor newly made *fiancée* seemed to assume the position of a pariah. According to her two "friends," she was disowned by social Boston, unacknowledged by intellectual Boston, repudiated even by those unconscious humorists who call themselves Bohemians. But when the voluble girls finally took their leave, Mrs. Kingston gave them her letter to post, without feeling a pang of remorse at the discrepancies between her spoken and written words.

Once more Charley Morris sought out Frank Williams in his lair, this time to confront him with proof positive of his own triumph. Mrs. Kingston's letter was duly read and commented upon. Morris was in extravagant spirits, and loud in his rejoicing that human nature was as weak as he had prophesied.

"It's just as I said it would be," he chuckled. "Jackson's had the pick of Boston society, and has plucked the choicest flower. It's simply immense, the way things have gone! Jackson won't know where he's at, after all this adoration. Now the thing to do is to keep Miss Warrington from finding out that she's marrying a bore. Women do it all the time without ever discovering their mistake; but this girl evidently is unusually interesting and clever, so I hope people will be nice to her on her own account."

"They certainly won't do much for Jackson's sake," Frank Williams grunted. But Morris went on, not heeding the interruption.

"I am so tickled by the whole business that I'm going to give her a dinner at the Bellevue a week from Thursday night. You must come to it, of course; and then if she's all that Mrs. Kingston says she is, I shall have won my bet fairly. This dinner will complete Jackson's unconscious indebtedness to me. It will give his *fiancée* a good push, and she'll do the rest. By Jove! I knew he'd pick up some girl who is ten times too good for him, and he owes it all to me. So does she, poor thing! Never mind. Come to my dinner at half past seven."

The dinner came off in due time. Miss Warrington sat next Morris, and found him very lively and entertaining. She looked her prettiest, and Morris thought of all the men she had refused and was more and more astonished that she had chosen Jackson. That hero had gained assurance, if nothing else, in Boston. In former days he was content to be a passive bore, heavy and unresponsive; but now he appeared in a somewhat more aggressive character, and his unmodulated voice was always ready to fill every pause with its harsh cadences. But he had given real affection to the girl who sent shy, admiring glances down the long table to him, and his successful love had given a certain softness to his wooden features, and at times quite illuminated his commonplace countenance. Still he was, as Morris felt, more than ever impossible.

Frank Williams was the first guest to depart, as he had an engagement later in the evening. Morris accompanied him to the door, and had just time to whisper, "She's a perfect brick, and as pretty as a picture. There's no doubt about Jackson's luck."

"Yes, she's quite good looking," said Williams in an unemotional voice. Then he went out in silence, and the street lamps shone upon a smile Mephistophelian in its cynicism. "What fools these mortals be!" was the familiar quotation he addressed to the stars.

The next day Williams sent a box of the best Havana cigars to his friend, with this note inside:

Dear Charley,—I am delighted to be able to agree with you that a clever person can be fooled by a cleverer one. Here are the cigars.

Yours, F. W.

A week later Morris went to Boston to see a friend who was to sail for Europe shortly. According to his promise, he went to dine with Mrs. Kingston; and according to *her* promise, there was no other guest. Even "Jim" had a convenient engagement, so the friends had opportunity for a good talk. Jackson's name was soon mentioned.

"You found him all I said, did you not?" Morris demanded, with a triumphant smile. Mrs. Kingston looked at him a moment quizzically. Then she laughed.

"My dear young friend, I wasn't born yesterday. Your letter was not flattering to my intelligence, though it certainly was to Mr. Jackson's. I dimly suspected something when I read that elaborate work of art, your note of introduction. When I saw him I could only believe that you wanted to make a fool of me, for some occult end of your own. It seemed to me almost too preposterous to send that stupid man to me with all those flattering epithets clanking about his heels. But I good-naturedly introduced Mr. Jackson to my friends, and repeated all that you had said about him; and to my surprise I found that Boston was taking him seriously. It was the old fairy story over again, of the emperor's new clothes. Only I'm sorry you didn't think I should be the one person to know that he hadn't got anything on."

Morris looked mortified and ashamed. "I'm afraid I've done an awfully low down thing," he said, with quick repentance. "It was on a wager, you see,—not that that makes it any better. I bet Frank Williams that I could make Jackson all the rage in Boston." He decided not to tell her the other part of the bet, which included the Boston belle. "I won. But I would rather have lost than have you think I treated you with disrespect."

"Since you didn't mean it so, I forgive you. Only—well, I wouldn't forgive every one," Mrs. Kingston said, laughing. "But you are such a child, one doesn't apply the usual standards to your conduct."

Morris looked rather sheepish—an unusual expression for him—and bit his lip awkwardly. It was not alto-

gether flattering to be forgiven like a naughty boy, and yet he realized for the first time the extent of his rudeness. But Mrs. Kingston was too kind hearted to let him feel uncomfortable for more than a minute.

"Tell me how you like Miss Warrington," she said.

"She is all that you said," he declared. "Every one in Philadelphia is charmed with her, and wondering how under the sun she can be satisfied with Jackson. I suppose it's all my fault."

"Ah, now I have my revenge!" cried Mrs. Kingston. "And Philadelphians are not so very much more discriminating than Bostonians! Don't be angry, Mr. Morris, please, but—I did just what you did; only I was more flattering to you and didn't think for a moment you'd be really taken in. It only shows how easy it is to believe what you want to believe. Edith Warrington is the most commonplace, uninteresting girl in the world, and never has had any attention till Mr. Jackson seemed to recognize in her his true affinity. After all, like does seek like sometimes, and never were two tiresome people better matched. She's a nice, stupid girl, with rather a pretty face, and that is the best any one can say for her. And to think that you have made her a success in Philadelphia, as I have made Jackson the fashion in Boston! What does it go to prove?"

"It goes to prove exactly what I said, that people are all fools, myself included, and you are the cleverest woman in the world, as well as the kindest and most forgiving."

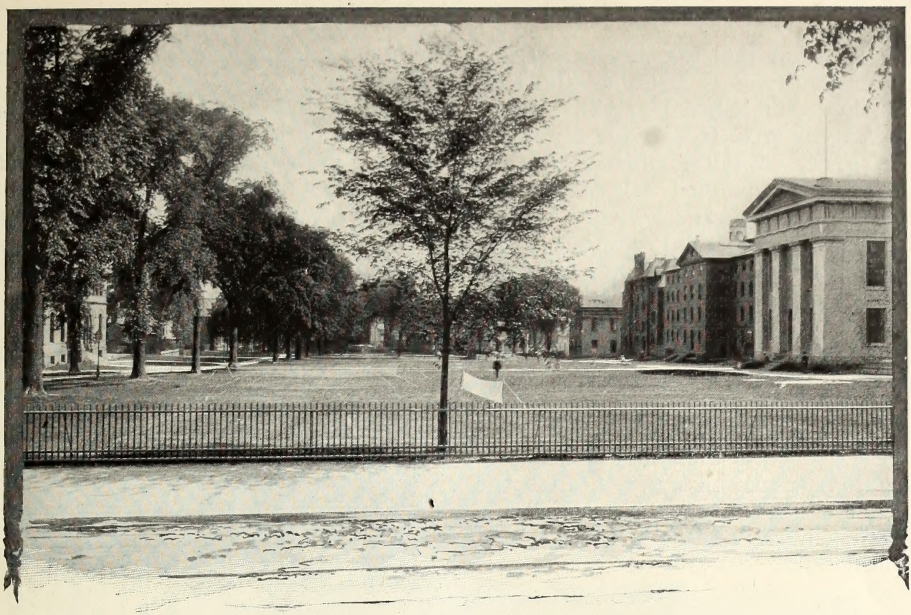
"At any rate, *we* made this very uninteresting match," said Mrs. Kingston; "so let us pledge ourselves to secrecy. Let Boston pity the genius tied to a clod, and let Philadelphia continue to wonder how the most shining gem in our society can voluntarily choose to be set in brass. They will be as happy as their limited natures allow, and we can laugh in our sleeves. We needn't blame ourselves, either, since we can forgive each other."

The next day Frank Williams received an express package from Boston, containing the duplicate of the box of cigars he had sent Morris, and inside was a scribbled line.

"There was a little mistake about our bet; but it was a mistake which proves me to be more than ever right about human nature,—only I find that it includes me, and does *not* include clever women. I have smoked most of your cigars, so can't return them. But take these, will you, old man, and call the thing quits. Neither of us won."

Williams took out a cigar without evincing the smallest surprise. "'There's nothing either good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so,'" he announced with unusual emphasis, as he struck a light.

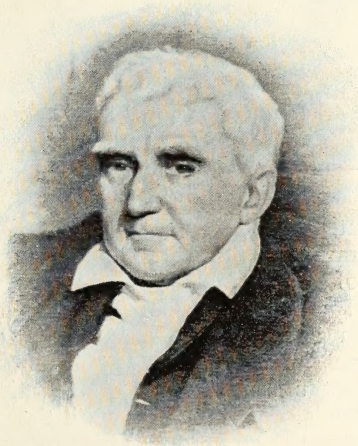




BROWN UNIVERSITY.

By Henry Robinson Palmer.

POPULAR education received less attention in colonial Rhode Island than in the neighboring colonies of Massachusetts and Connecticut. The Massachusetts settlers established a theocracy in which the school and college were elementary factors. The academy, standing alongside the square white meeting-house, trained the youth of the community for Christian citizenship—it might almost be said for Congregational citizenship—and the college prepared the more "gifted" young men for the ministry. In New Haven a high regard was felt for the college and its tributary institutions. They were looked upon as necessary factors in the building up of a strong religious state. Above all else, especially in the stern theocratic government on the shores of Long Island Sound, the need of the times was felt to be a powerful pulpit, —preachers who would reflect in their Sunday discourses diligent study of the Puritan classics and intimate acquaintance with theological doctrine and literature. The idea of the

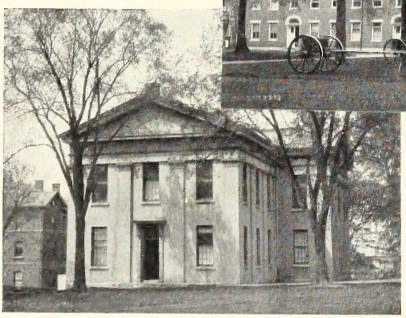


NICHOLAS BROWN.

Puritans was that the way to educate a community is to begin at the top; and they established Harvard College as early as 1636 to provide a competent grade of public instructors. If we are ever inclined to criticise our New England ancestors, who crossed the Atlantic to escape religious persecution and set up a system here quite as intolerant, let us remember the vast debt American education owes to their strictness and narrowness. It was in Massachusetts and Connecticut, where ecclesiasticism was most vigorous and at the same time most bigoted and where freedom of individual action was persistently hampered, that the higher education most signally flourished. Church and State were almost synonymous in Massachusetts colony and the republic of New Haven, and every effort for the cultivation of learning there had the concentrated power of the community behind it. The first quarter of the nineteenth century was over, as Dr. Leonard Bacon said in an address at Norwich in 1859, before the last vestige of the ancient union of the Congregational churches of Connecticut with the civil order of the commonwealth was swept away and the churches "were placed fairly and unequivocally on that basis of absolute religious liberty which Roger Williams invented as a 'permanent establishment' for Rhode Island."

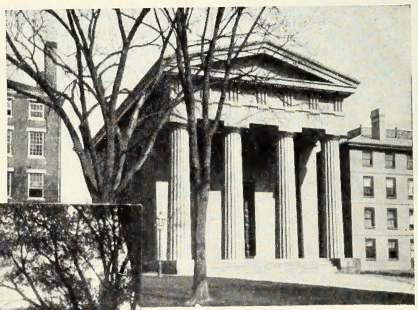


HOPE COLLEGE.



RHODE ISLAND HALL.

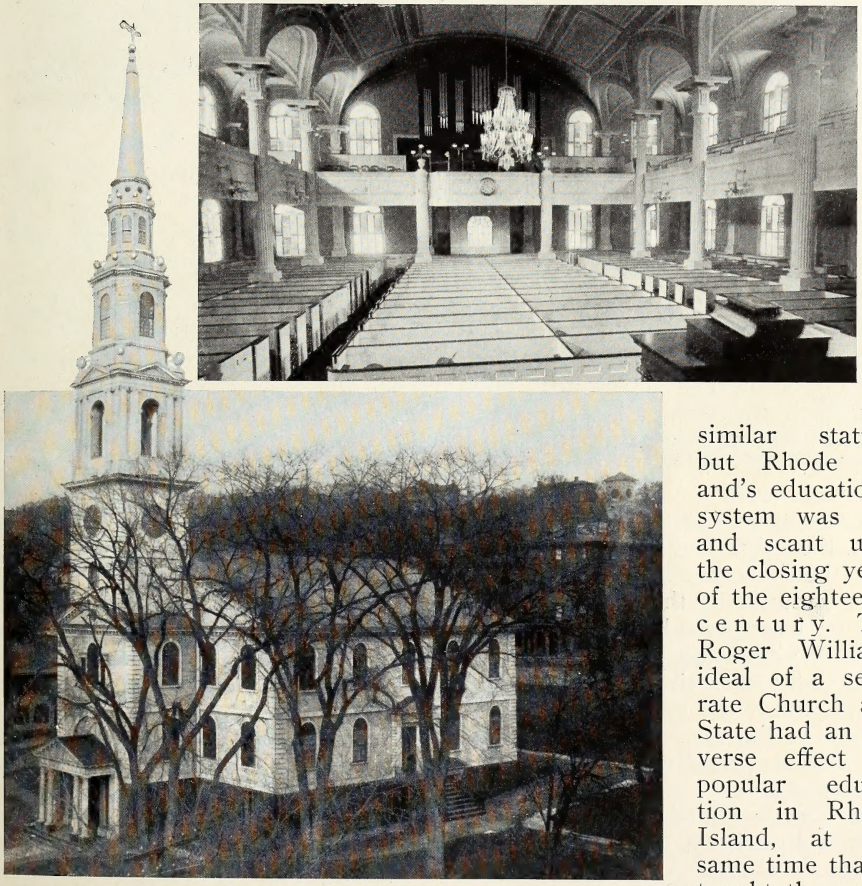
Liberty has its blessings, but it is not without its disadvantages. Separatists, individualists, men of marked peculiarities and irreconcilable opinions are drawn wherever the greatest measure of personal freedom is assured. Harmony of action is difficult to secure where there are many men of many minds and in proportion to the degree of certainty with which each man knows his mind. Nobody was shut out from Rhode Island. If a religious enthusiast (a most convenient euphemism) made himself obnoxious to the "standing order" in Massachusetts, the Narragansett colony afforded him a refuge. If the stringent sectarianism of Boston became unbearable to his soaring spirit, he had only to plume himself for a short flight across the Seekonk. The conservative settler remained calm if not always content under the ecclesiastical sway of the older colonies; but the aggressive nonconformist, the restless reformer, emigrated to Rhode Island, or was sent there. This gave Rhode Island an enduring reputation for hospitality, but brought it an element that made unity of purpose almost impossible. In his recent book on South Africa, Mr. James Bryce describes the liberty-loving Boers in words almost as applicable to the first settlers on the shores of Narragansett



MANNING HALL.

Bay. He says, referring to their analogous pilgrimage away from the dominant English in Cape Colony: "They had in an eminent degree 'the defects of their qualities.' They were self-reliant and individualistic to excess; they loved not only independence but isolation; they were resolved to make their government absolutely popular, and little disposed to brook the control even of the authorities they had themselves created. They had, in fact, a genius for disobedience; their ideal, if one can attribute any ideals to them, was that of Israel in the days when every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

Under similar conditions, the common school was a plant of slow growth in Rhode Island, and it was not until the latter half of the eighteenth century that the movement for a college in the colony was set on foot. Boston had a public school as early as 1635, and only twelve years later the General Court of Massachusetts declared that "every township, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty households, shall appoint one to teach all children to write and read; and when any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families, they shall set up a Grammar School, the master thereof to be able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the University." At practically the same period Connecticut enacted a



THE COLLEGE CHURCH.

similar statute, but Rhode Island's educational system was lax and scant until the closing years of the eighteenth century. The Roger Williams ideal of a separate Church and State had an adverse effect on popular education in Rhode Island, at the same time that it taught the world



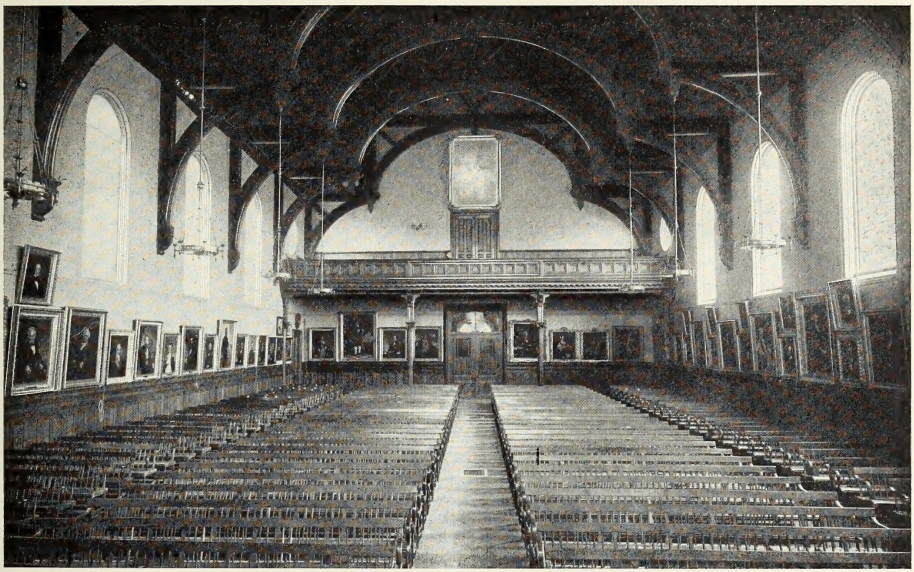
SAYLES MEMORIAL HALL.

a lesson in liberty that could never have been taught in any school. Gervinus, the German historian, says of "the democratic attempts to obtain universal suffrage, a general elective franchise, annual parliaments, entire religious freedom and the Miltonian right of schism" in Rhode Island, that "these institutions have not only maintained themselves here (on the shores of Narragansett Bay), but have spread over the whole Union. They have superseded the aristocratic commencements of Carolina and of New York, the High Church party in Virginia, the theocracy in Massachusetts, and the monarchy throughout America; they have given laws to one-quarter of the globe, and, dreaded for their moral influence, they stand in the background of every democratic struggle in Europe." But in the mean time popular education in the colony had to suffer.

Yet Rhode Island was not a mere unlettered territory, devoid of literary impulse. Roger Williams was a graduate of Cambridge University. Many of his associates in the settlement of Providence and Newport were of the best Puritan stock, and a fine literary influence began to be exerted in the latter community in 1729, when the Dean of Derry, George Berkeley, afterward a bishop in Ireland for many years, took up his residence there. In Newport also Rev. Ezra Stiles, pastor of the Congregational church and later president of Yale College, exerted an intellectual influence, and cherished his plan for the establishment of a Rhode Island college, long before the efforts of those who finally founded Brown University were successful. He collected statistics of the several important religious denominations on both sides of the ocean, and ascertained that there were in Great Britain, Ireland and the American colonies 3,638 Congregational, Presbyterian and Baptist churches. These, he thought, would furnish sustenance for an interdenominational college in Rhode Island, and he might have persevered in the enterprise and carried it

to a successful issue if, in the midst of it, Rev. James Manning, a recent graduate of the College of New Jersey and a promising young Baptist minister, had not put in an appearance at Newport, "made a motion to several gentlemen of the Baptist denomination, whereof Colonel Gardner, the deputy governor, was one, relative to a seminary of polite literature," and forestalled the slow moving plan already projected.

The comparative influence of the various elements entering into the establishment of a college in the colony



INTERIOR OF SAYLES MEMORIAL HALL.

cannot easily be estimated, but there was an appreciable sentiment in favor of such an institution before Manning made his appearance at Newport in behalf of the Philadelphia Association of Baptist churches, which had determined in 1762 or 1763 to erect a college in which there should be no sectarian tests or distinctions, and had selected Rhode Island as the one colony above all others appropriate to such a plan. The recent university catalogues declare that the institution "owes its origin to the happy convergence of two separate lines of influence," namely, the Philadelphia movement and the "pronounced intellectual interest" which centred in Newport after the residence of Dean Berkeley there. Dr. Reuben A. Guild, however, the librarian emeritus and painstaking historian of the university, scouts the idea that Berkeley had any real influence on the plan. "He had conceived," says Dr. Guild, "the benevolent project of converting the savages of America to Christianity by means of an Episcopal college to be erected in one of the isles of Bermuda, and he came to Rhode Island to carry this project into effect. Failing in his object, he returned to Ireland, after deeding his farm to Yale College and making its library a present of one thousand volumes." Yet an intellectual atmosphere was developed at Newport in the early years of the eighteenth century and fostered by the social and commercial preëminence of the town, while the existence of colleges in Massachusetts and Connecticut and the lack of one in Rhode Island continually suggested the desirability of supplying that lack. There can be no doubt,

however, that the finally successful movement was due to the initiative of the Philadelphia Association, or that the college received its chief sustenance in the first years of its career from the Baptists, who by virtue of its charter have always exercised a dominant influence in its government.

Harvard and Yale had been founded by the Congregationalists; Kings (now Columbia), the University of Pennsylvania, and William and Mary were under Anglican influence, and the College of New Jersey (Princeton) was the rallying point of the "New Light" Presbyterians. These were the only colleges in the colonies in 1762, when the moderator of the Philadelphia Association, at a memorable meeting in the Lutheran church on Fifth Street in the Quaker City, made a motion for the establishment of a college to be controlled by the Baptists. The significance of this motion will be better appreciated when it is understood that there were less than seventy Baptist churches in the colonies at the time, with not more than five thousand members. Most of the adherents of the denomination were poor, and many had been persecuted for opinion's sake. To be a Baptist was a grievous offence in a majority of the colonies, and to persist in Baptist practices was to invite beatings, fines and imprisonments. Moreover these persecutions had roused among the Baptists a natural antipathy to the colleges in which their persecutors had perfected themselves in such partisan bigotry. Of what use was the higher education or any education, if it rendered its possessors illiberal and intolerant? But the need of a better trained ministry increased with the growth of the denomination. Literary culture as well as spiritual grace began to be demanded of its preachers. A Baptist academy had been established in 1756, at Hopewell, New Jersey, but a full-fledged college was seen to be desirable. Accordingly Manning was sent, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Association, to Rhode Island, in 1763, to lay the foundations of an institution "wherein education might be promoted and superior learning obtained,

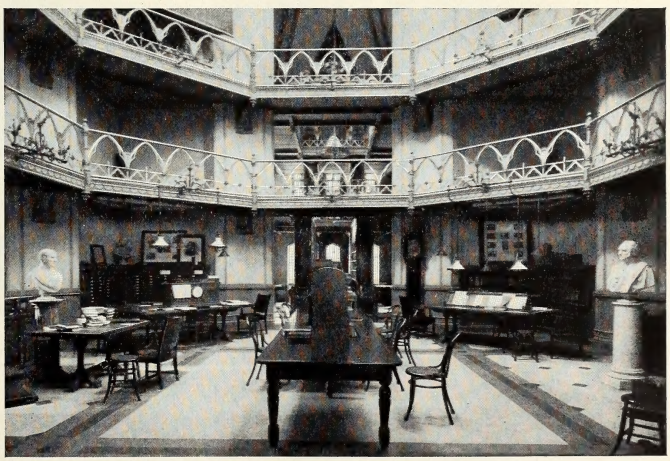


UNIVERSITY HALL.

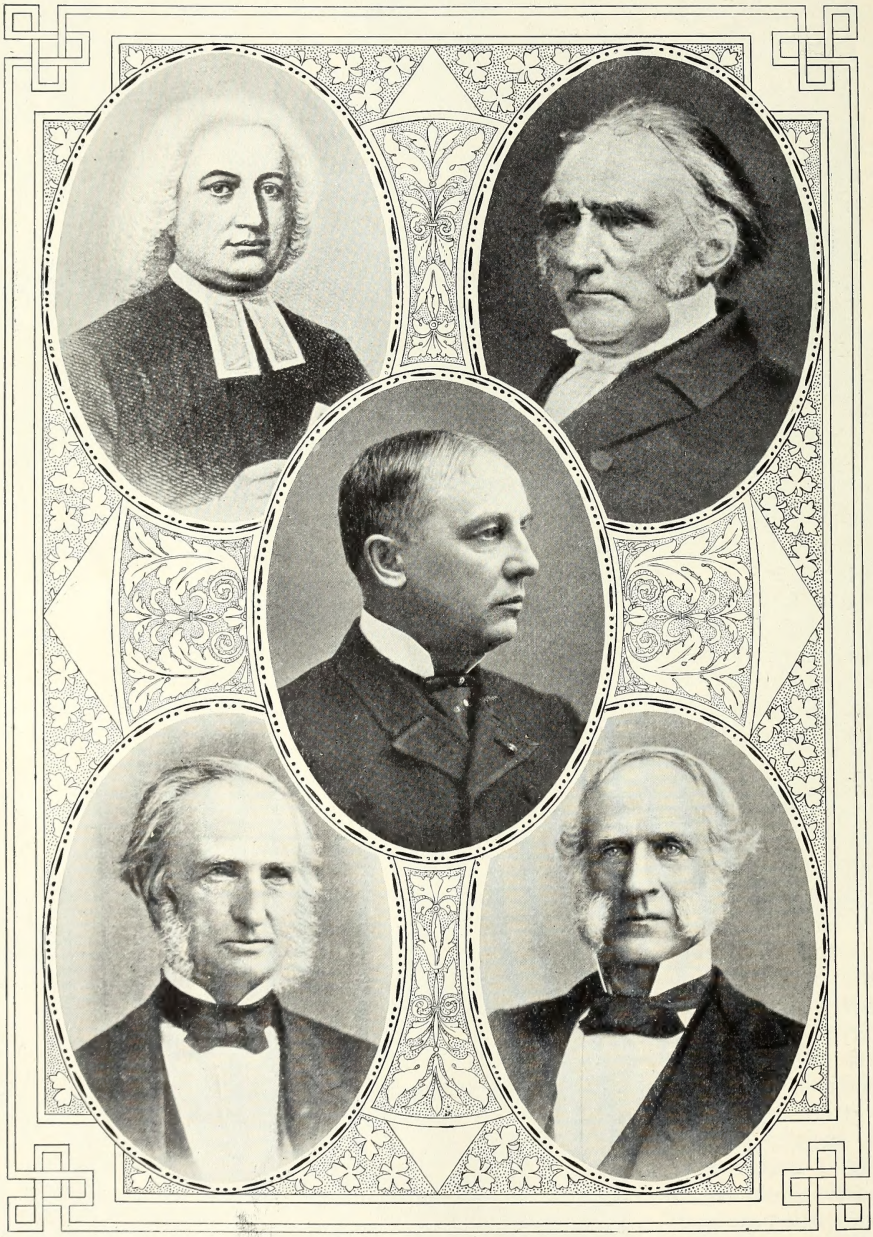


UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

free of any sectarian tests." The government of the college was to be interdenominational, but its "chief direction" was to be in the hands of the Baptists, affording their youth a full and free opportunity to secure a classical education undisturbed by any sectarian prejudice. Dr. Guild says that Harvard and Yale were especially unfriendly at this time to Anabaptists (those who asserted the inefficacy of infant baptism) and "New Light" Presbyterians, who, like the Baptists, believed in the desirability of religious revivals. Inquiries recently made of the authorities at Cambridge and New Haven have not disclosed any formal restrictions upon Baptist students in the eighteenth century; but it is easy to conceive that they pursued their studies at these colleges under many annoyances and disadvantages. They might have found a more congenial atmosphere at Princeton, where, as a distinguished graduate told the writer recently, "the first American college



INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY.



JAMES MANNING, FIRST PRESIDENT. FRANCIS WAYLAND, 1827-1855.

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS, 1889-1898.

ALEXIS CASWELL, 1868-1872. EZEKIEL G. ROBINSON, 1872-1889.

Past Presidents of Brown University.

without sectarian requirements" had been established; but the surest way to obtain what they wished was to set up a college of their own, and this they proceeded to do, providing for the participation of every considerable religious body in Rhode Island in the government of the institution, and asking for themselves only a controlling voice in its affairs. The charter of the university declares that "into this Liberal and Catholic institution shall never be admitted any Religious Tests," and that sectarian differences of opinion "shall not make any Part of the Public and Classical Instruction." On this broad and unselfish basis was founded what a New England poet has called "the Oxford of the Liberties of Man."

The prime mover in the Philadelphia Association in 1762 for a college in Rhode Island was the Rev. Morgan Edwards, a native of Wales, who became pastor of the First Church in Philadelphia in 1761. "In his day," says one biographer, "no Baptist minister equalled him, and since his day no one has excelled him." He infused a needed intellectual element into the American branch of the church, and for many years was foremost in its benevolent enterprises. In 1766, two years after the establishment of the college, the corporation unanimously requested him to proceed to Europe to solicit funds for the maintenance of the institution, authorizing him to "receive from the friends of useful literature, and other well-disposed persons, donations and benefactions for the founding and endowing the College or University aforesaid: For all which donations and benefactions you are to be accountable to the Treasurer of said Corporation for the time being; your reasonable charges and expenses in soliciting the same being first deducted." Mr. Edwards accepted the trust, and set out in February, 1767. He was absent nearly two years, and on his return presented to the corporation the sum of £888 10*s.* 2*d.* or about five thousand dollars. This, he thought, was doing "pretty well, considering how angry the mother country then was with the colonies for opposing the Stamp Act." To Manning he wrote from London: "Your newspapers, and letters from your government, published in other papers, have hurt me much. You boast of the many yards of cloth you manufacture, etc. This raises the indignation of the merchants and manufacturers. I have not only been denied by hundreds, but also abused on that score. My patience, my feet and my assurance are much impaired." Mr. Edwards received the degree of A. M. at the first college Commencement in 1769, preached the first Commencement sermon, and was for many years a member of the corporation.

James Manning, to whom, as "a suitable leader in this important work," the chief part in the establishment of the college was intrusted by the Philadelphia Association, was born on the 22d of October, 1738, in Piscataway, Middlesex County, New Jersey. He was prepared for college at Hopewell Academy, where he became converted. Upon his return home, he made a public profession of religion and was baptized, and at the age of twenty he entered the freshman class at Princeton, then the College of New Jersey. While at college he enjoyed a reputation for diligence and attention, and especially excelled in rhetoric, eloquence, moral philosophy and the classics. He was fond of athletic exercise and devoted a large portion of his leisure time to outdoor sports. His stature was great, but "his motions were easy and graceful." His portrait shows that he was a remarkably handsome man; and it is said that his wife, who had been Miss Margaret Stites of Elizabethtown, was lovely in person and possessed of those "elegant accomplishments and superior qualities which well accorded with her husband's character and happily fitted her for the discharge of



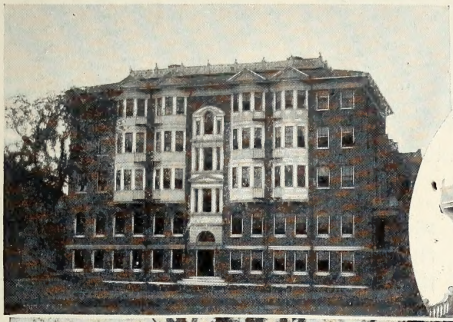
COLLEGE HILL IN WINTER.

duties inseparable from public positions of honor and usefulness." Manning graduated at Princeton on the 29th of September, 1762, with the second honors of his class. He delivered an "elegant salutatory oration" in Latin, and was afterward licensed to preach by the "Church of Jesus Christ at the Scotch Plains," in Essex County, New Jersey. He was married in March, 1763, and thereafter, until his arrival at Newport in July, he travelled through the colonies to observe the state of religion and prepare himself for what was destined to prove his life work in Rhode Island.

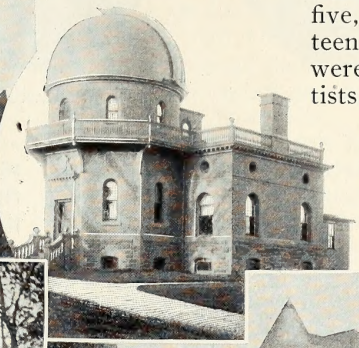
It is a striking picture that shows us this bright-eyed, devoted young man of twenty-five beginning a task from which an older and more experienced person might have shrunk. Without abundant means, bound to be met by incredulity and inhospitality, a stranger in the colony to whose fortunes he had joined his own, devoid of executive experience and yet suddenly called to the leadership of a great undertaking, he approached the responsibility with a strong faith in divine help and confidence in his own ability. On his arrival at Newport he made a motion, to use his own words, "to several gentlemen of the Baptist denomination, whereof Colonel John Gardner, the Deputy Governor, was one, relative to a Seminary of Polite Literature, subject to the government of the Baptists. The motion was properly attended to, which brought together about fifteen gentlemen of the same denomination to the Deputy's house." Among these were Governor Samuel Ward and a number of other well-known citizens. Colonel Gardner suggested that Mr. Manning draw a sketch of his plan, and the meeting adjourned until the next day, when a rough draft was presented, "the tenor of which was that the institution was to be a Baptist one, but that as many of other denominations should be taken in as was consistent with the said design." This was acceptable to the company, and Hon. Josias Lyndon and Colonel Job Bennet were appointed a committee to prepare a charter to be presented at the next session of the legislature with the request that it should be enacted into law. The committee, how-

ever, felt themselves unfitted for the task, and called in the Rev. Mr. Stiles, "their trusty friend," to assist them. No instructions were given him except that the Baptists were "to have the lead in the institution," and Professor Kingsley, in his life of Dr. Stiles, says that probably the instrument was drawn principally by him, the share of Mr. William Ellery, a Congregationalist who was asked to contribute to it, being chiefly to see to the correctness of the legal phraseology. Dr. Stiles based his work on the charter of Yale College, and produced, according to Professor Kingsley, "in many respects one of the best college charters in New England."

MAXCY HALL.

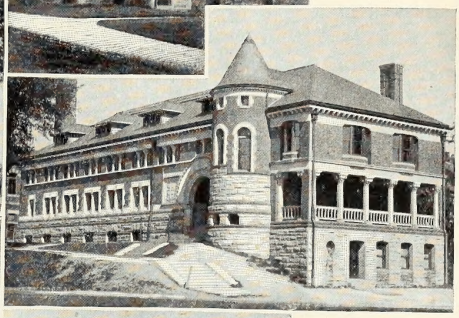


LADD OBSERVATORY.

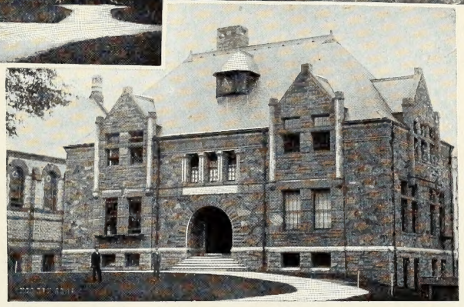




SLATER HALL.

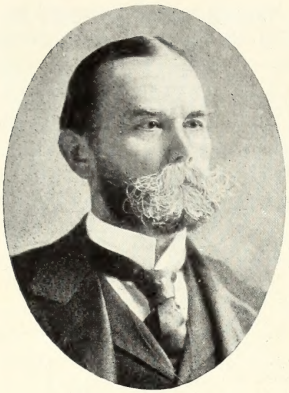


LYMAN GYMNASIUM.



WILSON HALL.

A day was appointed for a meeting at which the charter should be read, but Manning had engaged passage for Halifax on the same day and could not be present. The charter appeared satisfactory to those who attended, and it was agreed that the legislature should be petitioned to grant it at its succeeding session. The instrument as drawn by Dr. Stiles provided for a bicameral corporation, of which the larger body should be the trustees. These were to number thirty-five, and nineteen of them were to be Baptists. The petitioners for the charter regarded this as a sufficient guarantee that the college would be under Baptist control, understanding the chief functions of government to be vested in the trustees. Dr. Stiles had, however, lodged the vital authority of the institution in the Board of Fellows, twelve in number, of whom eight were to be Congregationalists, while the remaining four, for aught to the con-



HON. JOHN HAY.



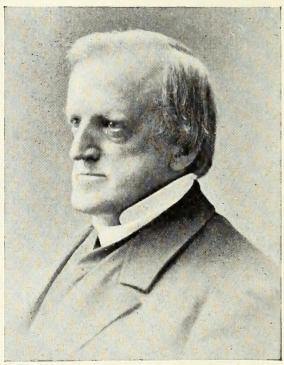
HON. RICHARD OLNEY.



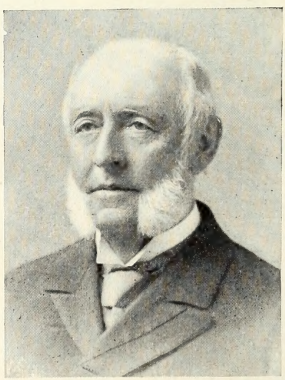
HON. JAMES B. ANGELL.

trary, might be Congregationalists also. The fact that the charter, providing for Congregational control in one branch of the corporation and for Baptist control in the other, was read before the adjourned meeting of the promoters of the enterprise at Newport and approved without opposition, so far as any record shows, lends color to the statement of Dr. Stiles's biographer, based on a record left by Dr. Stiles himself, that "a committee of Baptists and Congregationalists was appointed to draft a charter" for the college, but this does not appear from the accounts of Manning and other Baptists. Manning declares that the proposition to ask the aid of Dr. Stiles was opposed by him, "as unwilling to give the Doctor any trouble about an affair of other people." At any rate, when the charter was presented to the General Assembly for action at the session in Newport in August, 1763, Judge Jenckes, a member of the House from Providence, interrupted its passage by pointing out that it did not appear to be drafted in accordance with the desires of its promoters. William Ellery, a graduate of Harvard and afterward a signer of the Declaration of Independence, together with other Congregationalists, attempted to push the charter through, but Judge Jenckes's influence was sufficient to have it laid over until the next session.

In the mean time the instrument was confided to his safe keeping, and when it was sought for could not be found. As a matter of course the Congregationalists intimated that Judge Jenckes had been guilty of a breach of trust; and he retaliated by charging that "if there had been any foul doings, it was amongst them of their own denomination." A committee of Baptists finally secured Dr. Stiles's original draft and amended it for presentation to the legislature, giving the Baptists the numerical advantage in



EDWARDS A. PARK, D. D.

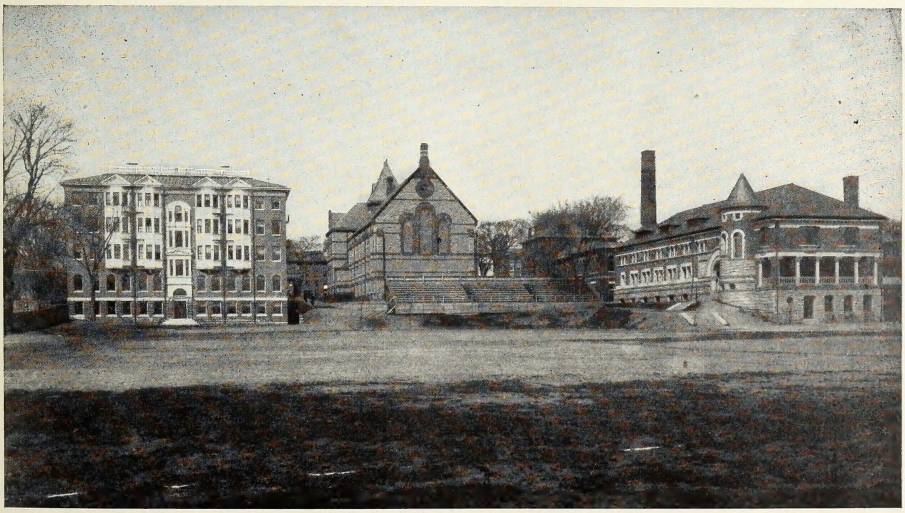


GEORGE P. FISHER, D. D.,

the Board of Fellows which the Congregationalists were to have had, settling the presidency within the denomination, increasing the number of Baptist trustees by three, and allowing the Episcopalians and Friends each one more member of the latter body than the Congregationalists. The outcome of the whole incident would be amusing if it had not resulted in a more partisan government than was originally intended and relegated to a minor share in the authority that branch of the Christian Church which has been foremost throughout American history in the cause of education and has given to Brown University itself more liberally, perhaps, than any other religious body.

There has been a disposition to change, if possible, the existing denominational arrangement, but the movement has never acquired much force. It is contended on the one hand that the charter forbids a change, but on the other it is argued that what the General Assembly has done it can undo, and probably would undo at the request of the corporation. The discussion is unprofitable, since the corporation is not likely to ask for any change in the early future. The most ardent advocate of a new system cannot say that ecclesiastical partisanship has ever been noticeable at Brown. The various religious organizations are non-sectarian, with the exception of the Bishop Seabury Association of Episcopalians and the Congregational Club; and the chancellorship of the university is held at present by an Episcopalian, Colonel William Goddard, of the class of 1846. The first chancellor was Stephen Hopkins, a Quaker and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, whose palsied hand shook as he put his name on that immortal roll, but not from fear. He was for many years governor of Rhode Island and was sent to Philadelphia as a member of the first Congress. "He was," wrote Manning at the time of his death, "one of the greatest men our country has reared."

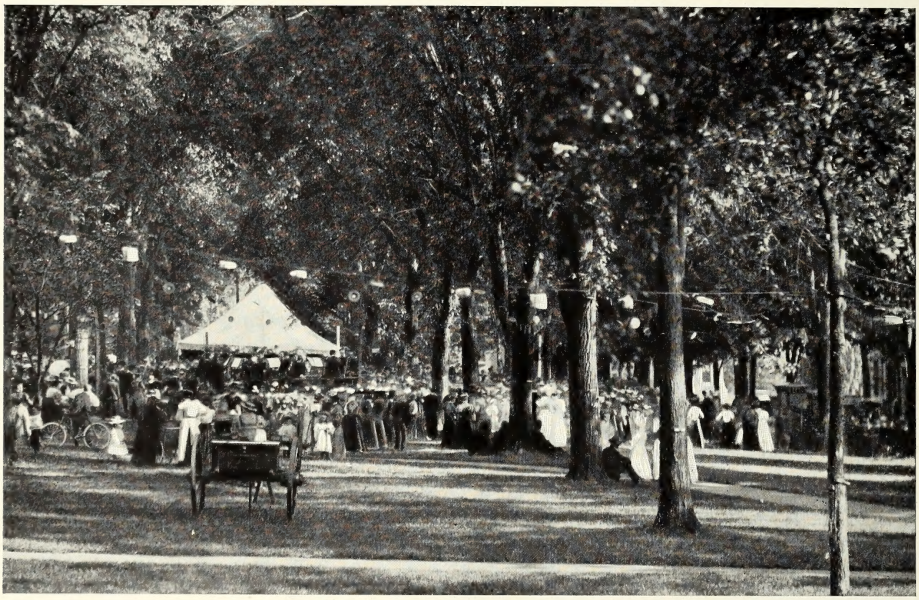
The amended charter of the college was granted by the legislature in session at East Greenwich, early in the year 1764. Manning and Morgan Edwards were present at the several meetings of the Assembly, which indulged in "much and warm debate" before it passed the requisite act. But at last it was agreed to, and Manning began to look for a location for the



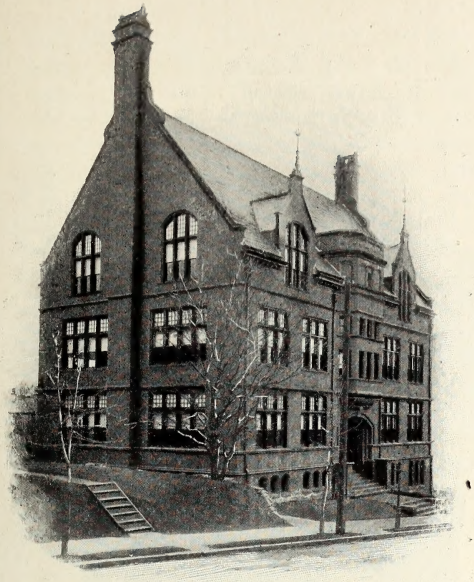
LINCOLN FIELD.

college. It was desirable that a town should be chosen where the president could minister to a congregation on Sunday, and so eke out a living; and Providence and Newport were already well supplied with Baptist clergymen. Warren, on the eastern shore of Narragansett Bay, seemed the most available locality, and there, in 1764, Manning established the University Grammar School. This was a preliminary step in the founding of the higher institution of learning, and was followed in September, at Newport, by the first meeting of the "Corporation for founding and endowing a College or University within the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations in New England in America." At the second annual meeting of the corporation, in 1765, held in the Colony House at Newport, Manning was appointed "President of the College, Professor of Languages and other Branches of Learning, with full power to act immediately in these capacities at Warren, or elsewhere." The location at Warren was regarded as temporary, and six years later the college was permanently established at Providence, after one of the most exciting contests in the history of New England education.

The first student to be enrolled at Warren was William Rogers of Newport, who made his appearance September 3, 1765, and was the only undergraduate for nine months and seventeen days, when Richard Stites of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, a brother-in-law of the president, was matriculated. Rogers graduated in 1769, with six other students, and became, during the Revolution, a chaplain in the Continental army. He was appointed professor of oratory and belles-lettres in the College and Academy of Philadelphia in 1789, and shortly afterward was elected to the same chair in the University of Pennsylvania. His classmate, Richard Stites, was commissioned as captain in Heard's brigade of the Continental line, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Long Island. He was "the first Brown graduate," says a writer in a recent number of the



CLASS DAY.



PEMBROKE HALL, WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

Brunonian, "to give his life for his country." Charles Thompson, of the same class, was a chaplain in the patriot army, and James Mitchell Varnum, another graduate of '69, attained to the rank of brigadier general in the Continental forces and served as a member of the Continental Congress and judge of the Northwest Territory. Thus four of the seven members of the first graduating class entered the service of their country. In all, twenty-four graduates of Rhode Island College were so enrolled, a most creditable record, as the war broke out within six years of the first Commencement and only sixty-seven students were graduated up to and including the year 1782. Of the three other graduates in the first class, William Williams entered the ministry and founded the academy at Wrentham, Massachusetts, and Joseph Eaton of Hopewell, New Jersey, became a physician. Of Joseph Belton of Groton, Connecticut, nothing is known.

The first Commencement at Warren was a gala occasion, attracting a throng from all parts of the colony. So successful was it as a social function that it gave renewed impetus to the college, which up to this time had languished, without a permanent home, without funds, and without the united support of the people of Rhode Island. Among the attractions of the day was a forensic dispute between Williams and Varnum of the graduating class, on the question of American



WOMEN'S COLLEGE LIBRARY.



PROF. WINSLOW UPTON. B. F. CLARKE, PRES'T INTERIM. PROF. W. C. POLAND. PROF. ALBERT HARKNESS.
PROF. ALONZO WILLIAMS. PROF. N. F. DAVIS. PROF. J. H. APPLETON. PROF. W. W. BAILEY.

A Faculty Group (all graduates of Brown).

independence. Varnum took the tory side, while Williams argued for liberty. He said the menaces of the British "might terrify and subjugate servile, timid Asiatics, who peaceably prostrate their necks to be trampled on by every bold usurper. But, my auditors, you have not so learned the principles of liberty. . . . View millions basking in its beams, and gratefully acknowledging their obligations to the venerable names that now stand as pillars to support our rights. View America, the largest and happiest empire on earth, the land of liberty, the seat of science, the refuge of religion. But my point is gained. Your countenances indicate the patriotic feelings of your breasts, and with one voice you declare that AMERICA SHALL BE FREE." Thus nearly seven years before the Declaration of Independence a young Brown orator gave voice to its immortal principles. A significant picture of the times is found in the contemporary issue of the *Providence Gazette and Country Journal*, which says: "Not only the candidates, but even the President, were dressed in American manufactures." This was one result of the feeling against the British Stamp Act, which led to pledges of non-importation on the part of colonial merchants and to the disuse of lamb and mutton as articles of food, in order that the supply of wool might be increased.

One of the chief sources of sustenance enjoyed by the college up to this time had been the money collected by Morgan Edwards in England and Ireland. The list of his subscribers shows that nearly 250 individuals in Ireland contributed to Rhode Island's infant university, and several religious organizations. Three Presbyterian churches in Belfast sent twenty-nine pounds, and the Presbyterian church in Ballymony contributed four pounds and a half. Among the individual subscribers at London was Thomas Llewelyn, to whom President Manning subsequently wrote, suggesting a gift to the college large enough to justify it in taking the name of Llewelyn as its own. In the English capital Mr. Edwards collected subscriptions from more than 150 persons, and the total number secured in England was more than 200. When the Rev. Hezekiah Smith of Haverhill, Massachusetts, afterward went South at the request of the corporation on a similar mission, he made a canvass quite as comprehensive in South Carolina and Georgia and sent back £500 as the result of his eight months' work. But the college could not depend on scattered subscriptions of this sort, and although the committee appointed by the corporation to determine on a permanent location had reported in 1769 in favor of some site within the limits of Bristol County (which included the town of Warren), when the "gentlemen of the county of Kent" opened a subscription to secure the institution for East Greenwich, the corporation was called to meet at Warren to listen to their proposals. The contest for the possession of the college was thus at first between East Greenwich and Warren; but Providence and Newport soon entered the lists and drove the minor contestants out of the running. Each pledged a sum approximating $20,000 to secure the college, and when Newport was finally beaten, her embittered supporters attempted to obtain for her a charter for a rival university. At this time Newport was by far the largest town in the colony, containing perhaps 9,000 inhabitants, while Providence could boast only 4,000. Newport had been the residence of many gentlemen distinguished in letters and society, the rendezvous of British squadrons with gallant and accomplished officers on board, and so prosperous a commercial place that it was looked upon as one of the future great cities of America. It was among the first half dozen towns in the colonies in population, and might to-day be proportionally as conspicuous if the Revolution had not well-nigh destroyed its trade and its spirit. Providence, on

A Faculty Group (all graduates of Brown).

the other hand, thanks in part to its successful fight for the college, has become a city of more than the average culture, while its commercial prosperity has far outrun that of its one-time rival. The population of Newport is less than 25,000 at the present day, but that of Providence is close to 170,000 and 300,000 people are clustered within ten miles of its new state capitol.

The site chosen for the college in Providence included a section of the original land occupied by Chad Brown, one of the first settlers of Rhode Island. It crowned the steep hill running eastward from Providence River, and from its summit a beautiful view of the surrounding country could be obtained. When the British occupied Newport a few years later, their tents could be seen from the campus, though it was more than twenty miles distant. To the west a fine valley, dotted with prosperous village homes and outlying farms, greeted the eye. Providence was merely a country town, with less than half a dozen structures lining Westminster Street, at present its principal thoroughfare. On the fourteenth of May, 1770, the corner stone of the first college building, now known as University Hall, was laid by John Brown, one of the best-known merchants of Providence, whose sails whitened every sea and whose boats, two years later, carried the hardy company of patriots who burned the *Gaspee*. At the ceremony of laying the corner stone, tradition says, Mr. Brown generously treated the crowd to punch, after the custom of the day. The new building was designed from Nassau Hall at Princeton, one of the finest edifices in the colonies. It was 150 feet in length and four stories high, with a belfry from which the college bell has since jangled its harsh summons to more than a hundred classes.

The connection between Brown and Princeton has been intimate and pleasant. At both colleges the enmity of the "standing order" in New England was severely felt. Brown took her first president and first additional instructor, Judge Howell, from Princeton. Many Princeton ideas were introduced into the government of the Rhode Island institution, and for many years the dean of the faculty at Princeton has been the Rev. Dr. James O. Murray, a graduate of Brown in the class of 1850, who died in March of the present year, universally lamented by those who knew him. Neither college was known in 1770 by its present name. Princeton was the College of New Jersey, and Brown had not yet abandoned the designation of Rhode Island College. In 1803 the corporation voted "that the donation of five thousand dollars, if made to this college within one year from the late Commencement, shall entitle the donor to name the college." Nicholas Brown of the class of 1786, the treasurer of the university, responded to this invitation with a gift of $5,000 to establish a professorship of oratory and belles-lettres, saying in his letter announcing the gift: "I have long had an attachment to this institution, as the place where my deceased brother, Moses, and myself received our education. This attachment derives additional strength from the recollection that my late honored father was among the earliest and most zealous patrons of the college, and is confirmed by my regard for the cause of literature in general." On the sixth of September, 1804, the name of the college was changed to Brown University.

President Manning died in 1791 and was succeeded by the Rev. Jonathan Maxcy of the class of 1787. As Manning had become president at twenty-five, so Maxcy was called to the head of the college at twenty-four. He served until 1802, when he resigned and became president of Union College at Schenectady, New York. Two years later he left Union to assume the presidency of South Carolina College, where he remained

till his death in 1820. Tristam Burges said of him: "So intensely would he enchain attention, that in the most thronged audience you heard nothing but him and the pulsations of your own heart. His utterance was not more perfect than his whole discourse was instructive and enchanting." His administration was not marked by any great material advance, but he gave the college a reputation for belles-lettres and eloquence. The Rev. Asa Messer, who succeeded him in 1802, was president until 1826. He had graduated in the class of 1790, and was but thirty-three when called upon to assume the direction of the college. His administration was marked by the erection of the University Grammar School and Hope College, which latter building cost only $20,000, but within the last few years has been "renovated" at an outlay of twice that amount.

Francis Wayland, a graduate of Union College, was called to succeed Dr. Messer in 1826. He was, like all his predecessors, a young man, being but lately past his thirtieth birthday when he came to his new post. Dr. Wayland's influence on American education need not be detailed. Under him the elective system was developed at Brown as nowhere else in the United States, and students were attracted from widely separated portions of the Union. The catalogue of the university for 1853 shows a total of 283, enrolled from twenty-two states, the District of Columbia, Canada and Burmah. During his administration, Manning Hall, Rhode Island Hall and the new president's mansion were erected, the college structures thus being increased in number to five. Dr. Wayland was a preacher of great intensity, a teacher of marvellous magnetism, a man universally admired for his exceptional intellectual attainments. He was the forerunner of a new era in the higher education and made Brown the Mecca of the modern creed. His mind was so analytic that he insisted on every student knowing the exact principles of what he studied. Judge Story, while a professor at the Harvard Law School, was wont to say that "he could distinguish a graduate of Brown University by his power of seizing upon the essential points of a case and freeing it from all extraneous matter." Something of this remains in the teaching of the college to the present day.

Upon the resignation of President Wayland in 1855, the Rev. Barnas Sears was elected in his place. He was a graduate of Brown in the class of 1825, and a scholar of exceptional culture and attainments. He had a difficult task to perform in following the great Wayland, but he accomplished it in an effective if unassuming way. One of his admirers says: "The charms of his conversation I shall never forget." A student who sat before him in the classroom writes: "The hours at the feet of Dr. Sears sifted men as they had not been sifted before. No mere parrot-like recitations would now suffice; such scholarship was at a discount." He has left behind him many tributes to his gentleness and loveliness of character and the soundness and thoroughness of his learning. The sole addition to the college structures under Dr. Sears was the chemical laboratory, built through the efforts of Professor Nathaniel P. Hill, afterward United States Senator from Colorado.

Dr. Sears was fifty-three years of age when he assumed the presidency, and at the close of his administration he was succeeded by a yet older alumnus, the Rev. Dr. Alexis Caswell of the class of 1822, who at the time of his election was sixty-nine years of age. Like President Maxcy, he had graduated with the highest honors of his class; and during his term as president he gave abundant evidence of his intellectual attainment and fine personal character. "You never felt as a student," says one who knew him, "that he held only official relations to you; he never met

you with professional stateliness or reserve; the man in him was far more and better than the mere professor, the man of large heart, of generous sympathies and warm affections. As you came into his lecture room or study you felt that you were in the air of a genial humanity, in a friendly, humane presence that inspired your confidence and awakened your love." When he retired from the presidency he was seventy-three years old. "He had reached old age," writes Professor Lincoln, "but it was a ripe and vigorous one; it was quite what Tacitus calls *cruda ac viridis senectus;* rather, I may say, it quite corresponded to Cicero's picture of old age, in that charming dialogue which our friend loved to read."

Upon the resignation of Dr. Caswell, the Rev. Dr. Ezekiel Gilman Robinson of the class of 1838 was elected president. He was then fifty-seven years of age, and in the prime of a fine intellectual career. By the younger generation of Brown men he is remembered as a typical New England college president of the old school. He was tall and sturdy, with snow-white hair, eyes that gleamed from under prominent brows, and a stern presence lighted with an occasional charming relaxation of feature; a preacher who added to various unconventional individualities the power to stir men's souls; a teacher of profound research and thoughtfulness, a dignified college executive, and a recognized leader in the intellectual life of the state. During his administration of seventeen years, the university made quiet but marked progress, the funds being largely increased, and three new buildings, all of them handsome edifices, erected. These were the University Library, Sayles Memorial Hall and Slater Hall. Wilson Hall, the physical laboratory, was begun during his term of office, but completed under President Andrews, who succeeded him in 1889.

Elisha Benjamin Andrews, a graduate in the class of 1870, brought to the presidency an aggressive personality. He had the faculty of rallying his students about him and rousing them to a keen appreciation of the intellectual and spiritual life. Under his administration the college broadened into a university, though continually hampered by the lack of funds. Wilson Hall was completed, the Lyman Gymnasium, Ladd Observatory and Maxcy Hall were built, a steam heating plant and machine shop were established, and several private residences near the campus were acquired by purchase, gift or lease for use as dormitories for the rapidly increasing number of students. Dr. Andrews's administration was marked by a gradual increase in the funds of the university, the expansion of the curriculum, and an increase in the number of teachers and students wholly disproportionate to the growth of the past. When he assumed the presidency, there were less than three hundred students in attendance, and the faculty numbered less than twenty-five. The present attendance is nine hundred and twenty-five, with a faculty of some seventy or eighty members. Dr. Andrews was recently elected superintendent of schools at Chicago, and at present the presidency is filled by the senior member of the faculty, Professor Benjamin Franklin Clarke, a graduate in the class of 1863.

From its humble beginnings the university has grown to be one of the largest in numbers and widest in influence in New England. Its students come from every section of the United States and from several foreign countries, and its present freshman class, including forty-three young women at Pembroke Hall, contains 259 members. Never before was there so large a class in attendance at Brown, and never was the total number of students registered so great. Of the 925 whose names appear in the latest catalogue, 499 come from Rhode Island, 195 from Massachusetts, 49 from

New York, 35 from Maine, 31 from New Hampshire, 30 from Connecticut, 20 from Vermont, 15 from Pennsylvania, 11 from New Jersey, 6 from Illinois, 4 from California, and a smaller number from each of twenty other states.

For many years the college buildings, a modest row, occupied a site facing on Prospect Street, at the top of College Hill. Now these older structures are reënforced by a handsome library, on the opposite side of Waterman Street; a second row of recitation halls on Brown Street, facing the middle campus; the Gymnasium and Maxcy Hall, on the edge of Lincoln Field; and the Ladd Observatory in the northern part of the city. Lincoln Field, the scene of many a baseball victory, is too small for the purposes required of it, and a new Brown Field has been laid out not far from the observatory. This will be used for the first time during the present month.

The number of graduates of Brown University from its establishment as Rhode Island College in 1764 has been about five thousand, of whom nearly one-half are living. Among them have been three Secretaries of State of the United States (William L. Marcy, Richard Olney and the present Secretary, John Hay); Governors of Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Nebraska and South Carolina; United States Senators from all parts of the country, including a President *pro tem* of the Senate and Acting Vice-President of the United States (Lafayette S. Foster of Connecticut); Members of Congress, and of many State Legislatures; Chief and Associate Justices of Supreme and Superior Courts in several states; College Presidents, among them Dr. James B. Angell, the distinguished head of the University of Michigan and lately Minister to Turkey, President Whitman of Columbia University, and, in an earlier generation, Wilbur Fisk, the first President of Wesleyan University; educators in numbers disproportionate to the total number of graduates, including Horace Mann (whose study-chair may still be seen in the library) and, at the present day, Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell, Dr. James McAlister, president of Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, ex-President Magill of Swarthmore College, Dean Francis Wayland of the Yale Law School, Rev. Dr. George P. Fisher of the Yale Theological Seminary, and Rev. Dr. Edwards Amasa Park of Andover, one of the oldest two graduates of the college; professors in colleges (including a large proportion of the Brown faculty) and preparatory institutions throughout the country; manufacturers, among them the Hazards of Peacedale, the Cheneys of South Manchester, the Goddards of Providence, and representatives of the Chace, Knight, Slater, Grosvenor, Nightingale, Goff and Gammell families; diplomats in the service of the American Government abroad; Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Unitarian clergymen; newspaper men on both sides of the ocean, including, in the past, Henry B. Anthony, for many years a United States Senator from Rhode Island, Secretary Hay, editor of the New York *Tribune*, and George D. Prentice of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and, in the present, I. N. Ford, London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, A. F. Bowers, city editor of the same paper, Richard S. Howland, editor of the Providence *Journal* and J. B. Bishop, of the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post;* mayors of Providence and other city officers, including Mayor William C. Baker, the present executive; a distinguished list of lawyers and physicians in Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and many other cities; missionaries in Burmah and China; and teachers in Japan, among them Augustus Wood, professor of English in the Imperial University at Tokyo. Perhaps the most distant son of

Brown is Amos L. Sarle of Auckland, New Zealand. Tristam Burges, who silenced John Randolph in Congressional debate, Samuel Sullivan Cox, whose eloquence in the House gave him the familiar sobriquet of "Sunset," Thomas A. Jenckes, the "father of civil service reform," Samuel S. Greene, the author of Greene's English Grammar, Professor Lincoln, the editor of Horace and Livy, Albert Harkness, professor emeritus at the university and the author of Harkness's Latin Grammar, Adoniram Judson, the missionary, and Henry Wheaton, distinguished for his treatise on international law, are also on the long roll of the alumni of Brown.

Brown University, now in its one hundred and thirty-fifth year, approaches the close of the century with brighter hopes than ever before. Its courses of instruction have been broadened; its resources, though scant enough, have been increased; the university library, with ninety thousand volumes, is now supplemented by the Athenæum Library of fifty thousand volumes as well as by the Providence Public Library, with more than eighty thousand; special collections of books have been made for use in the several departments, as, for example, a fine list of several thousand German works; and within half a dozen years a Women's College has grown up and been housed in a handsome building, Pembroke Hall, on Meeting Street, with a gymnasium, library, tennis-field and social life of its own. Graduates of the Women's College receive the regular Brown University diplomas, though it is coordinate education rather than coeducation that has been established. Pembroke Hall is three blocks from the college campus, and while the undergraduate girl is a familiar sight in the university library and the recitation rooms of the advanced classes of young men, a separate intellectual and social life has sprung up within this feminine domain. As Greek letter chapters flourish among the men, so the young women have established their secret societies, and afternoon teas and formal receptions give a distinctive air to the Pembroke social circle. But the girls are loyal to Brown. They wave its flags at the ball games, and sing "Alma Mater" with the fervor of their brothers. And everybody welcomes the Women's College as a constituent part of the university. At the present time this growing department contains 165 young women, and it seems certain to double its numbers and influence in the early future.

To every loyal graduate, Brown must always be the abiding place of a thousand tender recollections. Set on its hill-top above the turmoil of the town, it lured us higher than we had been before. Its elms whispered prophecies and its corridors were thronged with inspiring ghosts. Turn where we might, we found a gracious influence or a dignifying presence. The silent portraits in the college gallery urged us on. It was within sight and sound of these walls that Roger Williams moored his frail canoe; here the lessons he taught bore fruit in a university untrammelled by sectarian tests; and here through many a year may a high zeal for liberty as well as letters be cherished, and that fine optimism which Rhode Island has engraved on her escutcheon and with which "inspired youth forever quickens the world."

A MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIER IN THE REVOLUTION.

*By Park Holland.**

Edited by H. G. Mitchell.

AS to our early family history I know very little. Our ancestors were from London, England. They came early to this country, where they settled in what is now Watertown, Mass. My grandfather moved from there to Shrewsbury, where your father and I were born. Our mother, a second wife of our father, was Bathsheba Ivory, from some town near Boston. Of her parentage I know nothing, as we were left orphans when quite young.

My father moved from Shrewsbury in 1752, when I was six months old, to Petersham, and bought there a small farm; on which, until his death, we all lived, a happy family of four sons and two daughters. Your father Ivory was, I think, twelve or more years older than I. He was out in the French and Indian war of 1756. I recollect, as distinctly as if it were but yesterday, when the inhabitants were called upon to be ready to defend themselves. We were at church when news came that the enemy were near. The services were immediately ended, each man seizing his gun, which he had left at the door, and hastening home to be ready to march in the morning. I well remember, also, that one of our neighbors came to borrow a darning needle of my mother to mend her husband's stockings; which I very much wondered at, it being Sunday, not exactly seeing how the expected approach of the French and Indians could lessen the sin of working on that holy day. I was then probably four or five years old. Our mother died some years before father. I recollect little about her, except that she was kind and affectionate to us. We were all obliged to work constantly, from the time we were large enough to pick up little sticks and stones from the mowing field until we could hold the plough and handle the rake. My father, in addition to farming, wrought at the blacksmith's trade occasionally, and I remember how pleased we were when he was so much engaged that he could not mark off our day's work; for then mother did it for us, and there was always much less than usual. Our opportunity for obtaining an education was very limited indeed. The Psalter and a few old books were all that were used in the few months' school we attended. Our books of amusement were likewise very few. Æsop's Fables and occasionally some ballads brought us by a strolling peddler were the principal ones, and they were read with great pleasure; and not read merely, but often committed to memory. I recollect, even now, a few lines of one that related to the elder Pitt's exertions in behalf of the oppressed colonies. I will give them as a sample:

"Sir William once more pulls off his gloves,
To weed in his garden so dearly he loves;
To weed in his garden and throw out the stones
Which threaten the breaking of Liberty's bones.
Hurrah! my brave boys! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

I have little worth writing about myself until 1775. My mother died, I think, when I was about ten years of

* This chapter of reminiscences, written by Mr. Holland, at Orono, Maine, when he was about eighty years of age, was addressed to his nephew, Major Jonas Holland, of Schenectady, N. Y. The original is in the possession of the writer's granddaughter, Miss Josephine P. Holland, of Foxboro, Mass. In preparing it at her request for publication, I have made no changes of consequence; simply dividing it into convenient paragraphs and here and there breaking up long sentences or transposing words or clauses, to prevent ambiguity.—H. G. MITCHELL.

age, and my father when I was sixteen. I resided on the home farm assisting my older brothers and sisters until I was twenty-one, when I commenced work on a small farm of my own. Your father and I lived in the same neighborhood, and 1775 found us warm Whigs, or revolutionists, as we were then called. We were early enrolled as minutemen; but we did not enter actual service until 1776, when the state of Massachusetts was requested by Congress to raise a brigade of troops and march them immediately to New York. Without loss of time, in company with thirty of our neighbors and friends, we left our peaceful and retired homes, many of us for the first time in our lives; marched to Brookfield, where we joined the regiment commanded by Colonel Holman; and thence to New Haven, where we embarked for New York. We arrived there about the first of July, and remained in the city until a few days after the battle of Long Island. It was then agreed in council that the American troops should leave the city; which was done sometime in September.

The British, having notice of our intention, sent a number of armed vessels up both the North and the East River, with the intention of cutting off our retreat. Though they did not effect their purpose, they very much retarded our progress. However, with much difficulty we reached Harlem Heights, near the upper end of the island, and encamped. The next day we found that the enemy had landed a considerable force and were coming to give us battle. Having somewhat recruited, we lost no time in preparing to meet them, more mad than afraid. A battle soon commenced in earnest. Their front giving way, we rushed on and soon came up with the main body. A pretty severe engagement ensued; which ended in considerable loss on both sides, and the retreat of the British on board their vessels near Harlem Village. The principal part of our army now marched on to White Plains, where, under the command of Washington, we intrenched ourselves as well as we were able with our limited means, and made a short stand. We soon heard that the British forces were arming to meet us, with reinforcements from Frog's Neck or East Chester. A large detachment of our troops was immediately ordered to meet them. We had proceeded but a mile, when, from a high ridge of land that we had ascended, the whole British force, ten or fifteen thousand strong, with heavy field artillery, lay in full view in the valley below. Here we halted, just within reach of their guns. The air was soon filled with balls, grapeshot and shells. Smallwood's regiment of Virginia troops lay in an opening in the ridge, and, on acount of their exposed position, were cut to pieces in a horrible manner. Those of us who were posted on the highest part of the ridge suffered comparatively little, as they generally fired over us. The shells, however, annoyed us considerably. After a short time the cannonading ceased, and all at once their infantry appeared in solid columns in front of us. A warm fire of musketry on both sides took place, but after firing ten or twelve rounds, we discovered that they had flanked us both on the right and on the left. We were now ordered to retreat, and the order was quickly obeyed. While descending the ridge the fire of the enemy did us little damage, as here, also, they generally fired over us. The loss on both sides amounted to several hundred, and neither party could claim much advantage.

In our rapid retreat down the hill a ball from the enemy broke the leg of a soldier just in advance of us; who, when we overtook him, begged us in mercy not to leave him to fall into the hands of the British, but dispatch him at once, if we could contrive no way to take him off the field. The whizzing of balls told us, in language not to be mistaken, that what we did must be done quickly. The planning

of a litter being out of the question, I asked White, a neighbor of mine, to help raise him up, and take one arm while I took the other. Thus, with his broken leg dangling, we bore him safely down the hill, across a stream, and through the valley to a barn nearly, or quite, half a mile distant, which was fast filling with the wounded and dying.

Unused as we were, from our former lives of peace and retirement, to scenes like this, our hearts sickened within us on beholding so much suffering. The American army endured enough, as is well known, from many causes, but at this time from none more than the lack of skilful surgeons. Those we had were, many of them, young men from retired parts of the country, who had rarely seen a limb taken off in their lives, and of course they were ignorant. Many a brave fellow was losing a useful limb, and some their lives, through such mismanagement. We stood silently by our soldier, sad enough, to hear his fate decided. When his turn to be examined came, he was told that he must lose a leg or die. He promptly replied, "I choose to die whole, then; but not till you have bandaged and splintered my leg as best you can." Here we left him without knowing even his name; but my acquaintance with him did not end here. After the surrender of Burgoyne, a Sergeant-Major Gates belonging to a Connecticut regiment came to me and expressed much pleasure at meeting me. I told him that if I ever had the happiness of knowing him, I had now forgotten him. "Well," said he, "I shall never forget you!" with much feeling. "Do you not remember a soldier whom you helped carry from White Plains with a broken leg?" I told him I did. "I am that fellow," he added, "with two legs as good as yours. They have done me and my country some service, and I mean that they shall do us more."

Of the five from my native town who were out in these two battles, two were killed. One, Perry, breathed his last on Harlem Heights; the other, whose name I do not remember, the drummer of the regiment, fell dead at White Plains.

We had a Sprout from Middleboro, a droll fellow enough, whose stock of wit, mirth and courage neither sad sights nor dark prospects could for a moment reduce. Previously, I think it was, to the above mentioned battles, Sprout and Shepard were sent with a small detachment to Frog's Neck, where, in a skirmish, Shepard was shot through the neck. Though he bled profusely, the wound was not dangerous. Sprout, on seeing him fall, ran quickly to his assistance, exclaiming, apparently with much joy, "Promotion! promotion, now, surely!" at which Shepard, bad as he felt, could hardly help laughing. "Do not be too sure," he replied, meanwhile coolly undoing his neckerchief and stopping his wound himself. They were both promoted, sure enough; and General Shepard and Colonel Sprout, long my intimate friends, have left their names in their country's history.

We tarried but a few days at White Plains when General Washington with the army, except a small detachment, crossed the river to New Jersey. I was sent with the detachment left behind under the command of Captain Wing Spooner of Petersham, which was ordered up the river to guard some military stores and property of inhabitants of New York City at Tarrytown. Here we remained till sometime in November; when, our time of enlistment having expired, we were discharged and returned home.

Sometime in the following winter of 1776–7 Congress proposed the raising of a permanent army, to be engaged for three years or during the war. Massachusetts was requested to raise fifteen regiments. The business progressed rather slowly; however, it was concluded before spring, and your father, who had been nominated a lieutenant, received enlisting orders.

He offered me a sergeant-major's berth, if I would enlist; and, though heartily sick of a soldier's life, I did not hesitate, but, with twenty-four or five of my townsmen, enlisted for the war, well knowing the importance it would prove to the cause of liberty to have a permanent army. About the first of May we marched to Leicester, where we were enrolled by the muster master. Thence we proceeded to Bunker Hill barracks to be inoculated for the smallpox. About nine hundred entered the hospital, eight hundred of whom recovered. We had but two physicians, one of whom was Dr. Eustis, afterward governor. The name of the other I do not remember. We had but one regular nurse. Of course we suffered from want of attention. Our only food was water gruel, placed in the cook room a few feet from our barracks, where we went when we pleased, reached our hands through the window, and with a tin porringer took from a half-hogshead what we saw fit. Our salts were similarly arranged. Neither of them, as everybody knows, is very palatable, even when taken in small quantities from clean vessels. Some of the soldiers, who were feeble and delicate, died rather than take what was necessary of either; and our physicians, from having so much to do, were unable to see that their rules were obeyed; though no two men could make greater exertions than they did for our comfort and safety. We had a soldier from Cape Ann who, on finding how we were to fare, was soon among the missing. How the fellow escaped none could conjecture, as we were strictly guarded; but all cursed his memory as a deserter to the enemy. After we had recovered, as we were preparing to wash up, who should make his appearance but our deserter, Mr. Joplin, as large as life and in good health! It appeared that he did not like our treatment; so he crept through a water-course till past the guard, went to the village and bought a supply of pork and beans, built him a hut in the bushes, and there alone and unaided battled with the smallpox. He had come off victorious and was now ready for the British.

From the barracks we marched to Worcester, where we remained till news came, the first of July, that Ticonderoga had been evacuated and our northern army was retreating to Fort Edward. On receipt of this information we were despatched with all possible speed to Greenbush, east of Albany. Here we left our luggage and sick, taking with us only what was absolutely necessary, and proceeded as rapidly as possible to Fort Edward. From here we immediately sent a strong detachment, to reinforce our retreating army under command of General Schuyler; who joined General St. Clair at Hubbardton, not far from Skeenesboro. The next day they were attacked by the enemy and quite a number on both sides killed. The British, however, were said to have lost many more than we. Colonel Francis, one of our officers, I think from Salem, fell here. Your father and I were not in this skirmish, having been left at Fort Edward. General Schuyler, on his return down the river, destroyed the bridges and obstructed the roads in such a manner that the enemy were prevented from pursuing us closely. We remained at Fort Edward but a few days, while preparing for a further retreat down the river. Our next halt was at Fort Miller, where we left quite a number of our troops.

While we were at Fort Edward, two of our officers, Lieutenant Sawyer and Sergeant Rogers, thought they would visit some of their friends at Fort Miller. They had proceeded but about forty rods, when a dozen Indians came out of the woods and, in plain sight of us, killed them both and scalped them before we could reach the spot. When we arrived, there lay the bodies of our friends, who left us but a moment before in high glee and full of life and hope. A

more horrid sight is rarely seen, even by a soldier, than was now presented to our view. Not an Indian was to be found. We bore the bodies of our friends back and buried them. A soldier, who was a stone-cutter by trade, told General Putnam that, if so ordered, he would place a stone at their graves. The General sternly replied, that they knew it was dangerous and against the wishes of their commanders to leave even for a short distance, and that men who would thus carelessly throw away lives their country so much needed should have no stone to tell where they were laid by his orders. It was but a day or two before we left Fort Edward that Miss McCrea was murdered. I often saw her. She was a beautiful girl, and her horrible death excited a great deal of feeling among us. She was probably killed by the same wretches who slew our friends.

Our prospects were now dark enough. There were foes in every direction; and, what was worst of all, we knew not when we were in greatest danger. To add to our perplexities, we were fast losing confidence in our commander, General Schuyler, though why this was the case it would be difficult to tell. He certainly did everything a man in his situation could do. But the situation of a retreating army is never a pleasant one; and, as often remarked, a commander is often blamed for misfortunes over which he could have had no control, and likewise praised for victories for which he was more indebted to fortunate circumstances than his own bravery or judgment.

While we remained at Fort Miller, getting our boats, provisions, etc., ready, a sentinel from our town, who stood at the door of a market, was fired upon from the woods by an Indian and shot through the neck. The first we knew, the wounded man fell, as we supposed, dead; and, before we could look around us, our enemy was out of sight. Captain Gates called to our physician, Dr. Howe, to know why he did not do something for the wounded man, who lay there bleeding. Howe replied that it was of no use, as he could live but a few minutes longer; to which Gates replied, "That is nothing to you. Go and dress his wounds as if you thought he would live forever." Howe then very deliberately rolled some rags into the form of a stopple, filled the wound, which was through the neck, and had the man carried in. To his surprise his patient revived and recovered. Indeed, he lived to see the reward of his suffering, his country free.

We continued our retreat down the river and encamped on Van Schoick's Island at the mouth of the Mohawk. . . . . About this time took place the battle of Bennington and the defeat of St. Leger, which sent a thrill of hope and joy through every rank of the American army. Strong reinforcements of militia daily joining us, with a commander in whom we had perfect confidence (though perhaps no better than our former one), also added to our spirits and courage fresh energy. We turned our march up the river to meet General Burgoyne with a determination not to yield, gathering from the looks of our commanders, rather than their words, that we were playing an almost desperate game; that, if Burgoyne fought his way through, and joined the British army, as we knew was his intention, all would be lost. We arrived at Bemis Heights, within a few miles of the British camp at Saratoga. Here we made a firm stand till the nineteenth of September, when the enemy, finding themselves in a very critical situation, determined to force our lines in a desperate attempt to reach Albany. They accordingly marched out about noon and gave us battle. The engagement continued with vigor till sunset, when each army retired to camp, leaving the dead and some of the wounded on the field. The next morning, by mutual agreement, each army took away its own dead. Both sides claimed the victory, but

neither had much ground for boasting. The action was a severe one on both sides, and the loss probably about equal; except that the officers suffered more on the British than on our side. Both armies lay pretty quiet till October 7. During this time the militia marched to Fort Edward and posted themselves at sundry places along the river in such a manner as to prevent Burgoyne from retreating farther toward the lake; destroying all the boats and bridges, obstructing roads, etc. Burgoyne, being informed of the situation, determined to make one more bold attempt to force our lines, cut his way through our army, and reach Albany. The battle commenced with spirit on both sides, and continued till nearly night; when the British hastily retreated to their camp, which was well fortified, leaving their dead and wounded, with considerable ammunition, and several fieldpieces, on the field. The next morning we prepared for another attack. When all was ready, we found the breastworks and the camp of the enemy empty, their baggage wagons wholly or partly burned, their heavy fieldpieces many of them left, the carriages being destroyed. We pursued them till we found that they had made a stand near Saratoga Old Fort, when we returned to our camp in high spirits.

We continued sending out daily strong scouts to watch the enemy's motions. We found them rather inactive. We also sent a strong party across the river to the eastern bank, and thence up the stream to a point opposite the enemy's camp. They captured a collection of boats (with their guard) well laden with stores, the very things we needed. The fog, which had before, like the cloud over Israel, saved many of us, here did us ample service; as the commander of the guards, when ordered to surrender, did not doubt that the whole American army was present. Judge of the poor fellow's feelings when he found he had given himself and men up, without an effort, to a party of not half his numbers, so near his own fort! The capture of the stores taken from the enemy, which they could not replace, probably hastened Burgoyne's surrender.

During one of these scouting excursions occurred the only act of cowardice I knew of in the army. In the confusion of one of the skirmishes, one of our lieutenants was found secreted safely behind a pile of logs. A complaint, or an account of his position, was immediately sent to General Gates without his knowledge or that of his friends. As they well knew that he would be tried, they advised him to go to General Gates next morning, resign before a complaint was made, get his discharge and be off; which he accordingly did. He found Gates very kind. The General told him he wished no man to remain in the army who was so anxious to resign, and wrote the discharge himself. The lieutenant returned to camp well pleased and thanked his friends for their counsel. He was hastening his departure with all possible speed, when one of the number asked him what was written on the other side of his discharge. Turning it over he beheld, to his horror, an account of his cowardice with all the particulars, which had been handed the General the night before. Worse than the roar of guns was the roar of laughter which the poor fellow now had to contend with; some advising him, with Yankee ingenuity, to tear it in two and paste a paper on the back to preserve his discharge. I need not add that he was soon off.

On the seventeenth of October, a day never forgotten by any one present, the British army marched out of camp and surrendered themselves as prisoners of war. It was a glorious day to us. The Tories throughout the country had tauntingly told us for months before, that, when Burgoyne's army reached Albany, they would teach us to play "Yankee Doodle" in a way we should never forget. When

all was arranged for the surrender, our army formed into lines, that we might have a fine view. When the music was ordered to strike up, it began with "Yankee Doodle." General Gates could not refrain from smiling as he ordered a British march to be played. The fate of Burgoyne's army is well known. Of our march to Albany I shall say little, except that it was the hardest I had then performed. The roads were very muddy, and, having given all our provisions to the enemy, we could not procure half enough for our support on the way. Some of our soldiers were so hungry they actually picked up and ate some of the hard, mouldy pea-bread which they had thrown away on their march up.

One of Burgoyne's aids, Clarke, a young British officer whom history has buried on or near the battlefield, was carried with us to Albany, where he lived some time. I cannot be mistaken, for I recollect that our physician, who had charge of him, was a Free Mason; and I think that he himself was able to meet with us at the lodge. I saw him often, and our officers called on him frequently. One of Burgoyne's nurses, whose husband was killed on the seventeenth, attended him till he died and, I think, was buried in the old churchyard at Albany.

When I was a very little child, one of our neighbors in Petersham (who afterwards, being a strong Tory, moved to Canada) had an adopted son about the age of your father, to whom the latter was strongly attached. The two passed every moment they could together, exchanging work, etc. The first thing in my long life that I recollect is, that once, when I was crying for something forbidden me at table, young Atherton told me that, if I would not cry, he would give me a copper. It was the first cent I ever possessed. He left our part of the country some time before the Revolution. At the surrender of Burgoyne, your father came to me with a very fine-looking British officer, and asked if I recollected him. I did not. It was Atherton, the friend of his boyhood. Finding that he would be ordered to Europe, as he did not wish to go, my brother assisted him in concealing himself till the army had marched. He remained a citizen of the states.

Our brigade was quartered principally at Albany. The events of the winter, the burning of Cherry Valley and other settlements, I presume you are well acquainted with. About the first of April our regiment went on board vessels and down the river to West Point; where we pitched our tents, and, with the assistance of the Connecticut troops, commenced fortifying the Point. Our regiment began the building of Fort Putnam, named after our colonel. Your father and myself, who were then both subaltern officers, with fifty men, struck the first stroke toward the building of this fort.

While we were fortifying Fort Putnam, the Connecticut troops were building two forts to the south of us, Webb and Willis; so called for two colonels in the Connecticut line. In the course of the season, by the extraordinary exertions of officers and soldiers, they were completed and well supplied with cannon, mortars, etc. The same season we stretched across the river an iron chain, weighing, it was said, upwards of forty-three tons. It was made fast at the ends near strong batteries, and apparently rendered the passage of the Point by the enemy impossible. The attempt to pass was never made till the treachery of Arnold induced them to send a number of armed vessels up the river as far as Stony Point. In constructing the chain and placing it we had the help of an old ironmonger, of whom we received a large quantity of the iron, known among us by the name of "Old Hurrah." He was one of the strongest and most energetic men I ever knew; and he would get done double the labor that

any other man could. While erecting the batteries, etc., we could hear his voice over all other noises ringing out, "Hurrah! hurrah! my boys! Every shovelful helps build the fort." Every one near him was obliged to move, and quickly too. Few men did their country more service than this one, who took his iron back at the close of the war.

The story of the escape of Arnold and the death of André is familiar to all. The Continental troops to which your father and I belonged were ordered to New Jersey, where they were stationed when Major André was executed. On the evening of this memorable day, being very sick with a fever, I was carried out of the camp, some twenty miles into the country. The army marched on toward Philadelphia, to a place called Totawsay, where they encamped. I remained where I had been carried more than thirty days, during which the fever raged continuously and I wholly lost my reason and recollection.

I remained very weak and low for a long time. The old Dutchman with whom I was quartered, kind-hearted though he was, at last told my nurse that he could keep me no longer. Tired of my useless, feeble life, I did not care much what became of me; so I told the Dutchman to tackle his cart, and carry me toward the camp as far as he could in one day, and there leave me with any one who would take me in. I was then unable to walk a step without assistance, and the old man's daughter and my nurse, one on each side, were necessary to support me in the rude vehicle as we went jolting on. Night drew on, and the old man's better feelings prevailed, as he saw no prospect of finding a comfortable shelter for me. He then offered to take me back and keep me till I died, if I would go home with him; but the daughter cried and the old man begged in vain. Go back I would not. While each was trying to persuade the other, we met an officer whom I knew in search of places for the sick. I told him he must help me, and dismissed the Dutchman.

It was now quite dark. I asked my friend and my nurse each of them to take an arm, and so help me on to where we saw a light through the trees a few rods from us. We reached the house after a fashion, and found the family Scotch Highlanders who had been there several years. The old man was a warm Tory, and his son as warm a Whig. They kindly took me in, and their pity for me for a while banished all party feeling. I was placed in a comfortable bed beside the old man, who prayed long and earnestly for the destruction of the rebels before he slept. The son was as noble a fellow as ever lived; saying that I should remain with them as long as I pleased. And so I did; gaining slowly till winter, when our troops went into winter quarters, our brigade moving to West Point. I was carried to a place on the North River, where I spent the winter. As I was still feeble, and my courage was failing, I concluded to resign and go home; but our colonel would not hear a word about it. He said that, if I would remain, I should be appointed paymaster of the regiment; and that my duties would then be easier, so that by spring he thought I would fully recover my health. Your father, too, said that he would not consent to my leaving him. He said we had commenced together, and we would tough it out to the end, let that be what it might. I consented to remain, and was appointed paymaster and clothier, while your father was made quartermaster. I at length, before spring, became perfectly well.

My sickness, and that of others while in New Jersey, arose from want of proper food and attendance. The army was obliged to use green corn and fruit instead of bread. But our sickness and sufferings were nothing to what some portions of our army endured. I shall never forget the condition of several hundred, if I remember rightly, of Hazen's regiment,

sent on from Valley Forge while we were at West Point. Those that came to winter with us arrived just as we had used the last of our clothing to make ourselves comfortable for the season. They came in the morning, hungry and ragged. A more wretched set of men were rarely seen. Before night each of our soldiers had hunted up his old stockings, shoes, and other clothing, patched and mended them, and thus made the destitute comfortable.

In the spring of 1781, I think it was, our troops marched down to White Plains and formed an encampment. While here we were amused by an order that was said to come from General Heath; but, as we all knew Washington's abhorrence of the sin of profanity, we easily guessed where it originated. Our parade-ground was being cleared with great difficulty. The order was, that the first one who was heard to utter an oath should dig up by the roots one of the pitch-pine stumps which were being removed. This was no easy matter. Not long after a soldier was seen sweating and toiling away at one of these stumps, exclaiming that he was paying too dearly; that it would be the last stump that he would dig.

Speaking of Washington's dislike of profane habits reminds me of a scene at his own table, on an occasion when twenty or more officers had been invited to dine with him. His habit was, to take a single glass of wine after dinner and retire, leaving us to ourselves; as he, at this time of care and anxiety, rarely made any conversation except on business. We had finished our dinner, and Washington had taken his wine in his hand, when a young officer from New Hampshire at the end of the table, who had long been in the habit of using profane language, being much engaged, forgot where he was and swore an oath. Then we heard a rap on the table, and Washington, setting down his untasted wine, arose and said: "Gentlemen, when I invited you here, it was my intention to invite gentlemen only. I am sorry to add, that I made a mistake." Then he left the room. A dead silence reigned for some time, which was broken by the offender himself calling us all to witness, that the oath he had uttered should be his last. He added that he would rather have been shot through the heart than to have deserved the reproof from Washington. Such was our love and reverence for the great and good man that the most profane left off the habit, and it was done away among us before the close of the war.

While we were at White Plains, Count Rochambeau, with the French troops, encamped on our left. They remained till September, when, with a part of the American army, they marched with all speed to Yorktown. The capture of Cornwallis and its consequences are known to every American; though very few can now realize the joy and gratitude which that event caused every heart to feel.

In 1782 the principal part of the Northern Army moved to Newburg, and there, having built ourselves huts, we remained till peace was declared. At Newburg we passed the pleasantest part of our army life, though we had many pleasant days, as well as sad ones, at West Point. Our great ball on the birth of the Dauphin of France we thought a very fine affair. The bower built for a hall, neatly turfed and covered with evergreens, was about twenty feet wide and a quarter of a mile long. The ball was opened by General Washington and Mrs. Knox. The music was said to be very good. Of the song, or chorus, I recollect but little. It began as follows:

"A Dauphin's born! Let cannon loud
Bid echo rend the sky!
Long life to Gallia's [noble?] king,
Columbia's great ally!"

Cannon from every hill-top sent forth their answering notes. To show the lack of the common necessaries of life, I mention the fact, that, on this occa-

sion, orders came with the invitations, for each one bidden to bring his plate, knife and fork; all of which articles were very scarce. I have known our foreign friends, who were accustomed to dine off silver, for months together to eat from a clean chip instead of a plate. Colonel Lutterlow, a German, I think, by birth, an officer of distinction in his own country, put up with our fare with the utmost cheerfulness. I knew him well, and loved and respected him before he left us. After the close of the war he invited several of us to dine with him. After the toasts, when we had drunk all we wished, and more, perhaps, than was necessary, he rose and said: "Before I take my leave of you, I offer this, which I wish you all to remember. Here's to our noble selves! Yes, I repeat; you must respect yourselves." This was the last we saw of him, as he returned to his country immediately. He was very intelligent, and very much of a gentleman.

The lack of the common conveniences was sometimes curiously supplied by our soldiers by the manufacture of wooden spoons, bowls, plates, etc. I recollect the manufacture of a dripping-pan which pleased us very much. Some person in Massachusetts had a very large ox, which he fatted very carefully and presented to Washington for his own table. The General divided it among the officers then at West Point, so that a piece or two fell to each mess. Ours was a fine roasting piece, which we were hesitating to have made into soup, our usual method of cooking beef, when a soldier by the name of Skelden said that he would contrive a way to roast it by hanging it before the fire. He was told we could not afford to lose the gravy; whereupon he ran out a little distance and returned with a smooth flat stone, which he quickly cleaned. Then he took a roll of dough and laid it neatly round the stone, carefully turning the whole to let the edge bake while it caught the gravy. Afterwards whatever was done quickly and well was "equal to Skelden's dripping-pan."

I should have mentioned that I was chosen agent to settle the accounts of the 5th Massachusetts Regiment and a part of the 10th and the 15th. After close attention to the business for six months, I had the accounts adjusted and balanced, ready to be presented to the paymaster-general; which was done without loss of time. He informed me that it would be impossible for him to go through the examination of all the accounts and give the necessary certificates in less time than six months. This was a great disappointment to me as I was very impatient to return home, having been there but once during my service. So many officers had wives and families to visit, when they could be spared, that I had felt it my duty to remain. However, being constantly employed, the time passed more pleasantly and quickly than I thought possible. I completed my business and once more set my face toward home; which I reached in safety. No one will doubt that, after the absence of six or seven years, this was a pleasant time to me.

The next thing to be done was, to pay the officers and soldiers the balance due them. As the regiment was raised in different parts of the state, I thought it most convenient to meet the men in different towns. I accordingly advertised in the *Boston Centinel*, that I would meet them in Petersham, Northampton, Worcester, Harvard, Danvers, Boston, and Wrentham at a time set. This was expensive for me, but very convenient for them; and the pleasure it gave me to see so many of my old friends amply repaid me for all my trouble. The feelings of the officers and soldiers at parting from each other, after so long and interesting a connection, I shall not attempt to describe.

WORK and WORKERS in RURAL ENGLAND.

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



ENGLAND is a land of large towns and great manufactories. So dense is the population that it is said the crops raised on the farms each year would not feed the inhabitants over three months. From this one might fancy that the towns had overspread most of the island and that all the country there was left would be hardly more rural than village suburbs. But in reality the towns are only the plums in the pudding, not the substance. They are minor interruptions to an endless roll of cultivated fields and grazing lands sweeping from John o' Groat's to Land's End.

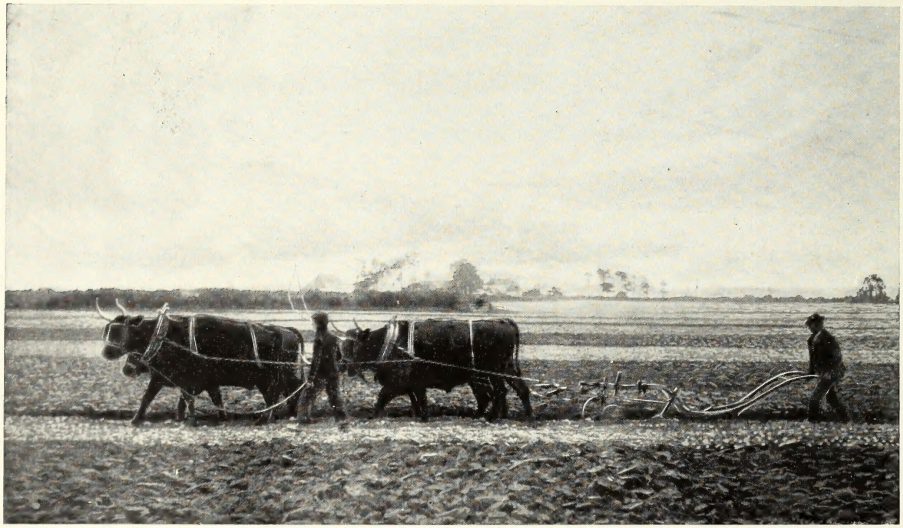
Even London, vast as it is, does not reach out so very far, after all. You step on a train at any of the metropolitan stations and go in whatever direction you please, and it does not take many minutes to get beyond the paved ways and the crowded buildings to the quiet greenery of the country. Nor do the towns, in spite of their number and size, have any very marked influence on the country people and their ways. One would think they would exert a decided leavening power over the rustic life that would modernize it and cause its cruder elements to disappear. This is not the case. The country workers of England know far less of the cities and feel their influence far less than their fellows here in America. Their instincts are less nomadic. They live out their lives in the villages where they are born. A few miles close around home is often all they see of the world. They cling to old ways and are primitive and unchanging to a degree that an American mind finds astonishing. As a result, each district has its dialect and its peculiar local customs which survive generation after generation, but never are transferred to other regions, not even to those adjoining.

The soil of Britain is not tilled by the owners, nor is the tilling to any considerable extent done under their supervision. The land is practically all owned by the gentry, and they rent it to farmers, who take the entire responsibility of making it return both them and their landlords a living. The tenants decide what crops to raise, they buy and sell, and they

keep what is often quite a little colony of laborers constantly at work.

The laborers are at the foot of the industrial ladder and are so dependent on their weekly wages that any interruption which throws them out of work even temporarily brings direfully close the possibility of having to go to the workhouse. Happily things are so arranged that labor on the farms is steady through the year and a helper is never laid off on account of either weather or season.

The daily life of the worker is one of set hours, which are as definite as those of an employee in a factory. If a man works overtime, it is by agreement, and he gets extra pay.



PLOUGHING WITH OXEN.

Of all the laborers on a farm, the ploughmen and carters are the earliest risers. They have to be up at four o'clock to feed their horses, though they are not in the fields to begin work till half-past six. About the middle of the afternoon they all return to the farmhouse, the carters in their carts and the ploughmen and ploughboys mounted side-saddle on their horses, which go clanking along in single file till they reach the farmyard gate; then the riders slide off, and their horses with those that are released from the carts tramp on to their stables, where they are unharnessed and fed and groomed. This done, the day's work of the carters and the followers of the plough is finished.

The soil in some parts is so heavy that four horses are the rule to each plough. The ploughman does not in this case attempt to guide his own team, but has a boy to walk along beside the horses and urge them on. These boys earn their wages, I think, for they keep shouting to their teams all the time, adding emphasis by an occasional crack of the whip. However, the shouts and the belaboring with the lash seem purely matters of form, and the horses step along perfectly oblivious to them, so far as I could see.

In former days much of the heavy farm work was done with bullocks. Now, a bullock team is comparatively rare. Nothing could be more picturesque. The oxen, instead of wooden neck-yokes, wear simple harnesses made of broad leather bands, and each creature has on a pair of great leather blinders which give it a look truly antediluvian. As it takes four bullocks to one plough, they, with the



WOMEN IN THE FIELDS.

ploughman and the ploughboy, make a procession that is quite impressive.

In strange contrast with the slow bullock teams, so suggestive of antiquity, one is surprised to find that he cannot travel far in the English country without seeing in some wide field a steam plough at work, or a steam thresher established next a "corn" rick. Sometimes you meet the engines with all their apparatus in tow steaming along the highway; or they will come rattling and panting through the midst of the village where you happen to be stopping. They are formidable affairs, and it takes five men to make a working crew.

Every farm has its flock of sheep. In some parts of the country there are moors and commons and rough uplands where the sheep are turned loose to graze; but more often they occupy the ordinary farm fields. Many farmers keep them still further confined within a basket-work fencing woven from split hazel. These hurdles, as they are called, are made in light detachments, that allow them to be readily moved, and as soon as the sheep have grazed one space clean, their fence is transferred to enclose new ground. All this was explained to me one day by a shepherd with whom I stopped to talk as he was at his work in a roadside field. Then he drifted into personal reminiscence and said that he had been brought up to tend sheep. He tried something else for a while, but it didn't suit him, and he took up his old work again. He declared that it was the "dirtiest, nastiest, hardest" work there was. None of his eight children would take it up; no, nor any other young people.

"Children goes to school now till they gets to be thirteen or fourteen years old," he added deprecatingly, "and they gets cunning, you know."

The shepherd had a dog with him, but the dog did not know much, and never would, in his master's opinion,—he "wa'n't the right kind." But he "had a dog afore him that was as sensible as a Christian. Seemed like he knew just what I said. If there was some sheep way round that hill you see there, a mile off, that dog 'd go for 'em, if I told him to, and I could keep on with my work, and he'd be comin' with 'em by and by. I never had more 'n to speak to him or make a motion with my hand, and

he'd understand. I had him ten year, but he died last January. I wouldn't 'a' felt it so much if I'd lost one of my children."

The shepherd said he had two cousins in America, William and Thomas Cook. He hadn't heard from them in a great while, and he had lost the paper he had their address on and forgotten the name of the place where they lived. He didn't know but I might have been acquainted with them.

A few days later I came on a party of sheep-shearers at work in a barn. The big doors were open, and



FELLING AN OAK.

the men were snipping away on the barn floor with their shining shears. The bay on one side was full of panting sheep still unsheared. On the other side were the bundles of fleeces and odds and ends of farm tools and rubbish. When a sheep had been relieved of its coat it was allowed to leap away to its mates in the near field. The shearers work in little bands of six or eight men, and go from farm to farm to do the work through a season that lasts rather over a month. At noon they went out under a tree with their baskets and ate dinner; and while they lunched and gossiped one of them cut a companion's hair with his sheep-shears.

All the heaviest farm work is done by men, but the lighter field tasks are undertaken by women to a considerable extent, though I believe these are always intermittent, never continued week after week the year through. My first sight of women workers was on the newly ploughed grounds of early spring. They were going over the fields with forks and picking out all the witch-grass roots. These they piled in little heaps, which later were burned. Their working day was seven or eight hours long, and their pay a shilling. They were picturesque, but the close view that showed them to be nearly all old and stumpy-figured and slouchy in dress left no room for romance.

Nor were the men workers less rudely rustic than the women. Indeed, it seemed to me that all the English farm folk by the time they reached middle age became what we would call "characters." In their looks they grew knotty and gnarled and earthy; and this outward appearance is more or less typical of their minds. In features the men are strongly individualized; no two are alike—a result in part due to the many odd and old-fashioned ways they have of trimming and training their beards. Clothing is quaint, and their heavy footwear added to their laborious lives makes the movements of all except the more youthful and vigorous seem ungainly.

As the season advances, the women are to be found in the hop gardens and in the wheat and hay fields.



AN OLD FARMHOUSE.

Wheat, or "corn," as it is called in Britain, is sown in drills about six inches apart, and as soon as it gets well started, the women go through it and hoe out the weeds.

In May, when the hop gardens are bristled all over with bare, newly set poles, around which the vines are just beginning to twine, there are pretty sure to be two or three women in every such field, "'op-tying," as they would say. This consists in fastening the vines to the poles so that they will be sure to climb and not sprawl around on the ground. Most of the women wear wide brimmed straw hats tied on with handkerchiefs. Each has a long bag fastened to her waist, in which she carries the green rushes that she uses in tying. They work very deftly, though they keep their tongues going as fast as their hands.

Once in a visit of mine to a hop garden, a worker held her tawny arms out toward me and said, "I s'pose the women don't get browned and burned that-a-way in America. But we've always been at this same work, and we'll keep right on at it as long as we've got a breath left."

It seemed to me they were doing the work with unusual celerity. I said as much, and the woman explained that this was because they were paid for the amount they did and not for their time; and she added frankly, "If it were day work, we'd stop that much to talk the 'ops wouldn't get tied in all summer."

Just as I was leaving the hop garden I heard a tree crash to the earth in a near grove, and when I turned aside to learn the cause I found several men felling oaks. They did this by sawing off the trunks low down, almost level with the ground. The stumps left were barely six inches high. Compared with that, the two or three foot stumps of America and the great gashes we make in getting our trees down seem very wasteful. The oak bark is sold to tanneries, and after a tree was felled the men with their axes, billhooks and other instruments stripped it off from both trunk and branches down to limbs not over an inch and a half in diameter.

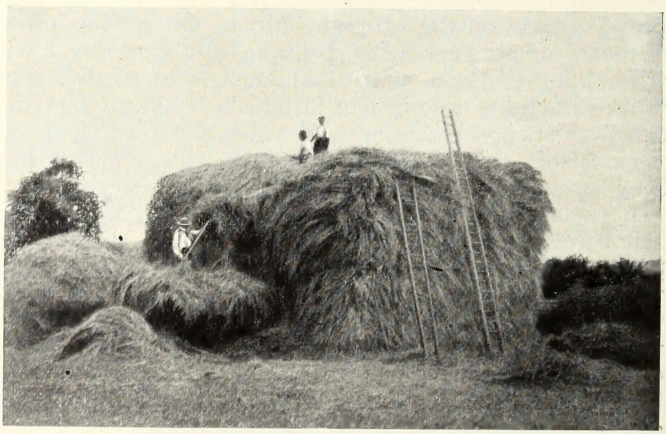
The busiest seasons on the farm are those of the hay, grain and hop harvests. There is employment then for



HAYMAKING.

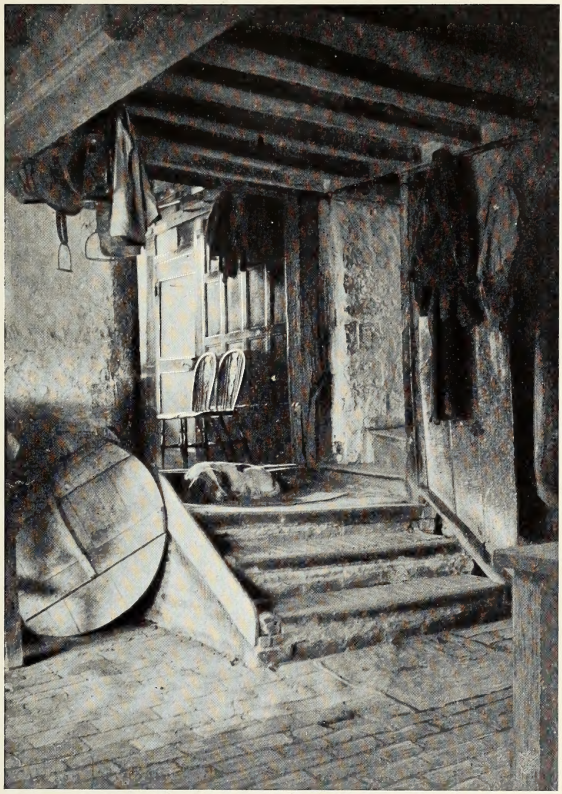
every one. June is the haymaking month, and its scenes have sometimes as much the air of carnival as of labor. This is especially true when the early fields are mown near the villages. On pleasant evenings half the population is out watching the men swinging their scythes in the slow fading light. The children are in the new-mown grass having a frolic, tumbling about and gathering up great armfuls to throw at each other. Their mothers watch them from over the fence and laugh at their haps and mishaps. The little ones get hot and red-faced, and some are hurt and shed tears, but it is not easy to induce them to start for home before the men stop work at about ten o'clock.

Most of the mowing in the level regions of England is done with a machine. Yet there are still many old-fashioned farmers who cling to the idea that a machine leaves about as much as it cuts. Such farmers have the work done by hand even if the farm measures half a thousand acres. The smaller farmers often have no machine, because they do not feel they can afford one, considering the amount they would use it; and on most farms there is a certain amount of land so steep or so much ditched



MAKING A RICK.

that machine-cutting is not practical. The mowing with scythes is done by gangs of men who go from farm to farm doing the work. I came across a party of mowers one morning eating a "tenner" (ten o'clock lunch) under a hedge. In his basket each man had half a loaf of bread and a large piece of cheese, from which he cut off such lumps as his appetite demanded. Each man also had a jug of beer brought from home, and the party had collectively a little keg of ale that was furnished by their master. One of the men went up to the farmhouse for this at about nine o'clock each morning and brought it back slung up on a stick over his shoulder. The men, after they had disposed of their bread and cheese, drank two glasses each of the ale from a horn tumbler, and smoked a pipe of tobacco in between. When their half hour was up, they all whetted their broad blades and went to work again. They told me that, in their opinions, mowing-machines had had their day, and were destined everywhere to be more and more displaced by hand work.



IN AN OLD FARMHOUSE.

Tedders and horse-rakes are much less common than with us, particularly the former. Turning and raking are largely done by hand, usually by the women, who also roll the hay into tumbles.

When the work in the hayfields is well under way on a big farm, the operations take on a decided aspect of business and bustle. The most typical haying scene of this sort that I witnessed was in the broad acres of a gentleman's park. There were two wagons, one always at the rick unloading, while the other was in the field. Two horses were hitched tandem to each wagon, and a ploughboy accompanied each pair to drive them. Two men were on the load, three pitched on, and two old men with big rakes followed the load and gathered the scatterings. At the rick were two men unloading, three on the rick receiving the hay as it was pitched up, and two or three others getting drinks of beer out of the bottles in their baskets that lay under a convenient elm. Two old fellows with fag-hooks were reaping the grass left by the machines along the hedges; two old women and an old man were rolling up the windrows; and a young fellow on a horse-rake was going leisurely back

and forth across the field. That makes twenty people. It was a pretty sight—the busy harvest field among the great, sturdy English elms, with the ivied walls and tall chimneys of "the big house" rising on the slope beyond.

Sometimes the "squire," the occupant of the big house, comes into the hayfield and takes part in the work. He gets off his coat and pitches on the hay with great gusto for perhaps a couple of hours, chaffs with the men, drinks beer with them, and makes himself as companionable as possible. The men feel that he is a good fellow to condescend to work on their level, and it inclines them to serve him faithfully. But it would not do for the squire to work every day with them; that would lower him at once in their estimation. The work is beneath him; he must do it only for fun.



"GRANDAD HOPPING WITH THE REST."

The term "harvest time," in England, means more particularly that part of summer when the wheat and other cereals are garnered. There is a repetition then of the busy scenes of haymaking. After the harvest the farmer turns his pigs out "earshin" in the stubble fields, where they are allowed to roam six or seven hours each day till they have picked up all the stray ears of grain. Often there are sixty or seventy pigs in a drove, with a boy or two along to "mind" them.

Hop-picking begins with the first days of September. By then the blossoming brightness of the earlier months is past, the grain is nearly all reaped, the hay harvested, and the fields are bare and sombre. Yet many flowers still linger along the roadsides, and the hedges are enlivened by the scarlet of hips and haws. There is much land recently ploughed, and many new ricks are in the field corners, looking very tidy with their roofs of fresh thatch glistening in the sunlight.

I was eager to see all that I could of the hop harvest; and one day when I was passing a hop kiln and noticed smoke issuing from its squat chimney, I stopped to investigate. A small door at one end was open, and I went in; but I did not stay long. Three men in the dim interior were feeding the fires with charcoal and brimstone, and the air was so sulphurous I was glad to hurry out to escape choking. I got little notion of the process of hop-drying. The men had pointed to a ladder and said I might go upstairs, but I was already getting anxious for a change of air and



AN ENGLISH COTTAGE.

refused. Besides, they winked at each other suspiciously, and I think, had I gone up, they would have kept me there till I tipped them. At any rate that is one of the pleasantries that the hop-drier is privileged to indulge with any visitor he can catch in that way. I asked one of the men who followed me to the door where I could see the hop-picking, and he said, "About a mile to the south." I questioned him whether I had better go around by the road or try a more direct way cross lots. The man replied in the bluff, rude manner that one too often finds among the rural English, "You've got legs, ain't ye? Go there any way ye want to."

I found the pickers at work in a field that sloped down into a little valley. The poles were being taken down as fast as needed, and the pickers were pulling off the hops into great baskets. Men, women and children were all at work. The old women and the grandfathers were there, and so were the babies, tucked up in blankets and wraps and lying



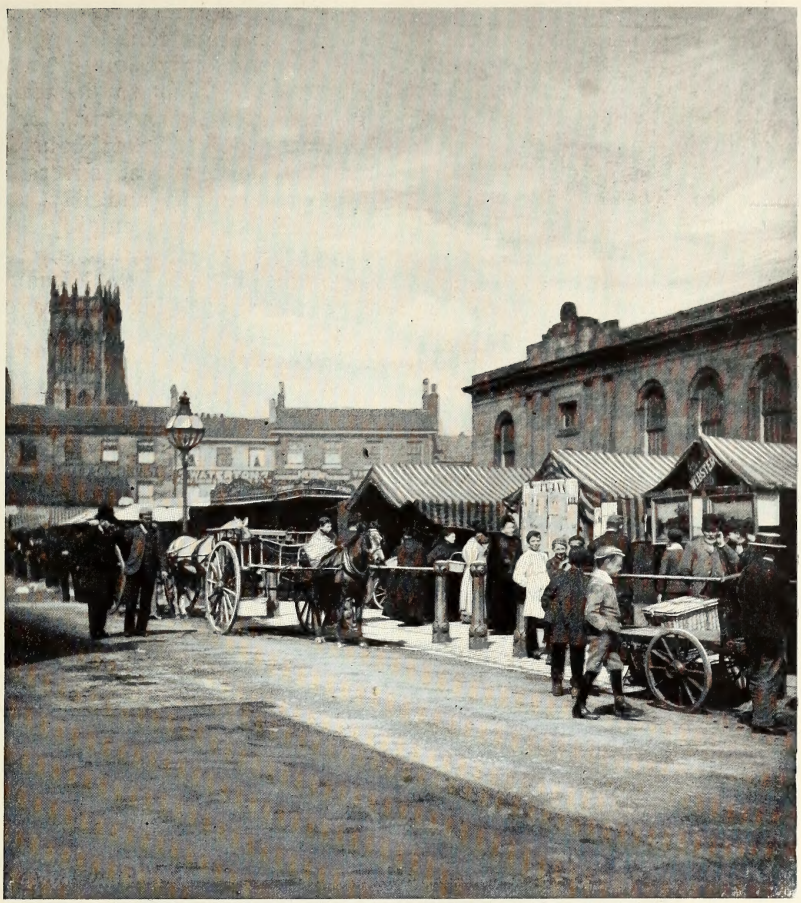
A VILLAGE CORNER.

quite contented on the ground among the shadows of the festooned poles. It was a pleasant scene there amidst the greenery,—nimble fingers flying, always the voices calling and the hum of gossip, the rustic costumes, the children playing or helping with industrious clumsiness, and in it all the rustle of the vines and the wholesome odor of the hops. It makes a healthy out-of-doors holiday, and the people flock from far and near into the hop regions to enjoy it. When the journey is short they come in great farm wagons with all their bags and baggage prepared to cook their own food and sleep in barns and sheds. They shout and joke as they go along in spite of the plodding slowness of the journey and the apparent discomfort of the vehicle. The fact that no one is too young to go is attested by the presence of one or two baby carriages dragging along at the rear of the wagon.

A vast army of hop-pickers come by train from London at this time. They are the scum of the city, a dilapidated crowd of old and young, who arrive heavily loaded with their household goods, and make a very motley scene at the railroad stations, bowed with their sacks and baskets.

The wages of a laborer in the poorer parts of England are ten or twelve shillings a week; while in the more favored districts he is paid double that amount. Work begins in summer at six o'clock. At eight the laborer stops half an hour for breakfast, at ten he eats a luncheon, and at noon takes an hour to rest and eat dinner. His work is done at five, when he trudges home to supper. Just before he goes to bed he disposes of one more luncheon, and the day is ended.

A man could hardly live and support a family on ten or twelve shillings a week, were it not that in summer he always has a chance to do



DONCASTER MARKET PLACE.

"task work." While this lasts, he works extra hard and overtime, and earns six or eight shillings a day. He will very likely be out at four in the morning and keep at it till nine or ten at night.

The extra wages a man and his wife make in summer task work are used to buy shoes and clothing. The ordinary wages are pretty much used up in paying rent and in buying the daily necessities of food and drink. The fare is always rough and poor, and a couple of pounds or so of bacon is all the meat a family will eat in a week. Few make any provision for sickness, and when sickness comes the laborer is compelled to rely on the parish doctor and parochial charity.

Yet in spite of small earnings there are a goodly number among the laborers who save money. With some it is a blind habit, with others it is simply miserliness, and with still others it is ambition. One does not see much chance for hoarding on the wages received, but the thrifty are always on the lookout to save their pennies. Persons who receive parish help are sometimes found to have a considerable sum laid by when they die.

Laborers marry early. The wife has usually been in domestic service, and often contributes the larger half

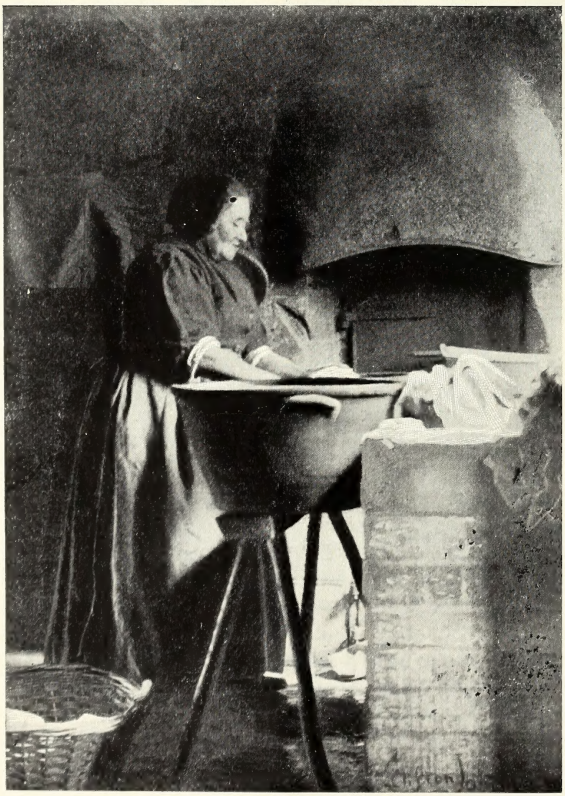
of the little ready money that is spent in getting the scanty home furnishings. Very little is bought in the years that follow. A replenishing of blankets and bed linen, when it takes place, is quite apt to be from the charities which are distributed at Christmas time.

It is the rule rather than the exception that the laborer's cottage is overcrowded. Even when there are eight or nine children in a family, there may be no more than two sleeping rooms —a condition that is plainly bad both morally and physically.

One of the most interesting views of how the laborer lives and how it all ends, I got one day from a village shoemaker. My American shoes had early given out on the gritty English roads, and to make them once more serviceable I sought out this cobbler. While he worked on the shoes I sat and talked with him. I was asking about the farm workers when the shoemaker looked out of the window and said: "There's a man just goin' past. He's been workin' from early morning, ten hours, for his master. Now he's goin' home to have tea, and work in his garden awhile, and then he'll be goin' out again for two or three hours to help his wife, 'op-tying. He and his wife has to work all they can to get along. They couldn't live on their weekly wages. They has to do task work to earn something extra, or they'd have to go to the workhouse. That man in harvest just slivers into it and works night and day, and the wife helps. The employers!—they don't care whether a man lives or dies, and if they get a man down they tread on him. They can do anything to a man, or to his wife or children—and they does pretty roughish things sometimes—and the man daren't make any complaint. If he does, come Saturday night, there's his wages, and he's not wanted any more. Then where's he to go, and where's his next week's food to come from?

"Yes, these laborers travel from hedge to hedge till they are wore out, and they're so dependent on their master that some of 'em are afraid to say their soul's their own. As soon as they can't do a fair day's work they are sent to the workhouse. You can depend on 't they don't stay there long before they're brought home in a little four-wheel trap, and buried in the churchyard.

"The workhouse 's worse than



AT THE TUBS.



A DEVON FARM FAMILY.

the grave, to the thinking of a good many of the laborers. There was poor old Tom Christurn that lived down here next to the chapel. He's dead these two years now. He was gettin' old and couldn't support himself, but he always said he wouldn't go to the workhouse,—and he didn't. The day they came to take him he cut his throat.

"The treatment 's not overgrand at the workhouse, and they're not overfed there either, and they get no beer or other liquors. Then the men and women, except the older people, are all separated. A man would never see his wife there, only by chance in the yard. The preachers say, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder'; but they don't pay much attention to that saying at the workhouse."

This discourse of the shoemaker's made me eager to see some paupers for myself, and a few days later I had the chance. It was on the occasion of a picnic given to the workhouse folk by a gentleman of a neighboring village. The paupers numbered thirty or forty, the men in dark caps and white smock-frocks, and the women in blue gowns and white aprons. They were very neat, yet they had a bleached-out, broken-down look, as if capacity and energy were pretty well gone. It was a look very different from the tough, knotty brownness of the old men still at work in the fields. I was told that one reason for the antipathy of the poor to the workhouse is that there a person is compelled to keep clean and be regular in his habits. Cleanliness is a bugbear, and it is a common saying when a man is entering the workhouse, "Well, he won't last long. They'll soon wash him to death when he gets there."

The gentleman who entertained the paupers in his park had them brought from the workhouse in several wagons arched over with greens,

and, at the foot of his lawn he put up a big tent in which was spread a grand feast. After the servants had served dinner, the old people left the tent and disposed themselves comfortably on the grass and seats under the trees. Most of the old men gathered in the shade of a great beech, where tobacco and a basket of clay pipes were passed around.

The tobacco was a treat. Men in the workhouse are not allowed tobacco unless their age is over seventy. Even those who have an allowance are not satisfied, and it is the custom for visiting friends to bring along a little tobacco for a present when they call at the workhouse. As for the old women, they complain about their allowance of tea. They are all very fond of the teapot by the time they go to the workhouse, and when friends call on one of the woman paupers they present her with an ounce of tea, a little sugar, and possibly a few new-laid eggs.

While the old people were lounging and smoking, a red-uniformed band of music arrived, and spent two hours playing to the company. The gentleman who was the patron of the day joined in the paupers' celebration to the extent of lunching with a party of friends on the other side of the wide lawn. He thought the old people would enjoy themselves best if left alone. They were not at all demonstrative,—their vitality had ebbed too low for that; but in their way they found it a grand occasion—one to talk of for weeks afterward. Like all good things, however, it had to have an end, and at eight o'clock the paupers were helped into their green-arbored wagons and sent back to the workhouse, — where destiny had appointed that sooner or later what was left of their broken lives should flicker out.



GYPSIES ON THE ROAD.

In summing up the laborer's life as a whole, it cannot be said to lack a certain cheerfulness and even gayety, in spite of hardships and in spite of the shadow that the workhouse casts over the elderly and decrepit. Wants are few and cares sit lightly. It is characteristic of the laboring folk that they live day by day. If they have work and food and housing now, they are not apprehensive about the morrow. It is people who have much to lose that worry. Happiness, too, depends largely on companionship, and that, both in their daily work and in

their leisure, the English peasantry never lack. Loneliness is not a feature of farm life in England, as it too often is here in America. The village gossip, the gatherings at the inn taprooms, the services at church and chapel, and the holidays and gala occasions furnish constantly recurring change and relaxation. The lives of the laborers are far from being empty and far from being uninteresting to themselves. Indeed, in my acquaintance with them, I found very few who had any desire to exchange the good of which they knew in beautiful old England for the affluent uncertainties of our great continent beyond the seas.

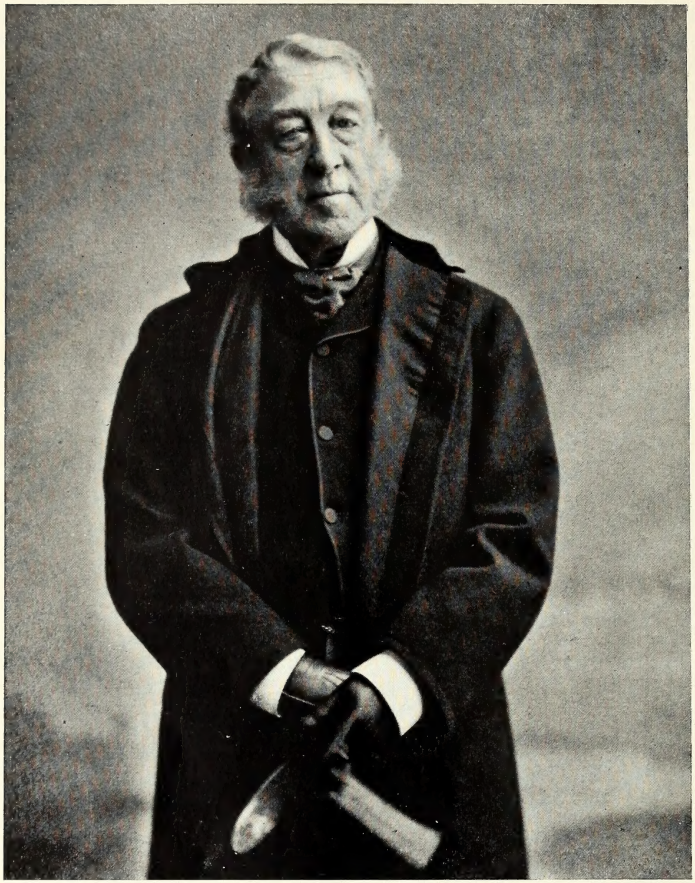
A GLIMPSE OF COLONEL HENRY LEE.

By Daniel Gregory Mason.

THOSE who have ever had the privilege of seeing in public the late Colonel Henry Lee, of seeing him make a political speech, with all his striking dignity of presence, or act as marshal at a Harvard Commencement, with a courtesy and grace of which he alone held the secret, will be interested to hear how that characteristic mingling of self-respect with cordiality to others showed itself constantly in his private manner. He was one of those native gentlemen to whom surroundings are indifferent. He was just as noble in receiving a caller as in addressing a thousand fellow citizens. In an age of pretence, he was perfectly genuine; and there was something whole hearted even in the way he cherished a misconception. He gave you, after one moment's contact, a sense of authenticity, that made meeting him an event. I have seldom become acquainted with a man who impressed me so immediately as being a real, ultimate force; and my object in writing about him is to show, however slightly, to those who knew him only as a public man of power and charm, that these qualities did not leave him when he shut his house door behind him, but that they were part and parcel of his individuality.

Long before I knew him personally he had been to me, as to many of us young Harvard graduates, a representative figure. Just as Emerson represented to us the fundamentally religious but independent spirits who started the advance beyond puritanism; just as Lowell represented to us the scholars and gentlemen who began to bring a cosmopolitan culture into a parochial community, so Colonel Henry Lee represented the public spirited, shrewd and honorable merchants who did as much as any men to make New England what it became. We admired him not only for what he did (for his continual and generous benefactions to our college, for example), but for what he was, the kind of Harvard man he stood for in the eyes of the extra-academic world. Naturally then I welcomed with enthusiasm an opportunity to see him for myself, in his own home, and day after day. He was overrun with manuscripts, letters, memoranda, papers of all sorts, the accumulation of a lifetime of public and private service; he wanted some one to bring them into order, and I was recommended for the task.

Early one bright, chilly morning in September, 1897, after a brisk walk



COLONEL HENRY LEE.

from the Reservoir Station in Brookline gradually up through country-like roads and in through a stile and along a broad walk bordered by tall evergreens, I rang Colonel Lee's doorbell. I had time as I waited to notice the quiet elegance of the tile-floored portico, and the neatness of the accurately laid-out garden beds beyond the carriage drive. Everything was fresh in the early sun, the flowering shrubs were new washed with dew, and even the squirrels had an air of good living—squirrel aristocrats they seemed. Presently there was a click, and Colonel Lee himself stood before me. His was not a cheap pride; he could answer the doorbell regally.

In physique he was tall and stocky, with only a stoop to reveal his age—no tremulousness or emaciation. He stood well and squarely on his legs, like a man who could face an audience. Even his stoop was self-respecting—that of a man who has earned the right to stoop. His face was a mid-century English gentleman's, with American shrewdness quaintly interfused, a face the net result of which was common sense and humor. The ruddy skin, inclined to fold in well-marked lines, and the stout, almost bulbous nose, gave no impression of coarseness, but rather of a full and ardent vitality. The grayish blue eyes looked out with a veiled or latent twinkle, in spite of heavy lids

above and puffy circles underneath. The effect might have been plethoric had there not been such an alert intelligence in every feature. The mouth was firm and wide, the white hair very fine. In demeanor Colonel Lee was always simply yet exquisitely courteous. With an inclination of the head and a word of recognition, he led me into his library and, excusing himself for a moment, sat down in a bay window at the end of the room to finish a bit of writing. "I sometimes write a piece in the papers," was his comment.

I sat down on a sofa in front of a crackling fire of big logs and waited. It was a large and sombrely handsome room. Except in the alcove where the writing desk was placed, the light was somewhat subdued, having little chance to reflect from the tiers of dark colored books that lined the walls or the sober family portraits hanging above them. It was a good room to be in, a room where you might sit and commune with the spirits of a past generation, shut almost as effectually from modern garishness as they were in their morocco and calf. I mused on the great dead of New England, to an accompaniment of snapping wood and scratching pen.

Presently the pen stopped, and the writer, still sitting with his back to me and at a distance of eight or ten yards, introduced the business of my call by saying: "When I was in college there was a society called the *Med Facs*, and I held the office of Chief of Miscellaneousness and Gout. That was many years ago, but the miscellaneousness has always stayed with me, and I sent for you that you might cope with it. The gout I have fortunately escaped, though I am eighty." Then, with the half-hidden quizzical gleam in his eye which I afterwards learned to discern so often, he led me upstairs, and set me face to face with that same miscellaneousness.

It was truly named. One overflowing bedroom closet was glutted with such an accumulation of notes, articles, pamphlets, jottings, historical and genealogical memoranda, photographs, diaries, letters, newspaper clippings, abstracts of essays, and all other known species of literary miscellanea, that I contemplated it with despair. Through the weeks that followed it was my task, pleasant and unpleasant, to try to educe cosmos out of this chaos.

As may be imagined, the most enjoyable element in these sessions was the company and conversation of Colonel Lee. He had to take his drive generally at about eleven; but before that he would sit in soldierly erectness on the side of the bed, perusing his manuscripts in silence or, started by some familiar name, rambling off, much to my delight, in long monologues of reminiscence, pointed every now and then with inimitable touches of political scandal that was old before I was born, but that as he told it was made new again. If I could remember all he told me in his deep, well modulated voice, from which no asperity of gruffness (and he was sometimes gruff) could take away the sonorousness, I could write a good deal of history, and of entertaining history. As it is, I remember only isolated remarks and comments, which can hardly serve as more than examples to illustrate the keenness and accuracy of this intellect, which eighty years had not relaxed.

An impassioned conservative, he considered the proposed extension of the franchise for election of Harvard overseers to members of the university not holding A. B. degrees a device of the devil's. One day as I was leaving he talked about it a long time, sitting in an armchair on the portico. He spoke affectingly of his feeling for the college, of his fondness for his room in Hollis Hall, and said that if he were turned loose in the world he knew of no place where he would rather go to live. Then with fine indignation he demanded, "And do you

say to me that a man who comes down from the backwoods of Maine and learns to fill teeth is as good a Harvard man as I?" The same aristocratic instincts underlay his contempt for radicals, whom he considered anarchic subverters of ancient order. Once, when he had been recalling his friendships with Washington Irving, with Emerson, with Lowell and Holmes, I asked him if he had ever seen Thoreau. "No," he snapped back, "nor ever wanted to."

But his irrepressible humor, which seemed to me in a way his most original and pervasive quality, saved his conservatism from setting into prejudice. He respected the respectable as much as the average Bostonian, but he examined men for himself. Thus he considered John Holmes, brother of Oliver Wendell, more than a match for his more famous brother. "I used to tell Cousin Wendell," he chuckled, "that John beat him, horse, foot, and dragoons." A certain citizen, reputed a public-spirited man, he did not believe in; or rather he believed that, mingled with the public ardor, were motives of a more personal advantage. To a friend who asked him if he did not consider W—— a notably public-spirited man, he replied, "Both Falstaff and Robin Hood were certainly interesting characters, but one would hardly think of calling them public spirited." When W——, to whom the remark was promptly retailed, remonstrated to Colonel Lee that it sounded as if he thought him a highwayman, "Well, and so I do," replied the doughty colonel. His verdict on a historical work by a writer of local fame showed equally his healthy independence. "It averages ten errata to the page," he said. "Mr. —— is less remarkable for accuracy than enthusiasm." Unusually keen, for one who had worked so much on committees and boards, was his appreciation of the absurdities into which men so working are often led. He was congratulating himself one day on having chosen a silver pitcher to give Burgess as a tribute to his yachting exploits, "rather than two vessels upside down, with a Triton on top."

Sometimes, to my discomfiture, his satire had a way of making a sudden leap out of the past and descending unexpectedly on my unhappy head. Just at the moment when I was most rapt in the involutions of his anecdote, trying to conjure up a mental picture of the society he was touching off, I would be brought back to the contemporary with a jerk. His eyes, mild with memory a moment before, would focus on me sharply, and I must be ready to give an account of the document I was inattentively fingering. If there was a bit of stammer, a second's hesitation, I was made to feel the guiltiness of my neglect. At these times his expression was a study; the meditation and the suppressed humor alike departed, to be replaced by a cold, impersonal scrutiny. I do not think he was in the least unkindly disposed toward me; it was simply that it interested him to withdraw into his own depths and see how I would bear his indifference. He took a delight, as do most elderly men who have faced the world, in putting a younger man on his mettle. Therefore, whether I wriggled or rallied under the ordeal, he still "fronted me with a coeval mien." Only two instances of this sort of passage do I remember. Once I told him casually that a certain manuscript was complete. He immediately doubled on me. "How do you know it's complete? Have you counted the pages?" I had to admit I had not. "No, you're merely assuming it," he rejoined, and added witheringly, "there's not much virtue in assumption." On another occasion, when with a dull knife I sawed away at a string, he rapped out, "Who sharpened your knife?"

Yet unsympathetic as his attitude might sometimes seem to a very young or a very sentimental person, one had to realize that

it was the attitude of a well rounded man of the world. To any direct appeal he was unfailingly kind, and his old-fashioned courtesy was untiring. He had a way of assuming your respect and then treating you as an equal, the social result of which was perfect. He was too deeply impregnated with aristocratic feeling for any of it to daub off offensively upon those who came into contact with him. The very thoroughness of his self-appreciation kept him free of vanity, just as the high esteem in which he held his family saved his interest in genealogy from seeming a fad. Of course my acquaintance with him, novel as the point from which I viewed him may have been, was too slight to permit of my making, even to myself, any very thoroughgoing decisions about his character; but I saw clearly enough that he was a man of large honor, of humor, of wide and discriminating interest in affairs. He was one of the last survivors of that nearly obsolete type of New Englander, the educated gentleman-merchant; and though there are other kinds of men in their way just as useful, yet it is always a stimulating exercise to turn from to-day for a moment's reverent study of those modes of manhood that existed among us yesterday, and the virtues of which will distil into our blood for many a day to come.

The last time I saw Colonel Lee was one fresh autumn morning, much like that first September day, but a year later. He had sent for me to finish my interrupted work, and I was taking to him another student who was to act as substitute. He looked as vigorous and ruddy as ever, but his heart beat painfully from the effort of walking upstairs, and he had to sit still some time before speaking. With the first supply of breath he explained with all his old kindliness that he had sent for us because he was about to write down some memories of his life, for which he needed to find many papers. "You know I am not immortal," he added, still holding his hand over the troublesome heart. I was struck at the time by the Spartan urbanity of the remark. "Of course," he went on, "my story will be in one sense nothing at all; but then, it will be a pretty long nothing-at-all"— and I caught that elusive twinkle coming nearer the surface and retiring again.

When, an hour later, we had finished our preliminary survey, the carriage was at the door, and we were invited to ride down to the car with Colonel Lee. With his ready tact, he made me take the inside seat and my friend the outside; for was I not the senior arranger? Thus we rode, side by side, for the last quarter of an hour that I ever saw this fine old man I had come so much to respect; and I picture him now as he still sat there after I had got out, leaning back with his own quiet dignity and smiling at us young fellows. I reached in and shook hands, realizing as I did so that I should probably never see him again. Then we shut the door; the carriage started on, and we stood a moment before turning away, glad to think that such a man as this had gone out from our common college.

THE CARTERS IN EARLY OHIO.

A GLIMPSE OF CINCINNATI IN ITS FIRST QUARTER CENTURY.

By C. E. Cabot.

"MR. THOMAS CARTER with his wife and eight children, left Reading, Mass., on the 16th day of Sept., 1802; and about the 1st of January, 1803, arrived at Cincinnati, N. W. Territory, Ohio."

So reads the record, one of many similar ones at that date, when the long trains of emigrant wagons, carrying the best elements of our New England farming and trading population, traversed the thinly settled country between our seacoast and the almost unbroken wilderness of the then remote Northwest, over the routes soon to become great highways of commerce. From the homes whose necessities had been wrested from adverse conditions of climate and soil, to the fertile western country inviting and awaiting their coming to widen its own more favorable opportunities, went forth the families, —the women whose toil would be in nowise lessened, and the children whose training would build the foundation of the future of the newer country, whose almost limitless horizon would furnish full scope for whatever ambition they might cherish.

In 1788 the attention of people in the eastern states became attracted toward the fertile lands along the Ohio River as a country desirable for occupancy. In 1784 Virginia had ceded to the United States all her territory northwest of the Ohio; and in 1787 the famous Ordinance was passed, organizing and regulating its government,—that Ordinance which has been well called "worthy of everlasting praise." In the previous year, 1786, the Ohio Land Company had been formed in Boston to promote emigration, purchasing five million acres in the Ohio valley. Under the direction of this company Marietta became settled in the spring of 1788, and Cincinnati in the autumn of the same year. The early settlers were intelligent and enterprising. Most of them had served in the Revolutionary War as officers or soldiers, and at its close hoped to find more favorable conditions for future usefulness in the newer country. But peace did not come to them as they had hoped. At the very outset they were called upon to endure not only all the privations and labors of pioneer life, but were obliged to be continually on the defensive against the Indians, who kept our whole frontier in a constant state of warfare; and it was not until 1795, when peace was established by the Treaty of Greenville, that any sense of security was felt, although the various tribes still cherished hostility toward the United States, and the duty of keeping open communication between the widely scattered settlements and of protecting the lives of the settlers had still to be maintained.

In 1798 the people of the territory, having so increased in numbers as to be entitled to representation in Congress, chose as their first delegate William Henry Harrison, then only twenty-five years of age, but already of distinguished ability in the public service; and he was duly elected, October 3, 1799. To this fortunate choice did our western country owe much of her prosperity in future growth and welfare. Thoroughly informed as to the conditions and necessities of the country, and of sound judgment as to the best methods by

which its assured peace and well-being might be best maintained, Mr. Harrison was active in the adoption by Congress of an act providing first of all for the subdivision of the public lands into small lots, that thereby people of moderate means might find it easy to secure homesteads for their families. Burnet writes: "This act was hailed as the most beneficent measure that Congress had ever adopted for the benefit of the people of the West." Another writer adds: "By putting it in the power of every man to become an independent landowner, it started such a tide of emigration westward as the world never before witnessed." This act was followed by the passage of others making terms of payment easy, extending the time of payments, and securing to purchasers undisputed titles to lands already occupied by pre-emption rights, thus enabling them to lay the foundation of future comfort and wealth; the custom of forfeiture was abolished, and in every way were the people to be protected by righteous laws.

From this time forward the march of improvement was steady and sure. In 1803 Ohio was admitted into the Union as a state, and still faster did the newcomers arrive in ever-increasing numbers. So general became the exodus from the eastern states that in time even surprise at the going or coming was scarcely felt in some neighborhoods. The mild, long drawn ejaculation of "Going to the 'hio? Lor!" became an oft-heard expression. Families united their forces; friends and friends' friends enthusiastically and hopefully joined the long caravan.

From a quiet country neighborhood in old Plymouth County, Massachusetts, in 1788, a company of women on horseback are said to have accompanied the emigrants on the first six miles of their journey; and then all tarried a week among old neighbors and friends. They looked upon it as a final parting, and one of the well-to-do farmers offered to give to a young daughter of the emigrating party his son for a husband and a deed of a house and farm, if she would remain with them; but she had cast her lot with her own people, and would not consent to stay. Two years afterward she was teaching the first school established for white children in Ohio (for several years there had been Moravian missions for the Indians), and later she was married to one of the leading public men in that country,—the son of the man who had carried out a load of books among his agricultural tools and other necessities. In Marietta money was appropriated for school purposes within two years after its settlement.

These people were among the earliest emigrants; they went out to join one of their number who had been sent out by the Ohio Company to the Marietta settlement the previous autumn,—one who, a boat-builder by trade, became one of the constructors of the *Mayflower*, the first transport boat on the Ohio River, and was one of the first who landed, on April 7, 1788, on the soil of the present state of Ohio. This second *Mayflower* of history, forty-five by twelve feet in size, it is recorded, led its fleet of one flatboat and three canoes from Simrel's Ferry, its birthplace on the "Yoh," as it came to be called, down with the current on its first voyage, past Pittsburgh into the Ohio River.

These first emigrants were forty-eight in number, mostly from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. We learn from various sources the oft-told incidents of those early days. Until the close of the Indian wars in 1795, all roads were nearly impassable for wagons. The flatboats or arks were used while the river was open. Horseback travelling was universal. Ox teams were preferred to horses in the long journeys from New England, as better suited to work among the unbroken country, and as less likely to be stolen by the Indians. It was often difficult to get their corn

broken to pieces, or grated, as was sometimes done. A quantity of wheat was at one time brought across the ice on hand-sleds from Pennsylvania, a distance of fifty miles, and was ground in a small hand-mill, which finally became broken from constant use. At one settlement there was a large coffee-mill, whose hopper would hold a peck of corn, the finer parts of which would be sifted for bread, and the coarser boiled with venison or bear meat for hearty food. Cows were few, and it was difficult to raise hogs and sheep, as they would be devoured by the wolves and bears. We read also that for many years after the first settlement of the territory salt had to be brought long distances across the mountains on pack horses, as no nearer supply was then known.

In the winter of 1790 there had been great scarcity of provisions. Corn was then two dollars a bushel; to save meal it was often mixed with such quantities of pumpkin, in making bread, that the presence of the meal could scarcely be detected. Salt was five dollars a bushel; so the people ate their corn bread without *and liked it better*. Having no candles, they used pine knots for light, *and liked them better*. Coarse Indian meal was boiled and thinned for tea, of which all partook with relish. Many expedients were resorted to until their supplies could be brought over the long distances on pack horses or across the frozen river. But in the early spring, the sap of the sugar-maple, boiled down with meal, made a rich and nutritious food. The new vegetables were ready before midsummer, and thus in time that period of severe distress and privation was safely passed.

But better conditions prevailed at the beginning of the present century, when the Carter family of our brief story settled in the Miami country, as it was for a long time called, and to which letters were so directed as late as in 1804. The Miami purchase covered one million acres; and it is related that its settlers prospered beyond all others, in spite of all disadvantages.

In 1789 Fort Washington, Cincinnati's earliest beginning, was established. Its site lay across the old Indian warpath from the British garrison at Detroit to the Ohio River. The future city consisted of eight hundred acres, paid for in Continental certificates, at a cost of two hundred and fifty dollars, in the depreciated currency of that time. There had been no mail system previous to 1794; but in that year a small fleet of light boats was built, after the manner of whaling craft, each with four oarsmen and a coxswain, all well armed with loaded muskets. Two horsemen carried the mail overland from Pittsburgh to Wheeling, where the first boat began its journey; at Gallipolis a second boat carried it to Maysville, Kentucky, and a third boat to Cincinnati. From Wheeling to Cincinnati a letter would be six days on its journey; the return trip, being against the current, took twice as long. Postage on an ordinary letter was twenty-five cents, not necessarily prepaid.

But it is of the life of the Miami settlers alone, beginning at a period still within the century mark, that the following correspondence treats, in simple detail of family affairs:

"Cincinnati, January 29, 1803.

"*Dear Sister:*—I now begin to think of old Reading. We have all arrived here well, after a tedious journey of three months and nine days. The particulars of our journey and fatigues are too numerous to mention. But I will give you a short account of it.

"We travelled 700 miles by land, 400 by water. We started from Reading the sixteenth day of September, nineteen in company; stopped at Uncle Burnet's in Fitchburg; started from there the twentieth, all well, with stout hearts for the Ohio; no more friends to take leave of. It began to rain, and continued to rain five days constant after we left Fitchburg; we travelled four of them, and by this time began to get among the mountains and log houses; we found the people very kind; they entertained us very reasonably. We arrived at the North River all well; had got 200 miles on our journey: this was the third considerable river we passed over; some

of us thought we had got to the Ohio, but found ourselves much mistaken. Here Lucy, Annis, George and Warren were taken with the measles; all had them bad but Annis; she had them light.

"I have no doubt but that you would have been pleased with some parts of our journey; we passed among all sorts of people and languages; 300 miles we travelled among the Dutch; they were the most inhuman people I ever saw; they called us Yankees, thought themselves very much above us, charged us very high for everything bought of them; for every article we had to beg and plead, and to pay for at a dear rate. They were in general very rich; their women worked out of doors at swingling flax, holding the plough, digging potatoes, etc. Eli Flint and I took some notice of their girls, but they were the plainest set I ever met with. We passed over a number of large rivers; at last came to the North Mountain; here were three ridges of mountains; on the second I killed a wild turkey, which pleased me much. Hezekiah Flint wrote to us to come on to Geneva on the Monongahela River, as there were two families going down the river and we might go with them. When we came there we found the families not in circumstances to go down the river with us; we had travelled fifteen miles out of our way. We stopped at Geneva three weeks, had three removals in the time; we moved from Geneva, and in three days reached the Ohio. Eli stopped at Geneva; he there fell in love with a young miss, and that was the last I saw of him, but have since heard that he is married. We stopped at Wheeling four weeks. I started to go to Cincinnati by land, three hundred miles through the wilderness, where the houses are ten and fifteen miles apart. I travelled alone, and arrived safe in eight days; in five days after, the rest of the party came by water; thus we have all arrived safe after our long journey.

"We have hired a house for the present; we like the land much. We can buy flour for 9 shillings a hundred; corn meal for 25 cents a bushel; pork for 9 shillings a hundred; beef the same; turkeys for ninepence apiece, and every kind of provision very cheap. Look me out a pretty girl, and I will come and take her if I like her, in about two years, for there is no wife for me here. I have been down the river below Cincinnati, 100 miles by water, and came back by land; on the Kentucky side the girls sit by the fire with their gloves on."

In the following May Mr. Carter wrote again to his sister as follows:

"I hope that you will come to this country with your husband, and will spend the remainder of your lives here in this western country; the land is the best in the world. We bought a quarter of a bear for 27 cents, and a quarter of a deer for 25 cents. You must write as often as you can, for we are only 1,200 miles apart, and can hear from one another every month. You have a new sister whom you have never seen; she is a handsome babe."

In June came letters filled with accounts of the strong tide of religious excitement which spread so widely its great revival.

"The people of this country are in a glorious way. You would be amazed to see them in their large meetings, where they preach and sing and pray all at one time, and the power of God comes down in a wonderful manner. This is the truth. I have been out to meeting 30 miles and spent four days. There were nearly one thousand people; it is a blessed time, and the work of God is spreading very fast all around us. Oh, that you were here to be a partaker with us!"

A few years later some of the younger members of the family embraced the New Church doctrines, which then seemed to them to set forth the truth in a clearer light. In the same month as that of the last letter Mr. Carter writes:

"This country is the best land I ever saw; this town is as thick settled as Lynn, and as good houses are in it. The river runs east and west before the town, and is very beautiful and pleasant. I have bought a lot in town within twenty rods of the courthouse, and I believe I shall build me a house on the same, as large as 40x20 feet, and two stories high. I have taken up trading some since I have been here, and have cleared one hundred dollars in two months; for myself I am at that business yet, and shall keep to it at present. I have made twenty barrels of cider this spring, of apples that I bought; and five barrels of vinegar; and I sold the same at five dollars a barrel. I have also salt and iron and flour for sale. I had more than one hundred barrels of apples for sale this spring, and they kept sound and good till the first of June. The boys have planted eight or ten acres of corn this spring, and three hundred bushels were raised on this. Trading is a very good business here. A shoemaker may earn more in one day here than in three days there. Women's cloth or kid shoes are $2.50 a pair in cash; men's

shoes are the same. I could have made one dollar on every pair if I had brought them on with me.

"People told me before I came here that no cattle could be raised here; but you may tell them it is a mistake, for here are five times the cattle that are raised among you. I have seen three large droves going to Baltimore this spring. When I was coming out here I saw more than one thousand upon the road, going there and to other places. They raise hogs here without number, and all other stock. Everything is plenty here.

"Who would think of seeing large ships sailing down the river one thousand miles from salt water? Come here and you may see them and all other craft anchored in the harbor of Cincinnati and passing by. Seven or nine have passed by this spring, and boats almost without number.

"The winter is not half as cold here as there; the summer is not yet as warm, and people tell me that it is as warm as it will be. There was a smart snowstorm here the seventh of May, which covered the ground, and the frost hath chilled all the fruit."

Then followed details of home life. The children were getting four months' schooling, and the teacher was a very good one, and his scholars of eight and nine years of age could read and write almost equal to himself, and could say their grammar. The singing-school flourished also, and the children were all growing; the new sister was a very pretty little girl. Warren, a stout boy, was in the first class in the spelling book; George was a good boy to work; Annis was a beauty and well grown; Lucy had grown as fast as anybody ever could, and was "middling handsome"; Polly was a great girl and good; Thomas was pretty much as he always was, and Ephraim was called handsome.

"And now, dear sister, reply to this letter as soon as possible; but you must tell your husband not to send any more such large letters, because we had to pay one dollar for it, and he hardly wrote anything about religion at all, and it is awful to think of that in a man of sense."

The next following letters relate to the death of this eldest sister. Her married life, though short, seemed one of almost ideal happiness, and her loss was sincerely mourned by her bereaved husband, who did not marry again for many years. In their family Bible of 1803 I find his touching testimony to her worth:

"July the 30th, 1804, expired my amiable companion; cut down in the flower of her youth, of a lingering illness, which she bore with uncommon fortitude and with Christian patience and resignation to the Divine will, in whom she placed a firm but humble hope of acceptance through the blessed Redeemer. Her early grave is bedewed with the tears of friendship, gratitude and conjugal devotion."

The correspondence between the families continued, however. In March, 1805, they wrote that their health was very good, though their whole number, eleven, had been ill (through inoculation) with the small-pox, which had prevailed widely.

"We enjoy as good a state of health as we did in New England. Our father keepeth a small store, of which he maketh a handsome living. Brother Thomas has gone to trade up the river, about 300 miles; we expect he will bring back apples and cider and whiskey; he can buy cider for $2 a bbl.; apples for 25c. per bushel; whiskey for 40c. per gallon; and if he gets down safe he will double on them all. It would pay you well to bring on store goods, and stay awhile to see the country for yourself; bring groceries of every kind, but no powder nor lead. Put them on board a vessel at Boston, send them to Baltimore; then by wagon to Wheeling, 280 miles, 3,500 lbs. to a wagon load, which the wagoner will carry for $5 a hundred lbs.; thence to Cincinnati, a distance of 400 miles by water, or 300 miles by land. A wagon load will fill a small store pretty well. If you have a mind to bring any dry goods, do so; then come, too, and you will not repent coming."

The father of the family also wrote, January, 1806:

"This is a very healthy time and a moderate winter; no snow here yet. This is a fine country, and people are coming here very fast. I believe there hath come here one thousand families this year past; every day coming. Don't be concerned about the postage, for I have twenty dollars here where I had one in Reading; I take from

five dollars to one hundred and thirty-five dollars a day in general. I am not in want of money; come on, and you may get some too. We can earn as much here by working three days in the week as by working there every day. My cellar at Reading would not hold wine or brandy, but it will here, and other good liquors, and pork and beef in plenty, and all kinds of provisions. Instead of corn meal we eat flour. A fine country; the soil not less than two and a half or three feet deep."

These continued entreaties to come out to the new country, the fine country, to see for himself, proved not so alluring to the brother-in-law as might have been the case had he not just settled down to a life of long-hoped-for rest after several sea voyages of hardship and of severe suffering by shipwreck. He had had quite enough of adventure for all time. Later, when he became inclined to consider the change more favorably, the War of 1812 and its disturbances put an end to all thought of change.

"April, 1806. *Dear Brother:* I send you the prices of articles here. Lisbon, sherry and port wines sell at one dollar a quart, also French brandy. Rum no sale; gin no sale.

Brown sugar	31c.	per lb.
Loaf sugar	50c.	per lb.
Coffee	50c.	per lb.
Alum	25c.	per lb.
Indigo	37½c.	per oz.
Young Hyson tea	$2.00	per lb.
Bohea	75c.	per lb.
Pepper	75c.	per lb.
Ginger	50c.	per lb.
Allspice	50c.	per lb.
Cheap calicoes	50c.	per yd.
Cheap India cottons	37½c. @ 75c.	per yd.
Pins	25c.	a paper
Silk thread	12½c.	a skein

"Case knives and forks from $1.50 to $3 a case.

"Scissors from 31c. a pair to 50 cts. Handsaws good at $3 each.

"Iron shovels at $2 apiece. *Gallerses* at $1 a pair.

"Pocketbooks $1 each good.

"The merchants here allow themselves to make from fifty to one hundred per cent on all their goods. There is hardly anything you can bring but will sell here. As for the education of your child, it may be as well here as there, for there are two schools now in this city, and people of good behavior, so you need not give yourself any trouble. Board is two dollars a week; store hire from $3 to $10 a month. The merchants here allow the carriage from Baltimore to amount to eight cents a pound; when a wagoner takes in a load there, he is accountable for that load till he delivers it at its destined place; and if damaged, he pays for it; but it is very rare that it happens to be the case.

"If you will come out here and bring one crate of queen's ware, making out the wagon load with other articles, that will do to begin with; and when you have sold them, if you do not like this part of the world, you may buy a boat, load it with flour and pork, start to New Orleans, and make a 'good out;' and then return to your native country with more cash than you would make there in the time. Our stock is chiefly from Baltimore; our merchants go there once a year. The conveyance from that place to Wheeling I believe is quite safe, for I never heard of any danger of late years. Any article in the grocery line is good to bring on; mackerel sell here at 25c. each; shad at 37½ cents each."

"April 6, 1806. The peach trees were in full bloom on the 1st of April. The earth this past winter was twice covered with snow, but very thin. People are coming here very fast. I hope to hear you will come, and if you wish I will provide a store against you come. Two of the boys went down the river about three months ago with a load of flour; we have heard that they have sold out and are to bring back a load of salt, which they can buy for 60 cts. a bushel, and can sell it here in this city for $2.50 a bushel; at the lead mines down the river they can buy lead for 5 cts. a lb., and can sell it here for 12½ cts. a lb. by the hundred."

"April 20, 1808. The apple trees are in bloom; peas and garden seeds are up. You might come to this country in thirty days. I think you would be pleased to see our situation. Father owns three houses in Cincinnati; one of brick, 39x38 feet; Thomas owns one of brick, 25x20 feet; and Elijah also one, 28x20 feet; all are two stories in height. The Embargo hurts the trade on the waters here; superfine flour can be purchased for three dollars a barrel; several trading men have been ruined this season by carrying flour and pork to the New Orleans market. We are making money very fast. I wish you to advise me, for I still live a single life. Not one of us is married yet."

"September, 1808. Thomas has returned from the lead mines, and has brought back seven tons of lead."

"December, 1808. Any goods will sell here at 25 per cent profit after taking out the carriage. That is the general custom

here at the present time. Watches are cheaper here than with you. Business is very dull here at present, but better than with you. How doth Marblehead stand it for want of fish? We are all enjoying good health, through the mercy of God. Ephraim is to be married to-morrow, to an English girl about sixteen years of age. I am very glad that we came away from that poor country. If we had stayed there we should never have been so well fixed as we are now."

"December 14, 1811. Governor Harrison has had a battle with the Prophet and his party of Indians on the Wabash River. It was the hardest ever fought. They came on the Americans in the night; but Col. Boyd formed his men and rushed upon them with bayonets; and after a long combat the Indians dispersed. The Prophet's party lost about one hundred men, and a great number were wounded. Our loss was great — about two hundred killed and wounded. Col. Boyd has gained great applause in this country. It is supposed the war is over; people need not be afraid to come here on account of the Indians, for I conceive no danger from them. Mr. More [a brother-in-law] brought store goods from New York to this country and has sold them out and bought him a farm on the Ohio River thirty miles below Wheeling. He is now about starting for New Orleans with a boat load for that market. He is a good scholar, and he talks of keeping school at Natchez for a year or two after his return, for he can get one thousand dollars a year for teaching ten scholars. You may tell your people that Cincinnati is one of the finest towns this side of the Alleghany Mountains. On some streets half-acre lots sell for $2,000 and rising in value fast. There are now about four hundred houses in this town. You would be surprised to see how fast this country improves."

"January, 1812. Times are hard and provisions scarce on account of the Northwestern Army being stationed nigh this. Harrison's army has destroyed seven Indian towns and put the Indians to flight. People here talk hard against Brigadier General Smith; they think he is a second Hull. Our armies here have been in motion several months, and Canada is not yet taken. God save America from Hull. British gold has great influence; for the sake of that metal our armies are sold and are brought into disgrace among the nations of the earth."

Two of the brothers had joined the Light Horse, and were in Hull's campaign.

"July, 1813. Thomas has gone to New Orleans again with a barge-load of flour, five hundred bbls.; he will bring back sugar, cotton, coffee, rice and logwood; and he will clear in eight months four thousand dollars. It has been a fine year for trading; flour has sold in New Orleans as high as twenty dollars a bbl., which we buy for only six dollars a bbl. One New England man who came here six years ago with $300 traded to New Orleans and is now worth ten thousand dollars in cash; and many others have made their fortunes. Money is plenty here. I wish you would come on; you would do well. Property increases one hundred per cent in twelve months. We are blessed in this country; we deserve to be; we fared hard in New England. I wish half the people of that country would come here. I pity the poor people there."

"May, 1814. I am keeping store; have bought goods to the amount of $11,000. Thomas is coming up from New Orleans with his barge; it carries sixty tons, and he gets five and a half cts. a lb. for freighting. This town is like a seaport. It is a fine place for mechanics; carpenters and masons can take jobs and make from five to ten dollars per day; bricklaying is $3.50 a thousand; carpenters' work goes by measurement at a high rate. Mechanics here can make their fortunes in four or five years. I can't tell half of the ways to make fortunes. If the people of New England would believe the truth, they would flock to this country in thousands; but they will stay and starve; though a man would come from the dead they would not believe him. They think there that if a man has property to the amount of one thousand dollars, he is rich; and when a young man is free from his father, if his father gives him one hundred dollars, a horse, saddle, bridle and whip, he can marry the best girl in the country. But if he has not got these things, he is thought no more of than a negro. But here, if a man is not worth ten dollars, if he is an honest man he can make a fortune, for the people are more friendly here.

"We have three banks, with a capital of $1,500,000. I have made $5,000 in buying and selling property. It is a custom here to retail goods from 37 to 100 per cent profit. Yesterday I bought a lot of land for $3,000, and sold it for $3,700.

"It is a fine thing that we came to this country; if we had not, we might now be living among the pines and never have known anything but hard work, and have spent our lives in misery and woe."

"October, 1814. I expect you feel the effects of the war by this time. It has been the making of this country."

The last letter was written in 1830 by one of the grandsons, after his re-

turn home from a visit to Boston and other eastern cities. In this letter he expresses great pleasure at attentions received. I quote but one sentence:

"I think that Boston stands unrivalled as to its beauty and cleanliness; the people generally are more friendly and socially disposed than in the other cities; at least we found them so."

A numerous race at the present day is that of the Carters. At their family reunion held in Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1884, it was stated that they then numbered over twenty-five thousand in the United States; and the secretary's assertion was that the life of no individual could possibly be long enough to compile the history of the whole family. On that somewhat remarkable occasion, about one-thirtieth of the family's thousands were present. From all directions came the Carters, even from the Sandwich Islands, the home of the president of the association; and many others famous and learned, all good men and true, were among the numbers. The bond of kinship seemed particularly strong in similarity of family traits, as depicted in each speaker's narration, so that the fact that all Carters everywhere are found to be worthy and efficient, industrious and self-respecting, endowed with sterling qualities of mind and heart, seemed thoroughly proven. The law, the gospel and the college were all fully represented, the reverends of the name being noticeably conspicuous on the record. Mrs. G. W. Chaney, herself a Carter, made pleasant allusion to their descent, in a poem:

"We always mean to be on hand, ready to take a part,
Though but as fifth wheel to the coach, or third wheel to the cart.
(You never see artillery go to the field to fight
Unless, as on our coat of arms, an extra wheel's in sight.)
We don't exactly know what for, and yet we feel a pride
Just latent in the family, not heralded outside,
In what some of us are, or were, or might be if we tried."

The Rev. Dr. March, the present successor to the Rev. Thomas Carter, the first minister in Woburn, whose term of service extended from 1641 to 1677 and who was the ancestor of many in New England bearing the name, gave greeting to the Carters from the West and from the South, in a long poem of welcome to the early home of their race, exhorting all to be true to the fathers' name and to emulate their virtues:

"Go on, sons of New England sires;
Improve the ways your fathers trod;
Fill the land with your schools, crown the hills with your spires;
Let your skill find work, and your faith find God.
Put your hands to the plough, put the plough in deep;
And remember the words for the wise to keep:—
'As every man sows shall every man reap.'"

This injunction had surely been already well kept by the Carters in early Ohio, who carried with them into the great West the strong character, the good thought and the good habits of the old New England home.

IN THE HIGH PLACES.

By Virna Woods.

IT was at just that hour in the evening when people were hastening from the city to their homes, that a man sat on a shaded bench at the edge of the park, watching the varied panorama before him. Although to the most casual observer he was possessed of youth, health and good looks, it seemed to him at that moment that his hands were empty of the gifts of life. His mood, however, was not that of melancholy or regret, but one of eagerness and hope. Now he was poor, unknown, and without friends of great influence; but some day, he was sure, his energy, education and native ability would win him success. He let his thoughts drift to that golden future with a vague content, as again and again from the shifting kaleidoscope presented to his view he recognized men whose achievements were an incentive to his own ambition.

The first he noticed was a well known surgeon, whose strong, fair face swept by in a flashing glimpse, as his spirited horses bore him swiftly home. "Surely," thought the young man, "he must be satisfied with his life. He has made himself known and respected throughout the entire country; and he has saved many lives. It would be worth labor and weariness and the effort of years to stand where that man stands to-day."

The doctor went on. When he reached home he let himself in with a key and went unobserved to his own study. Here he threw himself into an easy-chair, his arms hanging down listlessly, his whole attitude one of weariness and dejection. Lines of care and pain grew definite in his fine face. He did not see the luxury of his surroundings; he did not remember the triumphs of years. He was exhausted in mind and body, sensitive only to suffering; and his thoughts were scourges to him. All day he had been fighting death, and had been defeated. To-night he seemed to realize as never before the futility of human effort. But if the victim had been marked with death from the first, it would not have been so hard for him. He knew that he might have saved her, and he had failed.

She was a beautiful woman, one whom he had known from the time she was a child. Although he had never been more than a professional acquaintance, he had followed her life with interest. She had married young, and her husband had remained a devoted lover. She was the mother of two children, a boy and a girl, the younger but three years old. She had wealth, beauty and social position to add to the happiness of her life.

He remembered when she had come to him with the first premonition of a dread disease. "I will not have you tell my husband," she said, when he had confirmed her fears. "We will spare him the pain of knowing as long as possible. And you say there is hope. It may be that he need never know." But the time had come too soon when they could no longer conceal from him the truth. The husband had sought the doctor privately and demanded of him the chances of his wife's recovery. The doctor remembered how carefully he had considered the question before he replied. "I think," he had said at last, "that we must have an operation; and she will have perhaps nine chances out of ten to live." But before resorting to the extreme measure, he had consulted two specialists and they had

both advised against the operation. Yielding to their judgment, he had delayed until at last he knew that the operation was inevitable. He knew also that her chances of recovery were no more than even. That day the effort had been made, and had failed.

He had not left her till she lay at rest after her fruitless pain. Her husband rose from her bedside where he had been kneeling and followed him into the hall. "If you had performed the operation when you first thought of it," he began; then his voice stopped with a choking sound. "She would have lived," the doctor replied. The look of passionate regret on the man's white face was more than he could bear. He turned from him and stumbled out of the door. "I might have saved her," he said to himself. "I might have saved her; I might have saved her." The words repeated themselves in the rumble of wheels and the traffic of the streets, and they grew louder in the stillness of his room. But in the shadowed park the youth dreamed on of greatness and success.

The next man he marked as a model was an eminent judge, a man known for the rectitude as well as the brilliancy of his career. He passed in his carriage, and even the young man saw that his face was worn and pale. "But he is already old," he said to himself, "and his position and his reputation are worth the sacrifice of years. Under his weary look his heart must be satisfied with his achievements."

The judge rode on. In the hallway of his home his young wife met him with a smile. "Not now," he said, brushing by her with unseeing eyes. "I must be alone." He went to his room and locked the door. Then he fell to pacing the floor, his head bent and his hands gripped together behind him. There were wrinkles on his face that time had not made, and in his blood-shot, sunken eyes was the far-away gaze of one who looks into the past.

It was a wide-acred farm that he saw through the mist of years, a low white house set in its midst with cool verandas and green window-blinds that shut out the summer sun from the low ceiled rooms. At the edge of the apple orchard a youth leaned eagerly over the fence, trying to reach the clasped hands of a yellow haired girl, who stood with downcast eyes on the other side. At a rush of words from his lips, the eyes were lifted in a flashing moment, and the hands unclasped and stretched timidly to him.

Many visions the old man saw, of field and river and forest, and always in these visions moved the dark haired youth and the yellow haired girl. In his dream the years passed. His ambition had separated them. The youth told himself it was only for a season. He could not handicap himself with a wife in the race for success; but when the goal was won he would go back for her and share with her his honors and his fame. But when he returned the yellow haired girl was gone, and in her place was a pale woman with a babe in her arms.

"I thought you had forgotten me," she sobbed under the old apple tree; "and my father and my mother wanted me to marry and live near them on the next farm."

"Are you happy?" he cried. "Do you love your husband?"

She turned away her face and did not answer him. Then he begged the favor of one kiss. She shook her head slowly, but held the child out to him. He lifted it and kissed its dimpled face; then he laid it in her arms and turned away without a word.

Again the years passed, and he had riches and honors. But the woman had suffered much and had died. Before many years her husband lay beside her in a drunkard's grave. But the dreamer had lost sight of the child.

The years went on, and the man, who had made himself a power in the

city of his adoption, took to his home a young bride; but in his heart was a closed chamber where lived forever the memory of a yellow haired girl.

Suddenly the visions of the past receded and the last day's scenes were photographed on his brain with realistic horror. For several weeks a man had been on trial for his life. Throughout the progress of the case the judge had been unaccountably interested in the prisoner and had been haunted by a vague familiarity about the face, but the commonplace name served little to identify the man. "There have been many of that name at the bar of my court," he said, musingly, but he knew it had been the name of the woman he loved.

That morning he remembered it when he entered the courtroom and caught the look of despair on the prisoner's youthful face. With a sudden impulse he stopped by his side and looked at him wistfully with his keen, searching eyes.

"Boy, what was your mother's name?" he said.

The youth paled and flushed with the shame of recollection. Once that mother had been proud of the beauty and the manliness of her boy. But the grave judge stood before him, studying him with his unflinching gaze. He dropped his head and whispered the name of the yellow haired girl.

The judge was still under the spell of a dream when he rose to give his charge to the jury. But at the first words he woke to an acute consciousness of the moment. With him lay the possibility of the prisoner's release. The proof of guilt had been overwhelming, but with words of fire, in strange contrast with the judicial habit, he had begged the jury to remember the man's youth and consider the reasons why they should be merciful. The soul of his pure mother in heaven must be torn with anguish if her son suffered a felon's death; let there be no fatal mistake. He spoke of the power of heredity and of the youth's heritage of evil from his father, of his orphaned life and its lack of wholesome and restraining influences. He did not know how he had ended, but he sat down trembling and exhausted, his very breath suspended as he watched the jury file out of the courtroom. It seemed to him that not more than a moment had passed when they returned. He leaned forward on his desk, his thin fingers nervously interlaced. Then something seemed to turn to stone in his breast. The verdict was *guilty*, with the penalty of death! He rose like an automaton to pronounce the sentence. He saw the people look at him curiously and whisper among themselves. His lips had moved, but no sound came from them. He swayed slightly; then he knew no more. He revived in the fresh air, and was soon able to be driven home. Now he paced his room, the agony of it all upon him; the romance of the past wakened to new and terrible life by the awful tragedy of the present. But the youth in the park dreamed on of glory and success.

Looking up as a crowded car went by with whir of motion and clang of bells, he saw a journalist, the editor-in-chief of one of the great city papers, standing on the platform and leaning carelessly against the car. His face was keen and strong; his figure, even in its negligent attitude, suggestive of alertness and force. The observer thought of how his opinions day by day swayed the minds of men, and how his name was ever in the mouth of the public. "Honor and power," he whispered to himself. "Surely he is satisfied."

He was still thinking of him when the journalist himself had entered his bachelor chambers and had sought repose to strengthen him for a heavy night's work. It was in vain that he tried to sleep. Importunate thoughts of the day's routine crowded upon his weary brain; opinions of current events formed themselves in his

thoughts with due regard to the demands of the omnipotent public. Without, a street organ passed beneath his window. The tune that it was grinding out discordantly stirred a forgotten chord of feeling in his breast. Again he sat on the high school platform on commencement day, and the orchestra played the *Beautiful Blue Danube*. The next number on the program was his oration on "Allegiance to Ideals." He remembered it now with a mingled feeling of amusement and shame,—it was so unworldly wise, but it was so noble in its outlived aspirations. A sense of unworthiness oppressed him, as he thought of it after many years of oblivion. Then he had dreamed of greatness, of art for art's sake, of the uplifting of humanity. He had meant to write masterpieces of fiction that should live and ennoble the race; he had meant to be a leader of the thoughts of men. And mingled with the golden vision of his career was the glamour of a youth's dream of love, the thought of the sympathy and help of some perfect woman to cheer him on his upward way.

In the years that had fallen from him he had outlived his dreams. He had found the public not clay to be moulded in his hands; instead, it was the potter that shaped for him his thoughts. Inch by inch he had given up his ground, until he had learned to write not that which would uplift the race, but that which the public wanted and would take in exchange for gold. The world ascribed to him power; but he knew in his inmost heart that he was only a creature of the people's will. As for his dream of love, that had vanished; in his pursuit of success he had not had time to marry.

The organ passed from under his window and its discordant notes died in the distance, but the bitterness remained in his heart.

The youth on the bench mused on. His eyes followed the quick stride of a merchant prince through the labyrinth of pedestrians. He thought of his mammoth store and his palatial residence. He thought of the great interests he controlled and the number of people dependent upon him for their daily bread. "It is enough," he said to himself; "he must be content."

But the merchant went on, striking blindly through the crowd, with the instinct of a wounded beast, seeking a hidden covert of the wood. He had sought to extend his business, to double his wealth and power, and he knew now that he was threatened with ruin. His fate was in the balance, and for hours he would not know the turning of the scale. As the crowd through which he hurried respectfully made way for him, he thought bitterly that to-morrow, if he were known to be a poor man, they would jostle him as rudely as a beggar on the street. His mind reverted to the past, and he asked himself if his career had been worth the sacrifices he had made for it. He had given up the higher culture of the mind in the routine of commercial life, until he had lost the appreciation of literature and art; he had given up the worshipping love of a good woman to marry a cold society belle whose alliance would advance his business interests. A forgotten bit of his mother's Bible repeated itself persistently in his mind: "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Had he not bartered the highest things of life for gold?

He went on, wondering dully what his life would have been like if he had married the girl he loved; and for a moment the thought softened the bitterness of his face. But it hardened again as he entered the vestibule of his loveless home. Through the open drawing-room door he heard the murmur of voices. He knew them for those of his wife and the man whom society was beginning to call his rival. He passed noiselessly up the stairway, his features set in lines of regret and despair. But still the youth in the

park builded his cobweb palaces of the fantasies of hope.

Slowly, with serious mien and thoughtful face, a man passed through the throng, and the youth's eyes followed him. He was a man whose voice from the pulpit had swayed the people for years, whose life had been a high example to the multitude. "Surely he must be content," sighed the youth, "not only from the success of his career, but from his noble deeds."

But in the man's face were lines of pain that were not visible to the youth; and he bent his way homeward with a heavy heart. In his study he sank into his luxurious chair, and rested his head on his hand. Through the open window came the faint hum of life from the streets below. He looked about him at his books and pictures and busts; and there was something alien about the familiar scene. The face of Christ in Raphael's *Transfiguration* seemed to smite him from its place on the wall with an accusing sense of guilt; and the thorn-crowned *Ecce Homo* looked at him as if he had placed the thorns anew on the bleeding brow. A faint breeze from the window blew across the table at his side, and some loose sheets of manuscript fluttered to his feet. He picked them up mechanically, and returned them to their place. But as he did so, some of the words caught his eye and burned themselves anew in his throbbing brain.

He saw behind him the years with their hopes and struggles and achievements; he saw before him uncertainty and the vague possibilities of a broken life. Around him were luxury and refinement and content; in his new environment he foresaw the marks of economy and privation and want. In the past were honor and the respect of men; in the future, the brand of unfaithfulness to his vows. To-morrow he was to stand in the pulpit before the people he loved and renounce his ancient faith. He felt that already he had delayed the fatal moment too long. For weeks his lips had uttered what his heart had ceased to believe, and he had called himself a craven who feared to face the world. Now he knew that he must be true to himself if he deserved longer to be called a man, but breaking loose from the old familiar life was as hard as saying farewell to one's childhood home.

In the midst of his unhappy revery there was a faint tap on the door. "Come in," he said in a muffled voice. The door opened, and a beautiful woman entered the room. She came to his side and curved her arm about his neck. "Forgive me," he cried, brokenly, "for I have turned you and the little ones out of your home. I have made you the wife of a despised and disappointed man."

She looked at the sheets of closely written paper before her; then she turned her eyes on the tortured face of the man.

"It has come at last?" she whispered, with a tightening of her arm about his neck.

"Yes," he replied; "it has come."

As she bent over him and kissed his brow, tears fell from her eyes on his uplifted face, and her heart mourned, not for the luxuries and the honors that were past, but for what to her were the blind gropings of his soul; for she held fast to the faith that he renounced.

In the park the shadows had deepened. The youth rose and turned toward home, his mind still musing on the lives of the men whom he had seen, and his heart aglow with enthusiasm and hope. It was well, for there was work in the world for him to do.

Two Centuries and a half in Malden.

By Deloraine P. Corey.

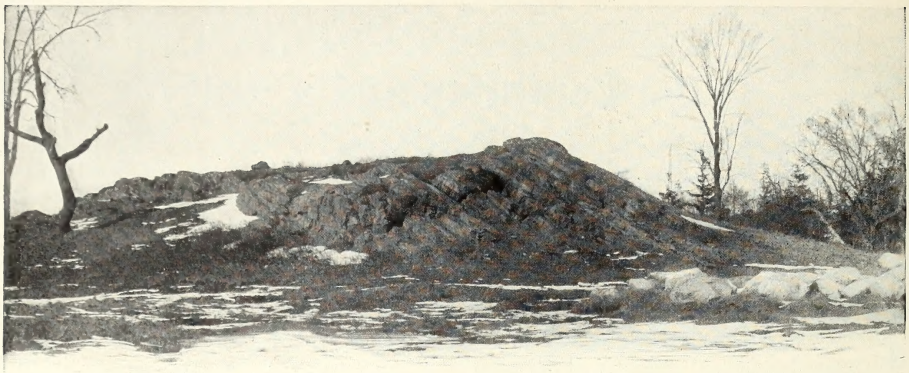
THERE is a picture in my memory, with its details softened by the lapse of years, full of that dreamy mystery with which childhood invests those objects of the natural world which most appeal to its imagination. Standing upon the rocky crest of Wayte's Mount in the early morn, I looked upon a sea of mist that filled, almost to its brim, the valley below. Southward it spread a wide bay of shining light, its surface unbroken, save where in the nearer distance the long, smooth outlines of Sagamore and Powder Horn, in Chelsea, rising above the cloud, showed as green islands in the midst of a silver sea. Still farther away in the south, dimmed by their remoteness, arose the placid summits of the Blue Hills of Milton, a distant shore, on the extremest verge. Westward a broad river flowed at my feet, confined on the farther side by the rocky walls of the Middlesex Fells, whose bosky tops rose green above the intervening flood; while northward, hill upon hill, a wilderness of tangled forest stretched unbroken to the farthest horizon.

As the day grew, the warmer rays of the sun and a gentle breeze dissolved the cloud of mist which had lain heavily upon the lower lands. The wide sea and the flowing river rose in thin eddies of waving vapors; the green islands rested their broad bases on the dry land; and the distant shores, their azure summits growing rosy in the morning light, became more real as they joined the lower horizon, which carried in its extended circle a wide vision of land and sea. It was to my childish imagination as if the Spirit moving upon the waters had called from the depths the dry land, and it had arisen perfected and fitted for the uses of man.

Unknowing, I had seen as in a vision the story of the land which lay below. I had looked upon that sea which in some far-away geologic age joined the Mystic and the Bay of Nahant, covering the places of the marshes and swamps that intervene with deep waters. I had seen the rapid river, which, flowing down the valley of the Three Mile Brook, had



From Barber's Historical Collection.
MALDEN IN 1837.



BELL ROCK, THE SITE OF THE FIRST MEETING-HOUSE.

brought the waste of distant lands and deposited it in sheets and banks upon the shores and in the depths of the more quiet bay. It was a far cry from the arm of the salt sea and the rushing river to the pleasant valley of Mystic Side; but I had seen fertile fields and green groves rise in an hour out of the waters, as God had slowly brought them into being by mighty forces and the long lapse of years. It was the simulation of a creation.

So the land became fitted for man and awaited the time when "a chosen seed," selected in the vineyard of the church, should take possession of the Promised Land, which the first comers sought on the rocky shores and in the wildernesses of New England. It was a pleasant country which lay upon the eastern shore of the Mystic and which owned as its farthest habitable bounds, as the early comers thought, the line of rocky hills which stretch eastward from Wayte's Mount into Revere and Saugus. Pleasant it was, although the Spragues, who were the first white men who are known to have entered therein, represented it in 1629 to be "an uncouth wilderness."

They came from Naumkeag by the Saugus Plains and the Abousett, and apparently entered the present territory of Malden near Black Ann's Corner, by an Indian trail which was long known as the Salem Path. Passing through a valley in the Scadan Hills, they skirted Wayte's Mount and, crossing the Three Mile Brook, reached the ford at Mystic. Thence, continuing along the western bank of the river, they rested their tired feet at Mishawum. They found the country "full of stately timber"; and little



THE OLD PARSONAGE.
The Birthplace of Adoniram Judson.

else is reported of their observations. Perhaps the annoyances of "creeping beasts," or rattlesnakes, of wolves and mosquitoes, which later adventurers mention, prevented that careful survey of the country which otherwise might have been made; or a desire to be at the end of a weary way may have caused them to see little beyond the limits of their path.

They might have seen a land less a wilderness than that through which they directly passed. In the midst of primeval forests they would have found fresh meadows, in which grew luxuriant crops of native grasses, and broad salt marshes which yielded a plentiful product, which was long esteemed by the farmers. On the higher land towards the rivers and along the marshes were fertile fields, with a sunny southern exposure, almost bare of trees, which offered a soil ready for the plough and the seed. Wild fruits and game were abundant; and the country, to the eager eyes and imaginations of later comers, seemed indeed "a land of milk and honey."

It was towards the sea-lands that the attention of the settlers at Charlestown was first directed; and a narrow strip running from the old Boston line near Powder Horn Hill to the head of the North River was laid out along the head of the salt marshes in 1634, and divided in lots of five acres among the seventy-five householders of Charlestown. It was in this division that the name of Mystic Side, as applied to the territory now covered by the cities of Malden, Melrose and Everett, first appeared.

Soon after, a second division was made, by which the hay-lots on the salt marshes and in the fresh meadows above Wayte's Mount were granted; and in 1638, "the Greate Allotment" was completed. This division, with a reservation of about two hundred and sixty acres for later comers, covered all the land on the east side of the North River to the Scadan Fells and the Long Meadow by Pemberton's Creek, with a single range west of Three Mile Brook, between the Salem Path and the marshes below Pleasant Street, and two lots in the vicinity of Middlesex Street.

On the west, the colonial grants of the Rev. John Wilson and Increase Nowell separated the Mystic Side lands from the Cradock or Medford grant until 1726, when they were annexed to Malden. On the east of Three Mile Brook, the special grants of Thomas Coytmore and Joseph Hills and a portion of the allotment of Walter Palmer occupied the larger part of the present fifth ward to Cross Street and the hills of Faulkner. Two years later, the reserved land was al-



REV. PETER THACHER.

lotted to newcomers in the town of Charlestown, and all the territory of the present cities of Malden and Everett, save a few scattered places retained for public purposes, became proprietary land, with the exception of the wild, rough hills of Tyot on the west and those of Scadan on the east.

There was little trouble with the Indians here, and the ownership of the lands of Mystic Side was most secure. The Rumney Marsh or Mystic Indians were open friends or secret and inactive enemies. An early deed of the lands from Mystic to "neere Salem," given by the Squa Sachem, was a warrant for possession; and unmeaning promises or artful delays se-

cured it against the claims and petitions of Wenepoykin—old George No Nose—of Rumney Marsh, and his progeny. Aboriginal rights were those of the wild beasts to the forests in which they prowled, and little else than that was really considered by the settlers of Massachusetts Bay.

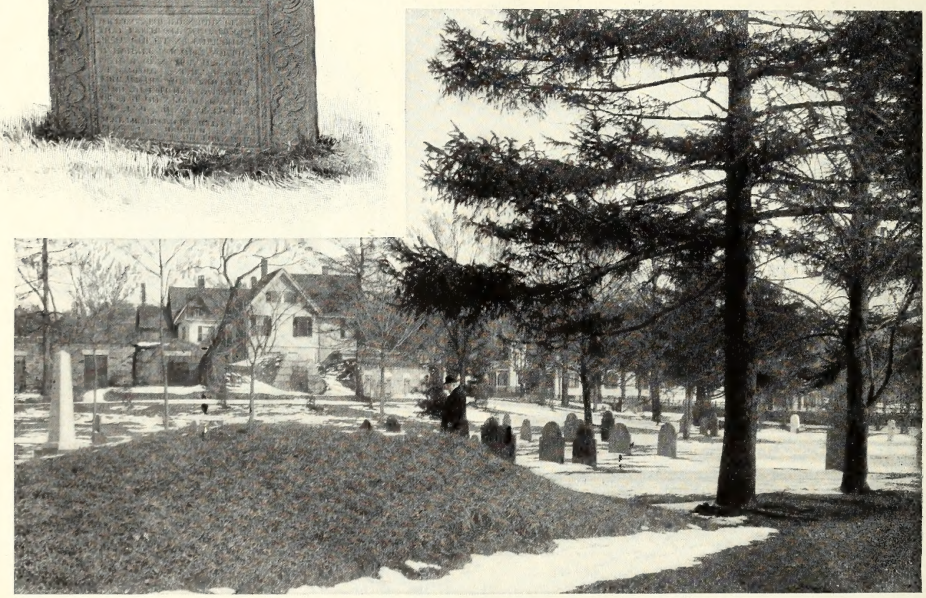
Ownership implied an early improvement of the lands above the Mystic; and in 1640 may be found the first definite record of an actual settlement. Then John Greenland built

THE GRAVE OF MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.



upon his lot at the present easterly corner of Ferry and Chelsea Streets in Everett, near to the great South Spring; and others accompanied or followed him, building near by. An earlier settlement may have been made by Thomas Moulton at Island End or Moulton's Island, and, perhaps, some one had built upon Sweetser's Point near by. At this time, Thomas Coytmore built a dam and a corn-mill on Three Mile Brook, and Philip Drinker began to keep "a sufficient boat" at Penny Ferry, a service which was continued by his successors for one hundred and forty-seven years, until it was superseded by Malden Bridge. Later, Thomas Call began, by authority, to sell "bread and beare"; and with houses and a mill, a ferry and an inn, the beginnings of a settlement were complete.

Others came over the river and, pushing by those who had already planted upon the uplands of the Mystic, built at the head of the North River, near Sandy Bank and not far from Bell Rock; others passed down



SANDY BANK BURYING GROUND.

into the valley of Pemberton's Creek, or Harvell's Brook; while others ventured up the valley of the Three Mile Brook and improved the lands above Wayte's Mount. Farther north, at the Charlestown head-line, the Greens and others rested, coming in, perhaps, with their neighbors of Lynn, who around Lake Quanapowitt laid the foundations of the town of Reading.

Among those who came into the



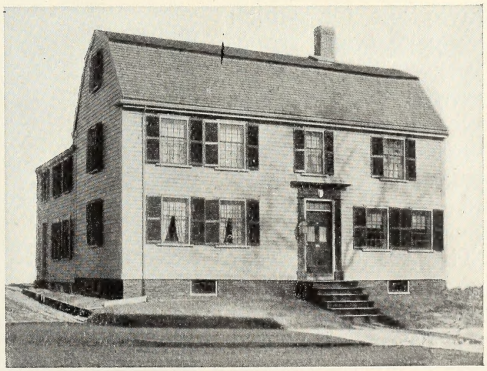
THE DEXTER ELMS.

valley of Pemberton's Creek were Joseph Hills and his son-in-law, John Wayte. The one, settling on the northerly side of Salem Street, brought the name of Maldon, his English home, into the forests of New England; while the latter built on his grant at the foot of the great rock which bears his name. A leader in church and state was Joseph Hills, to whom posterity still owes a debt as the compiler of the Massachusetts Laws of 1648, the first code of enacted laws printed in New England. These men were the fathers of the town, bearing together its heaviest burdens. The elder, as a representative of the town of Charlestown, was speaker of the House of Deputies, while the younger closed a long series of public duties in the same honorable office, after having been denounced to the British government by the infamous Randolph as one of "a faction in the Generall Court."

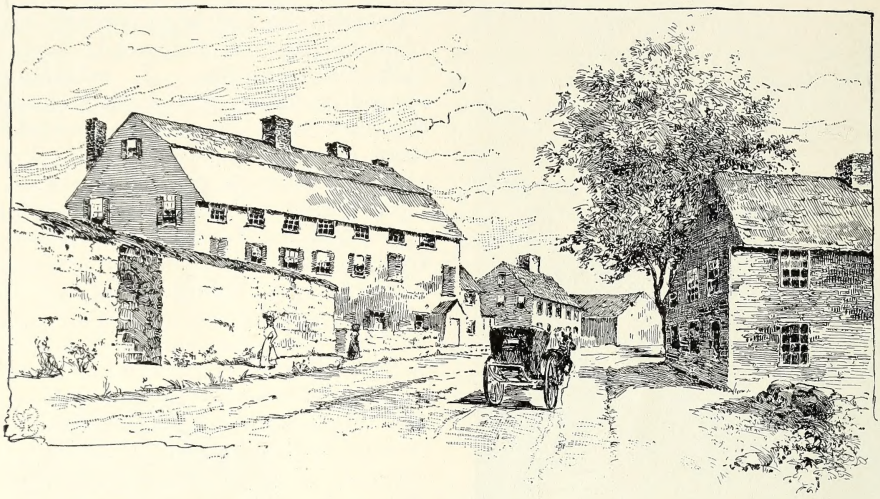
Separated from the parent town by the wide river, and with a little community of farmers scattered over a territory which extended about seven miles into the country, the foundation of a town seemed most desirable. Apparently it had been contemplated from the first, as a necessity when a sufficient number of inhabitants should be gathered to form a church, the first requisite to the establishment of a town government. Some attempts towards the gathering of a church appear to have been made in 1648; and the Word was preached at times by William Sargeant, who was afterwards a ruling elder of the church, and by students from Cambridge. The next year the church was instituted, and an agreement of separation, which was entered into with the inhabitants of Charlestown, was ratified by the General Court, May 11, 1649, O. S.; and the men of Mystic Side were "granted to be a distinct towne, & the name thereof to be called Mauldon."

This division left to Charlestown about one-half of the territory of the present city of Everett, which under the old name of Mystic Side continued to be a part of the mother town until 1726, when it was annexed to Malden.

The early years of the new town were years of discouragements and heartburnings. Hindered by the neighboring churches in their attempts to obtain a pastor, the brethren took the matter into their own hands and ordained, as their first pastor, Marmaduke Matthews by the earlier and disused practice of lay or-



THE OLD HILL TAVERN.
On the site of City Hall.

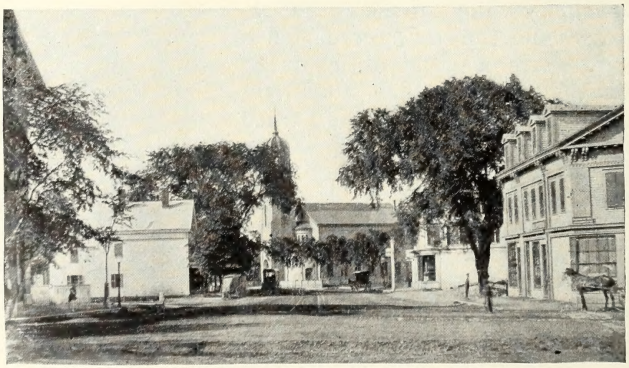


CROSS STREET IN 1884.

dination. The new pastor had been under the ban of the authorities at Hull and elsewhere; and to the offence of an irregular ordination was soon added that of "unsafe and offensive expressions," which involved both pastor and people in trouble.

This was an important and celebrated case in the history of the colony. Pressed by civil and ecclesiastical authority, the little church fought single-handed for the independence of the churches, which had been recognized by the Bill of Rights and the Cambridge Platform. Its members asserted the freedom of individual thought, limited by conscience and the Word of God. They were worthy of the convictions for which they persistently stood. They were overthrown; but the principles for which they suffered are now recognized by the laws and the churches of New England.

The troubles occasioned by the Matthews affair distracted the town for many years, and its baneful effects outlasted the generation to which it belonged. After many trials and disappointments, the church called Michael Wigglesworth, then a tutor at Cambridge, to be its teacher; and he was ordained in 1657. The life of this man was a sombre one, filled with misgivings and pain. Physical ills added miseries to a mind without hope; and the spiritual condition of his people and their indifference or opposition cast him still lower. All the minor ills of life pressed closely upon matters of moment and became of equal importance in his gloomy mind. "Mr. Hills marrying of himself" and "his judgment about baptism" came to trouble him with "a multitude



MAIN STREET IN 1867.

of great black buggs" that swarmed all over the house and ate the food, and, perhaps, "some cloathes also."

Out of his weakness came in 1662 the great New England epic of the *Day of Doom*, with its mighty subject and its fearful denunciations to the sons of men. This book attained a popularity which was not exceeded by that of any other work published



REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

in New England before the Revolution; it has hardly been exceeded since.* Its influence was widespread and deep; and it was remembered and quoted with reverence by a generation which has barely passed away. It was the utterance of a sincere belief which to-day finds little acceptance; and its awful warnings and its vivid description of the fate of sinners of all grades and conditions, terrifying as they were to a former generation, now excite our curiosity or evoke a smile. Besides the *Day of Doom*, Mr. Wigglesworth wrote another "composture," *Meat out of the Eater*, which, without the great subject of the former, entered the popular heart and passed through more editions than any poetical work published during the colonial and provincial periods, with the exception of the *Day of Doom* and the *Bay Psalm Book*.

During the physical incapacity of Mr. Wigglesworth, colleagues as pastors were settled at Malden from time to time; and Benjamin Bunker, Benjamin Blakeman, and Thomas Cheever ministered to the people with varying success. The coals of the Matthews fire were still warm. Thomas Cheever, a son of the famous Latinist, Ezekiel Cheever, the schoolmaster of Boston until his ninety-fourth year, was dismissed by the advice of a council in 1686; but he retired to Rumney Marsh, afterwards Chelsea, and became the faithful and honored first pastor of the church at that place.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wigglesworth had been neglected, or perhaps sometimes wholly set aside, and for more than five years after the departure of Mr. Cheever he is not mentioned upon the records of the town. But the load which had rested upon his life was finally removed. With health restored in a wonderful manner, vigor came to both body and mind. Most or all of those who had been prominent in the church and town during the pastorate of Mr. Matthews had passed away; and the remembrance of the troubles of that period had become softened by time or existed only in the traditions of the elders. His sickness had induced the study and

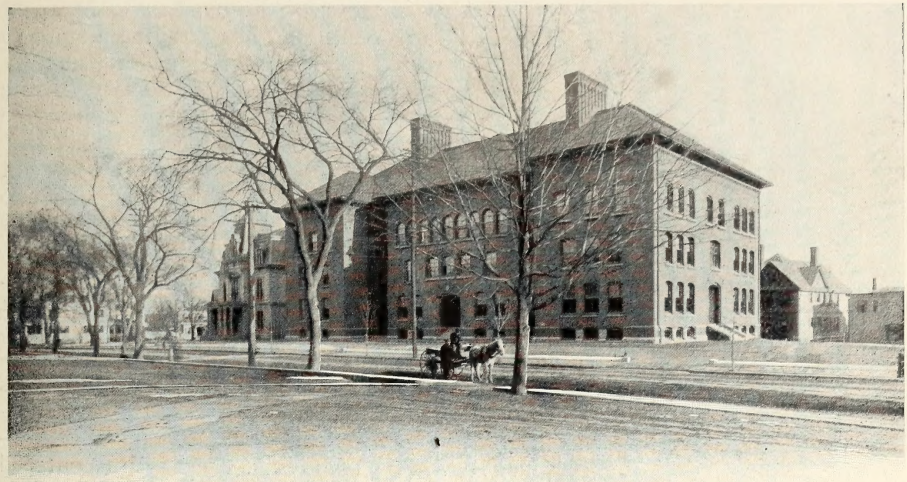


REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

*See article on "An Old Puritan Poet," by Helen Marshall North, in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, October, 1890.



MALDEN FROM WAYTE'S MOUNT.

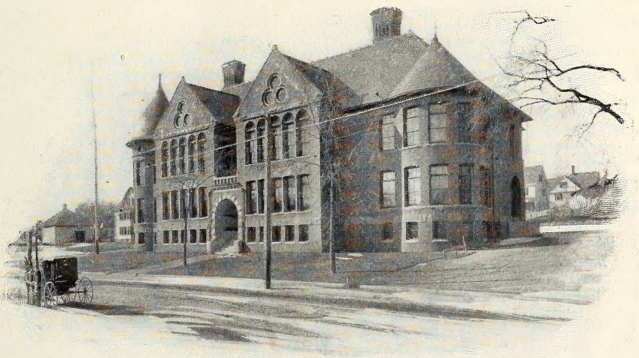


THE HIGH SCHOOL.

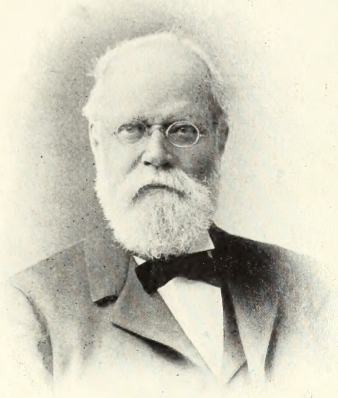
practice of medicine, towards which his early education had been directed. His practice extended into the neighboring towns; and one at least of his favorite remedies was in use and repute for more than a century and a half. Not only his townspeople but others gave him honor; and it appears that the presidency of Harvard College had been offered to him, even before his people had restored him to favor. For a little more than ten years he remained the beloved teacher of the Malden church, and at the end peacefully fell asleep, "Finnished his Work and Entred apon an Eternal Sabbath of Rest on ye Lords Day Iune ye 10 1705 in ye 74 Year of his Age." In the little burying ground at Sandy Bank, on a stone once leaning and covered with moss, but now upright and clean, one may read this homely and loving couplet:

HERE LIES INTERD IN SILENT GRAUE
BELOW MAULDENS PHYSICIAN
FOR SOUL AND BODY TWO.

An uncanny and romantic spot was that little ground, where the Puritan poet sleeps in the midst of those who neglected or loved him, before the hand of improvement raised its sinking stones and cleared them of the lichens of years. Over the neglected graves wild brambles wove their tangled masses of briers, of white blossoms, or of shining berries, to



THE FAULKNER SCHOOL.



ELISHA S. CONVERSE.

which never a gatherer came; and the red barberry, when the frosts came, dropped its acid fruit, unheeded, upon the unshorn turf. Slow-growing cedars, here and there, pushed aside the crumbling stones, or covered with their thin and odorous boughs, as with a mantle of pity, the failing records beneath. In the summer it was a wild medley of clustering field flowers and verdant brake, a place of sunken graves, dangerous pitfalls, hidden below the deceitful green; and in the fall, the sweet everlasting spread its balmy breath over the decaying leaves. It was a place neither for joy nor for sorrow; for there were never heard the gladsome voices of children at play, and seldom the sobs of the mourner. The dead who were there had rested long years, and they who had slept beyond the memory of the living had never a claim for pity or for grief. There is little of hope in the rude memorials which the fathers placed over their sleepers; for if, in the midst of denunciations and warnings to the living, some little semblance of a tender thought appears, it is in favor of the dead, who by piety long continued has attained a state to which the reader may never come.



FRANK E. CONVERSE.

There is a grewsome story of one who, dying, swore with a horrible oath that he would never decay like common folk. Nor decay did he; but his flesh grew brown and hard, and so it remained, to the terror of the ignorant and the wonder of the learned. A medical student sawed off the head, but, becoming frightened, he threw it into a clump of bushes, where it was found securely bagged for transportation. After that the tomb, with its slight wooden door, in the old fashion, was never long closed. Mischievous boys in the daytime entered and shook the poor head in horrible glee; but at night it was a place to be avoided, for the headless body was said to walk the earth between midnight and cockcrowing. Seventy-five years ago a young man, bathing at the early morn in the river near by, saw a white figure emerging from the tomb. Terrified and naked he ran a mile through the village streets. It was an insane woman, who having escaped from her friends had passed



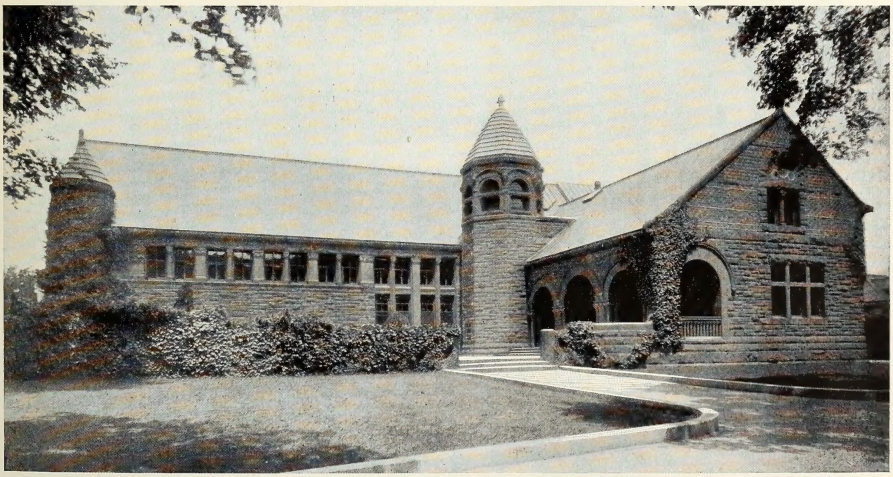
MRS. MARY D. CONVERSE.



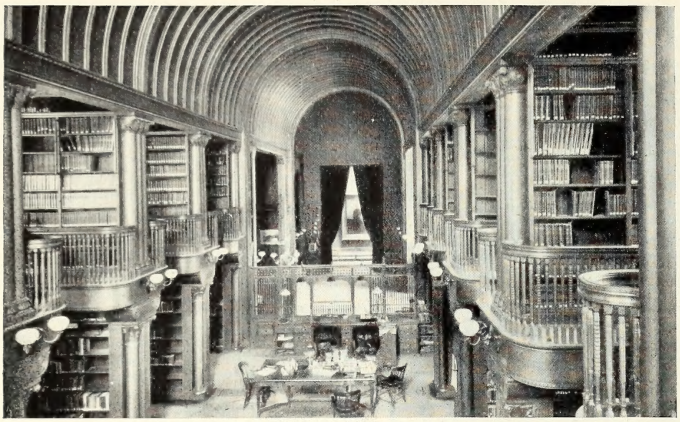
THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

the night in that dismal lodging-place. Tradition says that the young man grew melancholy and died a few years later from the effects of his fright. After that the authorities buried the entrance of the tomb deep below earth and sod. When I see the symmetrical mound which still remains, I wonder if the poor body below has fulfilled its penance and returned to its native dust.

It was a hardy strain which peopled New England; nor less hardy and persistent than their brethren of the other towns were the men of Malden. Undismayed by adverse circumstances of church and state, they felled the forests and subdued the land, building their rude homes, laying out and defining roads, and enacting their simple and homely laws, which, ridiculous or cruel as they sometimes appear, bore in them the germs of morality, of good citizenship and free-



THE CONVERSE MEMORIAL BUILDING.

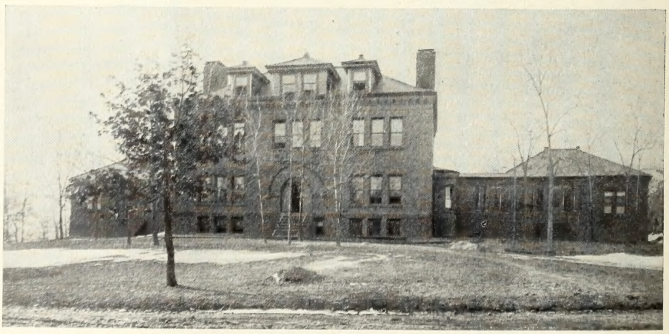


INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY.

dom. For the commonweal they stood firmly in opposition to tyranny and usurpation, and gave freely of their blood and goods for the common defence. In the disastrous and bloody Philip's War, though removed from the scene of hostilities, they bore their part; and fifty-two inhabitants of Malden, sufferers by the war, received aid from the Irish Charity, a contribution which Ireland sent to the relief of the Christian brethren in New England. At least seventy of the men of the little town were in active service, of whom many were members of the redoubtable Three County Troop, the memory of whose deeds may long have lingered by the hearths of the countryside, but has perished with the crimson standard of silk which led them to victory. Another was the brave and active Lieutenant Phineas Upham, who fell in the great Narragansett Fight, and dying, was buried in the ground at Sandy Bank.

The overthrow of the Indian confederacy, by the defeat and death of Philip, and the summary ending of the unpopular administration of Governor Andros, with the establishment of a permanent provincial government, gave a new life to the spreading settlements of Massachusetts Bay. In Malden, as elsewhere, the farms grew larger as the active arms of the hardy yeomen beat the forests backward, and the acreage of grazing and planting land increased. In 1695 the last great aggregation of common lands, comprising about thirty-five hundred acres and embracing, with the exception of a few scattered lots and plantations, the whole of the present city of Melrose and the district of Greenwood in Wakefield, was allotted to the seventy-four freeholders of the town.

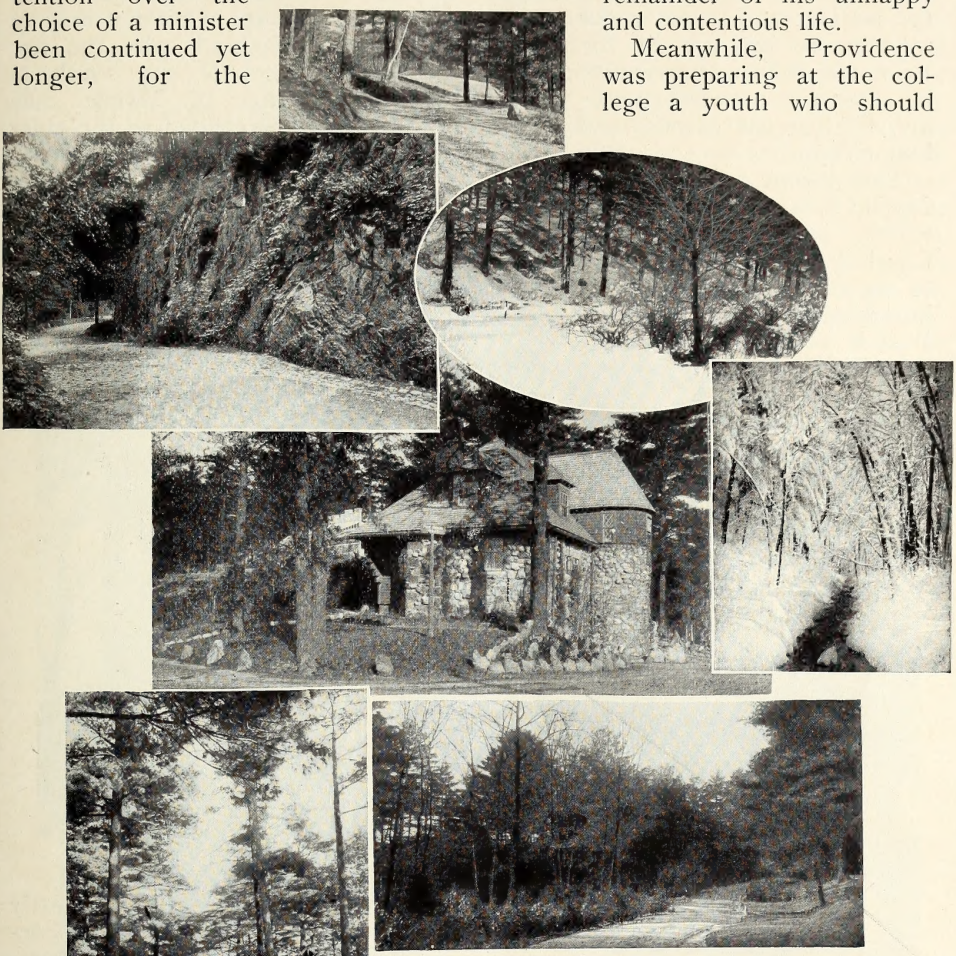
After the decease of Mr. Wigglesworth, the ecclesiastical affairs of the town were unsettled; and in a spiritual sense the community was in a condition altogether forlorn. Contentions divided the people. Minister after minister was considered or called without avail, the town hindering the church, or the church opposing the town in matters of choice, or both uniting in that which was inexpedient or which came to naught in the end.



THE MALDEN HOSPITAL.

It was a season of strife; and it was not until the summer of 1709 that it was ended by the ordination of the Rev. David Parsons. It might have been well had the four years of contention over the choice of a minister been continued yet longer, for the twelve years of the pastorate of Mr. Parsons were years of dissatisfaction and petty quarrels between pastor and people. They were ended by a lawsuit and an ecclesiastical council, when Mr. Parsons retired to the new town of Leicester, which had been largely peopled by settlers from Malden, and where he became the first pastor of the town and passed the remainder of his unhappy and contentious life.

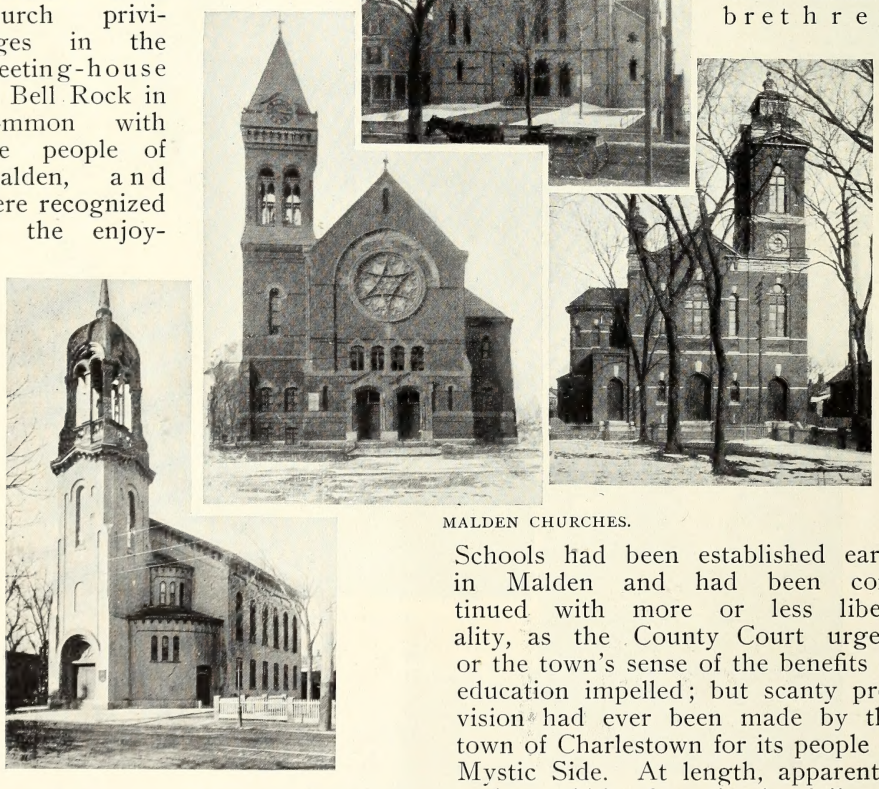
Meanwhile, Providence was preparing at the college a youth who should heal the dissensions which had divided the town, and become to the people of Malden, through a long series of years and a life of singular benignity, more even than Mr. Wigglesworth had been in his latter days. A useful and gentle life, full of the virtues and graces of the old-time pastors, was that which came as a blessing on that day in 1721 when, by a remarkable and prompt unanimity,



GLIMPSES OF PINE BANKS.

church and town concurred in the choice of the Rev. Joseph Emerson. Barely twenty-one years of age, his youthful fervor and the faithfulness of his ministrations and his pleasant and courteous manners won the hearts of the people; and, even in the unfortunate division of the town which came to disturb his otherwise peaceful pastorate, he lost the respect and love of none.

The people of the later Mystic Side, or that territory which still remained to Charlestown on the east bank of the river, owned rights of burial in the ground at Sandy Bank and church privileges in the meeting-house at Bell Rock in common with the people of Malden, and were recognized in the enjoyment of those rights as "our Charlestown neighbors." They included the few settlers at Wilson's or Blanchard's Point, now Wellington, on the west side of the North River, as well as those on the promontory between the Mystic and the South River. Isolated from their fellows on the Charlestown side, their town privileges were few, and they appear to have received little attention or help. It is not easy to understand why the few settlers of the southerly portion of Mystic Side were retained to the elder town when their northerly neighbors were allowed a separation in 1649, as all their interests were intimately joined with those of their Malden brethren.



MALDEN CHURCHES.

Schools had been established early in Malden and had been continued with more or less liberality, as the County Court urged, or the town's sense of the benefits of education impelled; but scanty provision had ever been made by the town of Charlestown for its people at Mystic Side. At length, apparently under a desire for school privileges, an unsuccessful attempt was made to obtain a separation. The uneasy people were quieted for a time by some slight grants for a school; but in 1723, on a second attempt, not wholly suc-

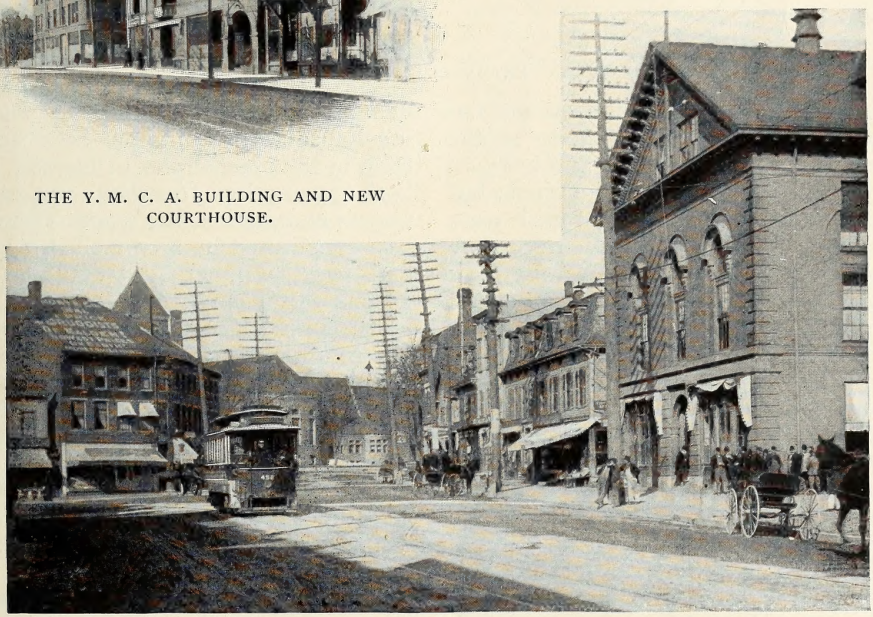
cessful, they were annexed to Malden for ministerial and educational purposes only. A school was promptly established at Mystic Side; but as the inhabitants there now owed divided responsibilities, religious and educational in Malden, political in Charles-



THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AND NEW COURTHOUSE.

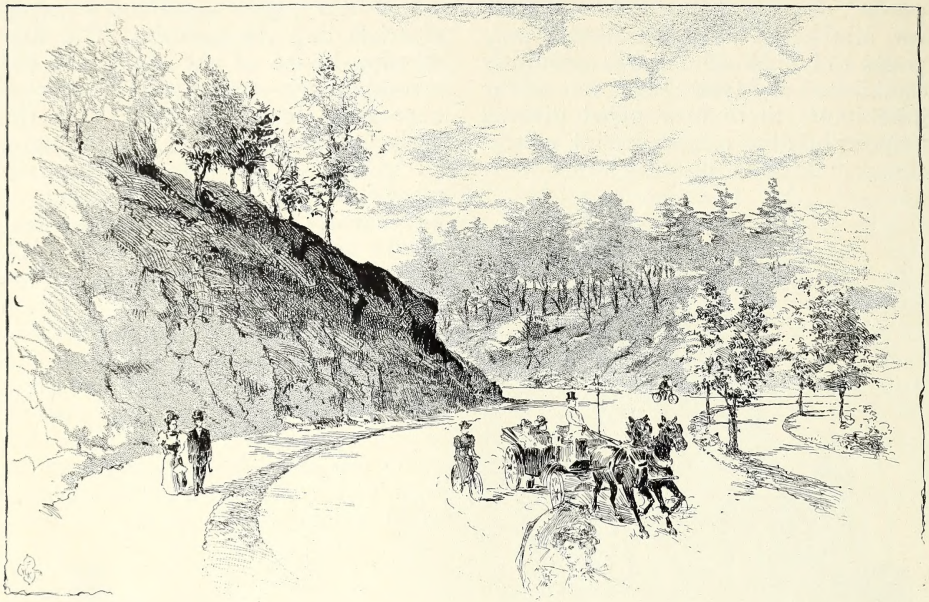
town, the situation was not satisfactory. A wish for a complete disunion with Charlestown prevail d, which, though opposed by the parent town, was finally successful; and in 1726 the desired union with Malden was accomplished.

The advent of "our Charlestown neighbors" in the body politic marked the beginning of a new period of trials and dissensions. The first meeting-house of the town and the second, which was built in 1660, were near Bell Rock, so called from the early fixing of a bell in a frame upon its summit, having apparently been placed in that location by reason of its nearness to the settlements near Sandy Bank and upon Green's Hill. As the population increased to the northward and eastward, the situation became inconvenient, being, as it was until the annexation of the later Mystic Side, nearly at the southern limit of the town. After nearly seventy years of use, the house became too small for its congregation, and it was decided by the town to build a new house at the clay-pits,



THE SQUARE.

upon land given by William and Dorothy Sprague for that purpose. This location was upon the north side of Harvell's Brook, where the house of the First Parish (Universalist) now stands. The south side people protested against the removal, although the proposed location was far south of the centre of the town. A contest



FELLSWAY EAST. ENTRANCE TO THE MIDDLESEX FELLS.

long continued and acrimonious ensued. An appeal was made to the General Court, and the authority of the Superior Court was invoked; but the decisions and orders of each were disobeyed or ignored, whenever the malcontents were found in a majority in the meetings of the town or could act through those officers who were of their party.

In the mean time a portion of the town towards the head-line, with ten families, was set off to Reading in 1727; and the town was shortened about a mile. The territory thus lost to Malden now comprises the village of Greenwood in Wakefield. A petition was also preferred for the division of the town into two precincts, which for the time was unsuccessful. In obedience to the courts and the will of a majority of the townspeople, the building of the new house was completed; and the first service was held therein, August 16, 1730, both parties joining with apparent unanimity.

Although the south side men had freely acquiesced in the occupancy of the new house, they were still endeavoring to divide the town. A meeting-house was built on Sargeant's Hill, in the present city of Everett, on land given by Jonathan Sargeant. On its completion, the South Church was constituted by a council in 1734; and in September, 1735, the Rev. Joseph Stimpson was ordained as its first pastor. Renewed attempts for a separation were made; and upon a fourth trial, in 1737, the division was consummated; and the South Precinct began its unfortunate and miserable existence.

The new church and precinct began to decay from their birth; and the whole period of their continuance was one of bitter quarrels and spiritual as well as material weakness. Of their three pastors, the first two, Mr. Stimpson, and the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, the latter a great-grandfather of President Grover Cleveland, on account of some breaches of doctrine or of conduct, were dismissed. The third, the Rev. Eliakim Willis, with his salary unpaid, threatened with fire and death, in the midst of the disintegration of his parish, received the parsonage lands for the relinquishment of

his settlement. Thereafter he gained his living from the products of his farm and the uncertain contributions of the feeble remainder of his people, to whom he "broke the seals" and continued a desultory ministry until, in his old age, in 1792, the two churches were united and he became the sole pastor of the town.

If it seem that this account of the early period of Malden is chiefly an account of churches and ministers, it must be remembered that these were what held the dominating place in the thought and life of our old New England towns.

Mr. Emerson died in 1767; and his parish and church passed through another season of uncertainty and delay, until, in 1770, the afterwards distinguished Peter Thacher, then a youth of eighteen years, was ordained as pastor of the First Church. Of an old and celebrated ministerial race, he came to Malden with the advantages of education and a natural eloquence, heightened by the charms of a rich and varied imagination and strengthened by the forces of study and thought. Whitefield pronounced him to be the ablest preacher in America. With all the ardor of youth he entered into the contest with the mother country, and by his pen and tongue gained a foremost place among the patriotic clergy of the Revolution; while later in life, as the minister of the Brattle Street Church in Boston, and as an active participator in the important movements of that day, he made himself prominent among those who gave a healthy impulse to the young and growing intellectual life of New England.

From the days of the Three County Troop and Philip's War, the people of Malden had not been unmindful of their military duties; and in the minor wars of the eighteenth century the town was represented in service by worthy men. Nine men of the town died at the siege of Louisburg in 1745; while eighty-one appear upon the military rolls of the later French War. These wars were the nurseries of the military spirit which animated the people and precipitated the Revolution; and that spirit was kept alive in Malden during the intervening years.

Meanwhile patriotism was strengthened by the example of the pastor, from whose pen came a series of resolutions and instructions of which the town may ever be proud. That of 1776, commended by historians and often quoted, is second to none which the patriotic spirit of New England produced. This paper was prepared in response to a resolution of the Massachusetts House of Representatives; and by it the little town committed itself fearlessly in favor of independence first of all the towns of the province, preceding the action of Boston by three days.

The Lexington alarm found the town prepared. When in the stillness of the night a messenger came speeding to Hill's Tavern, and the cry, "The Regulars are out!" rang from farm to farm and along the roads into the remoter parts of the town, and exempts and stragglers hastened towards the scene of danger, the minutemen under Captain Benjamin Blaney gathered on the little green before the tavern and awaited orders from their colonel at Watertown. Women and children followed by their side as they marched away towards Menotomy, now Arlington, where they arrived in time to capture a bewildered supply train of the enemy, which the country people, led perhaps by the Rev. Phillips Payson of Chelsea, had brought to bay during the morning.

The effective list of Malden consisted of the minutemen of Captain Blaney and a company under Captain Naler Hatch; and both companies were posted at Beacham's Point, the Sweetser's Point of the first comers, during the battle of Bunker Hill. From this advantageous point Mr.

Thacher witnessed the battle, an account of which he prepared for transmission to England, and which is the most important statement of the events of that day. From the crest of Wayte's Mount, the battle was observed by many; and wounded men were brought the next day to the tavern of Dr. Jonathan Porter on the Salem road.

Earthworks were thrown up at several points in the lower part of the town, which was exposed to the incursions of the enemy; and their defence was intrusted to Captain Hatch, who perhaps had with him, besides his own men, the company of Captain Blaney. Later, he was reinforced by a company from the regiment of Colonel Gerrish, which on the occasion of an attack of the enemy did not cover itself with honor.

The evacuation of Boston carried the scene of war away from Massachusetts; but threatened descents of the enemy upon the coast were frequent, and the Malden men were often called out for local as well as more distant service. Companies under Captain Blaney and Captain Nathan Sargeant were in service, while many men were engaged in various regiments during the war. A list shows two hundred and thirty-one names of those who were engaged either by land or sea—an ample record when it is considered that the total population of the town in 1776 was but one thousand and thirty souls.

Of those who served upon the sea, one at least, who has been strangely overlooked by recent writers upon naval affairs, deserves a passing notice. This was Daniel Waters, who in January, 1776, was comissioned as captain of the schooner *Lee*, succeeding Captain John Manly in the vessel which was the first to sail under the authority of the Continental Congress, and ranking second to that commander, who was commodore of the little fleet which Washington had ordered to be prepared. In the *Lee*, Captain Waters made several captures which were of value to the American cause; and he succeeded in taking safely into Boston Harbor the ship *Hope*, which the brave and reckless Mugford, embarrassed by the prize and the proximity of the enemy's ships, was about to run ashore.

In a later engagement, off Nantasket, in which two transports were captured, he took a leading part, assisted by other American vessels. The honors of this affair have been assumed, upon light grounds, for another, whose participation therein appears to have been but slight. In 1776, while in command of the *Fox*, a captured British frigate, Captain Waters was taken prisoner, and was retained until he was exchanged in 1778, in which year he sailed, as

The Day of Doom:

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

Of the Great and Laſt

Judgment.

WITH

A SHORT DISCOURSE

ABOUT

ETERNITY.

Eccleſ. 12. 14.

For God ſhall bring every work into Judgment, with every ſecret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

LONDON,

Printed by *W G* for *John Sims*, at the *Kings-Head* at *Sweetings Alley-end* in *Cornhill*, next Houſe to the *Royal-Exchange*, 1673.

commodore of a small fleet, in the U. S. brig *General Gates*.

Captain Waters was in command of the ship *General Putnam* in the disastrous expedition against the enemy upon the Penobscot, in the summer of 1779; and he was proposed as the commodore of the fleet, when the deposition of the inefficient Saltonstall was considered. In the winter of the same year, while in the ship *Thorn*, he had a severe engagement with two British brigs, the *Sir William Erskine* and the *Tryon*, both of which struck but escaped during the tempestuous night which followed. During the same cruise, he captured the *Sparlin* of eighteen guns. Other service was performed by Captain Waters before he retired from the sea.

Of less interest to the general reader becomes the ecclesiastical history of the town after the Revolution, although to those who participated therein it was nearly the sum and substance of local affairs. The departure of Mr. Thacher to Boston in 1785 inflicted a wound which the subsequent pastorates of Adoniram Judson, Eliakim Willis, and Aaron Green did not heal. The brief settlement of Mr. Judson brought in "Bade Hopkintonian Principels," but gave to Malden the honor of being the birthplace of the younger Adoniram Judson, the apostle of Burmah, whose early sufferings in the cause of Christ and whose rare fidelity have illumined with an everlasting glory the records of American missionary work. The coming of Mr. Willis and the union of the churches brought to the church of Wigglesworth and Emerson the Arminian Confession of Faith of the unfortunate South Church. The longer term of Mr. Green witnessed the decline of the church by the gathering of Baptist and Methodist societies, which drew away some of its most influential members; while the influence of the Unitarian movement, then sweeping like a tempest over the churches of the old order, disheartened the spirits or weakened the faith of those who remained.

In the midst of such circumstances, a contest between the Unitarian and Universalist elements was begun. The church, adhering to its ancient faith, with the exception of five members, withdrew from the parish in 1828; and the Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, a Universalist, was soon after installed by an organization claiming the rights of the First Church. A strife ensued which lasted many years, during which the authority of the courts was invoked and bitter animosities were engendered. In the suits at law, the parish was maintained in the use of the meeting-house and the ministerial fund and lands; and a mutual agreement confirmed the church in the quiet possession of the church records and the communion service.

From its position midway between the two great lines of travel north and east, Malden long retained the character of a quiet inland town. The inhabitants, farmers for the most part, had small need of stores and shops. The old-fashioned methods of exchange gave most of the necessities of life; or their modest production of hay and firewood, sold in the market of Boston, provided the little ready money which satisfied their needs. Mills, where their grain might be ground or their trees cut into lumber, with here and there a small shoe shop or blacksmith's shop, gave their laborers and artificers employment; while some of the minor trades, as chair and saddletree making or weaving, were exercised in rooms set apart in their humble homes. The women spun the yarn for the weavers; and travelling tailors cut and made the clothes, when the less dexterous shears and needles of the housewives did not suffice.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the town felt the first influence of the many industries which began to indicate the coming prosperity of the young republic. William Barrett, long a leading and influ-

ential citizen, established in 1804 the business of silk dyeing, perhaps the first in the country, which with slight competition increased in volume and was continued until 1882. Baldwin's dyehouse, at the North Spring in the southern part of the town, was a competitor in some branches of the business, and was maintained many years.

Soon after the coming of Barrett, the Odiornes purchased the privileges on the Three Mile Brook, formerly granted to Thomas Coytmore, and built a rolling and slitting mill. Here, on a machine invented by Jesse Reed of Marshfield, were made the first nails cut and headed at one operation. This business was large and prosperous and continued until about 1838. The manufacture of shoe lasts was begun by Samuel Cox at an early date and is still continued, the business having remained in the family of its originator until 1898. These were the earliest industries of importance; but manufactures of leather, shoes, and tinware were introduced, with others of less consequence and value. In 1837, with a population of twenty-three hundred in the town, articles to the value of over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars were produced.

At the beginning of the second half of the century, by the opening of railroad facilities and other favoring circumstances, the town began to receive an impetus in the growth of its population and the quantity and value of its manufactures. The establishment of the Boston Rubber Shoe Company in 1853, whose extensive works at Edgeworth and at the Fells, over the Melrose line, are among the largest in the United States, in many ways contributed to the prosperity of the town.

In 1850, North Malden was set off under the name of Melrose, with little or no opposition; and in 1870, Everett, comprising that portion of Malden which had formerly constituted the South Precinct, became a separate town. The latter division was accomplished after six unsuccessful trials and a wordy controversy of nearly a quarter of a century. Both towns, the one a thriving city and the other about to receive its charter, have prospered with the mother town, Everett in particular having received a remarkable increase in population. The population of the city of Malden in 1898 was 32,051; and the value of its manufactured products in the last census year was $7,436,724. The population of the town in 1840 was 2,514, having increased about fifteen hundred souls in fifty years; but in the present year the combined population of the three municipalities which occupy the territory of the old town is about seventy thousand souls.

True to its ancient reputation, Malden gave freely both of its men and riches during the Civil War in defence of the institutions which its fathers had helped to found and preserve. Eight hundred and seven of its men, or about one hundred and thirty-five to each one thousand of its inhabitants, are known of those who served by land and sea.

No native of Malden was more widely known during the war than the Rev. Gilbert Haven. Fearless by nature, he gave his life from his youth to active work in the cause of freedom. As the celebrated Bishop Haven of later years, noted for his courage as a champion of liberty and equality, his name is still a shining light in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At the close of the war, Malden increased both in population and wealth more rapidly than before, although the territory and population of Everett were taken away. The continuance of a town government, already become unwieldy and inconvenient, was found to be undesirable; and in June, 1881, a city charter, granted by the Legislature, was accepted by the people. The new government was inaugurated January 2, 1882, when Elisha S. Converse became the first mayor of the city.

Under its new conditions, Malden

has continued to enjoy the prosperity which characterized the latter days of its existence as a town. Its government, with varying degrees of success, has been generally effective and satisfactory. Its schools enjoy a high reputation in the efficiency which has marked their administration and in the quality of the scholarship which they have produced. Its twenty-seven churches and religious bodies enjoy that best of conditions for active work, quiet within and freedom from opposition; and through their numerous charitable and helpful organizations they exert a powerful influence upon the community.

As an adjunct to its churches and schools, Malden holds in honor its public library, which was founded in 1877. It is located in the heart of the city, in the Converse Memorial Building, the last completed work of the eminent architect, Henry H. Richardson, and esteemed by him as the best of his library works. Here, besides the book-stacks of the library, with a capacity of one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, are reading-rooms for children and adults and two large galleries with a choice collection of modern paintings and copies of the old masters. In its collection of art objects, with other marbles, are the "Sans Souci" of Chauncey B. Ives, the "Nydia" of Randolph Rogers, and the "Shepherd Boy of the Campagna," one of the most important works of the lamented Edward S. Bartholomew. Here also is the widely known and masterly painting of "Lincoln at Gettysburg," by Albion H. Bicknell, containing one of the finest portraits of President Lincoln which has been produced.

This beautiful building is a memorial raised by Elisha S. and Mary D. Converse to their eldest child, a youth of great promise, whose sudden and tragic death in 1863 was the cause of widespread sympathy. Most of the art collections and furnishings came from the same generous donors, whose unostentatious acts of benevolence and public spirit have placed them high among living philanthropists. The Malden Hospital, the First Baptist Church, the Home for Aged People, and other helpful institutions are noble local monuments to their memory; while their liberality has known no narrow bounds, and they have given freely of their influence and means to kindred objects far away from the limits of their own city. Their extensive and beautiful Pine Banks Park is ever open for the free use of the public and, with its charming variety of hill and dell, is not the least among the many attractions to the lovers of fine scenery which Malden and its vicinity affords.

A portion of the great public reservation, Middlesex Fells, lies within the northwestern limits of Malden, and with its rocky hills and deep valleys presents some of the most picturesque features to be found in eastern Massachusetts. Of a similar character is the Scadan Fells, a wide tract in the northeastern part of the city, now partially invaded by the spreading population, but still holding in its less accessible depths many aspects of its former wildness, and showing from the crests of its rugged hills wide views of land and sea. Prominent among these hills is Wayte's Mount, advancing its rocky sides towards the centre of the city, which presents an extended view of wild hills, dense cities, and the broad ocean, which is not excelled, if it is equalled, by any in the vicinity, with the single exception of that from the Blue Hills of Milton.

While Malden possesses many prosperous industrial interests, it is still largely a residential city. Its unequalled facilities for intercourse with all portions of eastern Massachusetts, its religious, educational and charitable institutions, the many charming sites upon its hills and in its valleys, and the character of its people, are advantages which are excelled by those of no other suburban town in the metropolitan district.

On Sunday, May 21, 1899, the churches of Malden will observe by appropriate exercises the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the gathering of the Malden church, and will recognize the providence of God in the great results which have flowed therefrom. On the two succeeding days, the city will celebrate the birthday of the town, for which celebration elaborate preparations have been made with a unanimity and an enthusiasm never exceeded in the city's history. In the remembrance of the past and the simple faith of the fathers and their lasting works may be found hope for a future as bright as the past has been honorable.

THE CYNIC.

(MAY.)

By M. E. Wardwell.

CLARISSA, O Clarissa,
Again the distant sheen
Of sunshine on the hillsides
Breaks into sudden green;
Again the thrush is winging
His way across the blue,
And rollicking and singing
A mocking song of you.

For he recalls, Clarissa,
The promises we made
To meet again o' Maytime
Here in the long arcade
Of apple boughs new budded,
Where you and I kept tryst
And in the soft spring weather
Held hands and laughed and kissed.

And yet—and yet, Clarissa,
I walk alone to-day,
While you with some new lover
A many miles away
Are whispering and strolling
Beneath the greenwood tree
Without a recollection
Of those old times or me.

Oh, dreamy reach of orchard,
Oh, blossoms pink and sweet,
Still showering on the pathway
Forsaken by her feet,—
The fairy blooms that opened
For me a year ago
But once for mortals flower
And wither as they blow!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GOVERNOR ROLLINS of New Hampshire, at the recent dinner of the Sons of New Hampshire in Boston, proposed a very interesting thing. "I have a scheme," he said, "which I think promises to help the state, and which I hope to see put into execution. It is this, to have a week in summer set apart to be called Old Home Week, and to make it an annual affair. I would have every town and city in the state make up lists of all its native born sons and daughters living in other states and send them an urgent invitation to be present through the week. I would have at Concord during the week appropriate exercises of a literary character, and also an exhibition of the products and industries of the state. I would make it a carnival week there. I would have it part of the program that every visitor should, during the week, go to the place of his nativity and see what he or she could do to assist in the improvement and beautifying of the place and its general upbuilding and uplifting. Is it not possible that such a plan would result in much benefit to the state, and also in the returning to her of many of her sons who have wandered afar?"

This scheme of the young New Hampshire governor seems to us most excellent, pregnant with many splendid possibilities. We trust that he will do everything in his power to have the scheme put into execution, starting with the present summer; and we trust that the governors of Maine and Vermont, on his right hand and his left, and the governors of the other New England states will ask themselves whether there is not here an idea worth taking up.

Governor Rollins is thinking of the benefit that would accrue to New Hampshire from such a custom. He is himself a loyal and loving son of New Hampshire. He has an open eye for New Hampshire's opportunities. He knows what the great and special attractions of New Hampshire are, and he desires to have the people of New Hampshire make the most of them and do everything in their power to make their state a great summer resort for the people of the country. Two years ago (July, 1897), while he was still a private citizen, he wrote for the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE an article upon "New Hampshire's Opportunity," in which, with enthusiasm and sagacity, he outlined a policy for the state in these directions. With the new applications of steam and electricity, he pointed out, the special advantages which New Hampshire has had in her water power are likely soon to count for nothing. The industrial conditions of the state are changing; but her hills, mountains, valleys and streams are not changing —and these grow more beautiful and restful every year to the multitudes who live in the congestion and turmoil of cities, and fly from them for their longer or shorter holidays. Of these natural features New Hampshire should make the most. She should do everything to make them easily accessible, to preserve and enhance their attractions, and to provide convenience and comfort for those who in the summer time come to so-

journ or travel among them. Mr. Rollins's article, therefore, was largely an essay upon wise forestry, good roads and good boarding houses and hotels. In dwelling upon these things as he does, and in making them a cardinal feature of his public policy, as he is sure to do, he proves himself the man for the time in New Hampshire.

He has struck another good note in his scheme for an Old Home Week. We can think of nothing which, if taken up and carried out in the spirit in which it is proposed, would do more to enlist the interest of influential sons and daughters of New Hampshire, whose homes are now outside of the state, in the development of the state and in the improvement of their old homes. It is true, of course, to-day, that hundreds of men and women born in New Hampshire, Vermont or Massachusetts, living now in Boston, New York, Chicago and other great cities of the country, turn fondly back to their old homes for a few days, or a few weeks, in summer; but many more would do it if they knew that in coming back they would meet there some of their childhood friends and renew the intercourse of school days. We can conceive of nothing which would insure this opportunity and privilege so effectually as an institution like this Old Home Week, which Governor Rollins has in mind. Let it be generally understood that in some midsummer week the sons and daughters of this old town or that can come back to the old town with a reasonable certainty of finding that other sons and daughters have come back, too, and there can be no doubt that there would be a very strong inducement for such annual visits on the part of many; and the inducement would grow stronger year by year as reports of the happy reunions multiplied and spread and the reunions themselves became more largely attended and more resultful.

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Our great cities and manufacturing towns are full of men and women whose thoughts of childhood go back to such old towns in the New England hills and mountains. There are moods in which we prefer to go back to them with the assurance that we shall not have much society. We go back to them for the very purpose of escaping from society. We wish to get away from our best friends for a time, if so be we may have the rest which nature gives. In such times, perhaps we are not altogether sorry that more of the names which we knew in childhood are printed upon gravestones in the old graveyards, where we can spell them out and indulge in pensive gossip with the single sympathetic comrade, than are attached to men and women still standing in the doorways, sitting under the sheds, or wandering in the pastures. We like to wander in the pastures by ourselves. We enjoy the pastures more than we enjoy the people. We love the old hills, and find our best companionship in them. We do not wish to meet any man whom we know, as we drive by the old lake upon whose shores we picnicked in boyhood. We like to be alone, or with a single like-minded companion, as we go to the places where the checkerberries grow, to the maples which we used to tap, to the chestnut trees on the side of the hill from whose top we see Monadnock, and to the brook in the woods. We would rather lie in the birches opposite the ledge, where we can see the steeple in the village on the hill and the great mountain range beyond, than to see the best of the old town's sons and daughters. In this mood, it is our privilege to avoid the Old Home Week, to visit the old town when we have the monopoly of it so far as related human life goes.

But we have many moods, and the social mood is quite as frequent and imperative as the unsocial one; and it is for the social mood that the Old Home Week is meant. Some readers of the magazine will remember

that we published a few months ago a story called "A Perilous Journey." To us the story had a peculiar interest and charm. It was the story of a kindly and simple old man, who had not been back to his native place for thirty or forty years, and yet had kept the memory of it always fresh in his mind, and had always felt the longing to go back. When he did go, it was to have an experience at first almost like that of one risen from the dead, finding as he did almost no one whom he knew or who knew him, and gradually finding a general sadness and melancholy spreading over the dear landscape which for him had become depopulated. Then comes the happiness of recognition by one loving old friend, who quickly gathers other dear old friends to meet him,—and the story ends in society, warmth and joy. How happily would this old man of the story have welcomed the Governor's Old Home Week; how confidently would he have gone back often to the scenes of his youth, had he been sure of finding there the friends of his youth; and how much the annual intercourse might have meant for all of them! It would have helped them all to a kind of perpetual youth, to a perennial renewal of moods which are tonic and joyful and edifying.

The Old Home Week then is to be commended simply for the happiness with which it is surely pregnant. Let it be established; and in this last week of July, or whenever it may be, let the successful merchant and his wife come back from Boston; let the busy manufacturer come from his Connecticut workshop or his New York office; let the school-teacher come from her hundred girls and spend here a part of her vacation, becoming herself a schoolgirl again; let the lawyer come from Buffalo, and the doctor from Cleveland, and the preacher from St. Paul, and the editor from Philadelphia; and let all sit together at table in the village tavern, or the summer hotel by the lake, and all for a week compare notes with each other and with the men and women who have continued to live on the farms where they were boys and girls.

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But more than happiness would come out of it all to those who thus come back. The Governor is rightly divining that positive benefit would come to the old home itself. This is a time when the successful sons and daughters of many a New England town are remembering the old towns with most substantial gratitude. When one looks over the towns in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, supplied as so many of them are with excellent town libraries, one will find that in scores of cases these libraries are gifts of some man born in the town, who went away and prospered, but in his absence and prosperity always remembered gratefully and lovingly the old home, and was glad and proud, by giving it this beautiful library, to express his gratitude. Here is a town where such a successful son gave not only the library, but a high school. Here is a town where another founded and endowed an annual lecture course. Here is one where a man knowing that his old town already had a library and lecture course, but anxious to do something for it, caused to be prepared and published a history of the town and had a copy sent to every voter in the town and every public library in the state.

We believe that such things as these would result more and more from an Old Home Week. Enterprising and large minded men and women coming back to the old town from their own large lives in larger places would be impressed by the needs of the town and would ask themselves what they could do to meet them. Let us hang good pictures in the schools of the old town, some would say; and in this day when school decoration is being taken up so intelligently in all the great centres

of the country, it would be taken up under their auspices in behalf of the simple village on the hill, and every boy and girl growing up there would be made the happier and the better for it. Let us establish here a village museum, some would say; let us build an adequate building for it, let us place within it the nucleus of a proper collection, and then let us have the teachers of the town and the young men and young women work together to gather here specimens of all the rocks known to the town, of all the trees and ferns and flowers, and to collect as well by photographs and other means whatever shall illustrate the history of the town and its social life from the beginning. Let us have here in the summer, others would say, as one man whom we think of did say in his old New Hampshire town, lectures for the people, and then let us see if arrangements cannot be made to have lectures here in the winter, too, when life is dull. Let us see what can be done, others still would say, to organize here some village improvement society, to see that the old common is well kept, that the old trees are well looked after and that new ones are added to them, to see that there is generous rivalry in flower culture, to see that the most is made of every natural beauty and opportunity in the town. Let us see that the struggling little church is helped, that books and papers are sent to the poorly paid minister, to help him on and to help him to help others on. Let us see that lawlessness and rowdyism are checked in the old town, if lawlessness and rowdyism are there, as they so often are. Let us help to make the village inn a place more hospitable and more refined, a centre of good for the town, instead of a centre of demoralization and of vulgarity.

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We think that the improvement of the village tavern would be not the least of the improvements which the Old Home Week would be likely to help on. A crusade for better inns in country places is a crusade sadly needed all over New England; and the way in which the Old Home Week would help this crusade is easy to be seen. We believe that there are no better hotels in all the world than the best hotels in the great American cities; but when we leave the really first class hotel in the great city, the drop is usually very long and sharp. We know of few more cheerless and inhospitable places than most of the taverns in the smaller New England towns, and indeed, so far as that goes, in many New England towns of very considerable proportions. The cheerless entrance, the cheerless masculine welcome, the cheerless office with its walls covered by glaring posters, the smart, dreary parlor, the utterly uncosy and unrestful chamber,—do we not all know them? and do not many of us think how painfully they contrast with the attractive, hospitable inns in old English cathedral towns and in a hundred English villages? We think that half which makes the humble English inn so attractive, where our own village taverns are so unattractive, is the greater part which woman plays in the English inn. It is surely better to be met at the door by a genial woman in white cap and apron than by a man in his shirt-sleeves. It certainly makes one feel more at home when a tidy girl shows him to his room. Is not here an opportunity for many New England women in search of some useful and paying career? We think of one Massachusetts town which has a comfortable inn kept by two such women, and we know how popular and prosperous that inn has become. We wish that many men and women going back to their Vermont or New Hampshire towns in the Old Home Week would help to spread abroad a righteous discontent with the taverns found in many such places, and urge some woman of the town to consider whether she cannot establish something better.

There are in Boston not a few societies made up of sons and daughters of the different New England states which have contributed so largely to make Boston what it is. We have Sons of New Hampshire, and Daughters of New Hampshire; there are Sons of Maine and Sons of Vermont; there are Granite State Clubs in this town and that. These are natural centres in which to canvass such a scheme as that which the enterprising New Hampshire Governor just now commends. The New England Societies which exist in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, St. Louis and other large cities are such centres. Let the people in these societies consider what they can do for the states of their birth and for their old homes. We have heard much in these days of the abandoned farm; we have seen the abandoned farm as we have driven over the hills in many sections of New Hampshire and Vermont, as well as Massachusetts itself. We are glad to know that these abandoned farms are not now multiplying. The low-water mark of decadence has been reached in almost all of the New England towns where there has been decadence. We are certainly on the eve of a revival of life in the New England country. The abandoned farms are more and more being taken up. Many of them are being taken up by people who were born in the towns where these farms are, and who are securing them as the best possible places in which to pass their summer holidays and give their children healthful outings. This tendency is one which all good New England people wish to see helped.

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Anything that leads to interchange of warm social relations between city and country is to be welcomed. More will be done in this direction in the future than we have ever dreamed of yet. It is not right that great streets in our cities full of comfortable homes should see those homes deserted through the summer, as they so often are. The houses should be put to use. It is as restful for country folk to come to town as it is for town folk to go to the country. Let there be an interchange of hospitality. Let the fine houses in the city whose doors and windows are now boarded up at midsummer be thrown open for a month under suitable management, that they may become homes for those to whom they would become the basis for such great happiness and such great good. The working people of England have already conceived of such interchange of hospitality among themselves. We have read of few things more promising or sensible than the schemes for such social interchange among the English co-operative people, which Mr. Lloyd tells of in his new book on "Labor Co-partnership in England." This is what he tells:

"Another plan which is still in the air is worth mention for the light it throws on the coöperative spirit. An organization is being mooted for coöperative visits and holidays among the members of the coöperative societies. This proposal originated among the members of the Women's Coöperative Guild, which has ten thousand members, organized into two hundred and four branches, with branch meetings, district and sectional conferences, and with a three-days' annual gathering, with the object of studying the principles of the movement and how to put them into practice. This women's guild is teaching its members when they go to the stores to ask with regard to the commodities offered them: 'Is this coöperative made?' in order to spur the stores into doing their duty in extending productive coöperation. Among the members of this guild, the suggestion is being discussed whether some simple kind of organization shall be formed to enable friends who live in the country or at the seaside to receive visits of members or members' children from the cities, and to organize the whole business of reciprocal hospitality among the coöperators. In pushing the plan, one of its advocates proposes that a 'Holiday and Visiting' column be opened in the coöperative newspapers, and gives these specimens of the kind of items that might be put into it:

CLASS I.

Mrs. A., living in the country near Bradford, would take two children for holidays. Has one girl of ten.

Mrs. B. and baby would be glad to have a fortnight's change in the country or by sea.

Mrs. D. offers accommodation to any young coöperator visiting London.

CLASS II.

Mrs. A., Blackpool, offers a month at the sea for a month at Leeds.

Mr. and Mrs. B. wish to spend a month in Belgium with a coöperative family. Hospitality in return.

Mrs. C. wishes to send her daughter of eighteen, who works in a mill, for a fortnight's change. Mill household preferred.

CLASS III.

A party is arranging to visit Familistere at Guise. Probable cost, $25. Four vacancies.

A small party of coöperators in the North are anxious to visit Shieldhall, and propose going by boat to Glasgow. Will Scotch friends communicate? Return hospitality to Manchester and Liverpool.

A party of French coöperators would be glad of hospitality."

We know a Boston banker whose family spent last summer out of town. He might have shut up his fine home on Beacon Street, as so many Boston bankers do, and lived at the hotel or at his club. What he did do was, retaining his own sleeping room, to give up his house to half a dozen schoolteachers who wished to spend the weeks in Boston and enjoy the privileges which Boston had for them. There are a hundred houses on the Back Bay, there are a hundred on Murray Hill, which might thus be made happy summer homes for country people, instead of being made empty tombs the long summer through. Cannot the Old Home Week be made one important factor for promoting such a hospitality?

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Such are some of the facts that come to us as we read of the New Hampshire Governor's splendid scheme. We trust that he will not himself become contented by simply proposing his scheme; we trust that he will use the influence that his official position gives him to see that the scheme is put into execution. At first not many may embrace the opportunity; but more and more will embrace it as the years go on; and more and more happiness and good will come from it. The uses to which it can be put and the ends it can be made to serve will be seen to be ever more numerous and more important. We sincerely hope that the Old Home Week will be discussed by the newspapers throughout New England, and that those who believe in it will set themselves to considering how it can be inaugurated in the best way.



NEW HAVEN HARBOR, FROM EAST ROCK.

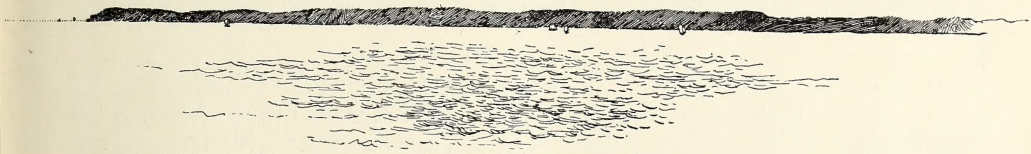
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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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GRAND MANAN

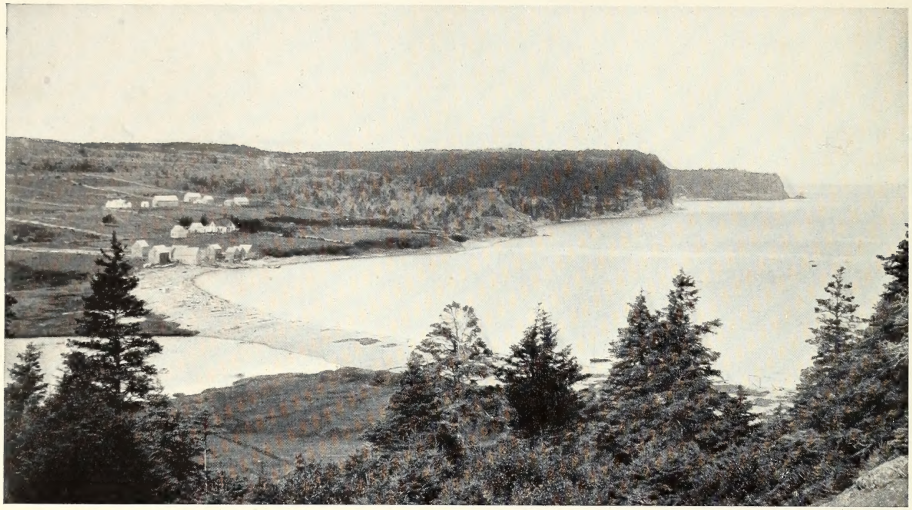
By William I. Cole.



"FARTHER west are other islands; among them one six leagues in length, called by the savages, Manthane, south of which there are among the islands several good harbors for vessels." With this casual mention by Champlain in his description of his explorations in the Bay of Fundy in 1604–5, Grand Manan first appears upon the page of history.

Two years later the same explorer put in at this island and "anchored in a sandy cove, exposed to the sea and the south wind." Of his rough experience in this place, which could not have been one of the "several good harbors for vessels," he has left a graphic account. "The latter [the south wind]," he writes, "increased during the night to such impetuosity that we could not stand by our anchor, and were compelled without choice to go ashore, at the mercy of God and the waves. The latter were so heavy and furious that while we were attaching the buoy to the anchor, so as to cut the cable at the hawse-hole, it did not give us time, but broke straightway of itself. The wind and the sea cast us as the wave receded upon a little rock, and we awaited only the moment to see our bark break up, and to save ourselves if possible upon its fragments. In these desperate straits, after we had received several waves, there came one so large and fortunate for us that it carried us over the rock, and threw us on a little sandy beach, which insured us this time from shipwreck."

Whether or not the curious anchor found fifty years ago on the supposed scene of this narrow escape from shipwreck is the one that Champlain and his crew could not "stand by" can be only a matter of conjecture. Its appearance gives indubitable evidence of long exposure to the corrosion of the sea. With a shank eleven feet long and at one part seven inches in diameter, it must have weighed originally not less than fifteen hundred pounds; but when discovered in 1842 its weight had been reduced by rust to barely one-third of this. Would less than two hundred and fifty years have been required for the waves to eat away so much hard iron? But as to the anchor's being a token of



WHALE COVE.

Champlain's visit to this spot, all that can be said is the trite phrase: "Interesting, if true!"

Manan is an Indian word signifying an island. There is some difference as to its orthography. Champlain, as has been noted, first speaks of it as Manthane. In another instance he calls it Mananse. But the great navigator was careless in the spelling of proper names. To-day the subjects of her Majesty spell it Grand Manan; while the citizens of the United States usually write Grand Menan. A customs' officer has only to note the first vowel in the second part of the name on the parcels that reach the island to make himself tolerably certain whence they come.

Of the approach to Grand Manan from the west, Audubon, who visited the Bay of Fundy in 1833 to study

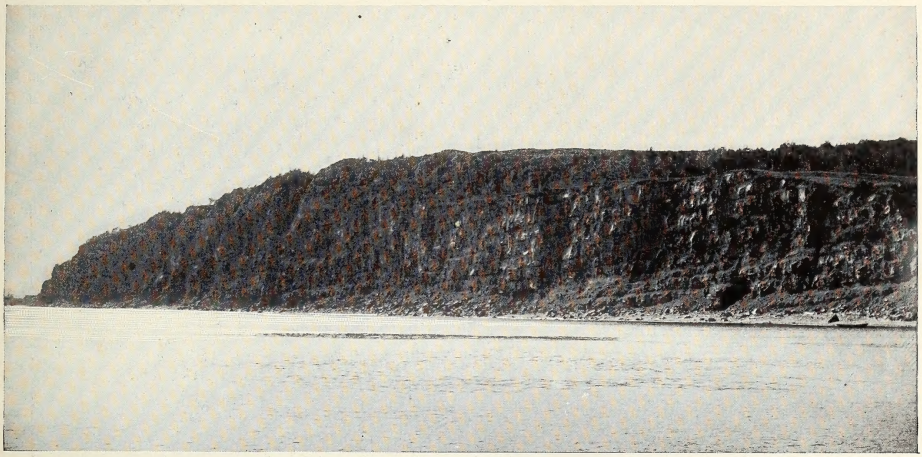


FLAGG'S COVE.

sea birds, has recorded a characteristic description. "We approached apace," he writes in his journal, "the island of Grand Manan, of which the stupendous cliffs gradually emerged from the deep with the majestic boldness of her noblest native chief. Soon our bark passed beneath its craggy head, covered with trees, which on account of the height seemed scarcely larger than shrubs. The prudent raven spread her pinions, launched from the cliff, and flew away before us; the golden eagle, soaring aloft, moved majestically along in wide circles; the guillemonts sat on their eggs upon the shelvy precipices, or plunging into the water, dived, and rose again at a great distance; the broad-breasted eider duck covered her eggs among the grassy tufts; on a naked rock the seal lazily basked, its sleek sides glistening in the sunshine; while shoals of porpoises were swiftly gliding through the waters around us, showing by their gambols that although doomed to the deep, their life was not devoid of pleasure. Far away stood the bold shores of Nova Scotia, gradually fading in the distance, of which the gray tints beautifully relieved the wing-like sails of many a fishing bark." Although written so many years ago, this description would apply almost equally well to-day.

The island itself is about twenty-two miles long and from three to six miles wide. It lies in the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, anciently called Frenchman's Bay. The furious tide for which this bay is distinguished sweeps by the shores with great force, rising eighteen feet on the west side and seventeen on the east.

The west coast of the island is lined with a succession of massive cliffs, which appear to one approaching from Eastport like a long and unbroken purple wall. These great precipices are the loftiest at the northern end, where they rise four hundred feet, sinking down gradually as they extend toward the southern terminus, where they are three hundred feet high.



"SIX DAYS' WORK."

The only considerable break in this stupendous wall is Whale Cove, a broad bay in the shape of a horse-shoe. Here the view is surpassingly fine. On one side, rising to a great height, is Fish Head, and on the other, the cliffs of Eel Brook and Northern Head, the latter extending out beyond its neighbors; and between, the blue water and sky. Back of the high shingle beach, which extends entirely across the bottom of the bay, is a

stretch of meadow, swelling upward into the low, broad ridge separating this cove from Flagg's Cove, which makes in from the east. On the highest part of this ridge stands a pretty Gothic chapel, commanding a sweeping view of the water on both sides of the island.

Whale Cove, one can readily believe, was the "pretty cove on the south of the Island Manan" where Champlain dropped anchor a few months after his escape from threatened disaster already described. To be sure, it is on the west side of the island, but the explorer's map was so "oriented" that it would appear to be on the south.

The geological character of the Grand Manan cliffs is variable. A large portion of the rock shows signs of stratification, especially at one point where from their resemblance to courses of masonry the precipices have received the name of the Seven Days' Work. But there are also immense masses of trap-rock, a great deal of which takes the basaltic character of the Giant's Causeway. Among the trap-rock are to be found small specimens of native copper. Beautiful pebbles of porphyry, jasper and agate, besides other minerals, may be picked up on the beach at Whale Cove.

Eel Brook is associated with some of the most dreadful shipwrecks that have occurred in the Bay of Fundy. On its melancholy cliffs the *Lord Ashburton* went ashore one night fifty years ago, in a terrific gale and blinding snowstorm, and out of a crew of twenty-nine men all but eight perished. In the little graveyard at Flagg's Cove, twenty-one of the lost seamen sleep in one long grave. A lettered board over the enclosure reads: "Here lie the remains of 21 seamen of the ship *Lord Ashburton*, drowned 19th Jan., 1857."

Near the scene of this tragedy, a fog horn, operated by steam, now gives warning to passing vessels whenever the fog, darkness or storm



NORTHERN HEAD.



THE GRAVEYARD AT FLAGG'S COVE.

throws a mantle around these dangerous rocks.

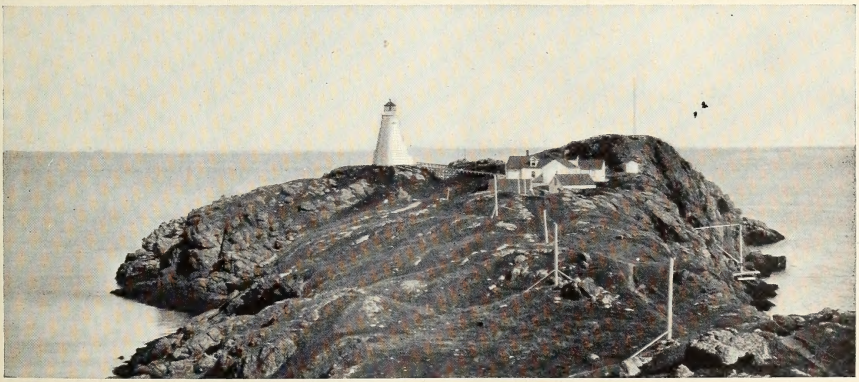
On the eastern side of the mountain-like Northern Head, a detached mass of rock bears a curious resemblance to a tonsured monk sitting in a chair. This has long been honored with the name Bishop's Head.

One of the two lighthouses on the island is at Swallow Tail, a picturesque, fan-shaped promontory a short distance east from Northern Head. Of the scene from this spot on a stormy day, Leavitt gives a striking picture in one of his poems:

"The picture view! That wild sublimity.—
Omnipotence has waked and hurled the storm,
Tossing the deep to tumult round that tower,
Rising defiant on its ocean rock,
Dashes the maniac wave, whose flying spray
Hung high in air, before the tempest streams;
While sea birds circle on exultant wing,
Silent and calm, above the roar and foam
Of battling elements."

South of Whale Cove is Dark Harbor, a place of romantic scenery. The harbor, about a mile long and half a mile wide, is formed by the sea wall. In 1846 a channel was cut through the sea wall, when the sea rushed in and raised the level of the water eight feet, giving, ordinarily, a depth of from five to nine fathoms. Vessels can enter the harbor at about two hours from high water and lie in perfect safety. This is a station for catching, smoking and packing herring, and has but a small group of buildings. A path leads through the woods to Money Cove, which tradition has invested with wild stories of Captain Kidd and his buried treasure.

But interesting and picturesque as are all parts of Grand Manan, the climax of solitary wildness and grandeur is to be found, as a traveller wrote long ago, "only in the Great Cliffs at Southern Head." "We emerge from the shrubbery," he continues, "to find ourselves on the top of Hay Point,



SWALLOW TAIL LIGHT.



SOUTHERN CROSS.

gazing perpendicularly down at the sea, which dashes, at the base of the cliff over which we lean, some two hundred and fifty feet below. A few rods farther on, and we come to the new Southern Head Lighthouse. From thence for a mile farther we pace along the deeply indented edge of the dizzy height, as upon a lofty esplanade, enjoying its solitary grandeur, enhanced by the wild screams of hundreds of circling sea gulls, until at last we arrive opposite the Old Maid."

The Old Maid, it should be said in explanation, is another example of nature's rough carving in stone. As if to offset the Bishop of Northern Head, this isolated rock has been likened to a woman of giantess size. By a strange contradiction of vision, however, the same rock has been taken to resemble a cross, and is quite as often called the Southern Cross. Whether woman or cross seems to depend upon the point of view.

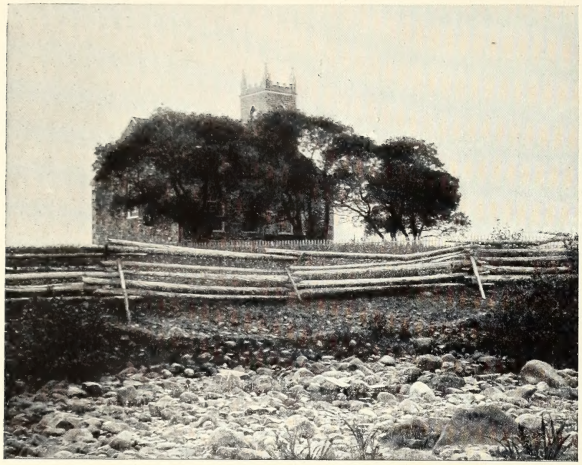
From the northern end, where it attains its greatest elevation, the island, as has been said, slopes slightly toward the south. It descends also eastward, until in the middle portions it sinks under the sea. There are no cliffs on this side, except at the northern end and in one or two places toward the south. The villages and roads are, of course, confined to this side. Only a few narrow cart tracks extend to the other side, which is generally reached by going through the woods on foot.

Flagg's Cove is the first of the settlements, beginning at the upper end, which are strung along a well built government road skirting the shore for twelve or fifteen miles. After this come in order, Centreville, Woodward's Cove, Grand Harbor, and Seal Cove. To these should be added, perhaps, White Head Harbor, on White Head Island, which is connected with the main island by sand bars passable on foot when the tide is out.

Grand Harbor, the chief of these villages, is situated on a safe and shallow bay of the same name into which flows a fairly large stream known as Bonny's Brook. It has an Episcopal church of stone, two or three stores, post office, telegraph of-



SOUTHERN HEAD.



A GRAND MANAN CHURCH.

fice—the island is in cable communication with the mainland—besides a small inn. There is considerable small shipping at this place. The steamer, however, that plies between the island and Eastport and St. John receives and discharges its freight and passengers at Flagg's Cove, where is to be found the principal hotel of the island and, indeed, the only hotel patronized by tourists.

On one occasion, in the War of 1812, an American privateer entered Grand Harbor and seized a vessel quietly riding at anchor in Bonny's Brook. A second attempt by the same privateer to capture a prize was not so successful; for the owners of the sought-for schooner, anticipating another visit from the Yankees, had removed a plank from its bottom, thus making it unseaworthy.

But all the calls of the Yankees at Grand Manan during this war were not of a like nature. One at least was made under reversed conditions, when a British cruiser chased a privateer of the enemy so hotly that the pursued vessel ran ashore on the northern side of the island. The crew, however, escaping to the woods and making their way to Seal Cove, seized a large boat, and, as it is supposed, landed safely on the coast of Maine.

Woodward's Cove enjoys the questionable distinction of having been at one time the site of a Mormon temple, described as "a large building, having no outward decorations—a plain specimen of plainest style of architecture — unadorned by any paint or paintings within or without." It was in the cupola of this edifice that, a number of years ago, a burglar established himself and lived for some time in peace and plenty while preying on the neighborhood. But curiosity, which prompted him to look out one Sabbath morning from his lofty retreat, was the cause of his undoing. Two years and six months in the penitentiary was the price that he paid for this indiscretion. Since then the temple has been burned and the followers of Joseph Smith who worshipped there have been scattered.



IN THE INTERIOR.

In contrast with these villages, with their stores, telegraph offices, and neat modern houses, is Sprague's Cove, a half-deserted and dilapidated fishing hamlet, touching at one end the cliffs of Swallow Tail. But what Sprague's Cove may lack in all other respects is made up to it in picturesqueness. "The old boats," to quote a visitor to this place, "the tumble-down storehouses, the picturesque costumes, the breaking surf, and all the miscellaneous paraphernalia of such a place, set off as they are by the noble background of richly colored cliffs, produce an effect that is as rare as beautiful."



GRAND MANAN FISHERMEN.

Down to the time of the American Revolution, Grand Manan appears to have been inhabited only by the Indians. A reminder of this aboriginal occupation is furnished by Indian Beach, on the west side, where quite a colony of Indians is still to be found. These Indians, it may be noted in passing, are of the Passamaquoddy tribe and depend mainly for a livelihood on catching porpoises for their oil. Their custom is to shoot the porpoises with a rifle and, before they have time to sink, paddle up and make fast with a lance, when the creature is dead taking it into the canoe.

In the vicinity of 1776 a white family by the name of Bonny arrived from the mainland of New Brunswick and established themselves near Grand Harbor, where the stream flowing into the harbor is still called Bonny's Brook.

Bonny and his family remained unmolested for about three years, when they were finally ordered to leave by the Passamaquoddy Indians, under the direction of a Colonel John Allen, who in 1777 conducted operations in eastern Maine, then, of course, a part of Massachusetts.

One of the earliest settlers on the island was Moses Gerrish, of Massachusetts, who adhered to the king when the Revolution broke out and was attached to the Commissary department of the royal navy. After peace was declared, in connection with two other royalists, he obtained license of occupation of this island, together with New Brunswick and its



DARK HARBOR.

dependencies; and, on condition of obtaining forty settlers, a schoolmaster and clergyman, within seven years of the date of the license, the three were to have a grant of the whole from the crown. They sold lots in anticipation of the title, but in the end failed to get the grant. One of the number returned to the United States, but the other two remained. Gerrish, who, according to testimony, was a man of considerable ability, received a magistrate's appointment and held that office until his death in 1830. Following close upon these three came William Cheney and family from Newburyport, Massachusetts, and others.

But all of the first settlers were not of this character. One, at least, was a fugitive from justice. His name was Wheeler, and he had been connected with a gang of counterfeiters—four in number—who had made their headquarters at a spot on the banks of the St. Croix River. Officers had been sent to arrest them, and a member of the gang had shot one of these. The murderer and one other of the counterfeiters were arrested and punished, but the remaining two escaped, Wheeler, with his wife, making his way to Grand Manan and settling at Seal Cove. The story of his slowly starving to death in that rough, wild place is perhaps the most terrible in the annals of the island. After his death, his wife, reduced as she was by hunger, made her way to Harbor Island to obtain assistance to bury the body. A hop vine planted by Wheeler still marks the spot where stood the log cabin that sheltered this guilty and wretched pair.

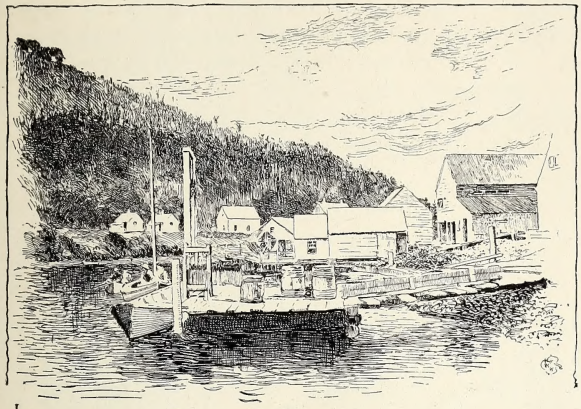
It may not be uninteresting to add that the crucibles used by these counterfeiters were dug up some years ago

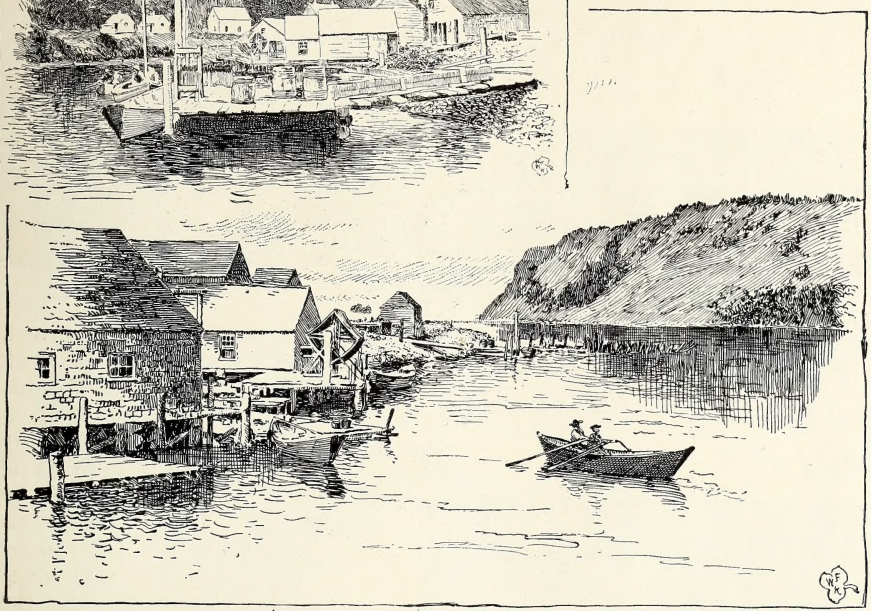


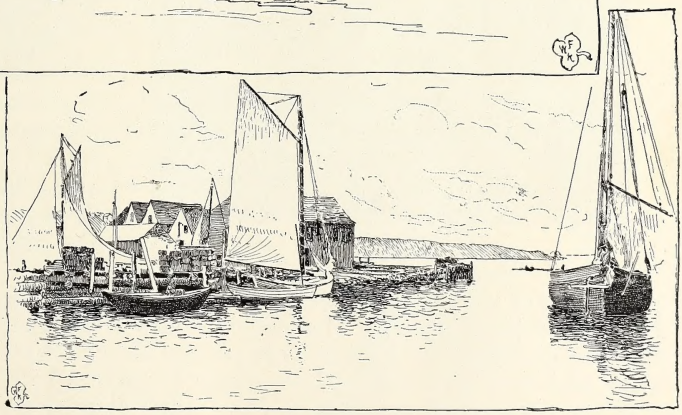
A FISH CART.

near the site of Wheeler's hut, probably hidden by him for future use.

A writer about 1818 gives with much precision the population of Grand Manan at that time as "71 families, 74 men, 70 women, 119 boys, 121 girls—384 total." "Its fisheries," the same writer says, "are in great esteem with the Americans; upwards of 100 sail of vessel, besides boats, have at one time been seen at anchor on the ridge of Long Cove."







GLIMPSES AT DARK HARBOR.

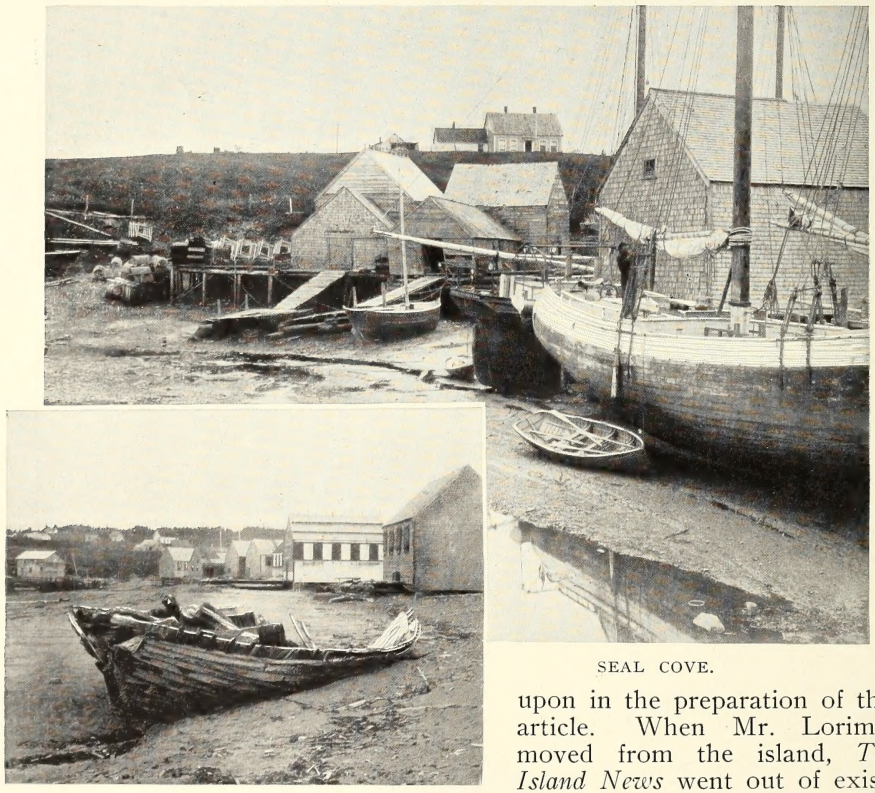
The population to-day is somewhere between twenty-seven hundred and three thousand. The fisheries continue to be the chief, if not practically the sole industry. Immense quantities of cod, haddock, hake and herring are caught, cured, packed and shipped to all parts of the world annually. At one time farming was carried on in the interior of the island, but this has long since been abandoned. Only on occasional cellar shows where a farmhouse once stood. The middle of the island is left without inhabitants.

The religious life of the island centres around eleven churches. Two of these belong to the Episcopalians, five to the Freewill Baptists, two to the

Holiness Baptists, one to the Methodists, and one is a union church. Each church and parish is obliged to share the services of its pastor with one or more other parishes on the island or elsewhere. The Salvation Army also has found its way hither.

Church going, as the number of religious edifices would imply, is very general. The summer visitor has not as yet introduced the "Continental Sabbath." On that day boats rarely put out, and the doors of the livery stables are kept closed. The people themselves represent a high type of order and morality. Crime of any sort is of very infrequent occurrence. Prohibition has been a fact as well as a theory for the greater part of more than fifty years. It is a "prohibition that prohibits." A drunken man would be regarded as a curiosity.

A weekly and, for a while, semi-weekly newspaper, *The Island News*, was published here at one time. The editor, Mr. John G. Lorimer, in addition to his journalistic work prepared a "History of the Islands and Islets of the Bay of Fundy." This book, copies of which are now extremely rare, contained much interesting and valuable information about the region of which it treats, and has been drawn upon in the preparation of this article. When Mr. Lorimer moved from the island, *The Island News* went out of existence, after a life of six or seven years.



SEAL COVE.

There are no snakes or bears on Grand Manan. Moses Gerrish, the pioneer settler already alluded to, brought a pair of moose to the island and dismissed them to the woods. In course of time they became quite numerous. They are now, however, extinct. More permanent success attended the introduction of frogs, toads, rabbits, foxes and deer, none of



STRINGING HERRING.

which were to be found on the island much before the middle of the century. One does not now miss the shrill piping of the frog on a summer's evening or remark at any time the absence of rabbits, which are numerous in all parts of the island. The killing of deer is regulated by law.

But sea birds in great variety have abounded both here and on all the other islands of the bay from time immemorial. Champlain, in the voyage description already quoted, says, "Thence [from Cape Sable] we went to Cormorant Island, a league distant, so called from the infinite number of cormorants found there, of whose eggs we collected a cask full." Elsewhere in the same journal he speaks of an island where "we saw so great a quantity of birds, called penguins, that we killed them easily with sticks," and of two other islands on which "there is such an abundance of birds of different sorts that one would not imagine it, if one had not seen them." Myriads of sea gulls and stormy petrels breed at Grand Manan and on the adjacent islets.

Audubon, who studied gulls at White Head, where he was the guest of a Mr. Frankland, noted a singular habit of the gulls there, which he describes with his wonted minuteness. He says: "As we came up to the place I observed that many of the gulls had alighted, on the fir trees, while a vast number were sailing around, and when we advanced, the former took to wing, abandoning their nests and all flew about uttering incessant cries. I was greatly surprised to see the nests placed on branches, some near the top, others about the middle or on the lower parts of the trees, while at the same time there were many on the ground." This strange habit of nesting in trees had been acquired by the gulls, he was informed, within his host's recollection; for when Mr. Frankland first came here many years previously, "they all built their nests on the moss and in open ground; but as his sons and the fishermen collected most of their eggs for winter use, and sadly annoyed the poor things, the old ones gradually began to put up their



A NATIVE.

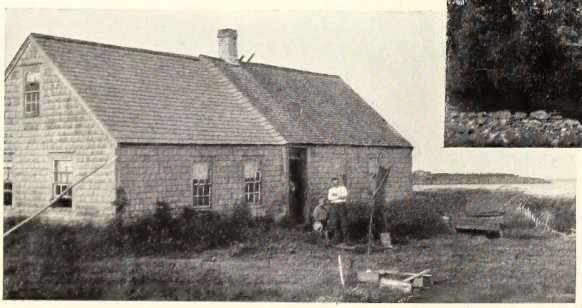


THE ISLAND ROAD.

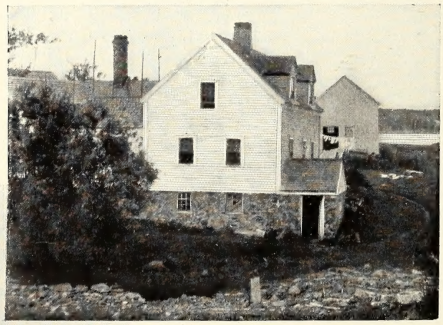
nests on the trees in the thickest part of the woods." The same unusual phenomenon of web-footed birds building their nests in trees, like crows, is still to be seen at White Head.

Pelagic life is no less abundant and varied at Grand Manan than bird life, on account of the proximity of deep water. An exhaustive study of the marine fauna of this region was made in 1853 by William Stimpson, the results of which were afterward published by the Smithsonian Institution, under the title of "Marine Invertebrata of Grand Manan."

Situated as it is well out in the bay,



and presenting a coast of cliff and ledge to the fiercely rushing tides, Grand Manan, as one would expect, has been the scene of almost countless shipwrecks. The wreck of the *Lord Ashburton* has been touched upon already. Of the eight survivors only one, so far as known, is now living. He still resides on the island, where he has made his home for more than forty years, following the peaceful trade of shoemaker. The story of that terrible night, as he continues to tell it,



HOMES OF THE NATIVES.

never fails to thrill the listener. In substance it is as follows:

The *Lord Ashburton*, a ship of about one thousand tons burthen, sailed from Toulon, in ballast, on November 17, 1856, bound for St. John, New

Brunswick, after lumber. Its crew consisted of twenty-nine men all told. They made Cape Sable in the afternoon of Christmas day, and in due time entered the Bay of Fundy and sighted Grand Manan; but fierce head winds compelled them to put to sea again. Three times successively they sighted the island, and three times were beaten back in their course. On January 17, however, they succeeded in getting within ten miles of Partridge Island Light, at the entrance of St. John Harbor, their long-sought port. Once more they encountered adverse winds, this time attended by a heavy snow, and were obliged to heave to until the storm should abate. From that time on they were at the mercy of the wind and waves. About an hour after midnight of the following day, the Sabbath, the ship struck, and, listing, began immediately to break up. Those of the crew that were not swept away at once by the tremendous sea that was running threw themselves into the water and struggled to reach the shore. Of the handful that finally emerged upon the beach, three succeeded in scaling the cliffs, which at this place are no less than two hundred feet high. Such a feat, little short of the miraculous, would have been impossible had not the wind held the men against the rocks and practically lifted them from point to point. One of the three was the narrator from whose lips these facts were learned. More dead than alive, with both feet frozen, he at once set off seeking assistance for himself and his companions. After travelling some distance through the snow, he came to the cabin of an aged couple near where the fog whistle now stands. The man hastened to the nearest settlement with the tidings and very soon succor reached the wretched men still clinging to the rocks.

On the same point of rock where the *Lord Ashburton* went ashore the *Sarah Sloane* was afterward wrecked and all but one of the crew, a young mulatto, perished. Other notable wrecks on the island or in its immediate vicinity are those of the *Mauritius*, two weeks before the *Lord Ashburton;* the *Humber*, about 1873; the *Turkish Empire*, in 1878; and, quite recently, the steamer *Warwick*. But these are only a few of the great fleet, doubtless, that has been dashed to pieces on this coast since the time of Champlain; and the number of seamen who have found here a watery grave will never be told until that day when the sea shall give up its dead.

The writer of the early part of this century, to whom reference has already been made, gives a list of the wrecks that occurred here between 1791 and the time of his writing, about 1818. This includes four ships, three brigs, and three schooners. Nearly every year since then has added one or more to the list, and nearly every year to come will, undoubtedly, continue to do so, in spite of fog whistle and lighthouses, as long as men go down to the sea in ships.

Grand Manan is more properly an archipelago than an island, the smaller members of the group lying east of the largest. The more important of these smaller islands are Long Island, the Duck Islands, White Head, Three Islands, and Wood Island. With its islets, all of which are picturesque, Grand Manan proper has been likened to Nereus attended by her beautiful daughters. This simile is not altogether inapt.

No account of this general region would be quite complete without a reference to an old-time wonder here of which Charlevoix speaks. "It is even asserted," he says, "that at three-fourths of a league off Isle Menane, which serves as a guide to vessels to enter St. John's River, there is a rock, almost always covered by the sea, which is of lapis lazuli." It is added that Commander de Razilli broke off a piece, which he sent to France, and Sieur Denys, who had seen it, says that it was valued at ten crowns an ounce. This legend seems to have

passed completely away from the bay.

As a place of summer resort, Grand Manan is in some respects without a rival. "Here," to quote De Costa, "the opportunities for recreation are unequalled, and all persons fond of grand sea views may indulge their taste without limit." At certain seasons the fog is abundant, but that can be endured. Invalids suffering from gout and dyspepsia receive here, so it is claimed, much benefit; very likely, as the guidebook suggests, from the enforced abstinence from rich food.

For many years the island has been a favorite haunt of marine painters, as the many familiar pictures of its scenery bear witness. Posing as models is almost a recognized occupation among the fishermen.

No longer can Grand Manan be passed by with a casual remark, as in the days of Champlain. Its three thousand inhabitants constitute a not unimportant parish of the province to which it belongs; and its extensive fisheries have made its name familiar in many of the leading markets of the world. But the island will ever be known first and foremost as a "paradise of cliffs," where to scenery of the grandest order are added historic incident and romantic association, together with that melancholy interest conferred by the oft-repeated tragedy of the sea.

ONE JUNE.

By Emma Playter Seabury.

THERE is only one June in the world to me,
Steeped in fragrance and all attune;
And I care not where you may chance to be,
In the dear old past you can only see
The glamour and glow of one perfect June.

You remember we quarrelled and parted; I
Came back with a soul that was all unrest;
The moon and stars were afloat in the sky
Of golden vapor; I heard you sigh,
And clasped you close to my heaving breast.

No need for words, but I felt your tears,
And kissed them away from your eyelids wet.
They melted the pain of the vanished years;
Life was too full for a thought of fears,
Too full for even a vague regret.

For hope and love had once sailed away
  Out of our lives with a blackened track,—
We knew the length of each empty day;—
They had come again, and their anchor lay
  Deep in the souls that took them back.

Days and days like delirious dreams,
  Bird and blossom, and scent and song,
Flashes of grain on the upland gleams,
Ferny dells by the forest streams,
  Over my memory drift along.

Orchard dazzles in pink and white
  Round us scatter their fragrant flowers,
Bees intoxicant in their flight,
Grassy ripples in weaves of light,
  Flecked with the foam of a thousand flowers.

Down the lane to the pastures green,
  Where the cows come home through the open bars,
Filing along, demure, serene,
Daisy and Rose and Evangeline,
  Beauty and Thistle and Spots and Stars.

From the grand old wood and its mossy glades,
  Rings the vibrant note of an evening trill,
Echoes along through its colonnades,
Dallies aglance in the flitting shades
  On the Quaker meeting-house on the hill.

We might have known as the shadows strayed
  And over the day and its portals crept,
There was joy that maketh the heart afraid,
A rapture from which it should shrink dismayed.
  Alike our fears and forebodings slept.

June swung out to the shrines of the west,
  Her golden days from the censer of dawn;
Murmur and glitter and song and nest,
Flutter and fragrance and blossom quest,—
  And the ecstasy of our love dreamed on.

So there's only one June in the world to me;—
  For you drifted out of my life so soon,
Faded away like a ship at sea,
Shrouded in mists where its white wings flee,
  Tinged with the glow of one perfect June.

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING.

By George H. Page.

I.

MRS. DOLBEARE called the room her office. Mr. Dolbeare called it her boudoir. He felt that a lady should have a boudoir, not an office, and felt very sure that conservatism and the proprieties bore him out. She reasoned that it is better to call an office an office; and certainly good sense and the furniture seemed to be on her side. Plain, substantial desks, bookcases and correspondence files stood heavily against the walls, together with a typewriter and a letter press; and there was none of the frippery of a boudoir. Mrs. Dolbeare was confronting the neglected correspondence of a week past. Not even a strong sense of duty sustained her. She found her spring of action in the respectful disapproval of her stenographer, the angular and efficient Miss Poynter, who sat before her and held her to her work.

"Well, Miss Poynter, let us begin, since we must. 'The Rev. Samuel Johnson, Tuscalona, Bona Spry Parish, Louisiana. Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor of the nineteenth instant, and in reply beg to enclose twenty dollars to forestall the danger of foreclosure that you mention. Before giving more, I shall wish to take the matter up with Mr. Washington, as you suggest. I have absolute confidence in his judgment in such matters. Meanwhile I pray that the erring members of your flock may return to the fear of the Lord and to your excellent guidance. Faithfully yours.'

"'Miss Amanda J. Dunklee, No. 47½ Wabash Avenue, Terre Haute, Indiana: Mrs. Dolbeare begs to advise that she has no money for such causes as Miss Dunklee appeals for.' That woman's letter reeks with insincerity and greed." Miss Poynter made no comment on this interpolation for fear that her employer's mind might wander.

"'Ellaline Lulu Judd, No. 13 Waverly Terrace, West Lynn, Massachusetts. Dear Miss Judd: I have no doubt that you have a very superior voice, and if I were not so busy I should enjoy hearing it. I am afraid, however, that it would be a waste of your time, so valuable for practice. I am no connoisseur of the technique of your art, and therefore could not judge for myself whether my money would be well spent in sending you to Italy. I make it a rule never to give except in directions that I am familiar with personally. This rule excludes your case. I can only wish you a happy and brilliant career and urge upon you not to launch yourself unprotected into any European musical centre. The dangers that await a young woman in such a place are very great. Truly yours.'"

The cultivated voice of Mrs. Dolbeare and the agile knuckles of Miss Poynter were interrupted by a knock at the open door and the appearance of the shaven countenance of the butler behind a deferentially extended silver tray, upon which lay a visiting card. Mrs. Dolbeare glanced at the card, and said with evident pleasure:

"Ask Mrs. Blessing to come up into the Japanese room, and tell her that I will join her directly; and, Peterson, I will have the brougham at three o'clock."

"The coachman told me that he would not take those horses out again

this hot day, Miss Clara hurried him so going to Brookline and back; and indeed, ma'am, I should think they'd have fits."

"Very well, I'll have the coupé."

"Miss Clara has ordered the coupé at three to go to the flower show, ma'am."

"Well, Peterson, I could do with the victoria, if John thinks it safe to put Tantrums into it."

"Indeed, ma'am, I don't think the coachman would ever put him into the victoria; but anyway the victoria is at the painter's getting yellow stripes to the wheels. Miss Clara ordered it done."

"But I don't like yellow stripes on a victoria."

Peterson's ill trained garrulity hesitated at expressing itself on this difference of taste between his mistress and her daughter. He waited until she added with some humility: "You may telephone Kenny and Clark for a carriage." He then withdrew with an outward show of respectful noiselessness, and went down to usher Mrs. Blessing into the penetralia of the big house. Miss Poynter saw her opportunity slipping from her and began running over the unanswered letters energetically.

"What shall I write to the Rev. Mary R. Hanna, who wants money to rebuild her church just burned?"

"Well, women have such a struggle against the world, you may send her a hundred dollars."

"And the man in Montana that wants you to—what does he call it?—'grub-stake' him on a prospecting tour?"

"Decline with thanks."

"And the young woman from Canada that wants to be a nurse in your hospital?"

"Ask her to call upon me at the hospital during my office hours, please."

"And the Aerial Gold Mine Company, for extracting gold from the air? Do you wish to subscribe to the stock?"

Mrs. Dolbeare had disappeared serenely through the door, murmuring that she must not make Mrs. Blessing wait longer. Miss Poynter was left to her own devices, including the check book, the typewriter and the impressive note paper, and to her own judgment as to the choice of the first or third person and the use of the typewriter or of a quill pen with her own elaborately stylish handwriting.

II.

Mrs. Blessing and Mrs. Dolbeare met with a rich, costly rustle and a kiss, and sank together hand in hand upon a stiff carved teakwood settee with a cushion of red brocade, made inviting by the artful disposition of several pillows of sundry shapes and colors. Health and gossip were tabooed between these two. Mrs. Blessing, who was a stanch friend and a dispenser of spiritual benefits wherever she went, was not long in perceiving that her old friend was much depressed. She began at once to think and feel for her and with her.

"Why don't you get out more," she asked solicitously, "and see your friends, both for our sakes and your own? I am afraid the hospital engrosses you too much. It is doing a great work, I hear."

"Yes, it is doing good work. It is my only success. Everything else is a failure,—my married life, my family, my home, my whole life. What could a woman say that is worse?"

Mrs. Blessing laughed incredulously and encouragingly. "What a characterization! No one could ever think of making it but yourself. Just fancy,—suppose the average reader of the newspapers, who knows you only through them, were to be told that your life was a failure; the universally admired and respected Mrs. Dolbeare, the leader and most generous subscriber in all good works, the good citizen, the philanthropist with a national reputation—just fancy how he would laugh, even if he had Mrs. Dol-

beare's own authority for the statement!"

"Harriet, dear, you know nothing of my problem," said Mrs. Dolbeare sadly. "Perhaps you have more executive ability than I have. The difficulties of life seem to be plain sailing to you. But you have never lived under the terrible incubus of a great fortune in your own right. Perhaps you would have sustained it and used it. I stagger under it feebly enough."

"Oh, but the opportunity of it! Think of me,"—and Mrs. Blessing laid a white glove, bunchy with hidden brilliants, on her friend's arm. "I haven't a dollar of my own in the world. I have to ask for money. Think of the shame of it! To be sure, Mr. Blessing usually provides the money with what is intended for generosity,—big, unexpected checks, rolls of fresh bills, tucked mysteriously into my purse or found unasked for on my pincushion with a hat pin thrust through them. But sometimes he forgets, or wants to remind me of what our real relations are; and then I postpone asking and manage and pinch until finally I have to swallow my pride and ask for it. I feel like a miserable little terrier on his haunches begging for his morsel."

"No doubt that is bad for one's sense of independence; but I assure you that it is not so bad as having too much and not knowing what to do with it, when you feel that it is smothering the immortal souls of your own dear husband and children. Oh, how much better it would be if the money could be earned from day to day! I am sure that my possessions are the cause of my undoing. I have tried to be a mother and the custodian of a hideous income at the same time. I have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. I am a failure, a most miserable woman."

"Why, Constance, what an unreasonable child you are!"—and Mrs. Blessing tapped the floor with her umbrella. "You are devotion itself. Look at Clara! What a well bred girl she is! She's"—Mrs. Blessing, in spite of her determination to be assuring, hesitated for the flicker of a second—"the smartest and most popular girl of the season."

"That is what you found to say, is it?" rejoined Mrs. Dolbeare; and she shut her lips resolutely on her own opinion of her only daughter. Mrs. Blessing was glad to leave the subject and hastened to ask how Arthur was getting on. Mrs. Dolbeare started uneasily; and whether it was the influence of girlish days long gone exerted by this old school friend, or some emotional contraction of the limbs, she drew her feet up from the floor and sat on them with her arms lolling over her knees,—a curiously un-grand-ladylike and pitiful attitude. "Arthur used to be a good boy, and still loves his mother; but he is all day in the turmoil of State Street, and at night I don't know where he goes nor what he does,—and I have such a fear on me that I no longer dare to ask."

Mrs. Blessing stared, but said stanchly: "Nonsense, dear, one has only to look in his face to see that he is all right."

"I don't know,—I don't know," said Mrs. Dolbeare miserably." Sometimes I think he wants excitement at night because he is speculating on the stock exchange—he brings me so many papers to sign. But I don't care, I don't care in the least if he ruins me. I think it would be a very fortunate thing for us all if he did."

"Heavens!" ejaculated Mrs. Blessing bewildered. The thing was getting beyond her determined optimism. She stared again, and presently she was surprised to find that she had murmured without intending to do so: "Perhaps so."

"Do you know, Harriet, I hate these objects!" Mrs. Dolbeare waved her hand listlessly toward the Satsuma and cloisonné, the teakwood and bronze, and the Kakemonos and gift cloths. "I hate them especially for their outrageous money value. Every one of them represents an in-

dulgence, a petty weakness. Sometimes I imagine myself in the midst of them with a club smashing them into the rubbish they really are. Oh, the joy of it, if I only dared! Often and often I look around this great clumsy home and wonder where love has gone. For it is a home, Harriet; it isn't an institution or a show,—it's my home, mine and theirs. Oh, how my heart clings to them! If I could only respect them!"—and the unfortunate woman bit her lips in a pitifully vain struggle to keep back her tears. Presently she controlled herself and leaned forward with some eagerness to Mrs. Blessing. "Do you remember him on his class day, twenty-six years ago this coming June? Wasn't he brilliant and handsome? You almost loved him yourself."

Mrs. Blessing gasped. She knew that her friend was speaking of Mr. Dolbeare, the pale stamp collector, but she did not deny her the flattering unction. She looked into her own heart for the ashes of this impossible love, and found there only a living pride and joy in her own grim husband, the defeater of men down at the bank.

"Don't deny it," Mrs. Dolbeare said quickly, adding with some significance: "You and I quarrelled that summer—our only quarrel."

Mrs. Blessing assured herself that there was quite another cause for that little difference, and held her peace.

"Just think what he was, and might have become," her friend went on. "I love him still. Why didn't I make something of him? Tell me, Harriet, why didn't I make him make the most of himself? Didn't I love him enough?"

Mrs. Blessing was spared the difficulty of answering this trying question by the appearance in the room of the man himself. His wife, with wifely ears, had heard his step in the hall, and had quickly dropped her feet to the floor and straightened up into the posture of a lady on show. He came forward with an album in his hand, and Mrs. Blessing looked at him almost insolently as he approached. She noted his waxen face with no victories written in it, his studentlike stoop, his thin legs, his hands with no certain grasp in them and assured herself once more that the absurd charge was a chimera of his wife's imagination. The good breeding and courtesy of his greeting did not blind her in the least to his personality. She was used to that pleasing varnish, and it did not mislead her judgment as to the quality of the substance underneath it.

They settled themselves to view the postage stamps. With true dramatic artfulness he deferred their interest and delight by holding the book in his lap until he had prepared them by postponement and prefatory remarks for the wonder of it.

"I am about to show you," he said, "what cannot be seen anywhere else in the world. It represents years of effort, study and correspondence. I have visited the Russian Imperial Bureau of Posts myself, and even sent a special messenger to Vladivostock to secure one of these stamps. You might suppose that some of the specimens were identical, but by the use of the microscope you would find that either in watermarks, the quality of the paper or the cancellation they are radically different. It is the only absolutely complete collection known of the blue five kopeck postage stamp of Kamchatka. You have before you every known variety of that exceedingly rare stamp." With that he opened the book and held it before Mrs. Blessing's fascinated gaze. She felt the eyes of his wife upon her.

"How very interesting!" she began. She knew that this was not nearly enough. She thought of saying, "How I should like to have Mr. Blessing see them!" but a quick vision of her husband turning from them with ill concealed contempt warned her that she was verging on the perilous

She took refuge in the vague, "What a deep satisfaction it must be to have something at once unique and complete obtained through your own efforts."

This sufficed. He rose smiling and, after inquiring with affable indifference about the health of Colonel Blessing and the children, he withdrew. Mrs. Dolbeare hastened to inform Mrs. Blessing that he was preparing a monograph on the issues of Mauritius.

"And now, my dear," she said, "I have treated you shamefully. You were good enough to come and see me, and I have obtruded my private griefs upon you."

"A mark of confidence surely, and a benefit besides," replied Mrs. Blessing affectionately, "because hearing a friend's problems helps to a solution of our own. We all have them, of course, since we live in a hurried and imperfect world."

"One has no right to drag one's friends down to one's own level of depression," rejoined Mrs. Dolbeare. "But tell me," she added quickly, with an effort to become more cheerful, "perhaps you can help me by putting me in the way of the mind cure or one of your swamis."

"The very thing!" cried Mrs. Blessing, enthusiastically. This was just what she could do to help her friend. "Come to me on Wednesday at two. I will have a mothers' lunch to discuss the bringing up of grown up children, with Serena Tallant and the swami Rabidonkanda to lead the discussion. She is the most successful of the teachers of the mind cure. I wish I could lift myself up somehow to the lofty plane that serene woman lives on! And the swami"—Mrs. Blessing's eyes beamed ecstatically—"he is the latest black Antinous of a philosopher from the land of perfect truth. Will you come?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Dolbeare smiling.

"Then good by until Wednesday." Mrs. Blessing rose to go. "And do seek out your friends, and love them and have faith."

III.

At breakfast on the following morning Mrs. Blessing and her redoubtable Colonel faced each other over their oranges. The length of the table was between them. The children had eaten and separated for the day.

"Christopher," she began dogmatically, "it would have been the best thing in the world for the Dolbeares if they had never had any money. They do not know how to live under it. The next best thing is for them to lose it now."

"Humph!" rejoined the Colonel, busy with his orange.

"Isn't there some hocus-pocus known to State Street, by which you could ruin them?" she asked.

The Colonel laughed somewhat harshly. "There will be no need for me to take a hand," he said, "if that lad keeps on."

"How do you know everything about everybody?" she exclaimed wondering. "You never gossip."

"It's my business to know," he said; and he added after an orange-munching pause: "It's a pity. He's a capable fellow,—but he's in trouble now, sure enough."

"Christopher," Mrs. Blessing said insinuatingly, "will you make a place for him in your bank if he needs it?"

Her husband paused as a man will who does not give his word lightly. "I'll see," he said, and he turned to the finger bowl, above which his hands showed firm and by no means hairless.

Mrs. Blessing, knowing her man, considered his deliberate "I'll see" as good as a promise and dropped the subject. As he rose to go she asked with a show of carelessness: "Didn't you think that was a very pretty jacket Roxana wore to school? It cost only forty dollars."

"Forty dollars for a schoolgirl," he grumbled. "It ought to be pretty."

This was not encouraging, but dire

necessity held her to it. "Then there are the boys' shoes,—and you know you won't let me charge things,—and the servants want their wages,—and Dick hates to have me buy his clothes for him any more. He wants some money, too."

"He'd better earn it," growled the Colonel. "He'd find he didn't need so many clothes;" and he made for the door.

Mrs. Blessing moved uneasily in her chair. It was pure comedy on her husband's part. He was much more anxious to live gorgeously than she was, and he was perfectly willing to give her all the money she was willing to ask for, but he did not mean to be cheated out of his prerogatives. She knew all this perfectly well and hated it all bitterly—the prerogatives, the dependence, and the frequent rehearsal of this tiresome comedy.

"Christopher," she said quite humbly, "I am afraid I shall have to have a little money to keep me going."

"Well, how much do you want?" he asked as if ruin stared him in the face.

"I think eight hundred dollars will keep me until the end of the month," she said without looking at him; "and then I hope you will begin on a suitable allowance. I hate asking you for money."

"Humph!" he said, and marched off to the library to write out a check. When he came back and handed it to her with an air of open-handed generosity, she took it like an unclean thing between her thumb and finger, and dropped it in a clear space on the white damask tablecloth with a "Thank you" that was not colored in the least with gratitude. He stooped and kissed her affectionately. There was always in his relations with his wife a curious association between the transfer of money and kisses that she did not altogether understand nor like. As he went off to his business, however, she called after him sweetly:

"Be sure and come home early, dear, won't you?"

IV.

The day before the lunch, Mrs. Blessing mounted Mrs. Dolbeare's front steps, to make sure that her patient was coming to take her treatment at the spiritual hands, so to say, of the Eastern pundit and the dispenser of the mind cure. The butler, of whom Mrs. Blessing strongly disapproved as being talkative and forthputting, seemed strangely distraught. Mrs. Dolbeare could not possibly see any one—she was not at home—he was not sure—perhaps she had better come in and he would see. Mrs. Blessing entered the reception room, and he disappeared with her card and was back again in a moment. Mrs. Dolbeare wanted her to come up at once.

Everybody was in the office, the family, Miss Poynter and a grave man unknown to Mrs. Blessing. Mrs. Dolbeare came forward with extended hands. There was an unusual animation about her and a new light in her eyes.

"My dear, I am very glad to see you," she said rapidly. "This is my hour, and I want you here to support me. They have just told me that Arthur is bankrupt. Nearly the whole of my fortune is already involved. There remain a number of his obligations not secured by my endorsement nor any security, and they ought in justice to be provided for. If I provide for them absolutely, nothing will remain to us. I say meet every obligation. My husband and Clara are against me. Arthur says nothing. What do you say, my old friend?"

Mrs. Blessing, much startled, looked about her. Mr. Dolbeare and Clara were ghastly. Arthur was abject. The grave man was twirling his thumbs and looking at the rug. Miss Poynter was merely observant. Mrs. Dolbeare was glowing, triumphant and in command of the situation.

"Constance, dear, you will do what is right," said Mrs. Blessing.

"I shall, indeed," replied Mrs. Dolbeare with a glad earnestness. "Mr. Leggett, make arrangements for the transfer of everything that is left to the creditors. And now," she went on, turning to them that she loved, "we will begin life anew. I am going to look for a situation—a situation, do you hear?—and the harder the work the better I shall like it."

"But, mother—"

"I shall make the legislature assume the hospital. I cannot support it any longer, fortunately. They must take it. I will be a matron with a salary. I have always wanted to earn my bread. This is my chance."

"But, mother, your health will not permit of it."

"I must. I cannot afford to be ill any more. My health must take care of itself. And you, Clara, shall be a nurse."

"A nurse? Antiseptics and gruel! Ugh!"

"And Arthur," the happy mother went on, "perhaps Colonel Blessing will take you into his bank."

"I will promise that he will do that very thing," Mrs. Blessing interposed with great cordiality.

Mrs. Dolbeare went over to her husband and laid her hand on his shoulder and said to him fondly: "And we won't forget you. We shall provide you also with work to do worthy of your great abilities."

Mr. Dolbeare shivered miserably.

"And now," she said, energetically, "send for the auctioneer."

"Oh, mother!"

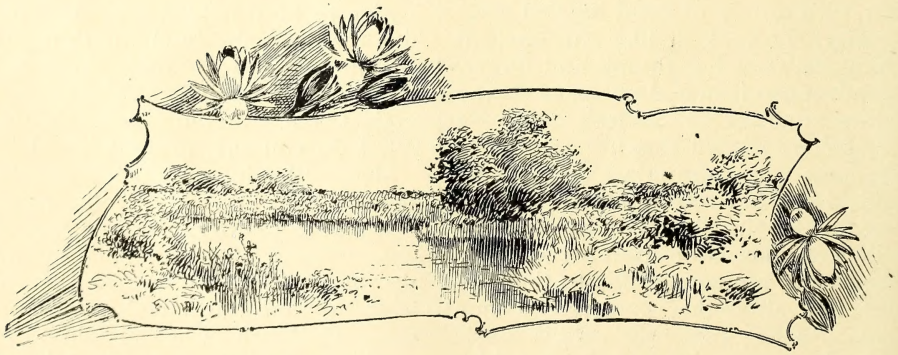
"Send for the auctioneer," she said again sternly.

"You are not thinking of selling my postage stamps?" her helpmeet asked plaintively.

"Everything, everything," cried Mrs. Dolbeare with a strange gladness. "The less of the old life, the better. We will begin afresh, and know something of self-respect and happiness for the first time."

Mr. Dolbeare wearily withdrew to his library to fondle his stamps, with a vague notion of taking them away somewhere to conceal them and save them from the wreck. Clara went to her room to weep and change her dress. Mrs. Dolbeare went firmly upstairs to her chamber, followed mutely by her son.

Mrs. Blessing, pondering on the strange disguises of good fortune, went home.



LORENZO DOW.

By Emily S. Gilman.

IN the early part of this century an eccentric preacher of uncouth appearance, with a long shaggy beard, might have been encountered in various parts of the United States. He had no regular parish, and indeed was not always admitted to church pulpits; but multitudes often flocked to hear him in open fields, attracted both by his strange looks and by his unusual style of discourse. There are still living those who remember seeing Lorenzo Dow, and many more who remember the odd stories about him. In Barbour's "Historical Collections" we find this statement: "He travelled through the United States from New England to the extremities of the Union, from fifteen to twenty times. Occasionally he went to Canada, and once to the West Indies. He made three voyages to England and Ireland, where he drew crowds about him. It is thought that during the thirty-eight years of his public life he must have travelled nearly 200,000 miles. He wrote a number of books besides his Journal, with titles usually as eccentric as their author." The singularities of his dress and manner excited prejudice against him and counteracted the effect of his eloquence. Nevertheless he is said to have preached to more persons than any other man of his time. He was the son of Humphrey B. Dow and his wife, Tabitha, and was one of six children.

Lorenzo Dow was born at Coventry, Connecticut, October 16, 1777. His education was very limited, but he was the subject of early religious impressions. He dreamed when a child of "seeing the prophet Nathan in a large assembly of people, prophesying many things. I got an opportunity to ask him how long I should live. Said he, 'Until you are two and twenty'; the dream causing many serious and painful hours at intervals." Notwithstanding the dream, he lived to the age of fifty-six years. Other dreams made an impression on his mind. He was caught up to heaven by an angel; he was dragged down by the devil to the gates of hell, and he was exhorted by John Wesley, lately deceased, to preach the gospel.

There was much talk in those days about the Methodists who had recently come to New England, believed by some people to be the deceivers who should come in the last days, while others said that "they were a good sort of people." Hope Hull was one of their preachers, and crowds came from every quarter to hear, as they supposed, a new gospel. On one occasion young Lorenzo looked in at the door and found to his surprise that a Methodist appeared like other men, and the words of the preacher seemed a message addressed to him. After great spiritual conflicts he found peace in believing, and took delight in telling others what God had done for him.

Not feeling satisfied with his bap-

tism in infancy, he had the ceremony repeated, and then with twelve others formed a society for mutual watch and helpfulness. Later came a strong conviction that God had called him to preach the gospel, and in January, 1796, when a little more than eighteen years old, he was directed by a circuit preacher named Spry to go to Tolland for a few days, that his gifts might be tested. His parents seem to have opposed this step, but he accepted the authority of the preacher and entered upon what proved to be his life work.

He fulfilled various appointments in the eastern part of the state, although a sudden attack of illness, which for the time took away both sight and strength, interrupted one of his exhortations. He was soon afterwards riding nearly forty miles to Munson, to join another preacher, named Nicholas Snethen, who parted from him, after a few days, with this sound advice: "You are but eighteen years of age; you are too important; you must be more humble, and hear, and not be heard so much. Keep your own station, for by the time you have arrived at the age of twenty-one years you will see wherein you have missed it. You had better learn some easy trade and be still for two or three years, for your bodily health will not admit of your becoming a travelling preacher at present."

Not so thought the zealous Lorenzo, for two months later, wishing to undertake more formal preaching than he had yet attempted, he obtained a letter of recommendation, perhaps from his brethren, concerning his moral conduct—the only credentials he had. Not far from this time a certain Thomas Cooper said to him: "I do not believe God has called you to preach. Your health, your gifts, your grace, your learning, your sobriety are not equivalent to the task." But this plain speaking did not deter the ardent youth from undertaking a long tour in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, lasting eight months, in which he "travelled more than four thousand miles, through heat in the valleys, and through cold on the mountains, preaching from ten to fifteen times a week, and oftentimes no stranger to hunger and thirst."

His first application to be enrolled by the Methodist Conference of Connecticut was unsuccessful, but in 1798, when twenty-one years old, he was received and appointed to a circuit in New York. He soon relinquished this, however, believing that he had a divine call to preach to the Romanists in Ireland; and from that time he held no official relation to the ministry of the Methodist Church.

In October, 1799, he sailed from Quebec for Dublin, and spent more than a year in Ireland. A preacher in Cork, who had objected to his preaching, said of him not unkindly: "He has been a great preacher in America, and came away against rule. He follows his own feelings too much; he is Quakerized. Poor man, he fatigues himself. I told him he ought not to walk so much. I hear that he is abstemious, and will not take sufficient nourishment. He won't take clothes, and such a poor figure he cuts! Why, when he went to Bandon and stood at the people's door, they did not know what to make of him." In Dublin he had printed three thousand handbills to warn the inhabitants of the divine judgments, and distributed them widely in the shops and among people of various classes, enclosing one in a letter and giving it to a sentinel in the Castle Yard for the Lord Lieutenant and, "lest it should not reach him, having a second copy *framed and addressed in gilt letters for the Lord Lieutenant*, the package tied with red tape and sealed with black wax, and left at the porter's lodge."

On his return to America he preached in various towns in Connecticut. In his Journal he says: "The Conference is sitting, and I expect to be as a leper shut out of the camp; yet I have broken no discipline, for I

was only a preacher on trial, and never in full communion, and of course cannot be expelled from the connection, seeing I was never in. And I never was a member of any quarterly conference, and of course am not accountable to any quarterly conference for my conduct; and the class I once belonged to is now broken up."

In 1802 he "preached against Atheism, Deism, Calvinism and Universalism." The next year he visited the Southern States. At Augusta, Georgia, he sold his watch to pay for printing religious handbills, and "lest paper should be too much neglected, got some also printed on silk for the higher class"—one of which he had framed and addressed to the governor.

It was not to be expected that the love affairs of this odd man would be of an ordinary type. His courtship was on this wise. While holding a series of meetings in Weston, New York, he became interested in a young woman at the house of her brother-in-law, Smith Miller, who kept a Methodist tavern. Before having any conversation with her, he heard it said that Peggy was resolved never to marry unless it were to a preacher and one who would continue travelling. "This resolution being similar to my own, as she then stepped into the room, caused me to ask if it were so. She answered in the affirmative, on the back of which I replied, Do you think you could accept of such an object as me? She made no answer, but retired from the room. This was the first time of my speaking to her. I took dinner, asked one question more, and went to my neighboring meetings, which occupied some days. . . . When going away, I observed to her that I was going to the warm countries, where I had never spent a warm season, and it was probable I should die, as the warm climate destroys most of those who go there from a cold country; but said I, If I am preserved, about a year and a half from now I am in hopes of seeing this northern country again, and if during this time you live and remain single and find no one that you like better than me, and would be willing to give me up twelve months out of thirteen, or three years out of four, to travel, and that in foreign lands, and never say, Do not go to your appointment, etc.,—for if you should stand in my way I should pray God to remove you, which I believe he would answer, —and if I find no one that I like better than I do you, perhaps something further may be said upon the subject; and finding her character to stand fair, I took my departure."

It does not appear that there was any correspondence between them during this southern tour; but when after nearly two years, in September, 1804, he saw Smith Miller, his wife Hannah, and Peggy, she consented to a speedy marriage and accepted the conditions of his leaving her immediately for an absence of seven or eight months. She proved a devoted wife, in sympathy with his work, having a great admiration for him, accompanying him when she could on his journeys, addressing him in the few letters which are preserved as "My Lorenzo," and recording her religious experiences in a journal, after the custom of the day. While sharing his religious zeal, she seems to have been free from his eccentricities. In the spring of 1805 she went abroad with him, and their only child, named Laetitia Johnson, was born and died in infancy in Great Britain.

In a book called "The Eccentric Cosmopolite," Dow says: "The Cosmopolite with his *Rib* had to appear at the New York Custom House by summons, and tell his age, parentage, birthplace, occupation, city, street, number of the house, and name of the family where he stayed before embarking, ship's name, etc., complexion, height, flesh marks, etc." The passport thus made out, with various certificates as to the marriage of his parents, the date of his birth, and the

character of those who had given testimonials about him, would be of value in a modern collection of autographs. It was countersigned by James Madison, secretary of state, and bore among many other names those of Governor Trumbull of Connecticut and Governor Page of Virginia. In it Dow is described as "of the age of twenty-eight years or thereabouts, of the height of five feet ten inches, rather light complexioned, and much marked with the smallpox, having small, light eyes, dark brown hair and eyebrows, small features, and a short visage, a scrophulous mark on his neck under the chin on the right side."

His third trip abroad was made in 1818, he leaving his "companion" at his father's house in Hebron, Connecticut. On his return the next year he found her failing in health, and she died at Hebron early in 1820. In his story of his life he describes the funeral services and tells how by his request Peggy was laid out in her best plain meeting dress with woollen blankets instead of shrouded sheets; and "though many had said L. D. was eccentric and that it was now exemplified, such still admitted that the dress became impressive on the occasion, and also the color of the coffin too." On her tombstone in the cemetery on Burrows Hill near Hebron is inscribed:

Peggy Dow
Who
Shared the Vicissitudes of Lorenzo
Fifteen Years
And then died, January 6, 1820,
Aged 39 Yrs.

He says: "The loss was too sensible in contemplating my feelings. Hence my *judgment* dictated the departure from usual custom, and to change my condition again upon the journey of life." This decision was soon carried out. The great elm tree on the Bean Hill Green at Norwich, Connecticut, is still pointed out as the scene of his second courtship. It is said that in a discourse preached in the open air, regretting the loss and extolling the merits of his beloved Peggy, Lorenzo called out: "Is there any one in this congregation willing to take the place of my departed Peggy?" Then up rose Lucy Dolbeare from Montville, about six feet high and as broad as she was long, and answered promptly: "I will." Whether this was a preconcerted arrangement between preacher and hearer does not appear; but it is certain that Lucy became the second wife of Lorenzo Dow. We are told that she possessed considerable property. Another version of the story is that in response to the preacher's appeal *two* women rose. He paused a moment, then said: "There are two; I think this one near me rose first; at any rate, I will have her for my wife."

In his autobiography she is not mentioned by name; but in connection with the account of Peggy's funeral, he says: "Toward the end of this year *we* went to the Southern States, after travelling over the six New England States first;" and in 1822 he writes: "Started with my companion for the East; left her with her mother and friends at Montville where she was raised."

At one time it was announced in the newspapers of Richmond, Virginia, that he would preach on New Year's day in the Methodist meeting-house; but a counter notice from the stationed minister declared that Mr. Dow would not be permitted to occupy the Methodist pulpits in Richmond. "Mr. Dow's clownish manners, his *heterodox* and *schismatic* proceedings, and his reflections against the Methodist Episcopal Church in a late production of his on church government, are impositions on common sense, and furnish the principal reasons why he will be discountenanced by the Methodists."

Another newspaper, this time in Salem, Massachusetts, thus describes this celebrated preacher now on a tour through the New England States: "He generally holds his meet-

ings in the fields or woods, finding it difficult to gain admittance to a house of worship. He wears his hair long and flowing and his beard unshorn, in imitation of the apostles. His dress is mean, his voice harsh, his gesticulation and delivery ungraceful in the extreme, and his appearance and manners are calculated to excite the curiosity and wonder, if not the disgust, of his hearers. He preached at Portland in a field on Sunday, August 6, in presence of two or three thousand people, and held forth on Wednesday in Newburyport in the open air to a multitude of three or four thousand, who assembled to witness the performance of one whose eccentric appearance had gained him, in anticipation, some celebrity. He told where he was born and raised, said he was the friend of all sects, and believed in none of them, cautioned his hearers not to pin their faith on those who preached in steepled houses, or to believe a thing because their grandmothers before them believed it; and after a rhodomontade, without argument or eloquence, of forty minutes, was off on a tangent."

Early in the century religious services were sometimes marked by extraordinary phenomena, falling, jerking, rolling, dancing and barking exercises, together with visions and trances. Dow records some strange scenes in his southern tour. He "saw Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, Baptists, Church of England and Independents exercised with the *jerks*, gentleman and lady, black and white, the aged and the youth, rich and poor, without exception."

"Upon such excitable hearers Lorenzo Dow would readily make an impression. He understood common life and he possessed the knack of adapting his discourses to such audiences. He was a good story-teller, and would often resort to a pertinent anecdote or adapted allegory. He affected oddity in his mode of preaching as well as in his dress. He took pains to appear suddenly among the people where he proposed to hold forth, often making his appointments a year beforehand, and at the very minute set he would come like an apparition. He often took scraps of texts, and by a play upon words would draw from them unexpected arguments and inferences." So wrote Peter Parley, who also related in his Recollections how, when he was a boy, Dow appeared in Ridgefield, Connecticut, and, taking a stand on Squire Nathan's wood pile, held forth to a few boys and other people who chanced to be in that quarter. "He was then about thirty years of age, but looked much older, thin and weather-beaten, haggard and ill-favored, partly on account of his reddish dusty beard, some six inches long, — then a singularity, as nobody among us but old Jagger the beggar, cultivated such an appendage. He was merely passing through Ridgefield, and soon departed, leaving the impression that he was an odd sort of person and rather light headed."

It is from Lorenzo himself that we have the following account of what once occurred at Green River meeting-house: "The time arrived, the people came out, and I went, but having a hard day's journey of twenty-five miles, and to preach five times and to speak to three classes, I had to be in earnest. As I entered the meeting-house, having an old borrowed greatcoat on and *two hats*, the people were alarmed, and thought it singular I did not bow to every pew as I went toward the pulpit, which was the custom there. Some laughed and some blushed, and the attention of all was excited. I spoke for about two hours, giving the inside and outside of Methodism. My hat being taken from me without my consent and two others forced upon me, I was carrying one to give to a young man."

On one occasion he took the liberty, while preaching, to denounce a rich man in the community, recently

deceased. The result was an arrest, a trial for slander, and an imprisonment in the county jail. After he got out, he announced that in spite of his unjust imprisonment he should preach at a given time a sermon about "another rich man." The populace was greatly excited and a crowded house greeted his appearance. With great solemnity he opened the Bible and read, "And there was another rich man who died and" — then he stopped and seemed to be suddenly impressed, presently continuing: "Brethren, I shall not mention the place this rich man went to, for fear he has some relatives in this congregation who will sue me for defamation of character." The effect on the multitude was irresistible, and he made the impression permanent by taking another text and never alluding to the subject again.

Rev. H. R. Timlow, in his sketches of Southington, Connecticut, says: "You have heard the story of the attempt of Hon. Erastus Root of New York and his friend, Judge Branch, to try the wit of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. They asked him to describe heaven. The answer came quickly that it was a place of great beauty, purity, etc., without a *Root* or *Branch* in it. The Roots were among the earliest settlers of this town, and some of them, in spite of Dow's wit, we love to speak of as in the Better Land."

In Montville, Connecticut, a sermon by Dow is still remembered, in which he undertook to find out who had stolen an axe. He said the thief was among the audience, and could be recognized by his having a feather on his nose. The guilty man involuntarily betrayed himself by putting up his hand to brush away the imaginary feather. From Kentucky comes a similar story of his detecting a rogue by making him hold a black pot.

Many of these facts have been gleaned from Lorenzo Dow's own Journal, which was published in various editions from 1814 to 1833.* "It was in 1834 while on a visit to Washington, D. C., that he was stricken with his last illness. He died February 2, 1834, at the home of his friend, George Haller, in Georgetown. It was his dying request that the great-coat which had covered and comforted him in so many weary journeys might be his winding sheet. His wish was complied with, and above his remains, which were laid in Holmead's burying ground, was placed a plain slab with this epitaph, selected by himself:

"A Christian is the highest style of man;
He is a slave to no sect, takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God."

"Few readers probably are acquainted with the fact that the bones of the famous Lorenzo Dow rest under a simple sandstone slab in Oak Hill cemetery," says the Washington *Post*. "The respect shown the remains is one of the many things for which we are called to remember with

* "History of Cosmopolite; or, The Four Volumes of Lorenzo's Journal concentrated in one, containing his Experience and Travels from Childhood to 1814, being upwards of Thirty-six Years." New York: Printed and sold by John C. Totten, Bowery Lane, 1814. With portrait of Cosmopolite, aged 36.

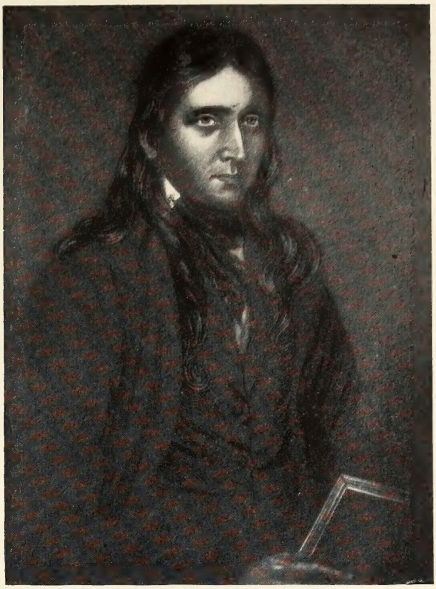
"The Dealings of God, Man and the Devil, as exemplified in the Life, Experience and Travels of Lorenzo Dow, in a period of more than half a century. Fourth edition revised, corrected and improved. Norwich: Printed by Wm. Faulkner and the booksellers generally, where may be had the Journey of Life, by Peggy Dow, being an appendix to this work. 1833."

This Journal occupies about 356 pages, and the Appendix as many more, containing "Reflections on Various Subjects, Religious, Moral, Political, Prophetic," also an account of "Lorenzo's Trial and Condemnation for an offence against the peace and dignity of the State of North Carolina under the old feudal law." In this suit for libel, because of statements in one of his books about the Rev. Wm. Hammett, he was found guilty, sentenced to imprisonment for twenty-four hours, and fined one dollar, the cost of prosecution being remitted. Though sent to prison, he was pardoned by the governor and released the same day. The book also contains "Wisdom Displayed and Lorenzo's Villainy Detected; or, The Second Trial, Confession and Condemnation of Lorenzo Dow, before the Superior Court held at Norwich, Conn., January term, 1829." This had reference to certain water privileges where Dow had built a dam in 1826 and had interfered with the rights of others. The volume contains further "Exemplified Experience; or, Lorenzo's Journal, Part IV. A Short Account of the Eccentric Cosmopolite; and, A Cry from the Wilderness and a few Spiritual Songs," with the announcement that Peggy's Journal was designed as a supplement to this book, and a third volume, Miscellany, was on its way.

"Vicissitudes in the Wilderness, exemplified in the Journal of Peggy Dow, to which is added an appendix of her death, and also Reflections on Matrimony, by Lorenzo Dow." Fifth edition, Norwich, Connecticut: Printed by William Faulkner, 1833. Frontispiece: Peggy Dow, aged 39; Lorenzo Dow, aged 36.



PEGGY DOW.



LORENZO DOW.

gratitude the generosity of our philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran. Some years ago, the old Holmead cemetery was abolished, and Mr. Corcoran purchased a lot in Oak Hill and had the bones of Lorenzo Dow reinterred on Georgetown Heights. The original slab marks the spot."

Lucy Dow survived her husband several years, living at her early home in Montville, a kindly, simple minded woman. She is remembered for wearing two *calashes* when she went to New London on business.

The story of this zealous, well meaning crazy man is summed up as follows in his own words: "A world of contradictions, falsifications, and imbecile with outward inconveniences as heat, cold, hunger, thirst, with pain and sickness, in the vicissitudes of life have been the analects of my journey, — but *God* has been my protector and consolation."

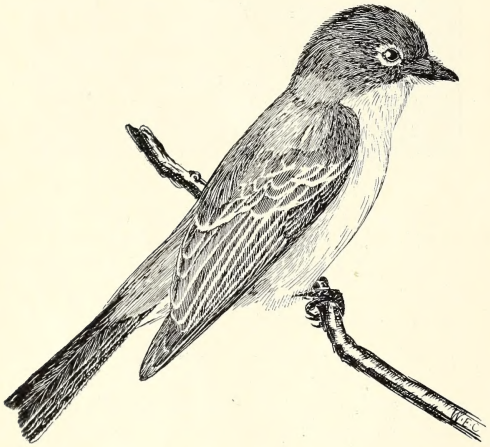
OUR NORTHERN FLYCATCHERS.

By William Everett Cram.

THE term "flycatcher" has been applied at one time or another to so many of the smaller insect-eating birds as to have caused no end of misunderstanding and confusion among ornithologists, especially in Europe, where the dispute appears to be still in progress. In this country the problem is somewhat less complicated, and now that the vireo and those of the warblers formerly included have been cast out, the family is narrowed down to about three hundred species, only a few of which ever leave the tropics, even in summer, when perhaps a dozen species are more or less abundant in the northern states and at least three or four in southern Canada and New Brunswick. It would seem that the flycatchers of this continent can claim but slight relationship to those of the Old World, who bear the title by right of priority; but one cannot help

feeling that our group is much more typical of the name and much less given than the eastern one to merging with other families of insect-eating birds. They possess in common the habit of darting out into the air after their prey in erratic half circles, returning immediately to the perch they have just left, and emphasizing their unmusical cries by nervous movements of wings and tail.

The distinguishing feature of the flycatcher family is the bill, which is strong, triangular and flattened, hooked and notched at the tip and with a fringe of stiff bristles descending from the angle of the upper jaw, evidently to assist in the capture of their prey. The head is usually rather large and the legs and feet are small and weak. The common phœbe is a good example of the race and appears to be the only one possessing sufficient courage to face the cold winds and rough weather of a New England spring, being one of the select few that put in their appearance in this part of the country in March, following close on the heels of the early bluebirds, robins, blackbirds and song sparrows, and preceding all others of its family by at least a month, feeling perhaps that it is worth while to put up with an occasional snowstorm or cold wave in order to be permitted to enjoy the intervals of ideal spring weather granted us at that time. Or it may have acquired a fondness for the first early flying insects of the season; and who knows but these may possess a peculiar and attractive flavor, like new asparagus or green peas, missed by the more cautious birds, that delay their coming until warm weather is fairly upon us? Be that as it may, the phœbe is pretty sure to be here before the first of April; and its arrival is looked forward to with eagerness by all who know it, in spite of its plain colors and lack of song; and certainly its cheerful and contented cries of "pewitt-pewitt" express the sentiment of those easy-going spring days perfectly, better perhaps than the notes of the bluebirds or blackbirds even, which to my mind are more appropriate to or at least are more often associated with the crisp weather of early March, when the snow crust stiffens again each night and the brown earth shows in bands and patches only. It is probable that the phœbe is much more abundant and widely distributed at the present time than it was before the country was settled. Building its nest, as it does, only beneath the protection of some overhanging rock or timber, it must find opportunities much more numerous than formerly; and certainly not one nest in a hundred is placed in a wholly natural situation, nine-tenths of them being beneath bridges or in deserted quarries. Probably in parts of the country where natural ledges overhanging streams are of frequent occurrence, these and artificial ones and bridges are made use of impartially; one may occasionally find the nest fastened inside the shell of an old hollow willow tree, but even here it is dependent to a certain extent on civilization, for it is only those trees that have been pollarded that develop the enormous trunks and capacious interiors associated with country roads and bridges. It seems probable, more-



PHŒBE.

over, that all our large varieties of willows are not natives, but were introduced from Europe. The willows that grow naturally in our swamps and by unfrequented streams grow tall and comparatively slender, like other forest trees, or else in the form of tangled shrubs and bushes.

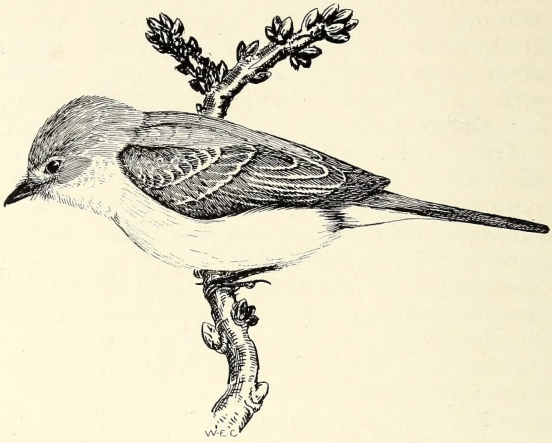
In its movements the phœbe never impresses the observer as a bird likely to take the lead in migrating or anything else. It is true it has a somewhat nervous and excitable manner—it would hardly be a genuine flycatcher if it lacked that—but it seems wholly devoid of the courage and enterprise displayed by the kingbird and some of its other cousins, taking short flights only in a tentative, undetermined sort of way, as if averse to decided effort in any direction and apparently glad to rest on every occasion. But for all that, it is not only the earliest arrival, but generally has its family affairs well under way long before any of the other flycatchers have put in an appearance. It builds its nest of wet earth and moss early in April, sometimes plastering it against an almost perpendicular surface, though preferring the support of some kind of shelf or flattened timbers. They do not appear to exhibit any very striking change of habits after the young have learned to fly. These acquire their full plumage shortly after leaving the nest and are soon hard to distinguish from their parents. Those that nested about buildings gradually forsake these for the banks of ponds and streams in the woods, and the species becomes less noticeable as the summer wears on, disappearing unostentatiously in September, though occasionally, as is the habit with so many of our northern birds, visiting the vicinity of their nests just before their departure.

The wood pewee is a slighter and darker cousin of the last, fond of gloomy woodlands and old orchards, though common enough about houses and cultivated grounds, especially in cloudy weather. Besides the low twittering cries common to its family, it has a peculiarly mourn-



WOOD PEWEE.

ful, long-drawn-out whistle, usually written down as pee-a-wee, though often uttered without any noticeable inflection. This monotonous cry is to be heard almost constantly during the last part of the summer whenever the trees cast sufficient shadow. It seems strange that this bird should ever be confounded with the phœbe, as the latter usually looks so much larger, though there is really little difference when it comes to actual measurement. But the phœbe is a rounder, plumper bird in every way, without being perceptibly heavier; its plumage is worn more loosely, and one fancies it to be in better condition generally; the lighter colored feathers of the breast are more in evidence, being often fluffed out so as to cover the upper part of the wings, giving a lighter effect to the whole bird, while the wood pewee impresses one as being a lean, under-fed little chap, with a more pointed head and darker plumage, the wings and tail often seeming quite black at a little distance. In reality he is not in the least averse to bright sunlight and open places, though commonly associated with



LEAST FLYCATCHER.

dark, cloudy weather and the absence of sunlight. The nest is often placed in an orchard near the house; the birds usually select a rough barked horizontal branch two or three inches in diameter and build up the perpendicular sides somewhat after the manner of the humming bird, using fibrous roots and lichens and silky materials of one kind and another; the nest is covered externally with bits of moss to make it resemble some overgrown knot as much as possible.

A very similar nest is that of the least flycatcher or chebec, which though smaller is much easier to find, as it is generally placed on a smaller branch nearer the ground and lacks the protective coating of moss, etc. The eggs are creamy white, while those of the wood pewee are thickly spotted with brown. The chebec is a diminutive little bundle of nerves, making its appearance about the last of April, or two or three weeks in advance of the wood pewee; you may see half a dozen of them perched about on the tips of the lowest branches of the apple trees, uttering their sharp, thin, sibilant notes at intervals of perhaps a second or more. Sometimes they get up tremendously exciting times among themselves, chasing each other about among the branches in a perfect fury of rage,



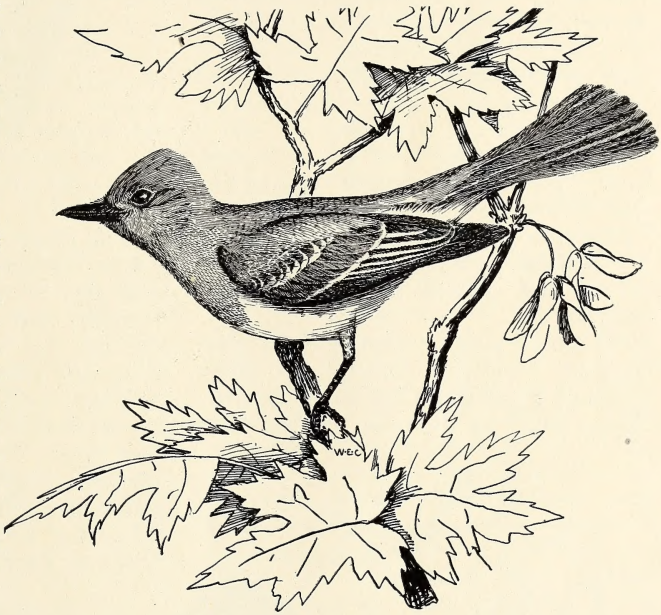
TRAILL'S FLYCATCHER.

scattering their squeaky ejaculations as they go. Later in the summer they become quieter, though still capable of creating a very considerable disturbance when the safety of their nest is threatened.

Traill's flycatcher is a slightly larger bird, of more placid temperament, and preferring alder swamps and similar watery places to the orchard and garden. When it darts off after an insect, instead of snapping it up and darting quickly back to its original position, like the majority of its cousins, it moves along in a leisurely, unhurried manner to another perch, perhaps several rods away, describing a half circle in its flight, or going in pursuit of any insect it may happen to catch sight of on the way. Its note bears a certain resemblance to that of the chebec, but is easily recognized when once known, being more musical and with a decidedly different inflection. I have found the bird fairly common in southern New Hampshire, though it is generally considered rare in this part of the country, and is probably of uneven distribution.

The Acadian flycatcher is a more southern species, of very similar habits and appearance, occasionally seen in southern New England. The nests of both this species and the last are said to be much more loosely and carelessly put together than those of the others. I have seen but two or three undoubted specimens of the yellow-bellied flycatcher, and never under favorable circumstances for studying its ways, though it is generally believed to be not uncommon in New England. Its habits appear to be much like those already described; but it is said to place its nest on or near the ground among mossy roots and fallen tree trunks.

I was a good deal surprised one June day, five or six years ago, to discover a pair of great crested flycatchers, to all appearances nesting and quite at home, in a certain neglected old orchard in a neighboring town; for this is a southern New England bird, rare even in southern New England, and recognized merely as a straggler in New Hampshire. But further investigation showed them to be fairly abundant over an area of two or three square miles at least, extending along the eastern banks of a certain little tide water stream, which serves as boundary between my town and the next. I have seen but two specimens outside of this very circumscribed district and have only on one or two occasions known them even to cross to the other side of the brook, though to do so some of them would be obliged to go hardly a hundred yards from their nests. They are certainly the most complete stay-at-homes imaginable, apparently lacking all desire

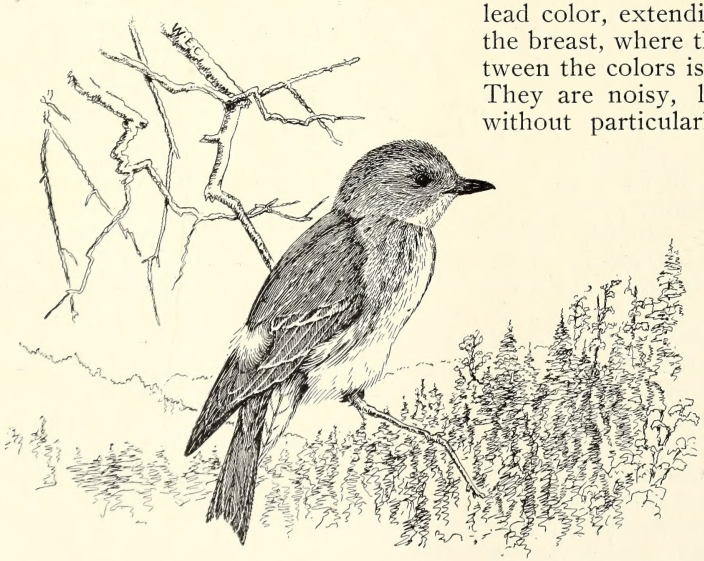


GREAT CRESTED FLYCATCHER.

for exploring the surrounding country. The two that I encountered on separate occasions in my own town behaved for all the world as if lost, flying restlessly from the top of one tall tree to another, as if uncertain of their whereabouts. May not this tendency to settle down and become fixed in a certain locality for the season account for the existence of such a considerable colony north of what is commonly considered their northern range? Perhaps a stray couple wandering this way during the spring migration, or driven out of their usual course by stress of weather, found all things favorable and to their taste and established themselves for the season and, returning with their families the next year, formed a select and exclusive society, the members of which instead of ending their annual spring journey in more southern regions like the others of their species, would cross the New Hampshire line and drop down among the orchards and hard-wood groves where they were reared.

It would almost seem as if this particular locality chosen by these crested flycatchers for their summer home must be in some way or other particularly attractive to southern birds generally, for almost without exception the southern wanderers that I have seen or obtained knowledge of in this vicinity were found in these woods or on the salt marshes bordering the stream. These waifs from the south include the least bittern, little egret, and perhaps American egret, yellow-billed cuckoo, loggerhead shrike, field sparrow and house wren. It is just possible that the character of the vegetation may have something to do with it, for as is apt to be the case near salt meadows, this is of a somewhat more luxuriant, less essentially northern character than the inland woods, gumtree, sassafras, large flowering cornell, sweet pepper bush, and wild grape and smilax tangles largely taking the place of the less varied and more sombre looking evergreen and birch forests of the upland.

The crested flycatcher is easily the largest species in this part of the country, being about nine inches in length, and is a rather striking, though not brilliantly marked bird, olive and cinnamon above and bright sulphur yellow beneath, with the throat and cheeks a clearly defined lead color, extending well down over the breast, where the dividing line between the colors is especially marked. They are noisy, loud voiced birds, without particularly attractive manners, though undoubtedly eminently useful and in a way interesting and at all times evincing a marked affection for each other, seldom quarrelling among themselves, but displaying the most striking courage in driving away hawks and crows or other marauders from the vi-



OLIVE-SIDED FLYCATCHER.



KINGBIRD.

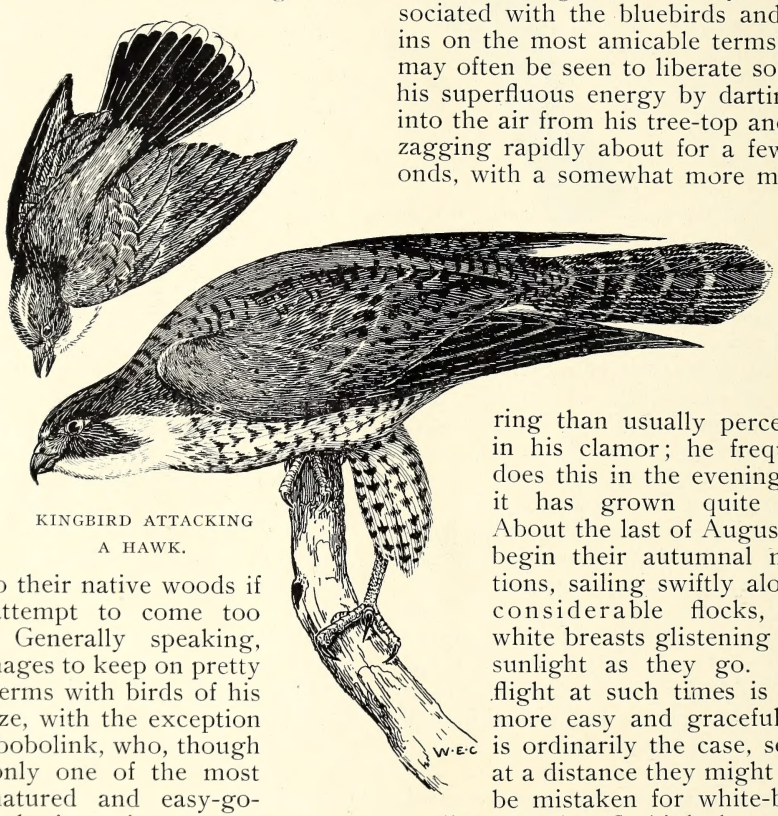
cinity of their nests. One of their most peculiar traits is a custom they have of using cast-off snake skins in the construction of their nests. It has been suggested that these are employed for the purpose of frightening away squirrels, etc., that might attempt to rob them; but this would hardly seem called for in view of the bird's well known pugnacious disposition. It is easy enough to understand how scattered individuals of almost any species of birds might be attracted by the crisp papery quality of these delicate outer skins tossed aside by the snakes as fast as they are outgrown, to lie abandoned, tangled amid grass stems or caught on some brier or creeping vine. But why practically all the great crested flycatchers in this country should find them so desirable, when they are neglected by all other birds, flycatchers or not, is one of nature's conundrums still without an answer.

The members of this particular colony of flycatchers appear to occupy themselves mainly in flying restlessly from tree to tree, shouting their strident call notes back and forth from one to another and paying less attention to the mere matter of catching flies than most birds bearing their family name; in fact they are said to exist to a considerable extent on berries of various kinds in the season when these are ripe. They pay us but a comparatively short visit each season, seldom being seen before the last of May or after the last of August.

The olive-sided flycatcher is a smaller, grayish brown species, in which the light colored under plumage is restricted to a yellowish white stripe extending from the bill to the under tail coverts, the sides of the breast being of the same color as the back. It is further distinguished by wearing a tuft of pale fluffy feathers on each side of the back overlapping the wings. Its manners are a good deal like those of the last named, though it is more given to quarrelling with members of its own family. It is also quicker and more active in its movements. It has a rather shrill whistling note, subject to considerable variation, and capable of expressing every shade of feeling from rage to tenderness. It is a fairly common species here in summer and early autumn, but decidedly rare further south, nesting most abundantly in Maine and southeastern Canada. I usually see them perched on the top of slender dead pines in clearings on hillsides, frequently darting out and hovering in the air, or picking up a quarrel with some of their neighbors.

The kingbird or bee martin is one of our largest and most clearly marked species; nearly black above and pure white beneath, with a broad band of white across the tip of the tail, the feathers of the crown are orange or golden and white, but are usually hidden by the dark feathers at each side. It is a well known bird through-

out the country, with a long list of friends, and an almost equally large number of enemies, who claim that it is altogether too fond of fighting and of the taste of honey bees; but his friends know him to be courageous and cheerful, a great destroyer of harmful insects, and possessed of a most attractive, high pitched, twittering cry, which falls little short of being musical, besides giving the farmers timely warning of the approach of hawks and crows and driving them



KINGBIRD ATTACKING A HAWK.

back to their native woods if they attempt to come too near. Generally speaking, he manages to keep on pretty good terms with birds of his own size, with the exception of the bobolink, who, though commonly one of the most good-natured and easy-going birds in existence, appears to hate the very sight of the kingbird, and strangely enough is pretty apt to come out ahead. His favorite method of attack is to come suddenly from behind when the kingbird is alighted near the ground and tumble him ignominiously heels over head into the grass; and when the discomfited kingbird emerges, with his feathers all awry and perchance some of them missing, the bobolink is pouring forth his song of triumph from the nearest tree. But I cannot recall ever having seen the kingbird attempt to avenge himself on his tormentor, who may frequently be seen chasing him madly about the fields and through the orchards, especially in early nesting time; later in the season the two appear to get upon rather better terms with each other, and after the bobolink's departure for the south the kingbird is usually seen associated with the bluebirds and robins on the most amicable terms. He may often be seen to liberate some of his superfluous energy by darting up into the air from his tree-top and zigzagging rapidly about for a few seconds, with a somewhat more musical ring than usually perceptible in his clamor; he frequently does this in the evening after it has grown quite dark. About the last of August they begin their autumnal migrations, sailing swiftly along in considerable flocks, their white breasts glistening in the sunlight as they go. Their flight at such times is much more easy and graceful than is ordinarily the case, so that at a distance they might easily be mistaken for white-bellied swallows, as they fly high then and so appear much smaller and slenderer than at other times.

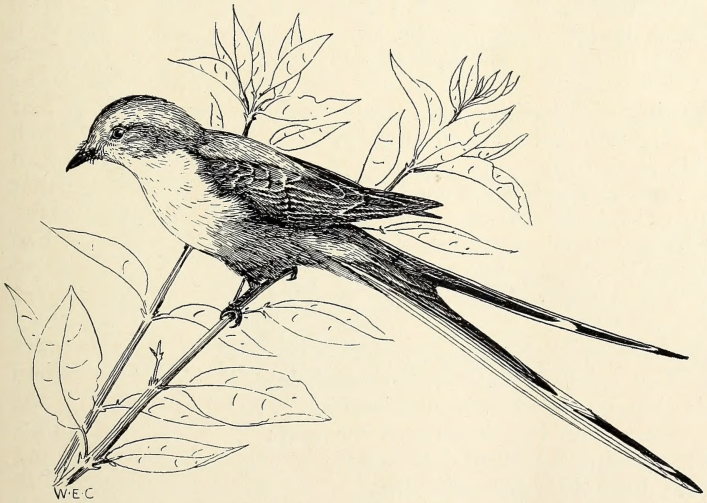
To my mind, the kingbird displays himself to the best advantage when hovering for insects above the grass or sweeping with hesitating, interrupted flight from post to post along the fences, with fan-like tail spread to the form of an exact semicircle, the tips of the feathers marking a con-

spicuous crescent of white. He has always been fond of fences, and seems perfectly willing to exchange the more attractive looking rail fences of former days for the modern structure of barbed wire; so long as it is a fence, and runs through closely cropped clayey pastures with scattered willow and elm trees and a brook or two for every mile, he is satisfied, — for though habitually nesting in trees he is essentially a bird of the open country, even in the nesting season. When the young birds are hatched, both parents are very likely to be found spending their days at a considerable distance from the nest, only visiting it from time to time with the food they have captured.



ARKANSAS KINGBIRD.

The Arkansas kingbird, a native of the western plains, occasionally finds its way to the northern and eastern states. It appears to differ from the eastern species only in its color, which is several shades lighter on the back and strikingly like that of the great crested flycatcher beneath, the yellow and ash colors coming together in a precisely similar manner on the breast.



FORK-TAILED FLYCATCHER.

The fork-tailed flycatcher represents a certain type of this family, that like the barn swallow appears to have developed extraordinarily long outer tail feathers, probably to enable it to turn suddenly when in pursuit of insects. This feature, rare among northern birds, is of fre-

quent occurrence in the tropics; and true to this rule, the fork-tailed fly-catcher is only occasionally seen in the cooler parts of this country.

AN OLD IRISH GARDEN.

By E. S. Molesworth.

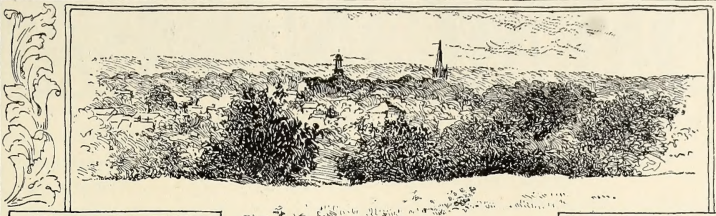
TO-DAY, amid the wintry blast,
And snow, that o'er the landscape lies,
Across the sea my thoughts are cast
To other scenes, 'neath fairer skies.
Once more I loiter down the lane,
And listen to the plaintive strain,
The yellow-hammer's sweet refrain,
As lightly overhead he flies.

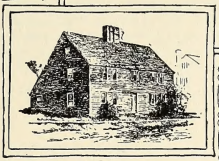
No more, no more, dear bird, I hear
The song that filled me with delight;
No more upon the hedgerow near
I see thee flit, a tiny sprite;
No more with lightsome heart I tread
The road that to the garden led;—
For ah! those golden days are fled,
And all my day is merged in night;—

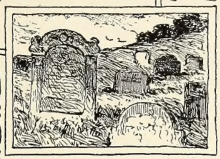
The garden, where the roses grew
In rich profusion, fair and sweet;—
They turned about each ancient yew,
And wreathed with bloom the garden seat;—
And where, beside the old red wall,
The great syringa, fair and tall,
Shed snowy blossoms over all,
To droop and die beneath our feet.

In that old garden, long ago,
A gentle lady, robed in gray,
Alone and lonely, to and fro,
Among the flowers used to stray.
In twilight hours (the story saith)
She wandered, like a gentle wraith,
Until the kindly hand of death
Freed her sad spirit from its clay.

And if within that garden old
You wander 'mid the dusk and dew,
A dim gray form you may behold
Start from the shadow of the yew;
Or, passing by some dim recess,
May hear the rustle of a dress.
And, shuddering, to yourself, confess
The Lady Rosamund walks with you.





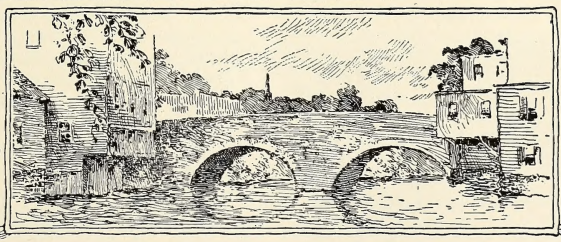


TOWN HILL

Ipswich, Massachusetts

By Caroline A. Farley

Upon its foot the busy town is spread,
Where grief and Joy, the twain in one allied,
Three centuries have wandered side by side.
Upon its slope rest quietly the dead,
And drooping gray stones mark the foot and head
Where early settlers yet in hope abide,
Where honored patriots lie in stately pride,—
Whose glowing epitaphs may still be read;
Upon its brow the village children stroll;
Here, close to heaven, young lovers true vows plight
Beneath the stars; burdened with earthly dole,
Hither the weary come and find new might.
Sky, land, and sea uplift the human soul;
Past, present, future mingle on this height.



THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the Socialist League.

Vol. 3.—No. 54. SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887. Weekly; One Penny.

NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

Prince Bismark has made his speech, set all Europe guessing as to what it might mean, had his Army Bill thrown out, and dissolved the Reichstadt, and now he is to have another by March; energetic work enough, but what does it all mean? First, one may suppose that he knows he is not going to live much longer, as he said, and that he wants to leave the German army still the tremendous engine for purpose of reaction which it has been [illegible] unless it is systematically so plain-spoken doubtless

"God save the Queen" and cry out for the "Marseillaise." Strange that they don't understand that the changes which such demonstrations hint at will not be allowed to be furthered in the party of such respectable persons as Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre? The Liberal Party is willing to use the Radicals to [illegible] hand and snub the [illegible] own way [illegible]

WILLIAM MORRIS'S COMMONWEAL.

By Leonard D. Abbott.

THE records of English journalism can show nothing more remarkable or interesting—certainly nothing with more romantic associations—than the story of William Morris's *Commonweal*. It is wonderful enough that Morris should ever have left the palace of the muses for the Socialist lecture-hall; still more is it so that he should have settled down for five years to the humdrum work of editing a Socialist weekly paper. But when one understands the tremendous individuality of the man and his fearless determination to follow to its logical issue what he held to be the truth, these methods are perceived to be the natural, nay, the only possible outcome of his own special line of thought.

The first number of the *Commonweal* appeared in February, 1885, and for a year the paper was issued every month. After that it was published weekly until November, 1890, when Morris resigned from its editorship. *Commonweal* was "the official journal of the Socialist League," an organization founded by Morris in 1884; and the same cause that broke up the League in 1890, namely, the growth of the Anarchist element, was also responsible for Morris's resignation. The paper finally came to an ignominious end; for Mr. Nicoll, the Anarchist editor, who undertook its management after 1890, was consigned to jail on a charge of sedition.

William Morris announced in the first issue of the paper that the *Commonweal* had "one aim, the propagation of Socialism." It soon became evident, however, that from Morris's lips "Socialism" was to have a very wide significance. His first contribution to the journal was a poem of inimitable spirit and fire, to be sung "to the tune of *John Brown*." The opening stanza runs:

"What is this, the sound and rumor?
What is this that all men hear,
Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,
Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?
'Tis the people marching on."

He followed this up by a serial poem in thirteen parts, entitled "The Pilgrims of Hope,"* which describes the awakening of two lovers to a sense

*The first two poems of "The Pilgrims of Hope," viz., "The Message of the March Wind" and "Mother and Son," also "Mine and Thine" and "A Death Song," have been reprinted in William Morris's "Poems by the Way."

of the social injustice around them, and their strenuous efforts to "set the crooked straight." This poem contains without doubt some of the finest work of William Morris's lifetime, and its vivid scenes, no longer taken from classical lore, nor from the great sagas of the North, but from the grim, sordid present, mark an important epoch in his poetry. Here is an extract from the fourth paper, telling of a meeting of the "Communist folk." It is of special interest, as Morris, in describing the lecturer, is obviously thinking of himself.

"My heart sank down as I entered, and wearily there I sat,
While the chairman strove to end his maunder of this and that,
And partly shy he seemed, and partly indeed ashamed
Of the grizzled man beside him, as his name to us he named.



He rose, thickset and short, and dressed in shabby blue,
And even as he began it seemed as though I knew
The thing he was going to say, though I never heard it before.
He spoke, were it well, were it ill, as though a message he bore,
A word that he could not refrain from many a million of men.
Nor aught seemed the sordid room and the few that were listening then,
Save the hall of the laboring earth and the world which was to be.
Bitter to many the message, but sweet indeed unto me,
Of man without a master, and earth without a strife,
And every soul rejoicing in the bitter and sweet of life.
Of peace and good will he told, and I knew that in faith he spake,
But his words were my very thoughts, and I saw the battle awake,
And I followed from end to end, and triumph grew in my heart
As he called on each that heard him to arise and play his part
In the tale of the new told gospel, lest as slaves they should live and die."

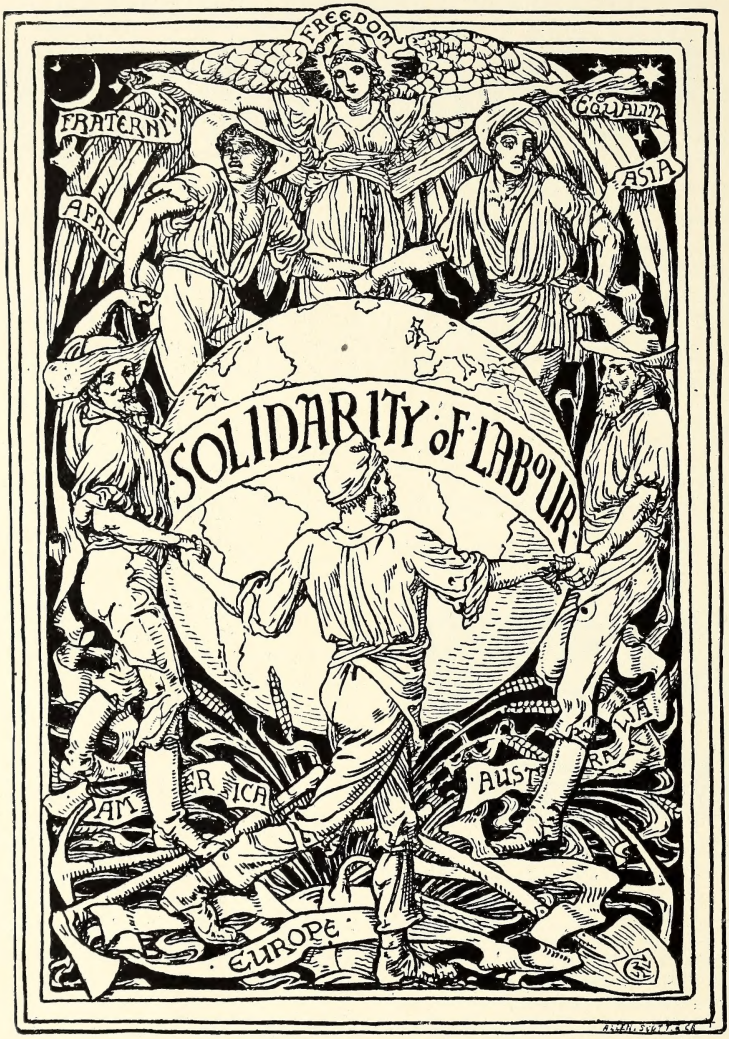
In the sixth number of *Commonweal* appeared an interesting "Prologue spoken at an Entertainment of the Socialist League," in rhymed couplets, and in a later volume an exquisite little poem, "Mine and Thine," translated from the Flemish of the fourteenth century, and illustrating in a remarkable way the communism of these early people. Another strikingly powerful poem, "A Death Song," which was sung at the grave of Alfred Linnell, killed by the police in the Trafalgar Square riots of 1887, and was originally issued in pamphlet form "for the benefit of Linnell's orphans," also appeared in the pages of the *Commonweal*.

"What cometh here from east to west a-wending?
And who are these, the marchers stern and slow?
We bear the message that the rich are sending
Aback to those who bade them wake and know.
Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,
But one and all, if they would dusk the day."

William Morris's prose contributions to the *Commonweal* were in many ways quite as notable as his poems. His two serials in the third and sixth volumes—"A Dream of John Ball" and "News from No-



"HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW: FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!"



LABOUR'S MAY DAY
DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

where"—have been reprinted in book form. Both are romances of great beauty, the former dealing with the English peasants' revolt of the fourteenth century, the latter being William Morris's Utopia. Morris has written nothing more lovely than these two tales, and if he had written nothing else, a permanent place would be assured him in literature.

Of smaller articles to the *Commonweal,* on all kinds of subjects, he wrote scores; space will admit of our mentioning only a few of these. Many of them were reprints of lectures, *e. g.*, "How we Live, and How we Might Live" and "Feudal England";* and two others, "Monopoly" and "Useful Work versus Useless Toil," have been published in pamphlet form by London Socialist societies. "Under an Elm Tree" is a country soliloquy, in

* These are both included in William Morris's "Signs of Change."

which Morris declares that the only blotch on the landscape is the poor, starved laborers; "The Worker's Share of Art" is a plea for the restoration of the mediæval spirit of craftsmanship and joyful work, in place of the hideous drudgery of modern factories; "The Society of the Future" is a specially interesting paper, in which Morris gives at length his social ideals. Under the title "Artist and Artisan," a poor workingman, "Jim Allman," writes with reference to the remuneration of artists and manual laborers, and his remarks are printed above an article by William Morris, criticising and, on the whole, supporting him. Three contributions from Morris are in the form of satirical dialogues, and these are very humorous. In addition to this mass of articles and poems, Morris also contributed all kinds of miscellaneous work in his editorial capacity, and in almost every number there were "Notes on Passing Events," "Political Notes," etc., signed either with initials or full name.



AN ENGLISH TRIBUTE TO THE FRENCH COMMUNE
DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS
OF BOTH COUNTRIES

It would be difficult to imagine a stranger literary partnership than that constituted by the editors and contributors who gave their services in behalf of the *Commonweal*. During the first year William Morris was joint editor with the late Dr. Aveling, son-in-law of Karl Marx, whose cold articles on "Scientific Socialism," illustrated by algebraic formulæ, appeared side by side with Morris's passionate poems. It is not surprising that the two editors fell out after a year together, and Dr. Aveling gave place to William Morris's future son-in-law, H. Halliday Sparling. Mr. Sparling is a devoted disciple of William Morris, and his frequent contributions bore the strong impress of the poet's influence. He wrote for the paper for some years, and when he gave place to David Nicoll, and later to Frank Kitz, the *Commonweal* began to show marked degeneration. Both the last named were workingmen with a good deal of rude power, and all their contributions were characterized by a strong diction which frequently exceeded the bounds of good taste and which, indeed, as already mentioned, finally brought about Nicoll's imprisonment.

The literary side of the *Commonweal* was very strong, though often marred by extravagances. Space was set apart in every number for poems, and

some of these reach a very high standard. In addition to reprints from the poetry of such varied writers as Heine, Lowell, Whitman, William Blake, Ernest Jones, Kingsley and Clough, spirited poems were contributed by Halliday Sparling, Bruce Glasier, Walter Crane, the Rev. John Glasse of Edinburgh, and other members of the Socialist League. J. L. Joynes, a former master at Eton School, translated the poems of Ferdinand Freiligrath for the *Commonweal*, besides contributing a large number of original verses and articles.



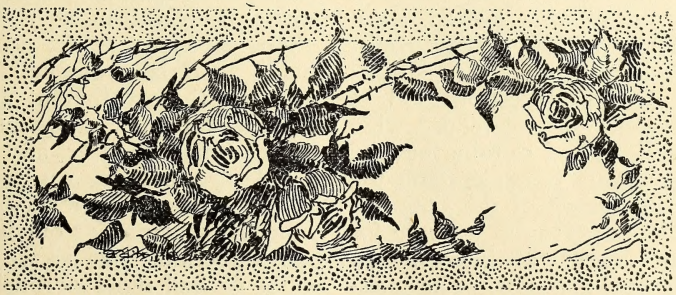
In looking through the prose contributions to the *Commonweal*, the reader is at once struck by the grotesque contrasts afforded by almost every number. Morris's "Revolt of Ghent" (culled from Froissart's Chronicles) appears in the same number with a vivid account of the Chicago Anarchists; and on another page is "The Truth about the Unemployed, by One of Them." Ernest Belfort Bax, the author of "The Ethics of Socialism" and other books voicing the materialist aspects of Socialism, collaborated with William Morris in the second volume in the authorship of "Socialism from the Root Up," since published in book form. He also contributed some caustic papers on "The Curse of Civilization," "Some Forms of Modern Cant," and similar subjects. A series of articles on "Prison Life in England" were furnished by one of the members of the League, who had been arrested for Socialist agitation. A subscription list was opened in the *Commonweal* for the support of his family.

Many of the articles were of great literary merit. H. S. Salt, another Eton master, wrote some excellent poems and articles on literary and social subjects. Mr. Salt is now secretary of the Humanitarian League, and has edited an important verse book, "Songs of Freedom." He has done more than any other Englishman to popularize Thoreau, and is the author of several essays and biographies. May Sparling, William Morris's daughter, was a frequent contributor to the *Commonweal*, and her knowledge of French and Italian specially fitted her for foreign notes on the "Labor Struggle" and for reviews of books that arrived at the *Commonweal* office from the Continent. Raymond Unwin was another writer for the paper; he contributed

some noteworthy articles on "Early Communal Life, and What it Teaches." Edward Carpenter, an English thinker who has much in common with Walt Whitman; Lothrop Withington, the editor of "Elizabethan England"; Reginald Beckett, a religious Socialist of strong personality; Prince Kropotkine and Sergius Stepniak, the Russians; Charles Bradlaugh and R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, at that time both members of Parliament; Mrs. Annie Besant, Socialist and Theosophist, were a few of the most prominent contributors to the *Commonweal*. But there were articles and letters in almost every number from poor workingmen, Anarchists, Socialists, Communists. The compositor who set up type for the *Commonweal* found so much to disagree with in the Manifesto of the Socialist League (written by Morris and Bax) that he printed an original "Anti-Statist Communist Manifesto" on his own account.

A large number of artists were in active sympathy with the *Commonweal*. Walter Crane was an intimate friend of Morris's and shares his most extreme ideas. Emery Walker, secretary of the Hammersmith Socialist Society, was one of the most active workers in connection with the formation of the Kelmscott Press. Cobden-Sanderson and Catterson Smith, the first a specialist in bookbinding, the second a wood engraver, were both in touch with the *Commonweal*. Chiefly owing, however, to heavy monetary losses on the paper, the artistic side was largely neglected. The only example of Morris's art is to be found in the unpretentious willow pattern on the first page of the *Commonweal*. Two beautiful headpieces used in the journal were designed by Walter Crane, who also contributed some striking cartoons.

The *Commonweal* is worth reading for its own sake, but the feature which gives it its chief interest, and which will cause its scarce numbers to be more and more treasured as the years roll on, is the remarkable way in which it throws into relief the personality of William Morris, a man who was supremely great as poet and craftsman, but who was greatest of all when he ceased merely dreaming of an "Earthly Paradise" and began to work for one.



LIBERTY THROUGH LEGISLATION

By Joseph Lee.

I HAVE tried to show in a previous article* that the philanthropist has a function to fulfil in relation to legislation of which he is as yet to a great extent unconscious. But the opportunity and the unconsciousness of it are not confined to the philanthropist; or rather, the opportunities that lie in this direction are so great that when we come to understand them we shall all of us become philanthropists to the extent of making some study of the social needs and of the need of progressive legislation, each upon the subject which comes nearest to his own profession or in which he feels the deepest interest. The community as a whole has not begun to understand the service which it can render to its members through a progressive modification of the laws in accordance with its higher purposes—a modification never finished, but always requiring to be revised as each new attainment makes clear the way for further advance. The question is not a class question. The duty is not confined to a class. It rests at present most immediately upon the philanthropist because he, through his special knowledge of social questions, is best fitted at present to understand what needs to be done and to take the lead in teaching others to understand the existence and extent of the opportunity; but the opportunity is there for all of us and we are all interested in making the best use of it. The question is simply what we, all pulling together, can do for ourselves by a certain form of combined action. No way in which a community can advance its own interests can be more democratic than through the use of its own legislature, constituted by itself for the purpose.

And there is no reason why we should be afraid of legislation, or treat it as a peculiar and dangerous means for seeking the ends which we have in view. People say: "Why resort to legislation? why can't we do this thing without running to the legislature all the time?" But there is nothing peculiar about the legislature. Why should we not resort to it? "What is pie for?" We resort to the legislature for laws for the same reason that we resort to the hatter for hats or to the barber to get our hair cut. We keep and pay a legislature to make laws for us, and there is nothing extraordinary in our going to it when a law is what we happen to want. It is true that in doing us this service these laws have closed certain of the ways that lead in a contrary direction, and it is true that we still want to choose the way of life, not to be forced into it. But there is no danger that the chance for not living shall be entirely closed by the law. If the devil were as easily disposed of as that, he would never have made the record he has. The way to chaos is wide and in no danger of being materially blocked, and many there be that go therein. It is merely a question of coöperation. We have come together and made the legislature, because we have found it to be a convenient form of organization for carrying out our ideas in certain directions, just as we form book clubs or ball nines or business firms. The legislature is ours. It is home-made. We have made it and we understand it, and we should not hesitate to use it in whatever way it can be made effective for our purposes.

The practical evil of our present in-

*New England Magazine, March, 1899.

attention to the subject of legislation is not that legislation does not get passed; on the contrary, the space in the statute book occupied by new laws increases at a rapid ratio every year. The number of our laws increases because, when we come face to face with any particular question in which the public needs or our own private interests are obviously involved, we discard the general theory and the law is passed. The only effect of our disbelief in legislation is seen in the quality of the laws that result. Our anti-legislative theories are not sufficiently strong to prevent our legislating, but are sufficiently strong to prevent our giving to the subject of legislation the deliberate thought and systematic study and work without which our laws cannot be made to represent our deeper and abiding purpose, nor framed so as accurately to carry out any purpose.

I should have liked to state the case in favor of concentrating our attention more upon the subject of progressive legislation, in positive form; but I believe that the public mind has become so hypnotized by constantly saying over certain maxims to the general effect that legislation is at best a necessary evil, that until the fallacy of these maxims has been demonstrated there is no chance for a contrary idea to find entrance.

Of all these revered and time-worn sayings, the most prevalent and most potent is that which holds that law is hostile to liberty, that "the more laws the less freedom." The idea expressed in this maxim is that legislation and liberty are in the nature of things opposed; that whenever the law enters a new domain, to prohibit individual action therein or to take charge, on behalf of the public, of the performance of acts that had formerly been left to the individual, the field of individual effort and activity is thereby inevitably narrowed. The proposition seems to many persons a self-evident one. If the law, a power obviously outside of the individual will, prohibits certain actions or takes over certain actions to itself, it seems at first glance an obvious conclusion that there must of necessity be fewer actions left which the individual is at liberty to perform.

Belief in this maxim does not necessarily make of all who hold it consistent anarchists, opposed to all law because of its inevitable infringement upon liberty; but with the great majority it results in the belief that a law ought not to be passed unless the need of it or the benefit which it will confer is very great and is proved beyond a reasonable doubt. The theory places upon the advocates of any proposed law the burden of overcoming not only the presumption that properly exists against the taking of any equally important step—the presumption, namely, that requires that a case should be made out and reasonable cause shown why this thing should be done—but it throws also into the scale against them the weighty consideration that the passage of a law involves a parting with still another fragment of our primeval freedom, the fencing in of human liberty of action within still narrower bounds. To those who hold this belief, history resolves itself into a mighty contest of two opposing principles, the victory of the law implying the defeat of liberty, and the success of the individual being found only in the comparative absence or feebleness of the law. Modern politics is in the same way viewed as a game between the individual and the state; whenever a law gets passed, that is supposed to be a victory for the state; whenever a proposed law is defeated, that counts one for the individual.

My proposition, the thing that I hope to show in this article, is that this theory that law is in its nature opposed to liberty is radically erroneous. I hope to show by citing familiar facts that the law has given us the greater part of such liberty as we now possess and that it may be a great instrument in developing our liberty still further.

Of course no one in his senses

would contend that all laws are good or that all laws conduce to the preservation or extension of liberty. Besides the laws whose purpose has been the maintenance of such institutions as that of slavery beyond their period of usefulness, or the establishment or maintenance of oppressive monopoly in various forms, there have been many laws whose intention has been excellent but whose net result has been that men have been rendered less free. To the American the complication and minuteness of state interference with the action of the individual which one finds in European countries seems far too high a price to pay for the orderliness and perfection of system which are obtained. There comes a point where one would rather not receive even very substantial benefit at the price of the annoyance which it costs to obtain it. It seems to us Americans a morbid curiosity on the part of the police in each German city which causes them to call upon you when you arrive at your hotel, and to keep up a calling acquaintance during your residence, to require a list of the friends you have to lunch, and to exact from a full-grown man desiring to be married a birth certificate to prove that he has been born in good earnest and is not merely shamming. It seems an excessive regard for the benefits of rapid transit that sometimes makes them cause you to move on when you stop to look into a shop window on the street; and to us the various legal requirements the fulfilment of which may cause a ticket seller to take a quarter of an hour to sell you a ticket at a railroad station seem somewhat excessive. But it is unnecessary to point out that the existence of oppressive or troublesome laws does not prove that all laws of necessity are troublesome or oppressive. A house may be used as a prison, or one may suffer temporary imprisonment from losing one's way in the back entry, but houses are not for that reason to be condemned as in their nature opposed to liberty.

It is important, however, to recognize fully that this idea that law and liberty are opposed is a very natural one, and that a good deal of our everyday experience seems to be in confirmation of its truth. You start out to enjoy a holiday. The road is muddy and impassable, and you ride your bicycle a short distance along the sidewalk in a place where no passenger has been for a week, and come very near being arrested in consequence with as little compunction as if you had been taking part in a riot. You stop for a moment and sit down on the grass for a rest, but are warned off and have to move on. It is as much as your liberty is worth to attempt to pick a flower. You have started with the idea of fishing, but you find that the brooks are preserved and that constables are watching with shotguns; or, if shooting is your object, you find that it is the closed season. In short, you go forth on your holiday promising yourself that this shall be your day of liberty in which you shall return to revel in the freedom of the natural man. You start out in the morning sniffing the breeze with the exhilarating sense that the earth is yours to use, that the streams, the woods, the birds, the fishes were made for the enjoyment of man, that you will resume your normal relations with nature and her works, and will return, like the giant Antæus, renewed in body and spirit by fresh contact with your mother earth. You come home saddened and exasperated. At every turn you have been met by the bonds and restrictions, by the blue coat, brass buttons, and barbed wire fence, of civilization; and you ask what civilization has done for you to make up for the loss of the natural, rejuvenating liberty which it has taken away.

Well, what *has* it done? Suppose we arise in our indignation over the loss of our holiday and get the various laws that have stood in the way of our natural enjoyment repealed. Let us abolish the laws against riding bicycles on the sidewalk, against go-

ing on the grass or picking the flowers in the city parks, against killing fish in such manner and at such times as one sees fit, and against shooting birds at all seasons of the year. Now, surely, all artificial obstacles being removed, our primeval freedom will return to reign unbroken in its stead.

The anniversary of your holiday comes round and you start out to enjoy it—this time on foot. The road is muddy as before and the bicyclists have all taken to the sidewalk and, it being a holiday, have more than filled it. Well, they enjoy it, and you are content to walk or wade in the street so long as you can see others happy. You come to your old stopping-place —where you wanted to sit on the grass, and you think with joy that this time no policeman has the right to interfere. But some one stronger than the policeman has taken the matter in hand. The liberty of crossing and sitting on the grass has been enjoyed to the full; with the result that there is no grass left. It is the same with the flowers and shrubs. There is no law against picking flowers in the park now; but the flowers are safe without it—they have gone into the country. Your freedom to fish and shoot has long since resolved itself into the freedom to flourish a fishing-rod or fire off a gun. The fish have been dynamited on their spawning-beds, and the birds were killed off during the breeding season. You have nothing to complain of; nobody is interfering with you; you can go ahead and fish, shoot, pick flowers—or at least go through the motions of doing so—as much as you choose. You have arrived at perfect freedom in these particulars,—so far as the law is concerned; the only question is just wherein your real liberty has been enlarged. If your idea of freedom to use the sidewalk, to enjoy the parks, to fish and shoot, consists simply in not-being-prevented-by-law from doing these things, that idea is now fully satisfied; but if your idea should include any possibility of actually walking on the sidewalk, seeing the beauties of the park, catching fish or shooting game, then you are much further from its realization than you were before, and in order to reattain such freedom, however imperfectly, you must go to work to secure the reënactment of the restrictive legislation to which it owed its existence.

But the law interferes with us not merely in exceptional actions, not merely when we are on a holiday and might, perhaps, expect to find ourselves inclined to kick over the traces, but extends to the most important and serious actions of our daily household and business life. There are laws that prescribe the ways in which we shall build our factories, and even our homes; that go into detailed regulations as to our housekeeping; that tell how many hours a day we may devote to earning our living at certain occupations, and how many days in the week; that under a certain age will not let us work at such occupations at all. Laws of this class shut us up in crowded steamers, or on barren and uninviting islands, because some one is supposed to have an attack of cholera. They kill the farmer's favorite cow for the sake of incommoding an unpopular microbe; they put other cow-poison into our children, sometimes with fatal results. These laws interfere with our right to buy and sell as we choose—in the case, for instance, of certain articles which in combination are called "milk;" and in a hundred other ways they curtail our natural right to life and liberty and to the pursuit of happiness in such manner as may seem to us desirable. Again the question arises, only more urgently than before, what all these rules and regulations have done for us to compensate for the annoyance and expense to which we are thereby subjected.

What have our sanitary laws done that we should give them such great and such inquisitorial powers over our daily lives? I do not think any

citizen of a civilized state can really grasp the meaning of the answer to that question. Perhaps a residence in the camps of the United States armies during the Spanish war would give some faint notion, by presenting the effects of a partial non-enforcement of a few of these laws, of what the repeal of all of them would mean in communities, not of strong picked men in the prime of life, but made up of the average population, including the old and infirm, the women and children. If the lover of "liberty" could go back and pass a year in some city of the middle ages, where freedom from sanitary law was given a fair chance to show what it could do, where the ignorance and laziness of each citizen had free scope to accomplish their perfect work,—I think that after such an experience the most ardent apostle of liberty in the negative sense would return with the conviction that after all the Black Death, the plague, cholera and smallpox are a class of tyrants whose rule is, upon the whole, more to be dreaded than that of the Board of Health.

The antagonism between these health laws, whose value is now conceded, and the theory of *laissez faire*, was keenly enough felt by the honored apostles of that theory during its heroic days. John Bright, the man of heart and tender sympathy, with the tears running down his face at the tale of the horrors of the old factory system in its bitter oppression of little children, yet felt himself, by his belief in the doctrines of *laissez faire*, constrained to oppose the legislation by which alone such horrors could be, and now happily have been, put an end to. And it is not enough that those who to-day oppose legislation because of its supposed opposition to liberty should concede that these sanitary laws are good — that concession might be made by one who still held them to be in restraint of liberty; it might be held that we could afford to surrender a fraction of our freedom in exchange for great benefits in some other direction. The significance of the conceded benefit of these laws lies in the fact that by means of their restrictions upon human action they have vastly added to human liberty. Comparative freedom from sickness and from early death, a fair chance of seeing our children live and grow up strong and sound, these things in themselves mean the removal of very oppressive limitations upon life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But the indirect gain to our liberty is even greater. Health is to the majority of men a condition precedent of industrial independence, of the power to support wife and child, to have one's own home, shape one's own life; of the ability to remain free from the sufferings and almost inevitable degradations of pauperism. If freedom implies the power to be yourself, to stand on your own feet, do your own work, make your own place in the world, live out your own nature—if it includes any of these things —then thousands of us at the present time owe our freedom to the restrictive legislation that safeguards the public health.

We have paid for our liberty, it is true, and paid for it in liberty. But which is the true liberty, that which we have parted with or that which we have attained? Our choice has been between freedom to follow our own notions as to disposal of garbage and respect for uncontaminated water supply, on the one hand, and freedom from disease upon the other; it is a question of freedom to be carried at the chariot wheels of "free competition" into darkness and foul air, into eighteen hours of work for women and infants, into universal "sweatshop" conditions in home and factory, versus freedom to live and work. Our choice means that instead of a whole population stunted, bent and warped, ill-nourished, consumptive,—such as one may still find groups of, surviving from the epoch of "free" factory competition in England,—we have health and strength, and a working class able to work and able to fight its battles and to win its

way. It is freedom of whim versus freedom to carry through a deliberate purpose in life, freedom to kick over the table versus freedom to play the game. The question is simply which is the lesser burden, subjection to the human laws of health or subjection to the physical laws of disease. Obedience to the former is our war tax; it is the contribution which enables us to keep the ancient enemies of our race at bay and to hem them closer and closer within a narrowing domain. The liberty we have gained is that of an army of free men voluntarily submitting to discipline as the price of independence.

New laws that will still further enlarge our liberty in this same direction of increased health and physical, and consequent moral, power are among those which the believers in the social efficacy of legislation are now most anxious to secure, and which this belief that laws curtail liberty is doing its best to stifle. Obviously needed health laws have not yet been passed. Our legislation in this matter is far from complete. Few of our large cities have as yet any adequate inspection of the milk and food which are consumed by their inhabitants, and as a result of this absence of inspection tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens annually suffer the dealth penalty, while hundreds of thousands of others are subjected to severe illness, often ending in permanent physical disability, with pauperism, crime and vice as indirect but almost inevitable secondary results. Thousands of our fellow-citizens, also, are put to death every year by reason of the construction and arrangement of the city dwellings among which they must choose a place to live. Damp cellars, inside rooms with no direct access to the outer air, narrow, sunless alleys and courts, are things over which the private citizen who is not a rich man has no more control than he has over the motion of the stars. He has to take the city as he finds it and to choose lodgings such as exist within walking distance from his work. The only possibility of continued health for him and his family, except such of them as are impervious to disease, lies in the adpotion of proper legislation regulating the form and structure of our city and of its buildings. We have done something in this direction; we are a little ahead of the cave dwellers of Granada and of the slaves' quarters in ancient Rome; but it is imperative that we secure for ourselves, by further legislation, more sun and air than we have yet made up our minds to do.

The service which the great system of criminal law has performed for the cause of liberty is recognized by but few people. In our long-accustomed security from violence we have come to look upon the criminal law as the means by which a few abnormal persons are prevented from exercising their peculiar propensities; we forget that it is through the criminal law that such persons and their views of life have become abnormal; that when murder and robbery were left to the individual to redress, murder and robbery and the defence against them were of necessity a part of the daily routine of every head of a family. We are accustomed to look upon the criminal law as upon the walls of a prison which serve to confine a small lawless element as a vanishing remnant; but, viewed from the historical standpoint, in the light of what it has done and of what would remain to do over again were its restraint to be removed, the criminal law will be seen to have stood through the ages, not as a wall fencing the few lawless people in, but rather in the position of a dike shutting out the great sea of anarchy and lawlessness from the narrow patch of ground which civilization had won. To it we owe the liberty to pursue such arts and occupations as would not flourish in a mining camp and to carry on such work as would suffer from being destroyed and begun over again at intervals of a few days or weeks. The criminal law will serve us still better when, by means of new

legislation, we shall have secured the perpetual seclusion of the chronic criminal,—thus being permanently quit of such individuals and at the same time working the criminal strain slowly out of the race—and when we have learned to adopt such further new legislation as shall enable us to treat the drunkard and the young offender in a remedial way, and to refrain from supplying them, in our local prisons, with advanced courses in the various branches of crime.

Good roads have been the creation of the state from the time when the Via Appia and the other great military highways brought the boundaries of the ancient world within striking distance of the Imperial City down to the present agitation on the part of the riders of bicycles. All roads lead to Rome; and the highway running by his door not only brings to the dweller in the lonely farmhouse access to the markets of the world, but it makes him a sharer in its thought and progress. Our railroads, created under the law of eminent domain and favored by much further legislation, have made possible the opening up of our country and have probably preserved its unity; they have built cities and done many other marvellous works; and now further laws are necessary in order that our railroads may not come to own us instead of our owning them. Without legislation it is possible for a railroad to say to this city, "Prosper," and to that one, "Cease to exist." It may say to this man, "Your business shall succeed," and to that one, "Bow down and worship me or thou diest." A railroad makes the opportunity for a settlement in a certain place, and then when men have come to make their homes and establish their business in that place it may, unless the law intervenes, decide that life shall no longer remain possible there. The problem of rapid transit in our cities is a problem upon the proper settlement of which, to some extent, the health and life and even the morals and the happiness of a majority of the citizens depend. The radius of the five-cent fare or of the hour's ride determines the distance at which many people can live from their business; upon that distance depend the amount of sun and air, of space for privacy and for recreation, which they can command; and the extension of this radius is chiefly a question of laws such as may make possible rapid transit within the crowded part of the city.

There are some apostles of the doctrine that law and liberty are opposed who will say that all this does not convince them, that in spite of the many manifest advantages of civilization and of the laws that have made it possible, they prefer a more natural condition. There are men of the Robinson Crusoe or Deerslayer type, to whom the wild seashore or the wild woods seem to be the natural habitat. To them it seems that in all these laws and regulations we pay too great a price for anything that they can do.

To those having this point of view two answers are to be made. In the first place, the genuine Robinson Crusoes are much fewer than one would judge from the number of people who like to talk Robinson Crusoe in the luxurious seclusion of their club or at afternoon tea. Most of the Robinson Crusoes that one meets in real life are of the Thoreau order, not men who really like wild and Indian life, but rather men who like to go out and play Indian in the back yard. Some of them do not like even that, but only go so far as to like to talk as if they would like to play Indian. The real Robinson Crusoe is a rare and diminishing species, more commonly found in England than in this country. Those who belong to it have all Africa and a large part of Asia open to them, in which to find the sort of existence they prefer, and the real ones take advantage of these opportunities.

But secondly, the principal and conclusive answer to the Robinson

Crusoe attack upon legislation is that even the Robinson Crusoe ideal is to be realized, not through the absence of law, but through laws designed to promote that particular end.

It is the law, as I have already pointed out, that has kept the fish alive in our rivers, and the birds in our woods; and those who believe in law are busy striving for the better protection of our song and game birds and of our seacoast fisheries, and for the restocking of rivers in which the fish have been exterminated by lawless fishing, or from which they have been driven by the insufficiently regulated use of the streams by factories. The law-contemning man shakes the dust of civilization from his feet and goes forth to commune with nature in the woods. He does not realize that it is to the law and to those who have striven hard to make the law even as efficient as it is that he owes the fact that there are any woods left to muse in. If he believes in woods, he ought to join with those who are now seeking such legislation as shall put a stop to the reckless starting of fires and to other wanton destruction of our forests. He launches his birch canoe and drifts down the wild and lonely river, thanking God that here at least nature has been left to herself. But still his ancient guardian, the law, is watching over him. It is the law that has kept the river comparatively free from pollution and that has prevented the miller upstream from shutting off more than his fair share of the water to store in the mill pond over the holiday. There is in Massachusetts a stream renowned in song and story, whose waters are bluer than those of the beautiful blue Danube; but their cerulean color is not derived entirely from the reflection of our New England sky. The Assabet has this superiority to the blue Danube, that its color is its own, no mere fair-weather visitor, but a substantial part of the stream itself, of so solid and abundant a nature that it comes off on the grass; it is in fact derived from an indigo plant situated up-stream. If we are to have our rivers left in a state of nature, it is to the law that we must look to accomplish that result.

If anything is a product of nature unassisted by man, it would seem to be the sky, the sun, and the spring that comes with the return of the sun to our hemisphere; but it is to the law that many of our fellow-citizens must address their thanks for the fact that any part of the sky is visible to them from the rooms in which their lives are passed, or that the sun ever shines so much as into the court on which their windows look. Nothing goes deeper in its association with spring, in its appeal to us from the heart of nature, than the return of the birds, when

"Smalle fowles maken melodie
That sleepen alle nicht with open ee."

But, again, it is the law that, by establishing building lines, has brought the blossoms that the birds seek into our cities at least, and it is the law that has prevented the little birds, with their melody and their plumage, from going the way of the theatre hat.

If a man is an Indian in good earnest and really wishes that we should all live by hunting and trapping, that result also can be accomplished only by the law. He must forbid the felling of forests, the building of railways, the stretching of the barbed wire fences which prevent the free roaming of the deer and buffalo; he must forbid the making of dams to prevent or impede the free passage of the fish up and down our rivers; he must devise and enforce a far more rigorous game law than any that has been seen since William the Conqueror; and he must be willing to see some ninety-five per cent of our present population perish, in order that there may be room left for sufficient game to support the remainder.

In short, the Robinson Crusoe argument is not really an argument against law, but merely an argument for a different set of laws from those which we now have. Our present

laws are adapted to the realization of a certain social ideal unconsciously held. If we are wrong in our ideal, the conclusion is not that we should have no law, but that we should have different laws adapted to the carrying out of some different view of life. The argument for law does not depend upon the adoption of any one ideal; it depends only upon our having any idea or view of life whatever. The adoption of a law, like the adoption of any other important measure, simply means that there is something which we want and that we have the intelligence to take the necessary means to get it. A community which wants no laws is a community which has no desires, which would as willingly live one way as another, and to which it is a matter of indifference whether it lives at all.

The idea of liberty includes the power of choice, and we have seen that law, in cases where it is accused of narrowing our field of choice by shutting out certain alternatives, has really added to it by including others, or by creating the very opportunities which it restricts. But it has done much more than that. Liberty is not merely the power to choose, but the power to choose the thing we want; and the thing we want, the thing which underlies every deepest desire and aspiration, is life; active, constructive, creative life; life in which our strength is put forth, our will is exerted, and our feelings and aspirations are expressed. And life is attained by living, by orderly, consecutive activity, by obedience to an inner purpose whispered in every heart and giving a law to every life. Life is not chaotic, haphazard, a thing of whim and chance; it is found in obedience, obedience to a universal purpose and universal law revealed to each from within, and to the laws of health, of physics, and of art, through which such universal purpose has to be carried out. Sin is the failure of such obedience and the wages of sin is death. I have spoken of the great service of the criminal law and of the sanitary laws in making the orderly, constructive life possible or in at least vastly increasing its scope, by making clear the field. I have spoken, too, of the way in which our laws maintaining the public highways widen the horizon for orderly constructive life, mental as well as physical. I have space only for an allusion to what the laws of private property have done in the securing of the means through which such life is attained. The law of private property means the tools of your trade and the material to work in. It means control of the raw material out of which our life is spun, through control of which our nature is developed. Man becomes himself through the wreaking of his will and thought on these outward things. He is the statue hidden in the marble and he is the workman that chisels it out. The believers in legislation are constantly trying to bring the control of property more fairly to every man. They get laws passed protecting savings banks, building and loan associations, *monts de pieté*, and more important innovations will some day be worked out and introduced. Only material wealth—a question of dollars and cents! Yes, that is all—on the outside; and on the inside only development of intellect and artistic sense, of force of character, only opportunity to live, to create, to be. But a still further service is yet to be mentioned.

The law does not stop in its ministering to freedom with the securing of opportunities. It has in America long recognized the fact that the opportunity does not exist for the man who has not within himself the faculties to make use of it. Long before other nations (unless certain states of the Netherlands) had arrived at any such conception of their duty as a people, America had provided the public school, by which there was given to every boy and girl growing up in the land the key to the great realm of knowledge, the freedom of the

world's thought so far as it may have progressed in their day and generation, in order that each citizen of the country might in some real sense have a chance to start abreast of the best attainment of the civilization of his time.

America will not be true to her instincts and ideals in this matter of the attainment of liberty through legislation until, among much else, we have done our best to develop in every citizen the power to create a place for himself by the work of his hands and brain and have further safeguarded his opportunity for making use of such powers against the threatened tyranny of monopoly, whether in the field of capital or in the field of labor. Our schools must train the workman that lies latent in every individual, they must learn to speak to the toiling giant within and teach him to know his work and the joy of doing it. When we have made of manual training and of the trade school what they are capable of becoming, the life of the laboring man will take on new color and strength and will feel the freedom that comes with the consciousness of power and conquest. The hammer of Thor shall ring again on the anvil; and Wayland, the crafty worker, shall put forth his skill. We shall do better than that. We shall arouse the god within as well as the giant. We shall not only have the public park, but the eye to see it shall be there in the citizen of the American city. He shall know the language of the great organ and of the orchestra when Beethoven comes out to speak to him man to man; he shall feel the refinement and pathos of the little Scotch songs, and shall grow ready for all heroisms under Handel's conquering spirit. Hours of work shall not be so long that the power of thought and enjoyment is paralyzed. Shakespeare and Scott, Burns and Kipling, shall be read and recognized as fellow-workers who have known how to say for us something of what we had in mind.

This is our American idea of liberty. It is this sort of power to do and to choose that we want—power of will, the character to be somebody and to make the most of ourselves and of our opportunities; power of mind, to deal with the situations of life as they arise, and to find and recognize those things in art and nature which are truly parts of our larger self; power of expression, to sing some little of the song that every man knows he has within him. That is our idea of liberty; and it is a kind of liberty which at every step is the child and the product of law.

A NEW ENGLAND EDUCATIONAL POLICY.

By W. Scott.

THE New England states are naturally and historically grouped together. Their combined areas do not much exceed the area of some single American states and are less than that of the larger states. Thus New York has an area of 47,620 square miles, with a population of 5,997,853. The New England states have an area of 62,005 square miles, with a population of 4,700,745. Facilities of transportation abound. The New England states have greater railway mileage than any other equal area in the world.* In 1895 they had an average of 11.97 miles for every one hundred square miles of territory, varying from five and one-half miles in Maine to twenty-six and one-half miles in

*New England States, Vol. IV, p. 1816, chapter on "New England Transportation," by J. H. Benton, Jr.

Massachusetts. Europe has an average of 3.62 miles for every hundred square miles, rising to over ten miles in Germany, Great Britain, France, Belgium and Holland. The population of New England is for the most part within easy access of steam or electric roads. Towns having one or both kinds of transportation embrace, in Maine, sixty-six per cent of the people; in New Hampshire, eighty-nine per cent; Vermont, seventy-five per cent; Massachusetts, ninety-eight per cent; Rhode Island, ninety-seven per cent; Connecticut, ninety-five per cent; New England as a whole, ninety-one per cent. The number of New England cities of varying size is large, while there is but one great metropolis and one large population group. In 1890 there were sixty-seven cities with a population of ten thousand or above, as compared with thirty-two such cities in New York state, whose population exceeds the entire population of New England. Of the population of Massachusetts in 1890, more than sixty-five per cent or nearly two-thirds were in cities of ten thousand or more population. It is obvious that urban conditions are widely prevalent in New England.

The growth of cities and the increase of facilities of transit are characteristic of our time. In 1790 the cities of the United States comprised 2.77 per cent of the whole population of the country; in 1890 the ratio had risen to 29.20 per cent. The same census shows seven cities with a population greater than that of any one of sixteen states, and twelve cities with an aggregate population exceeding the population of twenty states combined. "This change," says Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, "is not peculiar to America, but is noticeable in even a greater degree in Europe, where in some cases, as in Scotland, the change amounts almost to a social revolution." *

* Report U. S. Commissioner of Education, 1894–5, Vol. I, p. 3, and Vol. V, Part I, p. xvi, on growth of cities.

The prevalence of facilities for intercommunication and of urban conditions throughout New England affect many social interests. Broader business plans are utilizing the network of railways which bind areas to their urban centres and the cities to the metropolis. Interstate enterprises are formed, and New England associations of many kinds arise to advance various objects.

It is evident that the changed conditions which prevail are destined to affect the educational welfare of New England as well as other interests. The effort to adjust the school inequalities* of towns and cities may be extended to furnish all New England youth with equal and adequate training. Such equalization in the New England group of states, whose natural and historic ties are numerous and intimate, is the larger problem, parts of which may be worked out by the separate states. Indications point in this direction,—to the possibility of more concerted action in New England education. The cause of education is fundamental and common to the several states, and the adoption of more comprehensive plans of education seems probable and is desirable. But such plans must rest on an equitable basis, which will commend itself to the people of New England. Whether in the administration of public education New England may in time become practically one commonwealth, or voluntary and public agencies may coöperate to diffuse equal advantages, the future alone can determine.

In illustration of the idea of a New England education policy the writer ventures to outline a New England Education Plan in one of its features. The feature selected is that of the high school. This department of school work is taken because its proper ad-

* Inequalities are marked on all things pertaining to public schools. For example, in school taxation Massachusetts has three hundred and fifty-three different rates of per capita expenditure, ranging from $61.35 to $2.74 per pupil; also an equal number of tax rates ranging from .009–21 to .000–31 mills. (Mass. Annual Report, 1896–7, pp. cxxxvi–cxl.)

justment would contribute much to simplify the whole school problem, which includes kindergarten, elementary, grammar, high school and mixed or rural ungraded schools. Besides, the high school has in recent years grown to large proportions in its courses of study and its cost. It has received unusual attention from teaching bodies, legislatures and philanthropic persons, who see in right education an element of social safety, welfare and progress. The plan submitted is as follows:

I. A triple high school,* that is an English, classical and mechanic arts high school, shall be established in every city of New England containing a population of 15,000 or more.

This is a modification of the Massachusetts high school law of 1895, which provides for such a high school in every city of 20,000 or more inhabitants. It is assumed that there will be 20,000 people in and within easy access of every city of 15,000 population. The recommendation would, therefore, be equivalent to the extension of the Massachusetts high school law, which is based on a 20,000 urban group of population, over all New England. A more limited high school law is mandatory in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and in Vermont to towns of 2,500 population and upwards, but permissive in other New England states. As a matter of fact, high schools exist in all New England cities of 15,000 population. The result of such legislation would be, therefore, in the area of its operation to fix the standard of high schools, which is variable in all states, and somewhat to enlarge the scope of their work. It would secure a number of high schools of a grade and excellence equal to the best New England high schools.

II. A triple high school shall be established in every county of New England.

The population of the 67 counties of New England is as follows, measured by the 20,000 population limit.

	Over 20,000.	Under 20,000.
Maine	13 counties.	3 counties.
New Hampshire	8 "	2 "
Vermont	10 "	4 "
Massachusetts	12 "	2 "
Rhode Island	4 "	1 "
Connecticut	8 "	0 "
Totals	55 counties.	12 counties.

The recognition of the 20,000 population group is preserved in this suggestion, which is the basis of the Massachusetts law as to cities. There is also a recognition of the town group idea, which is thought important in New England government. The county is a group of towns. In the conduct of triple high schools, as now developed, the town is deemed by law unequal to such burden which is placed on a certain grade of cities.

The twelve counties with less than 20,000 population may be arranged as follows:

NEW ENGLAND COUNTIES.

	Population below 5,000.	Population 5,000–10,000.	Population 10,000–15,000.	Population 15,000–20,000.
Maine	....	....	....	3
New Hampshire	....	....	....	2
Vermont	1	1	1	1
Massachusetts	2	....	....	....
Rhode Island	....	....	1	....
Connecticut	....	....	....	....
Totals	3	1	2	6

It is evident, therefore, that the second suggestion would be but a slight modification of the Massachusetts triple high school law as to population group. We may add here, also, that in every New England county a high school now exists, whose grade might be lifted and its scope of work increased to meet the proposed requirements.

III. Two triple high schools shall be established in every county of New

* A single high school as English or classical may be provided where advantageous, or the grammar school course may be continued into the first or second year of a high school course in some places. The high school unit, in which the teaching and economic sides are well adjusted, is thought by many to require at least one hundred pupils.

England whose population is 40,000 or more.

Adhering to the population group as a basis of legislation, there are counties of New England with a population exceeding 40,000, but containing no city of 15,000 population. The suggestion covers the following counties:

State.	County.	Population.
Maine	Aroostook	49,589
	Kennebec	57,012
	Penobscot	72,865
	Washington	44,482
	York	62,829
New Hampshire	Merrimac	49,435
	Rockingham	49,650
Vermont	Rutland	45,397
Massachusetts	Franklin	40,145
Connecticut	Litchfield	53,542
	Windham	40,145

As has been stated under the foregoing suggestion, it may here be said that high schools are already established in the counties above named to the requisite number, but their grade and the scope of their work need readjustment.

To carry out the three foregoing suggestions would locate triple high schools in New England as follows:

MAINE.

Alfred, Auburn, Augusta, Bangor, Bath, Belfast, Biddeford, Brunswick, Calais, Caribou, Dover, Ellsworth, Farmington, Houlton, Lewiston, Lincoln, Machias, Paris, Portland, Rockland, Skowhegan, Waldboro, Waterville, 23.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Claremont, Concord, Dover, Exeter, Franklin, Keene, Laconia, Lancaster, Manchester, Nashua, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Wolfboro, 13.

VERMONT.

Bennington, Brattleboro, Burlington, Fairhaven, Island Pond, Middlebury, Montpelier, Morrisville, Newport, North Hero, Rutland, St. Albans, St. Johnsbury, West Randolph, White River Junction, 15.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, Boston, Brockton, Brookline, Cambridge, Chelsea, Chicopee, Edgartown, Fall River, Fitchburg, Gloucester, Greenfield, Harwich, Haverhill, Holyoke, Lawrence, Lowell, Lynn, Malden, Nantucket, New Bedford, North Adams, Northampton, Orange, Pittsfield, Plymouth, Quincy, Salem, Somerville, Springfield, Taunton, Waltham, Worcester, 33.

RHODE ISLAND.

Newport, Pawtucket, Providence, Warren, Warwick, Westerly, Woonsocket, 7.

CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport, Canaan, Danbury, Hartford, Meriden, Middletown, New Britain, New Haven, New London, Norwalk, Norwich, Putnam, Rockville, Stamford, Torrington, Waterbury, Willimantic, 17.

New England, total, 108.

In the location of such high schools at places of less than 15,000, the size and accessibility of the school centre have both been considered. The list may be modified by a more exhaustive study on these lines and by taking into account the location of normal schools, state agricultural colleges and other educational institutions which might be utilized in this connection. These are important elements in the problem.

The proposed triple high schools, 108 in number, will be far less numerous than the high schools of all kinds now in existence, which number 421. This would tend to economy in school expenditures, a question which has not received due attention. Annual school expenses in New England now aggregate $20,000,000. Public school administration has grown to immense proportions in the number of persons interested, funds expended, and property involved. Secretary W. M. Stetson of Maine, who has made careful inquiry into school economy, affirms* that Maine may save one-third of a million dollars annually, or one dollar in every six, by improved business methods in public school administration. Other high authorities make similar statements in respect both to country and city schools.

The accessibility or relation of these schools to the population is shown by the table herewith given.

* Maine School Report, 1895.

	Number of present high schools of all kinds.	Number of proposed standard high schools.	Percentage of population in proposed high school towns and cities.	Percentage of population within access of said schools.*
Maine.....	89	23	28+ per ct.	.661
New Hampshire.	39	13	35+ "	.893
Vermont	40	15	19+ "	.75
Massachusetts ...	189	33	62+ "	.984
Rhode Island ...	12	7	66+ "	.976
Connecticut.....	52	17	53+ "	.955
Totals.....	421	108	52+ per ct.	.914

IV. A general high school shall be established in every city or county of New England whose population is 40,000 or above. In such schools everything desired shall be taught, provided a sufficient number express a desire for a particular study at a fixed date, the number and date to be fixed by law.

The triple high school affords much enlargement of educational advantages to the youth; but the general high school would go still further.† Much greater latitude might be allowed in the matter of electives, a course strongly commended at present by some administrators of education.

V. These high schools shall be free to all youth of New England, subject to appropriate regulations by school authorities.

The erasure of the local boundary in a measure by the population group and the adoption of a more comprehensive plan of school management will open high schools to youth in a larger area. The accessibility‡ of a school may therefore be the chief factor in determining where the pupil shall attend. High schools near state borders may be of nearly equal value to pupils in two states on account of accessibility. Such is the case along the border of every New England state. This subordinates the local boundary idea to the educational idea; the latter is fundamental, while the former is capable of readjustment.

VI. Schools of correspondence, with occasional meetings for class work, shall be formed for remote pupils who cannot attend high schools daily.

That effective work might thus be done, if placed in the hands of capable instructors, is beyond doubt. The wise development of such a method might utilize the postal system, the book, correspondence and other features of work with less frequent meeting with teacher and class than is secured in daily school sessions. In some cases it may develop independent and original elements of character in the student and show, what is believed to be true by some teachers of experience, that many pupils suffer from excess rather than from lack of instruction. They require self-help. At all events, such provision, wisely conducted, will prove of advantage in the effort to reach pupils remote from school centres.

The old classification of school population was urban, suburban, rural and remote,—four classes. These classes have been reduced to two by the marvellous growth of transportation facilities during the last fifty years or less. These two classes are urban and remote. The remote class is numerically small, and it is believed that this phase of the school problem admits a remedy.

VII. The practicability of school cars, for use in sections of New England whose population is sparse and for general educational service, shall be investigated.

The general question of transportation for schools is as yet unsettled. Pupils' fares on steam roads and electrics lack uniformity of treatment. But it is probable that, when transportation becomes more frequent in

* That is, in towns having steam or electric roads or both within or close to their borders.

† "Equal Education in Connecticut," by W. Scott, pp. 23–29, on commerce, trades, agriculture, music and art in public instruction.

‡ President C. W. Eliot, "The Gap between Common Schools and Colleges," favors the arrangement of secondary schools with a view to railway accessibility.

connection with central schools, uniformity of rates and lower terms will be secured, and will be found advantageous both to railroads and the public. The power of railroad corporations, however, is so extensive that towns and small communities are at a disadvantage in securing these results. The state has a duty here, and in the final adjustment joint action by the states may be necessary.

VIII. Appropriate legislation and equitable taxation are essential in the plan set forth, or in any plan that may be considered.

In handling these questions of government, the best wisdom of the citizens of New England and a profound interest in public education are indispensable. It is believed, however, that a comprehensive and flexible plan may be secured to reach all New England youth without the need of a single new principle or method of legislation or taxation. Let the principles and methods now existing and generally approved be directed by wisdom, patriotism and a strong desire for the good of the children and youth of New England, and salutary changes for the better in education may be quickly accomplished.

It may be added that taxation for education falls unequally in every part of New England, and this inequality is an obstacle to educational progress.* Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts, in his annual message approving the commission of 1897 on taxation, says, "How best to raise by taxation the vast sums of money required to meet the demands of a progressive civilization, is a problem of great difficulty, which has not yet found its ultimate solution." To equalize the burdens of educational taxation is one of the most important of public problems. Comparing the counties Aroostook with Cumberland, Franklin with Suffolk, Tolland with Fairfield, we see that the poorer county carries the heavier tax rate, and yet is able with it to do far less for its children. The same condition prevails among towns of the same county. The imposition of a state tax has proven a partial cure for this inequality. A wiser division of the receipts of a state tax is also advocated by some friends of education. The better correlation of all taxing units, town, county, city and state, is hoped for by not a few educational people and public men. Uniform educational standards and an equal tax rate are urged on the ground that public education is an interest of the entire commonwealth, which intrusts it, in a measure, to smaller divisions of the state, but can never safely permit it to become unjustly burdensome to the smaller and poorer sections, nor to suffer detriment from meagre support.

IX. Voluntary coöperation should be encouraged in connection with public education.

The power of such coöperation is well understood in New England. The work of Christian churches is conducted among us almost wholly by the free gifts of the people. The splendid cluster of colleges and universities in New England rests chiefly on the benefactions of comparatively few persons. Some views of public education which government may be slow to take, enlightened philanthropy* may be quick to embrace.

New England is one in the substance of its life. May not its people coöperate with a strong and prevailing will, where government may feel that it must pause, to bring to every child equal and generous training in public education? Government itself rests on the will of the people. Let the voluntary coöperation of the people, which is capable of indefinite expansion, strengthen and reinforce public education. The cause is among the noblest. It is the training of a free people under the most favorable conditions that have ever existed.

* Report of Committee of Twelve on Rural Schools, pp. 29, 30.

*The Peabody Fund is a unique illustration. See 38th Annual Report, 1898, Hon. J. L. M. Curry, Agent, Washington, D. C.



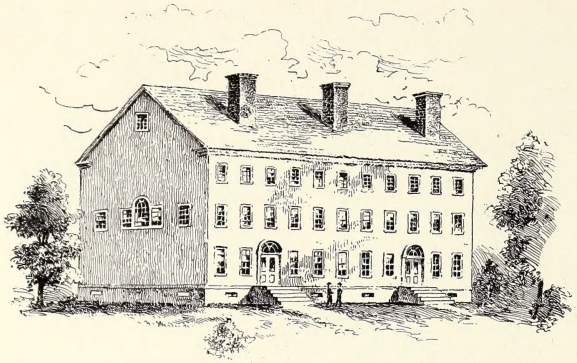
NEW ENGLAND'S FIRST COLLEGE OUT OF NEW ENGLAND.

By E. P. Powell.

WHEN New England started westward, she carried her school system with her. Unfortunately this had suffered disintegration since its first inception. At the outset the Massachusetts system of education was completely collateral with its political system. These two institutions, with the church, formed three distinct and equally important social evolutions; although the church of New England dominated both state and school. The colonial university lay upon a broad basis of higher schools; and these upon schools that were primary and as universal as the population. Harvard was founded as a state school at the apex of the system. But as Massachusetts grew westward, the symmetry of both her political and educational development was broken up. It was a week's travel to cross the state. The counties hung loosely together, and easily acted independently of each other. Even the church system suffered, and would have become dislocated, but for the fact that each church was an independent factor, able to act with its neighbor without a rigid superintendence. As boys could not be sent from the western settlements as far as Cambridge, the deficiency in classical training required the building of colleges for denominational purposes. That these were a fathom less classical than the university was to be expected. The



SAMUEL KIRKLAND.

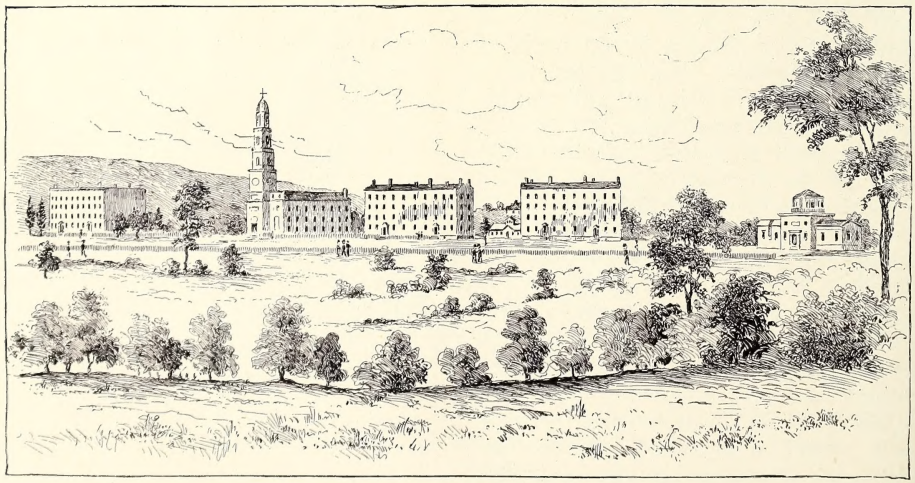


HAMILTON ONEIDA ACADEMY.

Mathers could write Latin as readily as English; but the graduates of these new colleges, although catechised in Latin, were never thoroughly classical scholars. There was an increase of teaching of theology and a decrease of classical learning.

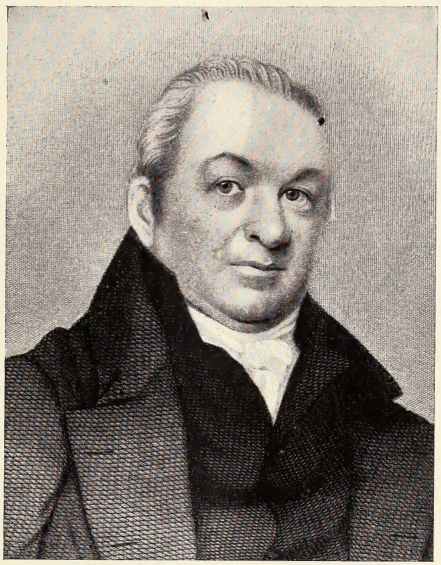
It was at this point that the overflow went beyond the boundaries of the state. Connecticut was always restless and always pioneering. She had settled Vermont and had a colony in Pennsylvania; and now she was ready to anticipate Massachusetts in the western wilderness. At the close of the War of Independence, her sons pushed up the Mohawk valley, beyond the Dutch settlements, and turned their first furrows near Fort Schuyler, now Utica. The first village to take organic form was Clinton. There were six founders of the township; and they brought with them a full cargo of New England ideas; eminently that of the necessity of universal education.

But Dominie Samuel Kirkland, also from Connecticut, had preceded these settlers as early as 1764. His mission was to live among the Iroquois, and, if possible, infuse their confederacy with New England conceptions of church and state. The last frontier post left behind him was Johnstown. Having gone beyond this post, Kirkland was unable to communicate with the Indians, until a Dutch trader happened along who could act as interpreter. The first question propounded by the Iroquois was, "What put it into your head to leave your father's home and country, and come so many hundreds of miles to see us and live with us?" It was impossible for Kirkland to give a diplomatic answer to this question; for the two confederacies, that of New England and that of the five Iroquois peoples, were the two most nearly



HAMILTON COLLEGE IN 1850.

equal powers upon the American continent. It must be acknowledged that the latter could with some degree of consistency have sent missionaries to the former. But Kirkland answered, with Saxon frankness, that he came "to teach the Indians the knowledge possessed by the whites." From the very first, he formed and announced an educational conception rather than a purely religious or theological. He never acted the part of a mere preacher of a new religion. He was adopted into the family of the principal chief, and began his work as the instructor of his tribal father. When the lessons drew upon books and writings, the chief explained that he preferred oral instruction, and that not only himself but all his people chose to have as little to do with books as possible. "Writing," he said, "speaks for a great many years."

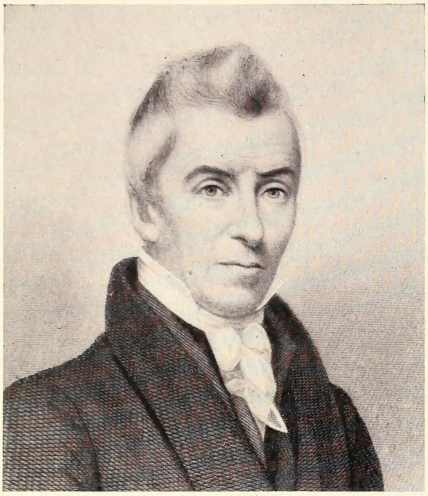


AZEL BACKUS, D. D.

In 1766, Kirkland received ordination in Connecticut to establish his relation solely with the Oneidas; that one tribe of the Confederacy which he found to be most ready to receive instruction, and on the whole to be the most intelligent of the six associated peoples. He proceeded at once to establish schools; but these were almost entirely obliterated by the War of the Revolution which so speedily followed. In 1784 we find Kirkland had returned to see what he could do in the way of reconstruction. He found the Confederacy terribly broken up by the conflict in which they had been compelled to share. Their orchards had been cut down, their houses burned, and their power as a nation forever broken. But they received Kirkland with cordiality, giving him a tract of land two miles square, on the west side of the Treaty Line, which the whites called the Property Line. He was convinced that the only way to save his friends from utter disintegration was by a thorough system of education. A conference on this subject was held with the Indian headsmen. Before these he laid his scheme, and received the following reply:

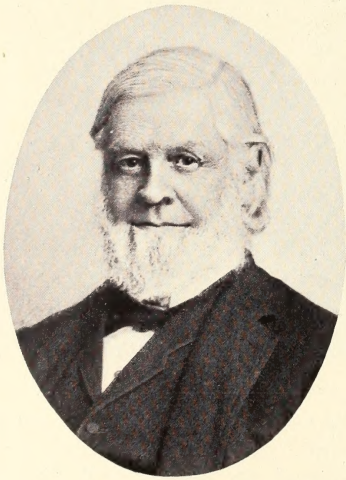
"You, my friend, are increasing, and we are decreasing. Our canoes were once on the rivers and lakes, which are now full of your great ships. The land which you bought of us for a trifle you now sell for thousands of dollars. Your villages and great cities cover the land where once rose the smoke of our wigwams. Why the difference? It is the curse of the Great Spirit resting upon us for some unknown sin."

Kirkland answered that the real difficulty was their lack of knowledge, industrial, political and religious. He argued with them that knowledge is power. His plan of schools, drawn up in form, was then expounded at length. After full deliberation, the chiefs consented to coöperate; — evidently, however, with very little faith in great results. Having won the accord of the Indians, Kirkland next applied himself to the white people. He went to Philadelphia, making a



HENRY DAVIS, D. D.

strong appeal to Washington and Knox and Hamilton as well as to Congress. Knox, then Secretary of War, wrote expressing the sympathy of the government and conveying the indorsement of Washington. Congress granted a yearly sum of fifteen thousand dollars to "instruct the Iroquois in agriculture and the useful arts." More thoroughly to arouse the interest of New England, Kirkland took a young chief with him and visited the colleges of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. He was at Dartmouth and Harvard in 1792.



THEODORE W. DWIGHT.

The scheme as perfected included primary schools for the youngest, and an academy or high school for advanced scholars. Seldom have the ideals of Plato's academy found a stronger application than here among these dusky tribes of New York. The primary schools soon gathered in a large number of Indian children; but the academy failed of its original purpose. It was proposed that instruction should be given "in the principles of human nature, and in the history of civilized society, so that the pupils should be able to discern the differences between a state of nature and a state of civilization, and know what it is that makes one nation differ from another in wealth, power and happiness; and in the principles of natural religion, the moral precepts, and the most plain and explicit doctrines of Christianity." Too much honor cannot be given to Kirkland for having held firmly in view two points: (1) to enlarge the social outlook of the tribes to which his mission sent him; and (2) to displace all proselyting by the nobler purpose of establishing a basis of morals and ethical principles. He seems at no time to have had in view a scheme of converting the natives to his own notions. It was a broad educational plan, laid out by a man who respected and understood Indian character.

The academy was built near the Treaty Line, so as to be convenient for both Indian youths and whites. That location is now called College Hill; and the academy has become New England's first college on its march westward, Hamilton College. For funds Kirkland appealed not only to the government and to the state, but to his friends in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Timothy Pickering, who was in Washington's Cabinet, encouraged and aided his subscriptions. Hamilton seems also to have given him the assistance of his name. Kirkland went to Philadelphia to hold a special conference with Washing-

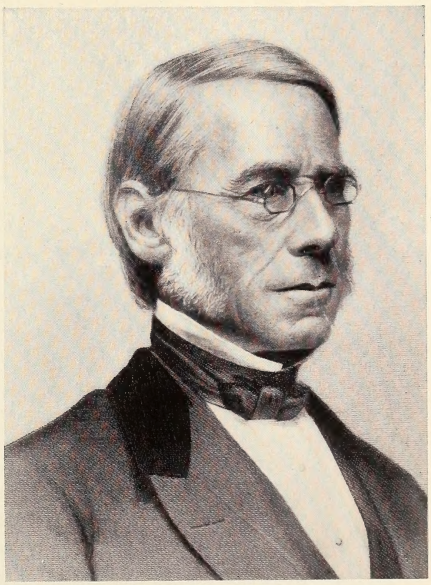


HUNGERFORD HALL.

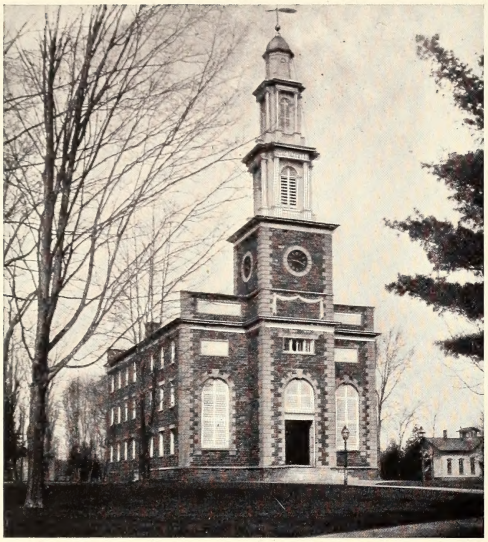
ton, from whom he also received pecuniary help. Kirkland himself gave three hundred acres of land, the same to be leased for the benefit of the school. It was eventually sold; and the writer of this article resides on a portion of it, holding title directly from the Kirkland family.

The building of the academy was a matter most exciting and momentous to all those pioneers, who had already made the word Clinton famous as the name of a frontier town. It was New England on the march westward to conquer the continent. The first pioneers had cut down trees in 1786, and it was now 1793. Other villages were in process of formation. Vermont was restlessly pouring an overflow into the northern part of the state — a population that watched Kirkland with deep sympathy. The subscriptions for the academy building read, "Samuel Kirkland, 10 pounds and fifteen days' work," followed by subscriptions of from five shillings upward, from all the settlers for many miles around. It was simply a people's movement. It was a repetition of the building of Harvard; only now the Puritans had reached the centre of the Empire State—not without softening of their sharper characteristics.

Tradition has it that Kirkland was as much influenced by his Indian friend as the latter was by him; that, in fact, he was almost as much a believer in Skenandoa's God as Skenandoa was in his. Their friendship was one of those fine things that work together in creating the nobler episodes of history. The grand old warrior, a



SIMEON NORTH, D. D.



THE CHAPEL.

superb type of manhood, and the white hero were in all ways colaborers through life; and at last, just down that swale in my orchard, they were finally laid to rest. A lofty hill overlooks their graves, crowned with a group of hemlocks, toward which the chief is supposed to have pointed when he uttered that outburst of pathetic eloquence: "I am an aged hemlock; the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my boughs."

For some reason, probably dissatisfaction with Kirkland's educational program and religious liberalism, the Board withdrew his commission as missionary the next year after the founding of the academy.

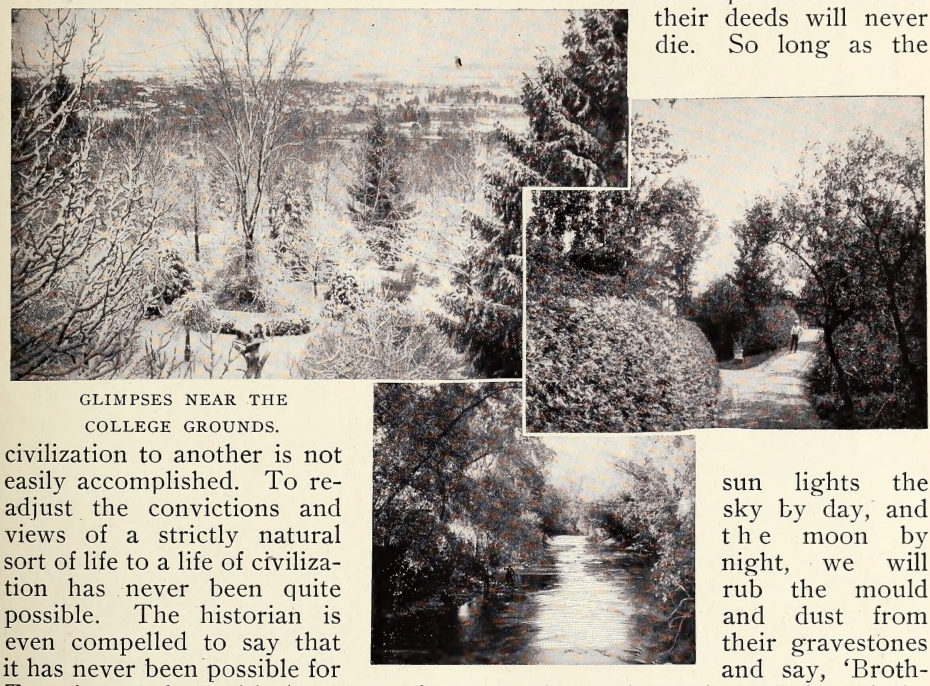
Still the curriculum to be taught and the method of teaching were keenly New England, both in style and sentiment. The habits of the New England pioneers had clung with remarkable closeness to those of Old England. So the gardens of central New York, and the houses, did not depart from the models borrowed by Massachusetts and Connecticut from the mother country. Every garden was laid off in formal squares, and spaded, every foot of it. It never occurred to these Anglo-Saxon sons of Anglo-Saxons that they could just as well cultivate their beets and onions with horse and plough. They continued to do as their fathers had done, where land was scarce and every foot must be used to best advantage. It is not therefore to be wondered at that



SOPER GYMNASIUM.

Latin and Greek went into the curriculum of the schools along the edge of the great forests. England is not yet emancipated; New England is not; and not till after 1850 did we begin to build our houses with any degree of freedom from tradition, or plant our gardens, or arrange our academic schedule of studies according to views born of the time and place.

The school of Plato failed to reach the Indians after the manner hoped for by Kirkland. To readjust one civilization to another is not easily accomplished. To readjust the convictions and views of a strictly natural sort of life to a life of civilization has never been quite possible. The historian is even compelled to say that it has never been possible for Turanians to fuse with Aryans, or for Shemites to forget their origin while dwelling in the tents of Japhet. Still I have seen the queen of the Oneidas in her Wisconsin home; and her scholarly culture and noble womanhood showed that the Oneidas did receive a marked influence from Kirkland's educational effort. In June, of 1873, when a monument to Kirkland was dedicated, two great-grandsons of Skenandoa, one a minister and the other a grand sachem, addressed the audience. "We," said one of them, "remember the good Kirkland as the friend of our fathers. As the sun cometh in the morning, so he came from the east, in 1766, to gladden the hearts of my people, and to clothe us with the light of the Good Spirit. The Good Spirit reached out of his window, and took him from us when sixty-nine snows had fallen and melted away. At the age of one hundred and ten, we laid beside him John Skenandoa, the great sachem. Arm in arm, as brothers, they walked life's trail; and now they are where nothing can separate them. But their deeds will never die. So long as the sun lights the sky by day, and the moon by night, we will rub the mould and dust from their gravestones and say, 'Brothers, here sleep the good and the brave.'"



GLIMPSES NEAR THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.

Soon after the century opened, there was talk of seeking a collegiate charter for the academy, which was filling up with white pupils. By law this charter could not be obtained until a fund had been raised of at least fifty thousand dollars. The patroon of Albany, Stephen Van Rensselaer, headed the list with one thousand dollars; and Governor Tompkins added five hundred dollars. The unique educational system of New York State



BY THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.

devolved the power of granting or withholding charters upon a regency. In 1812 the regents conceded the claim of the academy, and raised it to the rank of a college.

The surroundings of the college were still primitive. Forests flanked the campus, full of game. Most of the two thousand acres given to Kirkland were still woodland. The valley below had about five hundred population. Travel was mostly on the Albany and Buffalo turnpike or by the Erie Canal. Utica was a village of less than a thousand inhabitants. The highway to the college was little more than a cattle path. Kirkland gave land for a fine street; but this was a public pasture, even after it had been formally laid out. On the campus, time-keeping was by a shadow mark on the gravel walk, and later by a sun-dial. A bell was purchased in or about 1818, and this was rung by a stalwart tutor. I find no record at Hamilton of the custom in vogue at Dartmouth just before the opening of the century. "A walk of a definite length was staked off in front of the college building; over this an Indian paced, and at the end of a paced-off hour he gave a whoop which could be heard through all the buildings." The elasticity of such an hour would hardly suit the present requirements of college work.

The first three presidents of the college, Backus, Davis and Dwight, were all graduates of Yale; and for many years Hamilton was called a child of Yale. Kirkland's own sympathies were with the Connecticut college, although he was closely associated with Harvard, where one of his sons became president, and with Dartmouth, where another took his degree. The first president, Backus, was a man eminently fitted for his work. A wit as well as a scholar, he was as closely in touch with the ruder phases of pioneer life as with the more scholarly elements of Connecticut and Massachusetts. His daughter became wife of Gerrit Smith, while the daughter of Kirkland became the wife of Edward Robinson, — two of the most distinguished and scholarly graduates the college has ever had. The death of Backus was a lamentable event; for it was impossible to secure another with such eminent qualifications for the peculiar position which he occupied. His successor, Henry Davis, was a scholar among scholars,



THE CAMPUS.



LITCHFIELD OBSERVATORY.

but a Puritan, with all the grit that Puritan ancestry indicated — as unbending and unpliant in his nature as Backus had been adaptable. A rebellion under his rule nearly broke up the college; but Davis refused to yield one tittle to trustees or students, and ultimately brought order out of chaos. When at last he felt that he was triumphant over all opposition, he resigned. His successor, Dwight, was a son of Timothy Dwight of Yale—a most beautiful character and a noble specimen of manhood. But the college was still seeking to find another man like Backus—a habit it has not even yet quite got over.

After Dwight came Dr. Joseph Penny of Trinity College, Dublin. But he was soon ousted; and his successor was the genial, scholarly Simeon North. Once more a son of Yale had reached the office, while his chief competitor was John Lathrop, who married the granddaughter of Kirkland. Backus had been a good deal of an Englishman; Dwight and Davis had brought in more of Puritan sentiment; and Penny was an alert Irishman in his sentiments and methods. North was of the elegant type of the rich, rare, beautiful and less self-assertive American scholar. As a professor he had been remarkably capable; but as an executive officer he did not prove to be as complete a success. It was his fortune to live at a time when the paternal method of government was passing out of our learned institutions, ultimately to be replaced by the fraternal. But his paternalism consisted in loving the students as a father. In his make-up there was not a selfish or worldly thread. Had he been less beautiful, he would soon have become the victim of the boys; but as it was, it became a common byword, "We love the Prex." The nephew of Simeon North is now the venerable and beloved Edward North, professor of Greek.



KNOX HALL.



THE LIBRARY.

Still again, the successor of North, Samuel Ware Fisher, was selected from the list of Yale alumni; but Brown, who came next in the honored line, was a graduate of Dartmouth. Darling, the eighth president, was from Amherst. At last, when nearly a hundred years old, Hamilton called one of its own graduates, Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, to the presidency. So it has come about that all the presidents of Kirkland's college have come from New England colleges, with two exceptions, Penny and Stryker; and of the seven, five were sons of Yale.

Its curriculum, we have seen, belonged to the era of classical decadence; when Latin and Greek were studied, not for their worth, but because they had been studied. The present was not yet ready to let go the past. At this day chemistry in Hamilton College is optional, but the study of the Bible is required. This strong New England heredity has outlived the very same traits in the colleges of New England itself. In this fact it is not improbable that we must discover one cause of its stagnation in growth. The number of pupils is little greater than in 1830–40, while Yale has multiplied its pupils into the thousands; although it is often repeated: "Few, but quality, my friend, quality."

Hamilton College, small as it is, sits proudly upon College Hill, remembering its glorious origin, and looking at its phylacteries with pride. It has sent out a remarkable list of able alumni, who have given it great honor. Where in the history of any of our smaller colleges can we point to a period where not a man on the staff of teachers did not hold rank as a special genius? But Hamilton points with reasonable pride to the day when Simeon North was president; Marcus Catlin, Henry Mandeville, Theodore W. Dwight, Edward North and Charles Avery were instructors; and these were followed a little later by Josiah Noyes and then by C. H. F. Peters. This is a remark-



INTERIOR OF THE LIBRARY.



IN THE MUSEUM.

able collection of instructors; and I doubt whether it has ever been surpassed in any other American institution. Mandeville may be called the founder of modern elocution; Dwight became one of the most eminent jurists in the United States; Peters stood at the head of the astronomers of his day; while Josiah Noyes was in important fields the greatest genius of his generation. I shall never forget seeing a meeting of Noyes and Daniel Webster, during Webster's last and famous tour through the Empire State. They had been classmates at Dartmouth; and when Webster's eyes fell upon his old boy friend, the marble instantly became instinct with life and tenderness. Throwing his arms about Noyes, he exclaimed: "My God, is that you, Noyes?" — and for a time they were lost to the admiring and wondering crowd. The Empire State had utterly failed to make a merchantable salt until Noyes gave them the benefit of his chemical skill. As a token of appreciation the state annually sent him a barrel of salt.

It has been said ungraciously that the history of Hamilton College has been one of always hunting for a president, when not engaged in hunting one out. This has been due largely to the democracy which gives the president of this institution no more power than belongs to any other teacher, but demands of him executive success in building up the institution, while it lays at his door any failure to meet the hopes of patrons. It has also been due to the fact that the college is one of several created under the regency system—a system that has proved wholly inadequate to educational life and progress. It sustains the old paternalism of the past, in form, with no compensative vigor and helpfulness. It is an ornamental yet burdensome inheritance, not easily got rid of. The consequence is that New England colleges have drawn more students from the Empire State than her own colleges have matriculated. The rise of Cornell and Syracuse Universities, practically in-



THE EMERSON LITERARY SOCIETY'S HOME.

dependent of the regency, points towards a change; but meanwhile Hamilton sees as yet no chance for resuming its relative position. Under a wise state system, it would fifty years ago have secured the position of a state university.

Among the curious propositions to reconstruct the college was one made, in 1828, by Gerrit Smith, who offered to take entire charge of the finances for the term of six years. This proposition included the yielding of the use of the college grounds and buildings and their contents to Mr. Smith. The Board was asked to agree to repair and improve, from time to time, the grounds and buildings, and improve the library and apparatus. The commencement dinner should be provided by the trustees; but they should be at no expense for fuel, bell ringing, and sweeping rooms and halls. Mr. Smith agreed to defray the whole expense of providing teachers, and was in turn to receive all charges for tuition and diplomas, and all rents derivable from any part of the premises. He agreed not to introduce any essential changes in the studies, government or regulations of the college, without the consent of the trustees;

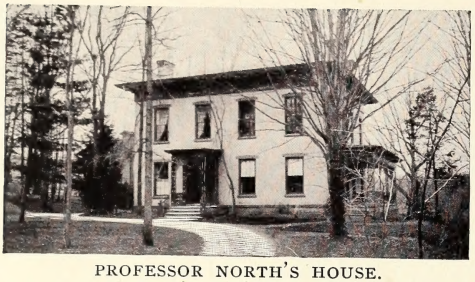


PRESIDENT M. W. STRYKER.

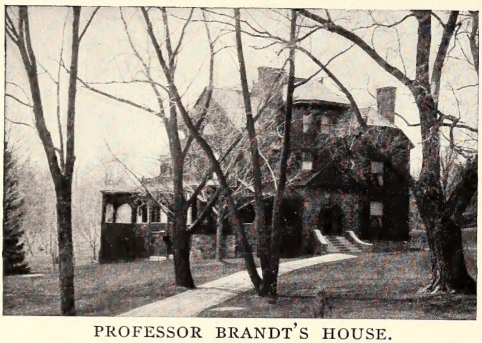
nor to change the personnel of the faculty. But previous to this agreement, he would insist on an entire reconstruction of the faculty. This novel experiment of absolutism in college government did not come to a trial, as it was not only opposed by the faculty, very naturally, but was declined by the trustees. It is a pity that the proposition could not have had a favorable hearing and at least a brief test; for if any man could have made a success of it, it was Gerrit Smith. A millionaire before the concentration of wealth in a few hands had become common, Mr. Smith was remarkably gifted with a spirit of beneficence and executive tact. He was as independent in his theories of educational matters as in his political and theological creeds. In college Smith had been one of the most free and easy of roisterers. President Backus, however, thoroughly understood the man, and dealt with him in his offhand, generous way. Smith particularly loved a game of cards, and was sure to indulge in gaming whenever he had an opportunity. Backus, suspecting something of this



REV. ASA MAHAN.



PROFESSOR NORTH'S HOUSE.



PROFESSOR BRANDT'S HOUSE.



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

sort was going on in the janitor's room, marched in with his boots in hand, for the janitor to polish them. "Very well," said the sable gentleman, "set them down, Doctor, and I will tend to them." Marching to the bed, Backus gave the huge cowskins a fling underneath. As he had anticipated, they severely hit the concealed Smith, who expressed his astonishment and pain with a groan. Peering under, Backus cried out, "What are you doing here, Mr. Smith?" Gerrit turned to him, "My dear president, I am meditating on the mutability of empires."

As late as the adminis ration of Penny, it was not uncommon for the faculty to exercise the right of corporal punishment,—a right by no means outgrown at Harvard during the same period. Penny went so far as to carry a cowhide and lash the boys when he found them carousing out of legal hours. In retaliation, they caught him of a dark night, and rolled him in a mud puddle. Edward Everett, in an autobiographical sketch of Harvard, tells us that in the fore part of the century freshmen were still obliged to take off their hats in the presence of members of higher classes. As a check on the abuse of this service, each freshman placed himself under a member of the senior class, who was called his senior. This senior alone had the privilege of ordering about his own freshman. This Anglicanism never got into the colleges started by New Englanders on their way westward. Paternalism was limited to an absolute sway of the faculty. Indeed, by my own recollection there was less assumed authority of upper classmen in 1850 than now. College life was very simple and brotherly. There is of late a drift toward a more shaded rank and spirit, as well as to an increased use of the mediæval gown and cap. In other words, the paternalism which formerly constituted the government of the faculty has now become a government on the part of the students. We prefer by all means a thorough inauguration of that fraternalism which governs by love and by association. The day is upon us when the professors must become intimately friendly with the boys under their charge, in the name of that higher responsibility which would create character as well as make scholars. Bringing out the old mediæval dresses from closets

where they have hung for a generation past will be of very little use in creating a higher manhood or a typical scholarship.

I know of no college where tradition has so strong a hold as at Hamilton. There is the unconscious power of unconscious opinions and methods. The effect of this is to re-create every individual placed under its influence, and to some extent mark him as a Hamiltonian. Among traditionary customs, not one held its own more tenaciously than the obligation of every freshman to "ring off the rust," as he entered the sophomore class. The class was expected, before taking its advanced seats in



ALPHA DELTA PHI.



DELTA UPSILON.



CHI PSI.



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

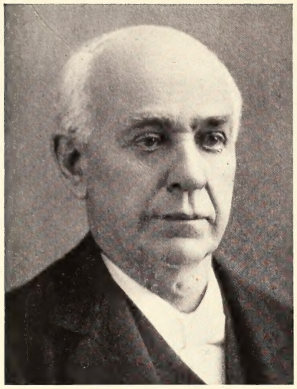


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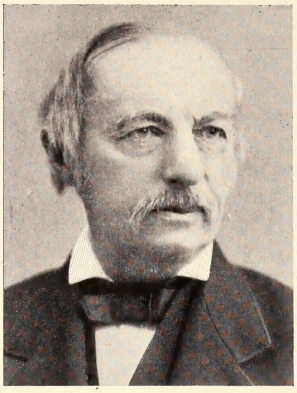


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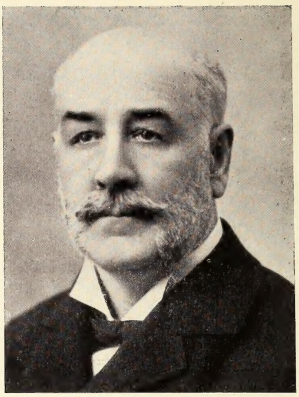
CHAPTER HOUSES.



EDWARD ORTON.



M. H. NORTH.



JUDGE W. M. LILLIBRIDGE.

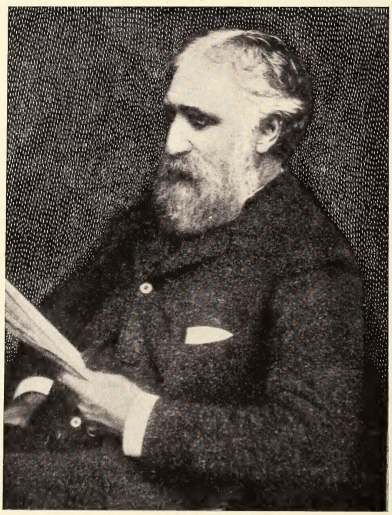
A GROUP OF COLLEGE ALUMNI.



SENATOR JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

chapel, to have spent one night in jangling noises from the chapel bell, to signify that they had duly passed through freshman year, and were entitled to take higher rank. Of course this display of class honor was forbidden by the faculty; and it was one of the comical phases of the year to mark the struggle between the opposing forces. Not infrequently the boys were cornered in the belfry by a determined faculty below, and compelled to slide down the lightning rod in order to escape severe discipline.

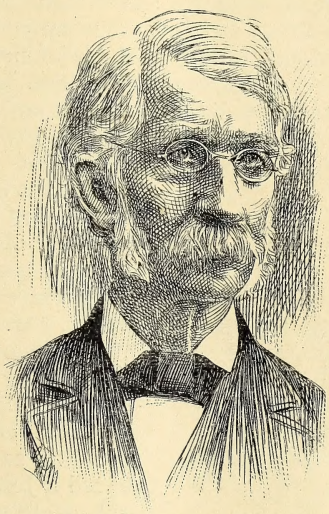
Among the laws drawn up by the trustees in 1827, I find the following illustrations of paternal interest: "For the preservation and improvement of morals your committee recommends, (1.) That no student be received or suffered to remain who does not sustain a good moral character. (2.) All students, except beneficiaries, shall board in the Commons. (3.) No student shall be permitted to leave the college grounds except in company with an officer, without a written permission from the president. (4.) Every student to deliver all his money to the president who shall put it to his credit, and pay for what he shall deem necessary. (5.) No student to receive any company from out of the



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

college without immediately informing a member of the faculty. (6.) All the students to retire to bed at ten o'clock, after which the rooms shall be visited by the officers. (7.) All the classes to study in the presence of an officer."

It was required that a lady of refinement and intelligence, with a member of the faculty, should preside at the table, "in order to exercise a maternal superintendence over the students." Otherwise social intercourse with the female sex was sharply restricted. Physical culture was by no means overlooked. Gymnastic exercises were insisted upon at regular hours of the day. At this early period the study of American history and of political economy was made a special feature of the curriculum. There was also provision for the study of modern languages and civil engineering. These were only a few of the points indicating the modern outlook of this pioneer New England institution.



EDWARD NORTH.

The advanced views of the trustees, from which we have quoted, extended still further in the way of fraternalism, recommending frequent visits of the students at the houses of the officers of the college, "by systematic invitation of the latter." "Your committee believes that constant and free intercourse between the officers and students, in addition to much mental improvement not to be otherwise acquired, would insure in a great degree preservation of morals and ease of government." It was recommended, and I believe for a time practised, that there should be only two vacations, and of course only two terms, each year, instead of the usual three—a custom again coming into collegiate popularity.

While paternalism had its drawbacks and as a system of government cannot be recommended, it certainly had some advantages. It was not uncommon for the president to require of a class or portion of a class restitution for any damage done in the town or neighborhood; and I have seen a whole class marched by the president to make humble apology for an insult or for damage to property. That any change of college habits could be established by such methods I doubt; but there was the satisfaction of restitution, and there was certainly an establishment of justice.

The name of Hamilton is not an idle legacy. Annually an oration which exploits some phase of Hamilton's life or career receives a prize. This is in my judgment unfortunate. I doubt the advisability of exalting Hamilton as an ideal in the minds of young men. Even his position as a financier is questionable. The principle that a great debt is a great blessing to a nation, because it furnishes a basis for a financial system of bond issues, is not as orthodox as it was at one time. The old poplar trees which lead the way to the campus were imported by Thomas Jefferson; it is to be hoped that they serve as a reminder, in the college which bears the name of Hamilton, that the thought and spirit of Jefferson should be more carefully studied and reverenced by the students.

An effort was made under President Fisher to change the traditional New England theological alliance, which was as free and independent as the union of the Congregational churches, for an alliance of a more ag-

gressive sort with the Presbyterian church. The college was made nominally and positively Presbyterian; with a Presbyterian church organized among the young men. The understanding was that this bargain should include an endowment of one million; but the day for denominational colleges was too nearly over, and the result was far from satisfactory. Hamilton is now neither a Church college nor a State college; and so long as the regency prevents the organization of a state university, all such smaller colleges in the Empire State will labor hard merely to hold their own. The religious spirit at Hamilton College is, however, a marked feature of its general life to-day, as well as of its history. I find that President Darling was inaugurated with the following hymn, which I believe to have been written by one of the professors, and to be characteristic of the purpose of the institution:

"With grace to choose the Bible's creed,
And follow it in word and deed,
Straight on through good report and ill,
God bless our Mother on the Hill.

"To be a shield when armies fail,
A beacon-light when storms assail,
Through days of darkness hoping still,
God bless our Mother on the Hill.

"With sons devout, in battle brave
To serve the Church, our land to save,
With ranks that wait their Leader's will,
God bless our Mother on the Hill.

"Then welcome friends with helping hands,
And welcome lore from distant lands;
Thrice welcome Leader, toil and drill,
With blessed Mother on the Hill."

I have incidentally referred to several of the more marked individuals associated with Hamilton College, either officially or as students. Albert Barnes was at one time ranked at the head of pulpit orators and writers of America. He was warmly attached to his alma mater. Not behind him as preacher and teacher was another alumnus of Hamilton, Joel Parker. These men were real makers of church history. Among more recent divines, Rev. Dr. Henry Nelson and Rev. Dr. James H. Ecob stand among the more eminent. Rev. Asa Mahan, first president of Oberlin College, was however the noblest Roman of them all. While he was acting as pastor of a church in Cincinnati, there occurred a breach in Lane Seminary, caused by the determination of the faculty to prevent any discussion of the sins of slavery. The result was the founding of the new theological school at Oberlin, which should not know color for Christ's sake. But to the same institution and to the same leaders belongs the glory of establishing co-education in America. Dr. Mahan always referred to his work in this direction as most pleasant to his memory and as the most satisfactory of his achievements. He lived to be president of another co-educational college and to see the brave fight at Oberlin produce a crop of colleges of like spirit throughout all the land. He died a few years since, the pastor of a church in London, Eng. Nor must we overlook two other men, whose association with western educational development constituted genuine romance. In 1818 Michigan University was founded, in the wilderness, according to the ideas and advice of Thomas Jefferson. It was based on the broad conception of state support and non-sectarianism. Over it was placed a Jesuit priest, Father Richard, and a Presbyterian minister, John Monteith. Monteith was at a later date called to be professor of Latin at Hamilton, where he remained from 1821 to 1828. From 1828 to 1840 John H. Lathrop held a professorship at Hamilton, from which he was called to become the first chancellor of Missouri University, afterward the first chancellor of Wisconsin University, afterward chancellor of Indiana University — from which he was speedily recalled to Missouri University, where he died as chancellor in 1866. Lathrop was one of the great educators of America — as broad in his religious views as he was independent in his educational ideas.

Among the professors of Hamilton I do not know of one whose personality was more marked and whose influence was more sterling than that of Oren Root. He was father of Elihu Root, the eminent lawyer of New York, and of the present professor of mathematics in Hamilton, Dr. Oren Root. To him the college is indebted for a total revolution in its environment. He was not only a gifted mathematician, but he was peculiarly endowed with a taste for landscape gardening. His sympathy with nature was as perfect as that of any man that America has produced, not excepting the Downings and Asa Gray. Root Glen is famous throughout Central New York for its picturesque combination of wild beauty with that fine landscape art which does not disturb nature, but adds to her charms. Root also led the way to the creation of a campus unsurpassed by that of any college in the United States. His ideas have been carried out by residents, until College Hill is justly famed for the charms it presents to cultivated minds. Root was ably seconded by Professor Peters, the astronomer, who loved the asters below as heartily as the asters above. Nor would it be just to overlook the remarkable influence of Mrs. Root, a woman of rarest taste as well as marvellous decision of character. The planting of the campus was begun by Samuel Kirkland and his daughter. For gentle and persuasive influence over the young men not one of the officers whom Hamilton has ever held has surpassed the lamented Henry Darling. It is difficult to describe the influence which he had upon the college; but it may be said that with him came the rule of a higher manhood. The present president, Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, is a marked character for his power to control all elements, and concentrate all influences to the end that he has in view. He has gathered the alumni as no preceding president ever did into a compact working force. Among the alumni, Senator Hawley of Connecticut has always been one of the most devoted to the interests of Hamilton; as also has been W. H. H. Miller, Attorney General under President Harrison. It has been the boast of the college, and I think justly, that it has turned out a larger proportion of eminent publicists than any other college of its size in the United States. Although it has been late in adjusting its curriculum to modern sciences, it justly points with pleasure to such alumni as Dr. Edward Orton of Ohio, recently elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. His eminent scholarship, combined with a singular beauty of character, fairly entitles him to this place at the head of American men of science. The name of Dr. Isaac H. Hall is scarcely less favorably known in the field of scientific research. Among the younger graduates of Hamilton there are many who need but a few years more of work to place them surely in the front rank of investigators. Among these are Joseph I. France of the Port Deposit Institute, Maryland, Frank P. Knowlton of Syracuse University, and Joshua E. Sweet of Giessen, Germany.

No extended notice of Hamilton College would be complete without reference to such remarkable preachers as Joel Parker, who in the fifties was the genius of pulpit oratory in New York, or Thomas Hastings, so long associated with Union Theological Seminary. Others of note have been Henry Kendall, Bishop Lyman, Herrick Johnson, and Daniel Whedon, all men of might. Dean Hodges of the Cambridge Theological School, Professor A. S. Hoyt of Auburn Theological Seminary, Professor D. R. Breed of the Allegheny Theological School, and Professor Willis H. Beecher of Auburn Theological Seminary make a group of which any college may be proud. The Adams brothers, Edward and Myron, were men of brilliant talent and high met-

tle—both dying in their prime. In the West there are few ministers that surpass Henry M. Simmons of Minneapolis; while Laurentine Hamilton's influence is still felt all up and down the Pacific coast. A. H. Bradford, one of the most brilliant preachers in the Congregational body, makes himself felt as a journalist through *The Outlook*. Starr Cadwallader and James Eels are rising forces in the church. B. Fay Mills was for a time in Hamilton, but graduated elsewhere.

Among the more notable of her jurists, besides those already named, are Hon. Amos M. Thayer of St. Louis, Hon. J. N. Pomeroy, who died recently in San Francisco, Hon. O. E. Branch, Attorney General of New Hampshire, Hon. Chauncey S. Truax of New York, C. A. Gardiner of New York, William H. Hotchkiss of Buffalo, and Milton Merwin of Utica, to which list we may add the Hon. Daniel P. Baldwin of Logansport, Indiana, who was for a time in Hamilton.

While the church and law have won about equal numbers of the graduates of Hamilton, the college has done more than its share in exalting the teaching profession. 131 of her alumni have become college presidents and professors, 140, academic principals, and 21, normal school teachers, besides nearly thirty being in theological seminaries. David A. Holbrook, who recently died at Sing Sing, is borne lovingly in the memory of hundreds of pupils—a most delightful man. Cochran's long and remarkable service in Brooklyn, just drawn to a close, is hardly rivalled in the history of American educators. Other notable teachers are Sheldon and Peck and Cole and Jones and Kiehle, names that will be recognized in every national convention of teachers. Dr. A. J. Upson, formerly professor of rhetoric in Hamilton, holds the rank of chancellor of the regency of the University of the State of New York.

Charles Dudley Warner, for a long time almost the only representative of Hamilton among the editors, has now for fellows Chester S. Lord of the New York *Sun*, Henry C. Maine of the *Democrat and Chronicle*, Rochester, Samuel H. Adams of the New York *Sun*, J. H. Cunningham of the Utica *Herald*, and George E. Dunham of the Utica *Press*, all men of decided ability in their profession.

Besides the names already mentioned, we cannot pass over, as author and jurist, Hon. William Wirt Howe of New Orleans, a man as eminent for his eloquence as for his scholarship. As representatives of brilliant business ability we have to show Franklin H. Head of Chicago and James S. Baker of New York, while Hon. Breese J. Stevens of Madison, Wisconsin, is an admirable representative of the college in either one of the last two classes. Among our younger poets, Clinton Scollard is peculiarly loved and honored—a master of music in song.

The old-time campus surrounded three dormitories and the chapel. These constituted a picturesque scene. From the chapel belfry one might look away over the superb valley to Crow Hill, Paris Hill, and Tassel Hill, the highest point in Central New York. The campus itself is nine hundred and three feet above sea level; but Tassel Hill is nineteen hundred and forty-eight feet above sea level. In the rear of the dormitories was the Butterick Building, or ancient Commons — the scene of many a comic chapter of the college life. This old stone building still stands, as the Museum. I once took Edward Cope through the building, and he said: "Do you know that you have not only the most beautiful campus in the United States, but one of the best museums belonging to any small college? This ought to be the centre of scientific work for the college." He pronounced it especially rich in ichthyology and ornithology, and far from inferior in geology — thanks to

Oren Root, the elder. But the museum idea still falls very far short of realization, according to the conception of Cope and G. Brown Goode. People go occasionally to look at the specimens, rather as a matter of curiosity, scarcely conceiving them to be material for hard scientific work.

The observatory came as the result of the labors of Professor Charles Avery. In it was mounted one of the half dozen largest refractors the world then held. Here Peters worked out his magnificent charts of the stars, and corralled forty-eight asteroids,—more than had ever been discovered by any other inquisitor of the skies. The library is a fine building, erected in 1872, by the generosity of the western alumni of the college, headed by Perry H. Smith of Chicago. It contains nearly fifty thousand volumes; and is presided over by the genial Professor Melvin G. Dodge, a young man who is the very genius of detail, and is loved by every student. Silliman Hall greets first of all the climber of College Hill just after he passes the last of the poplars. It is the home of the Y. M. C. A. and the centre of religious effort. It was erected by Horace B. Silliman, in honor of a beloved daughter who had gone before him. It is notable for its architectural beauty. Behind the dormitories are placed two large new buildings,—Science Hall, the gift of Elihu Root of New York; and the Hall of Languages, which the college owes to the generosity of Henry H. Benedict of New York.

It is now some fifty years since the campus was taken in hand by a board of curators, whose equal could rarely be found. These men were Oren Root, John Hastings and Rev. Delos Gridley. With the skill of genius and the persistence of devotees, they created a very ideal of landscape art. These beautiful grounds have lost the loving hands that called their improvements into existence, yet they still present many natural charms. College Hill is surely one of the most glorious places where young people are gathered together, for educational purposes, that can be found in America. In every direction we look down over the valley full of villages and hamlets, and far away over the city of Utica. The picture is that of a vast garden. A little way down the hill still stands a part of the orchard planted by Dominie Kirkland in 1791. The present writer nourishes these old trees with loving assiduity. The poplars still stroll up one side of the hill; but they are most glorious in memory and association.

The present faculty is strong in scholarship, and is largely composed of young men. The scholarship of Brandt in philology is known in Europe as well as America; while Hopkins is recognized as a thorough master in the methods of teaching Latin. The alumni are rapidly learning to recognize the real genius of the younger assistants, Shepard in French, and Fitch in Greek. The Smyths, in geology and in law, are strong and scholarly young men and are also highly appreciated by the students for their manly worth. Professor Squires is in demand, and the college must close in on him to hold him. Higbee in chemistry, Ibbotson in English literature, Nichols in mathematics and Dudley in rhetoric are among the newer men, but are all doing solid work of a thoroughly appreciated sort. Over them a Hamilton bred president presides with peculiarly aggressive force, making precedent for himself. Dr. Stryker is never afraid to do a good thing before he has consulted the authority of the past. He has transformed the campus and added to the buildings two of the most important. As an orator he has few peers in the country. The senior professor, Edward North, LL. D., has been in the service of the college for over fifty years. There exists a peculiar affection between Dr. North and all of the alumni. He has watched them with almost paternal consideration, and fosters their material interests

quite as cheerfully as their intellectual. In turn they lavish on him, as "Old Greek," the tender affection of their ripe years, as they loved him while in college.

The department of oratory, founded by Rev. Dr. Henry Mandeville, was for half a century the pride of Hamilton College. It boasted that no other college in the United States was its peer in oratory. Yale might surpass it in classics, and others in science; but not one could compete in the drill given in elocution. The boast was not an idle one. But oratory no longer holds its high rank in halls of state or on the rostrum. It is in desuetude as compared with the attainments secured in the laboratory. Mandeville was a man of remarkable power in the pulpit. With the students he was a friend full of companionableness, and not averse to a joke. At sunset you might see him at the door of the old college White House, fiddling with all his might; while his fiddle found ample resting room on his rotund stomach. It was not a little glory for Mandeville that he should have constructed a school of oratory unsurpassed in the colleges of America.

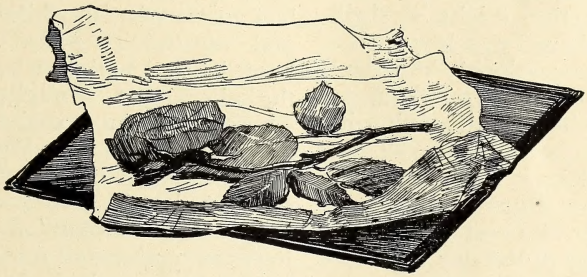
In mathematics Hamilton early assumed a notable position. The name of Marcus Catlin was famous on both sides of the Atlantic. His was a beautiful personality, marked equally for geniality and for scholarship. The boys never got ahead of him with a joke. His chair was grandly filled at a later date by Oren Root, whose son has ably succeeded the father.

The transition from a purely classical culture to a system that should meet the strong scientific demands of the later age has been slow. Hamilton is inclined, whether wisely or not, to be proud of its conservatism. Among the later chairs to be erected from the wreckage of the old "Natural History" department are those of biology and physics. Both of these are superbly manned. Professor A. D. Morrill in the biological laboratory displays unrivalled power in developing the working capacity of the young men placed in his charge. A chair of American history is also of comparatively recent date. It is filled by William R. Terrett, D. D., whose judicial temperament happily frees him from the sectional and partisan pre-judgments which so frequently bias the treatment of history. But it is along the line of enlarged facilities for scientific investigation that the college must still move in order to be prosperous.

The social and literary societies have always been strongly intrenched at Hamilton. They all possess chapter houses, or lodges. Most of these are homes, where the boys room and board. The results, as compared with dormitory life, are beneficial. The sanitary regulations are better, while there is more of the atmosphere of home life. As a rule behavior is greatly improved by placing upon the young men a larger degree of responsibility. It is possible to abuse the lodge system; but by no means to the degree that the dormitory system was degraded. It is a curious fact that the Oneida Academy, created by Kirkland, provided for co-education; but when the transformation into a college occurred, woman and her influence were debarred. Where boys are deprived of family and home, we may welcome any substitute that approximates to home methods.

What shall be the fate of the small colleges that mark the track of New Englanders westward? That is now the problem which puzzles us. The district school, which is part of the same system, has given up the battle; and there are only one hundred and twenty academies left within the state of New York, overtopped by four hundred and eighty graded high schools. Everything is yielding to system and unity. Will the small colleges, with such grand heredity as Hamilton's, live on, and remain at the end of another century, as strong individual educational integers, or

will they become integral parts of State University systems? The problem is complicated by the growing drift toward the equal independence of school, church and state; toward entire liberation of the school from the control of the collateral lines of social evolution,—that is, from the state politician and the church minister. Whatever the outcome, we may be sure that the strong infusion of New England spirit will remain with Hamilton and mark its future. It will have the intensity and tenacity which were chief characteristics of Puritan thought and life. If it shall finally become a local factor of an educational system as broad as the state, it will not necessarily yield its peculiarities of temperament. Its future would probably be better defined and assured, and its progress smoothed of anxieties about financial affairs, if the Jeffersonian plan, now working so admirably in the Western States, should supplant the Hamiltonian regency system, so far restricted peculiarly to the Empire State.



SEED-TIME.

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

THAT pain we hid from sight last fall,
That frozen pain beneath the snow,—
What—must it answer robin call
As April rivers overflow?
Did it but sleep entranced, to rise
With this convulsive throb again?
Spring's mercy on the heart where lies
The faithful, restless seed of pain!

A TYPE OF BLOOMFIELD.

By Harriet A. Nash.



T was an August Sabbath, nearly three-quarters of a century ago. The hazy stillness of a summer afternoon lay over Bloomfield Common, where the twin churches rose on either side of the white, dusty road. Yellow butterflies fluttered noiselessly among the thistles and golden-rod that graced the meeting-house yards; and brown and golden bees hovered over clumps of late clover in the fields beyond. Even the cricket's shrill chirp seemed softened to a low monotone, and the occasional impatient neighing of a horse was subdued, as if the intelligent beast realized that its master's devotions must not be too rudely disturbed.

The Orthodox church, a square, plain building on the east side of the road, at this hour of the day lay literally in the shadow of its more imposing neighbor. In its rear the blackberry vines ran riot, and on the north the crimson plumes of the sumach lent a vivid touch of color to the scene.

Inside, to a casual observer, all was as peaceful as without. The pastor had reached sixteenthly, and weary limbs and backs straightened themselves a little in anticipation of release. For Parson Pratt's sermons never included more than twenty heads. The church was filled. Nothing save actual disability excused absence, and small was the family that could not fill at least two pews. The congregation included Westons and Dascombs and Wymans, McClellans and Jewetts and Stewards. Here radiant in all the glory of her "appearing out" clothes sat a bride of sixteen summers, whose grandchildren are honored citizens of the present Skowhegan; there a father, mother, and fifteen children, whose very name is a stranger among us to-day. Up in the singers' seats the blue eyes of the "girl who sang air" were filled with tears, and a large lump was rising in her throat, which betokened ill consequences for the last hymn. For the stalwart tenor had been passing three cornered notes written with a plummet across to the dark haired alto, all the afternoon; and the alto had answered with smiles and blushes and mysterious nods. As for the bass, he had withdrawn a little from the others, that he might through the window send an occasional glance in the direction of the Baptist church. For the object of his affections worshipped therein, and if his meeting only would "let out" first, he might have an opportunity to exchange a few words with her or, if the fates were propitious, attend her a portion of the way home.

Well located near the centre of the church were the family pews of Deacon Eliphalet Locke, first selectman of Bloomfield, than whom no man was more respected among his townsmen and neighbors. If a little awe mingled with this respect, it was not surprising, for Deacon Locke was a man of strong will and firm convictions and rarely allowed a measure of which he disapproved to pass in a meeting of church or town. Yet such was his personality and influence that his opponents rarely held hard feelings and often came to the conclusion that if Deacon Locke opposed them they must somehow or other be wrong. To-day the Deacon's face was grave and, though he seemed not to heed

the curious glances occasionally bent on him from neighboring pews, his brow grew darker and his lips were more closely compressed as the hours wore on. Beside him sat his wife, clad in the soft colors of the Friends, which she still loved to wear, though more than twenty years had passed since the Quaker maiden had been transplanted from her Nantucket home to the worldly atmosphere of old Canaan and had left the faith of her fathers to join her husband's church. Three daughters of from twelve to seventeen filled the pew, while in front sat the eldest daughter Hannah, in charge of three small, squirming, fidgety specimens of the genus boy, dressed in blue homespun "alltogethers" and with their light hair cut "pumpkin fashion." Little Daniel, half asleep, with his curly head against Hannah's arm, was quiet enough now; but Joel and Andrew were at that stage of restlessness where only the knowledge of the paternal eye behind them could have forced them to maintain their "meeting behavior."

Poor little fellows! At nine o'clock that morning they had been promptly in their seats for forenoon meeting, which lasted until twelve. Then when meeting "let out," Sunday-school "let in," and while the older people stood about in the shady spots outside, discussing the affairs of church, town and nation, and communicating delicious bits of news, while the fathers settled the prospects of the wheat crop and the mothers exchanged receipts for molasses doughnuts and seed cookies, the little folks still sat on the high, straight-backed seats, where the blazing sun poured through the great curtainless windows and the flies buzzed about their ears; and the pastor, aided by a few of the most self-sacrificing of his flock, strove to impress upon their infant minds the inevitable and awful blight that had fallen upon their lives through the sin of Adam. Good Parson Pratt,—few are the children of the Bloomfield side who have not sat upon his grave and with chubby finger traced the carven letters that record his exemplary life and triumphant death. He was a man far in advance of his time; yet at that day even he had not learned that God's mercy is more potent than his wrath to win the hearts of men; and he conscientiously labored to instruct the children of his flock in the primary causes of sin and its terrifying results, until the weary hour was over and the little people had time for a hasty lunch before afternoon meeting began. Can we wonder at their relief when at half past four the pastor reached his conclusion and read the closing hymn? The blue eyed girl in the singers' seats had by this time summoned pride to her aid and choked down the lump in her throat, so that her voice rang out clear and full in old "Anvern," drowning the strains of "Coronation," which floated in from the Baptist church; but the bass came in ahead of the tuning fork, so eager was he to reach the close of the hymn.

Deacon Locke strode majestically out of the church, exchanging no word with friend or neighbor. He knew that he had been the topic of their noontide conversation, and he resented scornfully their interest in his affairs. A red flush mounted to his brow as, passing up the street, he caught from among the Parkers and Coburns and Webbs on the Baptist steps a low laugh coupled with his name; but he passed on in dignified silence.

There had always been a feeling of rivalry between the two churches, and therein lay the secret of Deacon Locke's unusual demeanor. This rivalry had its root in the first formation of a Baptist church in Canaan, twenty-five years earlier, and culminated the year previous at the time of a great revival, when, as one good Baptist brother had said, "many were converted from the errors of Congregationalism, and a few from the love of sin." Deacon Locke was the

stanchest of Congregationalists, and firmly believed that the way to heaven lay through his church alone. The departure of many of his brothers in the church to join the rival fold aroused in his heart great grief and indignation. Then, too, though he scorned outward appearance, it was secretly an annoyance that the Baptist house of worship was more imposing than his own; though, indeed, as he frequently remarked, he had never been inside their church nor even set foot upon their ground.

Three days before this Sabbath, it chanced that Deacon Locke and Uncle James Parker, a devoted adherent of the Baptist faith, had occasion to remove some young cattle which they owned in common from Uncle James's pasture on the river road to the Deacon's pasture near the new cemetery. Whoever has tried driving young cattle, wild from three months of freedom, knows that it is temper trying work; and when the two men hot and breathless reached the top of Locke Hill, it was truly vexatious to see their charge disappearing in the thicket behind the Baptist church. Deacon Locke hesitated. He could not—no, he would not—set foot upon the hated ground.

"James," he said with dignity, "go and drive your cattle out from behind God's house," and calmly seated himself on the Academy steps to await results. But, alas! when after twenty minutes of racing and shouting the cattle were driven forth, instead of going in the right direction, they turned and sought refuge behind the other church. This was Uncle James's opportunity. Wiping the perspiration from his face with the sleeve of his tow and linen shirt, he commanded: "Eliph'let, go and drive your cattle out from behind God's *barn!*"

Poor Deacon Locke! The insult to his church rankled in his breast as he pursued the exasperating animals in and out among the bushes, through gaps in the stone wall, down the steep bank, and into the woods on the other side of Courier Brook. Is it a wonder that when he returned to the road, scratched with briers, his clothes torn, and two of the cattle lost, his indignation broke forth in language ill becoming a deacon of the church? In fact, as Uncle James expressed it at the corner store next day, "he swore like blue streaked lightning," and his pastor coming from the new cemetery, where he loved to meditate, heard every word! I have stated that Parson Pratt was in advance of his time; and though it was manifestly his duty to rebuke sin wherever found, I believe that, had he realized the provocation, he would have passed on in silence and awaited a more convenient season. He did indeed help gather the cattle into the fenced road and start them in the right direction; but in the presence of the crowd that had gathered, he publicly reproved his favorite deacon and stanchest supporter for his sinful language; whereupon the Deacon, shocked at his sin, indeed, but still beside himself with anger, had vowed that he would speak no more to man, woman or child, until the Lord should send him a sign that his sin was forgiven and command him to speak.

The Locke homestead stood not far above the churches,—a large brown house with grassy yard and an orchard behind, whose last mossy branches were fed to the kitchen fires long years ago. Deacon Locke was considered an indulgent parent, and his home had been a happy one; but it must be confessed that in the weeks that followed the taking of his vow the course of human events ran not so smoothly as before. The work went on as usual, but endless were the mistakes and misunderstandings caused by the obstinate silence which the head of the family maintained. At length he hung in the living room a large slate, on which he wrote any command he wished to give. Those of the family who could read writing were expected to consult this slate often, and to Hannah was

intrusted the somewhat difficult task of impressing her father's wishes on the minds of her little brothers. In his pocket the Deacon carried a smaller slate for use away from home, and as time passed he grew quite expert in the use of signs and motions. But it was a trying position for a man of Deacon Locke's standing and dignity. The news of his vow had spread like wildfire throughout Bloomfield and Milburn. It is one of the penalties of greatness that its faults and follies must be the byword of lesser men; and though this vow was regarded with a certain amount of awe and considered by most to be a sacred obligation, the occurrences which led to it and the mistakes and embarrassments to which it gave rise aroused that keen sense of the ludicrous which has ever been a distinguishing quality of the Bloomfield people. As time went on and his awkward situation dawned fully upon him, he grew irritable and despondent, until his patient and long suffering wife could fain have wished that his vow had included sighs and groans. But, she reasoned, she had joined her life to his for better or worse, and if the worse seemed predominating just at present, there was a large balance of better brought forward from years gone by.

Twice a day, at morning and evening prayers, the voice of Deacon Locke was heard in his household; and it could but be noticed that his prayers grew longer and longer. Writing was difficult and signs uncertain; but he had taken no vow against speaking to his Maker and could pour out to him all that he might not speak to man; and, if his family learned thus of the thoughts and intents of his heart, they might so much the more profit by the service. Still, to do him justice, Deacon Locke was not a man to use such a service for his own ends; and though it would have been convenient to mention in his prayer that Joel was to get the cows an hour earlier, and dire be the consequences if he stopped to play on the road; or that Kezia was not to walk home from the Academy with the son of the Baptist preacher,—he put the temptation behind him, and prayed simply that his sons might be diligent in the duties assigned them and his daughters might not choose companions unfriendly to their faith. However, Joel and Kezia both knew pretty well what he meant, and governed themselves accordingly.

In September of that year occurred the most exciting town meeting held in Bloomfield since the separation of Maine from its mother state. This meeting was held at the Academy, as the town house was not then completed. It was after a hard fight voted to discontinue the use of ardent spirits on election days. Deacon Locke was fully in sympathy with this movement and knew it needed every possible support. It was hard to sit in silence, his quick brain noting the convincing points which the speakers on his side were overlooking, while their opponents brought up arguments which he at least could have refuted. They won at last, but later, when other matters of more or less importance came up and were voted on, the first selectman, to his dismay, found more than one vote going contrary to his wishes. In times past, his keen logic, expressed in a few forcible words, had easily swayed his fellow townsmen. But what can a man with slate and pencil do in town meeting? Distressed, but helpless, he could only sit silent and see the affairs of his beloved town mismanaged (in his opinion) beyond repair. So when at last a measure came up which he could control, he was inexorable. Main Street at that day ended at the cemetery; and a petition was made by the voters in the south part of Bloomfield for its extension to the Bigelow schoolhouse, to meet the road which then went around instead of over Tobey Hill. This road would lie through Deacon Locke's land, and he alone could decide the matter, since the village people were indifferent to it; but with set

teeth and refusal written on every feature, he shook his head. There were men of influence in the south end, Coburns, Bigelows and Stewards; but they were powerless before the obstinacy of this man, and must continue to travel as before, up the east river road to the old road (Highland Avenue we call it now) and across the bleak hillside to the Bigelow schoolhouse.

Great was the indignation expressed at the corner store, where most of the country people stopped for West India goods on their way home. "It's my opinion," remarked Squire Cleveland, bringing his fist forcibly down on an empty molasses hogshead, "that 'Liph'let Locke has run this town long enough. At any rate, he's got the last vote he'll ever get from me." And more than one echoed the Squire's sentiments.

There were no huskings nor quiltings nor paring bees at the Locke homestead that fall, nor were the young people of the family allowed to attend such gatherings elsewhere. If they asked permission, the father answered with a shake of the head and intimated that there was plenty of such work to do at home.

To the two eldest daughters this mattered little. Hannah cared not for gayeties. At nineteen people spoke of her as "a reg'lar settled old maid," and declared regretfully that " 'twas a pity such a good girl shouldn't have had a husband." But the object of their pity seemed well content. She was one of those women so numerous in the days of large families, born to self-sacrifice. Hannah Locke couldn't remember a time when she had not had the care of younger children. In the days when the little girls sewed patchwork and later wove sheets and blankets for their furnishing chests, Hannah was always helping her sisters, so that her own pile grew slowly; and Hannah's sampler (a remarkable work of art) was worn out from being used for a pattern. As she never had any grandchildren to admire it, it doesn't matter now; and though her life was spent for others, it could not have been wasted. It is not impossible that her sweet, noble character left an impression on the lives of those about her, that affects us to-day. It would be pleasant to believe that all the good which was ever lived in Bloomfield is among us still, a sacred legacy from those who walked our streets in days gone by.

As for Patience, the second daughter, her heart and mind were filled with the studies to which she had this year been promoted at the Academy—history, philosophy and rhetoric among others. There was but one other pupil so far advanced as herself, —Parson Pratt's nephew, who was fitting for college; and to keep pace with him was Patience's dearest ambition.

There can be no doubt that Kezia and Susan grumbled somewhat at being deprived of the enjoyments which fell to others of their age,—especially when they were not allowed to attend the parties of their young friends, the McClellans. For the McClellan homestead, just completed, was the finest in town, and an invitation to it was not lightly to be declined; and, as rebellious Susan said, they could have borne it better had there been any reason except the old adage, "Misery loves company." But the Locke children had been well brought up and were sensible enough to make the best of things. So the lengthening evenings were spent in the great home kitchen, where the spinning wheel and loom were rarely silent. The family sewing must be done, and busy hands must pare and string the apples to be dried. That the three younger daughters spent their days in school by no means excused them from a share in the household duties. They had learned to knit and sew before they learned to read.

So the days went on. The blue frost flowers in the valleys turned to brown, and fields grew sombre as the yellow pumpkins which had gilded

their decay were gathered into barns and storehouses. Skies grew leaden, and candles were lighted earlier each day. And still the message came not, and Deacon Locke grew gloomier with the dying year.

Thanksgiving day came late that year. Hannah and the mother plotting together had various little plans to make the day bright, secretly hoping that this festival day, which meant so much to the heart of the New England pioneer, might prove a turning point in the father's condition. Preparations for the feast were already in progress, when a thunderbolt fell upon the household in an announcement that the family would keep Thanksgiving as a day of self-sacrifice, and no dinner save mush and milk would be served in the house. In vain the mother, moved by her children's disappointment, pleaded and argued. It was a one-sided argument, for the only reply she elicited was a steady shake of the head, which in these days shook so much that, as Susan unfilially remarked to her sister in the privacy of their own room and with her head beneath the bedclothes, "one would think he had shaking palsy like Grandsir Locke."

A heavy snowstorm came before Thanksgiving, and the earth was mantled in white when the family started for church at nine o'clock. Drifts were deep, and from the outlying farms people poured in in pungs, and ox sleds, and many on snow-shoes. Again the church was filled, save that this time many families had left a mother or daughter at home to watch the dinner. Others had shut the entire feast away in the brick oven and left it alone, in the serene consciousness that it would be ready when wanted.

It was a bitter day. People shivered under their heavy wraps or struggled hard to warm one foot at a time on the tiny foot-stoves. But the sun threw his kindly beams through the great windows, and a holiday spirit pervaded the air. The blue eyed soprano (I think they called her the treble then) appeared in a new green calash, so becoming to her blond beauty that the tenor to-day had eyes for none but her, and at one point found an opportunity to whisper into the huge headdress something so low that no one else heard it or knew what answer she gave. But it was noticed by several that he held her hand afterwards under cover of the hymn-book. The alto? Oh, she didn't care. Her father had a new hired man from over New Hampshire way; a fine looking young man with two suits of store clothes and an air of romance; and he was vastly more interesting to her than this homespun clad tenor whom she had known from boyhood.

The Locke family were in their places, Hannah serene as usual, Patience vaguely regretting that they were not to celebrate the day as usual, —for then they might have invited the master of her school, and perhaps he would have brought a wonderful book he had promised to show her sometime. Shakespeare's *poems* he called it,—wisely foreseeing that the word *plays* would prevent its introduction into Deacon Locke's household. Kezia's disappointment was just now turned to joy, for her dearest friend, Rebecca Pratt, had returned from a long visit to Boston and was smiling at her from the minister's pew.

The congregation was slowly dispersing when the pastor touched Deacon Locke's arm. "Brother," he said, "in accordance with my promise of a year ago when the circumstance of a previous engagement compelled me to decline your kind invitation, I and my family will partake of your hospitality to-day."

Poor Deacon Locke, scion of a family noted for its hospitality since early Colonial days,—dismay overwhelmed him as he recalled the long forgotten promise, while his wife pinched his arm until it was numb,

what for he didn't know. He bowed and smiled a ghastly smile meant to express delight, and the brave little wife seconded his efforts and tried to make the guests feel a welcome that had no existence.

Once at home, she left the shivering Pratts burning their faces over a hastily kindled fire in the fore room and, drawing her husband away to a remote corner of the great pantry, implored his permission to prepare a dinner as elaborate as time would allow. For a moment he hesitated. Perhaps in his secret heart he wished she had done as she would without asking him. But a sudden remembrance of hearing Susan and Joel chuckle in the entry, that "they'd have to have a dinner now in spite of everything" steeled his heart. He would not be humiliated in the eyes of his family by weakly yielding to circumstances.

With heart full of mortification, Mrs. Locke stirred the mush in the great kettle, while Hannah brought pitchers of milk from the cellar and Kezia set the long table with bowls and spoons. Mush and milk for the minister—before whom people were accustomed to set their best and daintiest. But the four guests were all too well bred even to look their surprise when ushered to the kitchen.

Parson Pratt was noted for the lengthy and eloquent blessings he was wont to ask at table. Many a hungry Bloomfield youngster had suffered agonies of waiting while the dinner grew cold and the pastor roamed all over the civilized world and into the borders of the tribes that sit in darkness. To-day his words were few. "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful!" Was there a faint note of sarcasm in his voice? It almost seemed so. But a glance at his hostess's troubled face aroused all the good man's sympathy, and he exerted himself to dispel embarrassment and make the hour pass as pleasantly as possible,—in which he succeeded so well as to win an occasional smile from his host sitting in gloomy silence at the foot of the table. The afternoon was not so bad after all, at least to the younger members of the company, who gathered around the great fireplace and listened to Rebecca's account of her visit.

"I went up from the Hook to Boston on the packet," she explained. "That was not very bad, though the wind was against us and we were two days in the mouth of the river. Still I had my knitting, and there were three other passengers, so the time passed pleasantly. Coming home by stage was worse, for it was bitterly cold, and I was three days coming." Then followed accounts of the shops and streets of Boston and the wonderful things she had seen,—to all of which the young Lockes listened with eager interest; for Boston then as now was the Mecca of Bloomfield people.

Only Patience preferred to sit apart by the window, looking over to-morrow's history lesson with William Pratt, and listening to his eager plans for the future. Rebecca had brought to him the promise of help from city relatives, and he might now begin his college course at once. "And at Bowdoin, Patience!" he said, with glowing eyes. "We had nearly decided that I must attend the Bangor Charity school, it is so much cheaper; but now I can go to Bowdoin, as I have longed to do."

Patience sighed enviously. "Oh, why wasn't I a boy?" she protested. "Then I might have gone to college. Why don't they have colleges for women, William?"

"Daughter," interrupted the shocked voice of her pastor, "such language is unbecoming a maiden's dignity. Woman's brain is not rightly formed for the acquisition of knowledge, nor would such acquisition enhance her value in her proper sphere—the home. Some of our noblest wives and mothers can neither read nor write. I sometimes fear, Patience, lest you have already ac-

quired more learning than is best for you."

A kindly smile took the sting of reproof from his words, but poor Patience drooped her head in silent mortification, while William whispered softly: "Never mind, Patty, after I graduate I'll teach you everything I have learned."

The guests took an early departure, doubtless mindful of the substantial supper waiting at home; for the good people of the parish did not forget their minister at Thanksgiving time, and the larder was supplied with food for weeks to come.

The great festival day was over, and winter had come in earnest. Days grew into weeks, and still Deacon Locke waited the command without which he might not speak.

It was a stormy December day when he came home from Norridgewock to find the house in commotion. His wife had been taken violently ill with pleurisy. The daughters had exhausted the stock of household remedies in vain, and had sent twice for Dr. Bowen; but he had been called miles away to Madison, and could not return before the next day. There was nothing to be done but to send to Milburn for Dr. Raymond, though Bloomfield people had little faith in his skill. Dr. Raymond came, felt the patient's pulse, left large potions of physic, recommended a blister, thought it would not be necessary to bleed her, received his fee, and departed.

Still Mrs. Locke grew worse. "Father," Hannah said at last, "you must go for Aunt Patience." Mrs. Locke's widowed sister was greatly skilled as a nurse. Her knowledge of herbs was unsurpassed, and it was firmly believed in Bloomfield that she had saved many cases after the doctors had given them up. So the Deacon mounted his horse and rode forth into the stormy twilight. Aunt Patience lived in the south part of the town, and the long, hilly, winding road took him miles out of his way. Night came on. The snow fell thicker and faster, and the horse could hardly find his way through the drifts. More than once it occurred to him what a convenient thing a road through his woodland would have been tonight. It was nearly eight when he dismounted at a low brown house not far from the Bigelow schoolhouse.

"Eliph'let Locke," exclaimed the object of his search as he entered, "is it thee, and in this dreadful storm? What brings thee here?"

Deacon Locke's half frozen fingers fumbled in his pocket for slate and pencil. They were gone. The placid Quakeress watched him with disapproval. She held opinions concerning her brother-in-law which she had confided to no one but which she had well nursed herself.

"Eliph'let," she asked again, "what does thee want?"

He looked around for paper and plummet. None could be seen and, though Aunt Patience knew clearly what he wanted, she offered no aid. Then he tried by signs to make her understand; but she was singularly dense.

"Eliph'let Locke," she said scornfully at last, "the beasts and the Indians are far easier to make known their wishes than thee is. It is a shame to the community that a man of thy intellect should behave as thee does. Only thy own sinful, stubborn will prevents thy speaking. Waiting the command of the Lord! Were thy heart instead of thy head listening, thee might hear his command to speak in every occasion that calls for the use of thy voice, in every pleading tone of thy wife and children. Thy own sinful temper prompted that wicked vow. Do thee think the Lord is going to humor thy foolishness by sending thee a sign? Do thee think thee is pleasing Him by making thy family miserable and thyself the laughing stock of the county? When thee gets ready to *speak* to me, I am listening;"—and with stately step

Aunt Patience returned to her interrupted spinning.

Her brother-in-law paced up and down the room in angry despair. No one had spoken to him in this way before. His wife and fellow deacons believed his vow a sacred obligation. Even his pastor, though he condemned it as taken in anger, yet felt that it had brought its own penalty, which should be borne in silence. What was this woman that she presumed to rebuke him? He would leave her.

But Susan—his wife—had he after all been wrong, and was this to be the penalty? Like the pictures before a drowning man's eyes floated the happy years of his married life. Even now she might be dying. And yet—he must not speak. He tried to pray, but the words would not come. He groaned aloud, pacing the floor, while drops of perspiration gathered on his brow. The tall clock in the corner ticked away the swift minutes. The wheel whirred steadily. He came at last and stood beside it, trembling in every limb. He was going to break his vow. He wondered if fire from heaven would strike him. "Oh, Lord!" he gasped. Turning to Aunt Patience he began to speak. "Susan," he said slowly, "Susan."

Aunt Patience calmly reached for another roll. "Is thee addressing thy remarks to me or to the Lord, Eliph'let?" she asked severely.

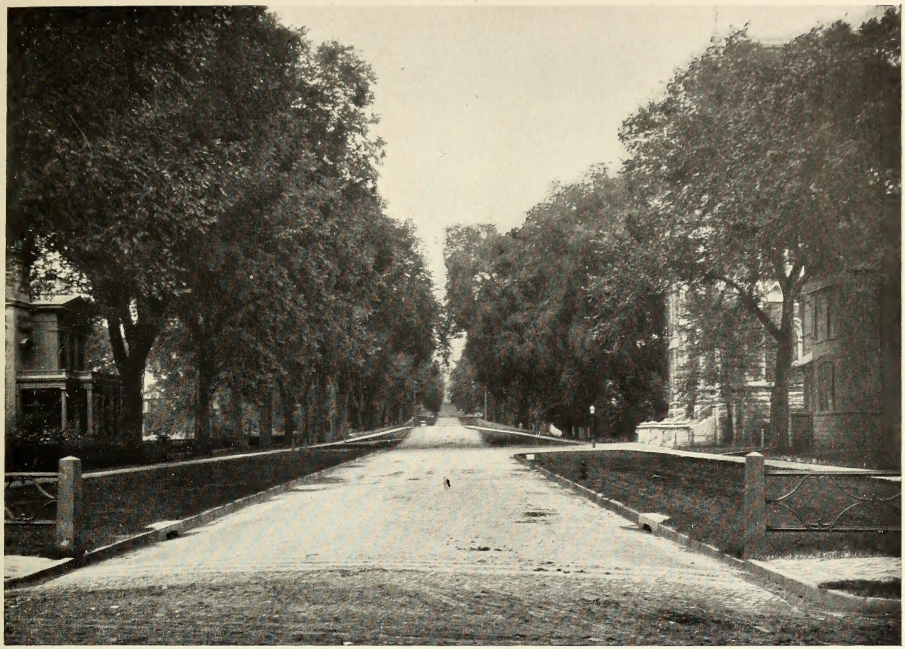
Of the many emotions raging in Deacon Locke's breast, anger came uppermost. "You!" he shouted, grasping the wheel with both hands. "You stand here wasting time, and Susan is dying at home. Get your things on, or go without them, for go you shall this minute."

Aunt Patience, whose anxiety despite her outward calmness had been gathering strength with each moment of delay, dropped her work and hastened for her cloak and hood, remarking only as she donned them: "It appears to me, Eliph'let, thee's getting back thy voice in much the same manner thee lost it."

Five minutes later she was mounted behind him, and the long return journey began. The snow had ceased falling but the horse was heavily laden. No word was spoken. Aunt Patience had had her say, and like a wise woman knew where silence began; and the man before her had fallen from the pedestal he had occupied in his own estimation and was stunned by the fall. That he could give way to anger after his long probation proved to him beyond question that his self-imposed penalty had been of no avail. Nay, more,—these months of silence had but added to his sin. His sturdy common sense asserted itself. God might henceforth deal with him as He would; he would never again attempt to fix the penalty himself.

There was plenty of time for thought before the exhausted horse stopped at the Locke doorstone. Then his master dropped the reins and spoke again. "If I live until the March town meeting," he said, "I'll see that road cut through."

Mrs. Locke did not die. The neighbors all believed that Aunt Patience's skill had saved her; but her husband credited her recovery to a merciful Providence, and as soon as she was able ordered a special thanksgiving celebrated in the household, with the minister's family and Aunt Patience as guests; whereat Parson Pratt asked a blessing twenty minutes long and including all the tribes of the earth then known to civilized man.



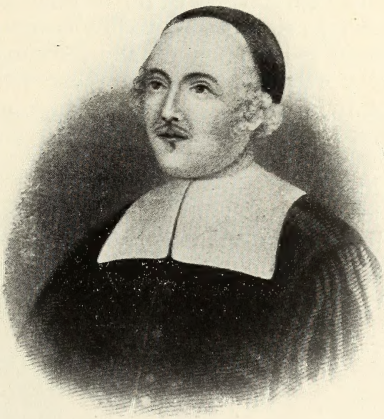
HILLHOUSE AVENUE.

NEW HAVEN.*

By Walter Allen.

IN the early part of the seventeenth century Dutch navigators coasting through what we now know as Long Island Sound were attracted by the aspect of a pleasant tree-covered tract of the mainland lying about seventy miles from the "Manhadoes," now New York, penetrated by a broad bay into which three rivers poured, and dominated by two great hills which looked like halves of different hills, the southern side of each being an almost perpendicular precipice. From the color of the exposed cliffs the place came to be known by them as Rodenburg—Red Mountain. The Dutch attempted no settlement there, but had some trade with the local Indians.

In the autumn of the year 1637, Theophilus Eaton, a wealthy merchant and statesman who had been agent of the king of England at the Court of Denmark, visited this place with a portion of a party of English Puritan emigrants who had come to the New World in two vessels which arrived at Boston in June.



John Davenport.

*We are indebted to Mr. Herbert Randall for most of the photographs used in illustrating this article.



THE OLD DAVENPORT HOUSE.

The report of the advantages of the locality was so favorable that substantially the whole party of new colonists, joined by some who had previously come to the Bay Colony and to Plymouth, sailed in the spring for the place which had the approval of their leaders, leaving Boston on March 30, 1838. On the first Sunday after landing, supposed to have been the 15th of April, O. S., the 25th by present reckoning, they met for worship under an oak tree standing near the intersection of the present College and George Streets in New Haven. Their pastor, John Davenport, discoursed of "The Temptations of the Wilderness." This occasion is now visibly commemorated by a tablet on the building at the northeast corner of these streets and by a large pictorial window lately placed above the pulpit of the First Church.

Most of the colonists who settled this spot, called in a treaty made with the Indians, Quinopioche, which was later written Quinnipiac, were persons of wealth and consideration in their old home. But they were Puritans, and they had suffered for conscience in ways which influenced them to seek peace and prosperity by self-exile. The leaders were Rev. John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton, who had been a devoted friend and parishioner of Davenport in London. Edward Hopkins, a stepson of Eaton, came from England with these, but settled in Hartford.

Soon after their arrival they formed and subscribed, after preparation by a day's fasting and prayer, what they called a "plantation covenant," engaging "that as in matters that concern the gathering and ordering of a church, so also in all public offices, which concern civil order, as choice of magistrates and officers, making and repealing laws, dividing allotments of inheritance, and all things of like nature, they would all of them be ordered by the rules which the Scripture held forth to them."

This simple covenant was the constitution of whatever civil government existed among them until the middle of the following year. Meanwhile they devoted themselves to clearing the land, which they honorably purchased of the Indians, laying out a town site, allotting their portions to each in accordance with his contribution to the venture, building habitations, and planting their virgin fields.

They plotted their town four-square, each side half a mile long, bordered by a wide street. It was crossed by two east and west streets and two



THE ROGER SHERMAN HOUSE.

north and south streets, dividing the square into nine equal portions, the central one being reserved as a public market place. It is now known as "The Green," one of the most beautiful city commons in the land, and it is still the centre of the city's life and activities, municipal, religious, educational, commercial and social. The southeast corner of their town site was near the deep-water part of the natural harbor, where their vessels had safe anchorage. Around and away from this original town site, which in the early days was surrounded by a stockade, the town has grown irregularly, as temporary necessity or convenience determined. It surrounds the head of the broad bay and stretches far into the country in several directions.



The party which came over sea in the *Hector*, and her consort, numbered about two hundred and fifty souls, men, women, children and servants, of whom about fifty were adult males. With those who joined them in Boston the colony began its life having more than this total. The earliest list of freemen of the court of New Haven contains seventy names. The list of free burgesses, comprising male church members only, who formed the first civil government in 1639, contains sixty-three names, and to this list are appended forty-eight others who joined the colony later and subscribed their names to the constitution that had been adopted. In forming this constitution all the free burgesses were assembled.

According to tradition, they met in Mr. Newman's barn. Formal report of the proceedings has been preserved. After much prayer and exhortation all present gave assent to the covenant made the previous year. They then assented to several declarations proposed by Rev. John Davenport embodying the ideas that the civil government should conform to the standard set forth in the Scriptures, and that, to secure this end, only church members should have a vote in it. This made it necessary to constitute a church, which was straightway done, twelve approved men being named, who selected from themselves seven who formed the nucleus, and these determined upon the admission of the rest. When this had been done in order, Theophilus Eaton "was by full consent chosen magistrate for the terme of one whole yeare," and various deputies and assistants in the



THE BENEDICT ARNOLD HOUSE.



THE DIXWELL MONUMENT.

government were chosen for a like term. Thus was founded a republican theocracy, which recognized no king but the King of kings as having superior authority over this people who established civil government on the basis of a "Fundamental Agreement," accepting not the laws of England but the laws of Moses and the teachings of Christ as their guide and rule. A rude meeting-house for the church was at once built near the centre of the market square.

The administration of Governor Eaton was approved by annual reëlections until he died in January, 1658. The colony, however, did not flourish according to the original scheme of its founders, who were grievously disappointed in respect of their hopes of commercial prosperity. The New Haven Colony was reputed to be the most wealthy in proportion to numbers that had come to New England, and its leaders built great houses, and filled them with fine furniture in the fashion of Old World luxury. Governor Eaton's house had nineteen fireplaces, and Parson Davenport's had thirteen. Their most important commercial venture was the establishment of a trading post on the Delaware River for barter with the Indians. This was broken up by the Swedes. Becoming hopeless of success in this line, they built a large ship for transporting back to England the chief part of their stock in trade. About seventy persons, among them six or eight of the most prominent men, embarked in her with their property to return to England. They sailed from New Haven in January, 1647, but never reached another port.

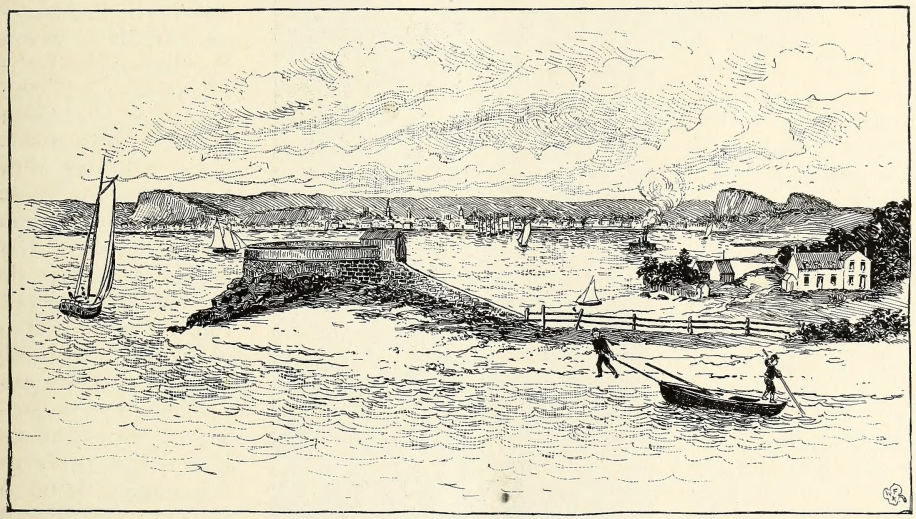
For many years thereafter the diminished settlement was composed of a poverty stricken and discouraged people, who endured much hardship while struggling desperately to maintain existence by agriculture, a means for which neither the land nor their previous training was especially favorable. Some returned to England, and some removed to other colonies or to neighboring plantations. Yet the most stood firmly to their undertaking and gradually became wonted to their circumstances and measurably content. On the night of Governor Eaton's sudden death, when bidding good night to his sick wife, she remarked that he looked sad. He replied that he was sad on account of the troubles in the church at Hartford. She, who had long been discontented, responded: "Let us even go back to our native country." His



JUDGE'S CAVE.

answer was: "You may, but I shall die here."

The most important incident in the fortunes of the colony after its establishment and the virtual abandonment of the dream of commercial success, was the union with the Connecticut Colony. This was brought about somewhat slyly and contrary to the desire of Mr. Davenport and other chief planters. Dr. Leonard Bacon, in the appendix to his volume entitled "Thirteen Historical Discourses" (New Haven, 1839), while declining to go as far as another and call the transaction a "coerced union parallel in wrong with the partition of Poland," says: "We must admit that the transactions of that period on the part of Connecticut 'do not tell well in history.'" In 1662 Connecticut obtained a patent from Charles II, which the people of that colony construed to include the colony of New Haven in the same domain. There was formal remonstrance against this construction, but by degrees, through various acts of encroachment on one side, and the defection, from time to time, of parties of settlers in the seaside colony, the independent status of the New Haven planters was undermined. It was formally yielded in 1664, although in local matters the planters continued to govern themselves and to maintain a separate distinction recognized by holding the General Court alternately in Hartford and New Haven, a condition that survived the Revolutionary War and the establishment of national independence. It was abandoned only within the memory of men still young. The extinction of the independence of the colony was a cruel blow to the hopes and ideals of the venerable pastor, Davenport. To him it seemed that the chief aim of his devoted life had been sacrificed, and in 1668 he accepted a call to Boston, where he died in 1670.



From an old print.

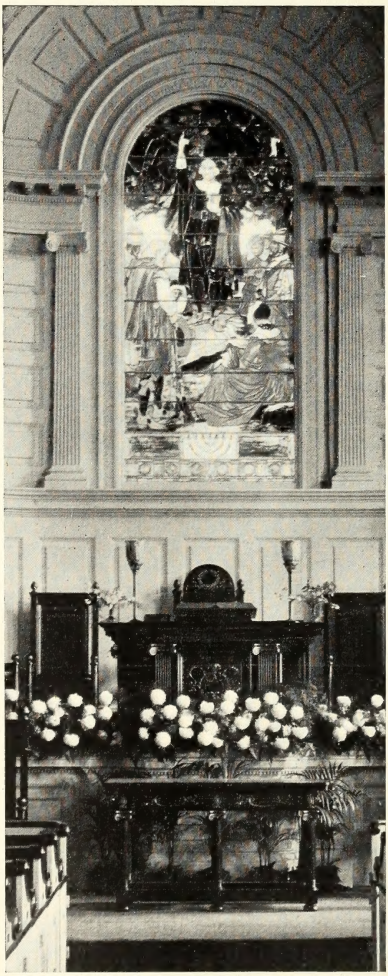
FORT HALE AND NEW HAVEN IN 1831.

Meanwhile the plantation survived and in a modest way grew and thrived, being more distinguished by the character, ability and accomplishments of its leading men than by its material prosperity.

Statistics of this first century do not exist in satisfying fulness; but in 1680, forty-two years after the settlement, the government of Connecticut, responding to inquiries by a parliamentary Committee on Colonies, reported that the militia of the county of New Haven (several towns) were six hundred and twenty-three, being about a fourth of the colony. In the

whole colony there were "about twenty petty merchants, some trade to Boston, some to the Indians and other colonies." New London was reported to be superior to New Haven as a place of commerce. Of the country it is said: "What land is fit is taken up; what remains must be gained out of the fire by hard blows and small recompence. . . . The value of our annual imports probably amounts to £9,000. . . . The property of the whole corporation doth not amount to £110,788 sterling. . . . Twenty-four small vessels belong to the colony." It is called a "poor colony," and there appears to be a studious purpose not to present the colony's affairs in too glowing colors to these inquisitors.

The establishment of Yale College in New Haven in 1716 gave to the place importance and distinction which have attached to it in increasing measure ever since. Now, certainly, it is better known as the seat of this institution than for any other fact in its life. As early as 1654, Mr. Davenport brought before the General Court a plan for a college, and the town made a gift of land in behalf of the project. The first result of this effort was the establishment of the Hopkins Grammar School, which yet continues, the colony not feeling equal, even with Governor Hopkins's gift, to the enterprise of setting up a college. But in 1700 ten ministers contributed volumes from their libraries to be the foundation of a college library; and in 1701 a charter for "a collegiate school" was obtained from the king. This school was immediately begun, with Rev. Abraham Pierson as its rector and with one tutor. It was never firmly settled anywhere previous to 1716, although its longest home was in Saybrook. Contributions of the town and citizens of New Haven enabled a building to be erected for it opposite the southwest corner of the Common, a liberality which secured the college to the town for all time. The Saybrook people were so provoked by the removal that the civil authorities had to interfere to protect the college property. The first Commencement day in New Haven was September 10, 1718, when ten students were graduated. Elihu Yale, whose benefaction, intended to be £1,000, but amounting in fact to considerably less, led to giving his name to the collegiate school, was a son of one of the early settlers of New Haven and was born in America. His father, returning to England, took with him the youth, who never returned, but



THE DAVENPORT MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE CENTER CHURCH.

became a great merchant in India and governor of the East India Company. He was induced to aid the new college through the efforts of James Pierpont and Cotton Mather. He died in 1721, and on his tomb at Wrexam, Wales, were inscribed these lines:

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric trav'lled and in Asia wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd: in London dead.
Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even,
And that his soul thro' mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive and read this tale, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where blest in peace the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust."

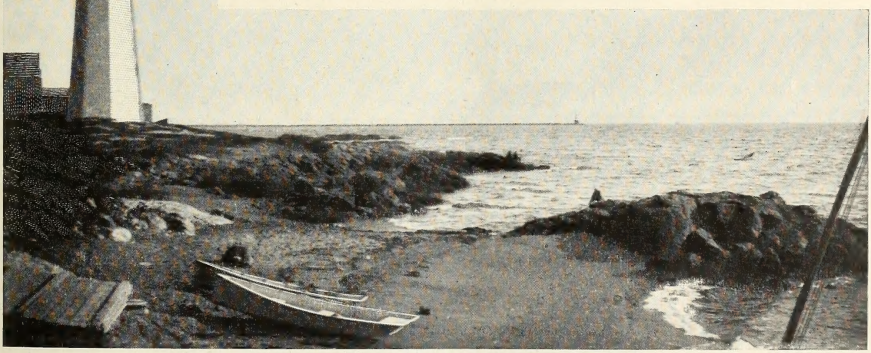
In 1735 and for several years afterward, New Haven, in common with the rest of New England, was shaken by the religious movement known as "The Great Awakening," the impetuous consecration of Methodism. The New Haven church, which had suffered no schism for nearly a century, lost several members, who with converts from "the world" formed a "New Light" church called the White Haven Church, which in 1744 built the Blue Meeting-House, so called from its color, opposite the northeast corner of the Common.

In 1748 there stood on the Market Place, as it was commonly designated in early times, six buildings,—the meeting-house of the First Church, built in 1688 in place of the primitive structure already mentioned, and near

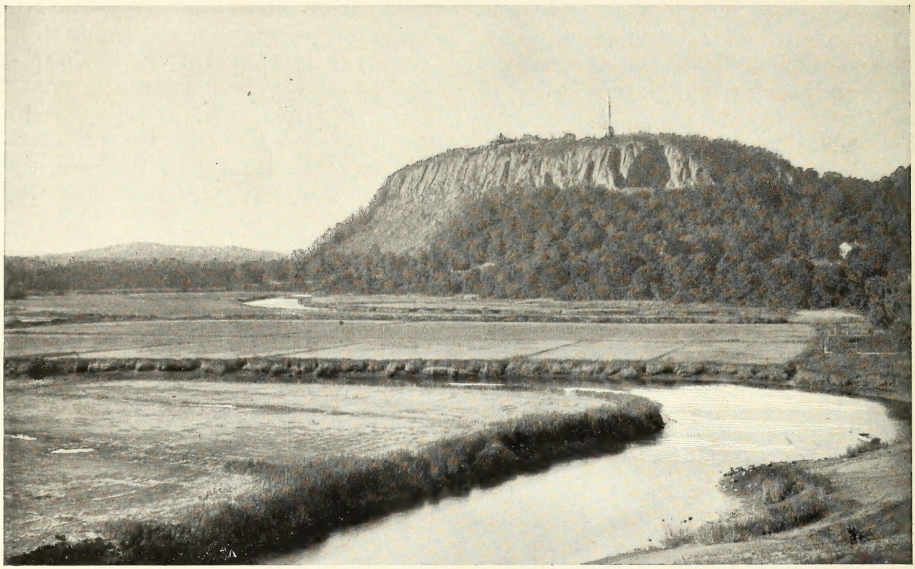


ADMIRAL FOOTE.

the same spot; four public buildings on the northern end of the west side, namely, the first colony house (1717), the county house, the jail and the Hopkins Grammar School; a small building, perhaps a schoolhouse, near the middle of the north side. In 1757, the First Church built a new meeting-house of brick, still clinging to the original location substantially; and in 1772, the Fair Haven Society, an offshoot from the "New Light" Church, put up a building where its successor, the United Church (formerly the North Church), now stands. In 1763 a new colony house was



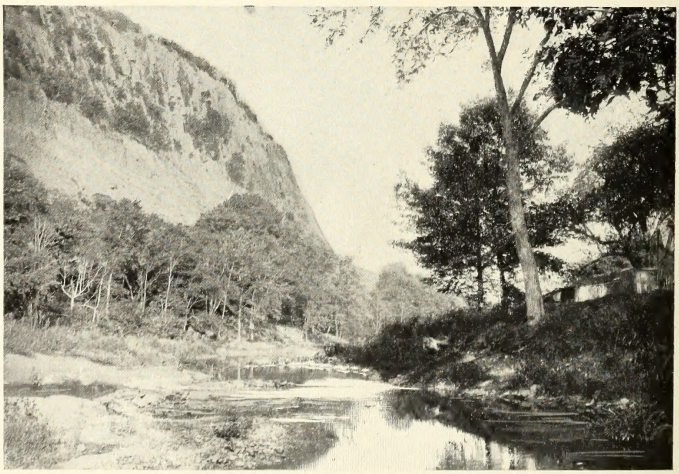
THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE.



EAST ROCK.

erected near the First Church, and beside it stood the public whipping post. This colony house stood until about 1830, being used after the Revolution as one of the capitols of the state until a new state house of plastered brick, modelled on the lines of a Doric temple, was erected on the west side of the Square. It was removed about a dozen years ago, New Haven having relinquished its share of the dual-capital condition which had subsisted since the union of the colonies more than two hundred years before. This structure became a somewhat shabby daylight spectacle, but was ever a white dream of classic loveliness by moonlight.

In 1748, according to Wadsworth's map, which is reputed authentic, New Haven contained one hundred and eighty dwellings. Of these seven were painted blue, thirty-seven red, and the rest were unpainted. The first census of population which is quite trustworthy, made in 1787, gives a population of thirty-five hundred and forty, including one hundred and seventy-six students of Yale College. There were then four hundred and sixty-six dwelling

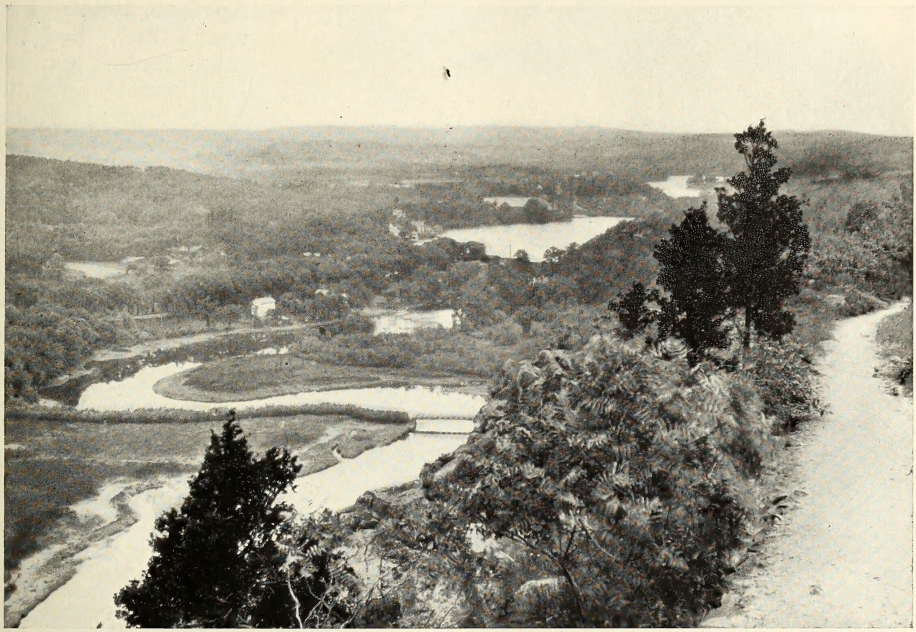


WEST ROCK.

houses, which indicates a prosperous growth since 1748. Just previous to the Revolutionary War, 1774, Colonel Wooster reported to Governor Trumbull that "the trade of this part of the colony is entirely to the West India Islands, and the exports are horses, oxen, pork, beef, tallow and lumber; and the imports, West India produce. The shipping belonging to this port are one hundred and eight vessels . . . amounting to 7,170 tons, carpenters' measure, and the number of seafaring men is 756."

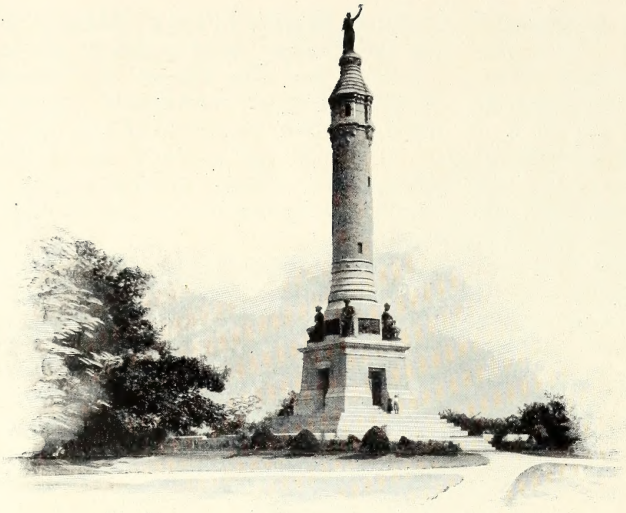
To the expedition against Louisburg in 1745, New Haven sent a body of troops in a sloop commanded by David Wooster, who there acquired high reputation for discretion and valor, which was increased in the northern campaign of 1755 and in later years until he fell mortally wounded at Ridgefield in the War for Independence, having the rank of major general. Colonel Nathan Whiting led a New Haven regiment to the Canadian frontier in 1755. He was in the detachment sent against Baron Dieskau; and after the fall of Colonel Williams in that unfortunate engagement, he took command of the disordered troops and made a successful retreat. In subsequent campaigns he won much commendation for soldierly conduct.

After these wars and the cession of Canada to the British crown in 1763, the maritime interests of New Haven began growing rapidly and the town seemed likely to become such a port of commerce as its founders intended.



LAKE WHITNEY FROM EAST ROCK.

Then came the long struggle of the Revolution and the dreary period afterwards until a national government was surely established. In the war New Haven played a gallant part and suffered severely. The town was invaded in July, 1779, by a force of twenty-six hundred men commanded by Major General Tryon, whose unexpected coming was resisted only by a wholly insufficient home guard, stu-

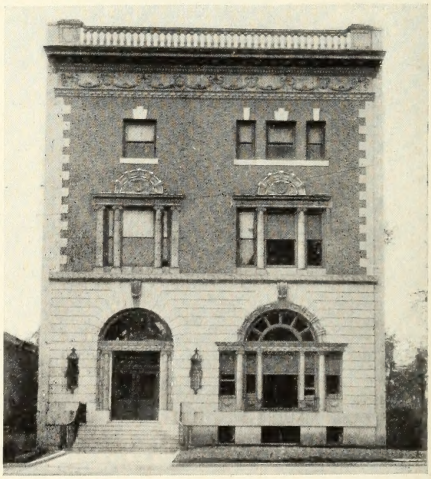


THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ON EAST ROCK.

dents and citizens joining with a few soldiers, or fighting, like the venerable Dr. Naphtali Daggett, ex-president of the college, and professor in the divinity school, "on their own hook." Colonel Aaron Burr commanded a small body of the patriot militia, and Colonel Sabin, with Captain James Hillhouse and Phineas Bradley, commanded bodies of citizens, who with two or three small cannon and such small arms as they had, served with hardy valor and great efficiency, harassing every step of the enemy's advance, but not preventing his temporary possession of the town. The purpose of the enemy to burn the town was thwarted, partly by protests of their sympathizers and partly by the necessity of getting their drunken and almost uncontrollable soldiers out of harm's way. Two aged citizens, Benjamin English and Nathan Beers, were murdered in their homes. A few dwellings, barns, shops and ships were burned; but there was no general conflagration. The British reported a loss of seventy-two killed, wounded and missing, while the American loss was twenty-one killed in action and as many more wounded, some of whom afterwards died. It is reported that General Garth of the British forces, having climbed to the belfry of the colony house and surveyed the prospect, exclaimed: "It is too beautiful a place to burn."

Soon after the declaration of peace a portion of the town of New Haven was incorporated as a city, by act of the Legislature. This was on April 10, 1784. There were then, perhaps, thirty-three hundred inhabitants in the whole town; but some of them wanted a city government and secured it, so that the city of New Haven is one of the oldest chartered cities in the land. The list of officers first chosen is worthy of record now, for it has been said of it that it comprised a body of talented men not since equalled in the city government:—

Mayor.—Roger Sherman.
Clerk.—Josiah Meigs.
Treasurer.—Hezekiah Sabin.
Sheriffs.—Elias Stillwell, Parsons Clark.

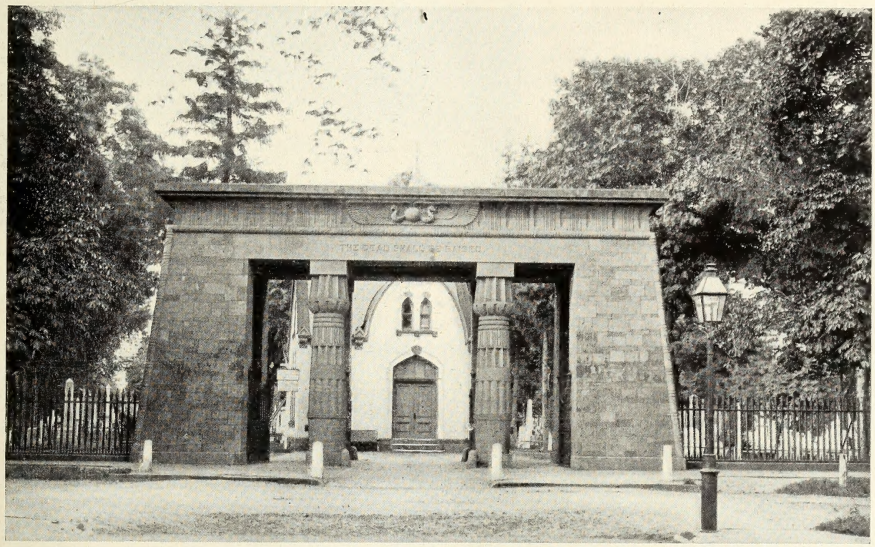


THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S BUILDING.

Aldermen.—Thomas Howell, Samuel Bishop, David Austin, Isaac Beers.

Councilmen. — James Hillhouse, Pierpont Edwards, Ebenezer Townsend, Timothy Jones, John Whiting, Henry Daggett, Joseph Howell, James Rice, Elias Shipman, Ebenezer Beardsley, Joseph Thompson, Eneas Munson, Jeremiah Atwater, Stephen Ball, Jonathan Ingersoll, Abraham Augur, Abel Bassett, Joseph Bradley, Michael Todd, Joel Gilbert.

Clearly this was a time when the first citizens were not unwilling to bear the burden and responsibility of guiding municipal affairs. Almost every name in the list is yet honorably remembered, and many will be recognized all over the land as those of men who had, and have, more than local celebrity. Roger Sherman had been a member of the Committee of the Continental Congress selected to draft the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson said of him that he had the best common sense of any man in the Congress. James Hillhouse, afterwards a United States senator, is accounted the most enterprising and public-spirited citizen New Haven ever had. Among his lasting good works was the planting of a large part of the elms which have been for a century the glory of the city and have won for it the graceful sobriquet, "Elm City." He also planned the Grove Street cemetery, distinguished as the first in the world to be laid out in family lots and long reputed the most beautiful. The long lines of noble trees that surround the Green and cross it and border many of the older streets were planted between 1787 and 1792, Mr. Hillhouse raising the money and himself engaging, year after year, in the actual labor of setting them out, assisted by David Austin. Through the efforts of these two, with Pierpont Edwards and Isaac Beers, the Green (which began to be called the Green, instead of the market place, or square, in the middle of the eighteenth century) was rescued from shabbiness, graded and inclosed. The contagion of this example of tree planting spread until all the old streets were soon adorned with elm trees, and the fine fashion was followed as new streets were made. The oldest trees are now feeble and dying; on the crowded business streets many have been cut down; some have been



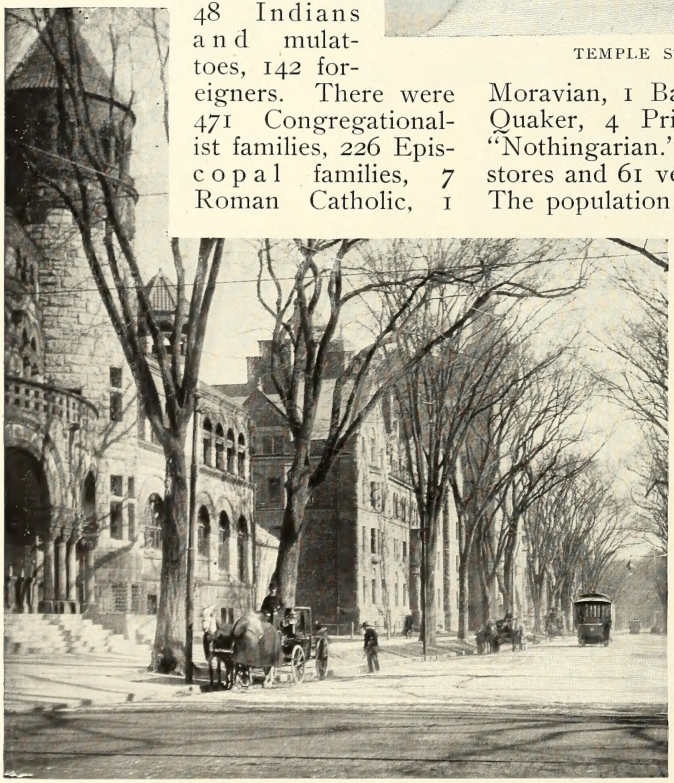
THE ENTRANCE TO GROVE STREET CEMETERY.

prostrated by tempests or killed by disease; but as one looks down upon the city in summer from the crest of East Rock, it is a bower of greenery pierced here and there by spires and towering roofs.



TEMPLE STREET.

Among the distinguished citizens of the eighteenth century not already named should be mentioned Jared Ingersoll, Noah Webster, Eli Whitney, Ezra Stiles, Timothy Dwight, the last two presidents of Yale College, and Joseph Noyes, Chauncey Whittelsey, and James Dana, pastors of the First Church. Rev. Dr. Dana in a "Century Sermon," preached in 1801, gives the population of the place as 4,000, of whom 85 were slaves, 115 free blacks, 48 Indians and mulattoes, 142 foreigners. There were 471 Congregationalist families, 226 Episcopal families, 7 Roman Catholic, 1 Moravian, 1 Baptist, 7 Methodist, 1 Quaker, 4 Priestlian (sic) and 16 "Nothingarian." There were 110 stores and 61 vessels; tonnage, 5,436. The population by the United States census of 1790 was 4,448 and by the census of 1800 was 5,157.



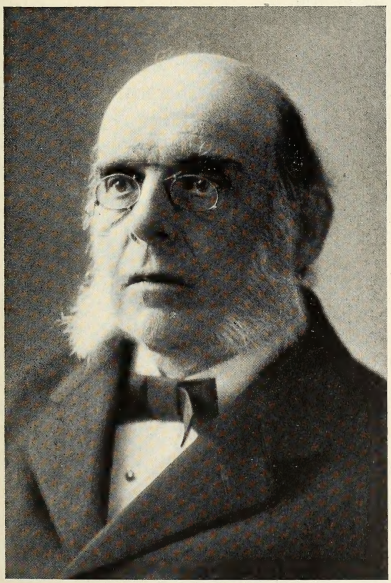
COLLEGE STREET, WITH UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

After the Revolutionary War and the establishment of a permanent Union under the national constitution, New Haven entered upon a new career of prosperity, regaining its commercial prestige, making new ventures of enterprise, and improving local conditions. The buoyant hopefulness of the new nation bore it



THE HOME OF DONALD G. MITCHELL.

on. While trade was largely with the West Indies, the ships of its merchants went all over the world. A large fleet of vessels, some of them of 300 tons, and carrying from fifteen to twenty guns, engaged in sealing in the South Seas, returning by way of Canton where the sealskins were marketed and a return cargo of nankeens, teas and china ware received. In old families choice sets of china brought home by these mariners are still preserved. One of the most successful of all American voyages of the time was that of the *Neptune*, twenty guns, owned by Ebenezer Townsend, manned by forty-five New Haven County youth of excellent family, commanded by Captain David Greene. She was absent three years on a voyage round the world, returning in July, 1799, netting a profit of $260,000, and paying custom-house duties of $75,000, a quarter more than the civil-list tax of the state at the time. Her arrival was the occasion of great public rejoicings.



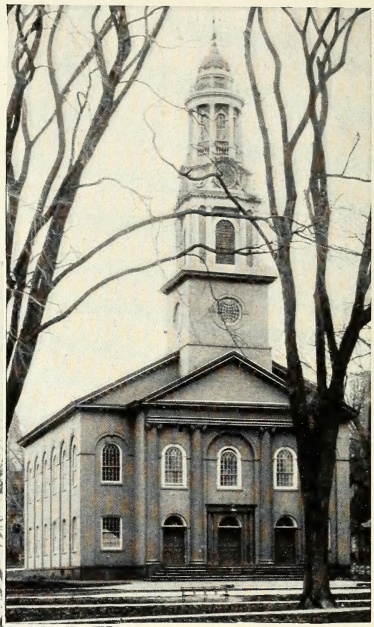
PRESIDENT TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

All this new prosperity was dashed by the embargo of 1807. For over a year no ship left the harbor. There had been thirty-two commercial houses and eighty-two ships engaged in the foreign trade. One hundred shipwrights and several hundred seamen were left unemployed. In the war of 1812–15 many of these obtained service. Commodore Isaac Hull, commander of *Old Ironsides* in the fight with the *Guerriere*, was a New Haven bred seaman, born in the adjoining town of Derby.

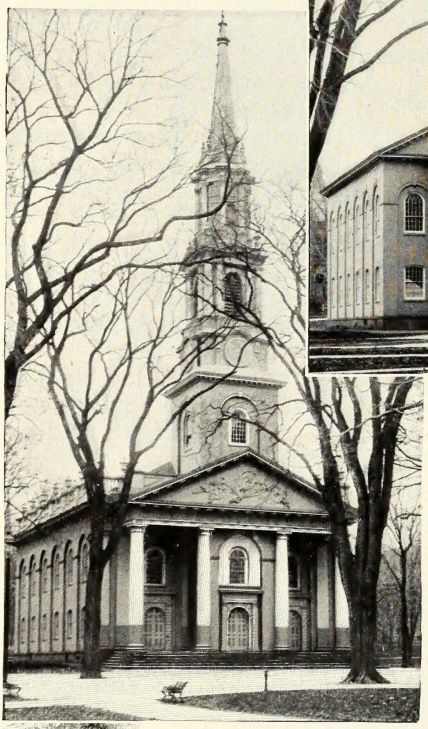
Since that war the old town has grown with remarkable steadiness, the basis of its prosperity up to the date of the Civil War being, for the most part, maritime commerce, and since that time, manufactures. These have developed with enormous strides, while its direct foreign commerce has declined, a result due, in part, to the general employment in this business of large vessels not adapted to a comparatively shallow harbor. The coastwise trade in the supply of materials and distribution of products is national in scope, and some of it is with the British Provinces. Within this period railroads have been stretched across the conti-

nent in every direction, supplying new highways of transportation to new markets. The loss of direct foreign trade in home vessels has checked the development of shipping interests; but the actual foreign trade, consisting now chiefly of exported manufactured articles, has increased.

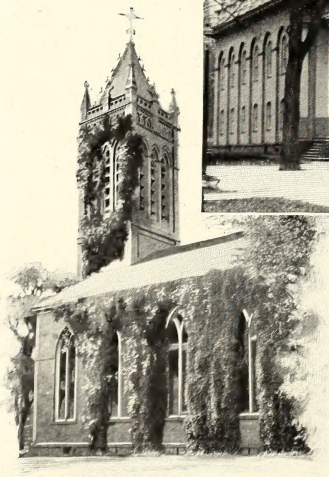
Before the Civil War manufacturing industries were limited to a few lines. The most extensive of all was that of making carriages of all kinds and the parts of carriages. New Haven carriages were known in every American city, and many were sent to other countries. This industry was seriously crippled by the war, owing to the large credits extended to the South; and it has never recovered its former primacy, although still important. The other flourishing manufactures before the war were of clocks, locks, shirts and rubber footwear. All suffered together in the time of the nation's trouble, but all, except perhaps that of shirts, have now vastly outgrown former proportions, while, as one effect of those misfortunes, the industries of the place have been diversified in an extaordinary degree.



NORTH CHURCH.

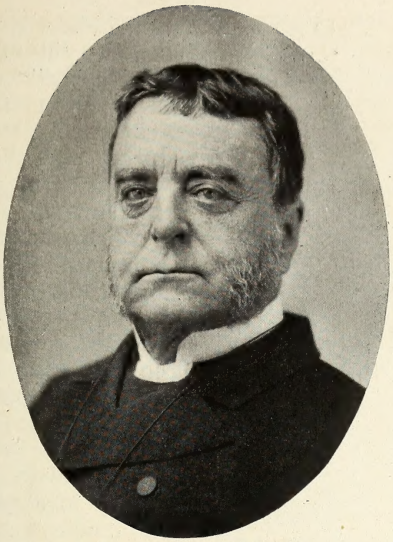


CENTER CHURCH.



TRINITY CHURCH.

Mr. J. Rice Winchell, assistant collector of the port, says, in a recently published article, that New Haven has more than eleven hundred manufactories, giving employment to about eighteen thousand operatives, who receive as wages more than $10,000,000 annually and turn out products exceeding $33,000,000 in value. Mr. Henry C. Rowe of the Chamber of Commerce, in a compilation of statistics for the information of a congressional committee, says that during the year 1895 the arrivals and departures



REV. EDWIN HARWOOD.

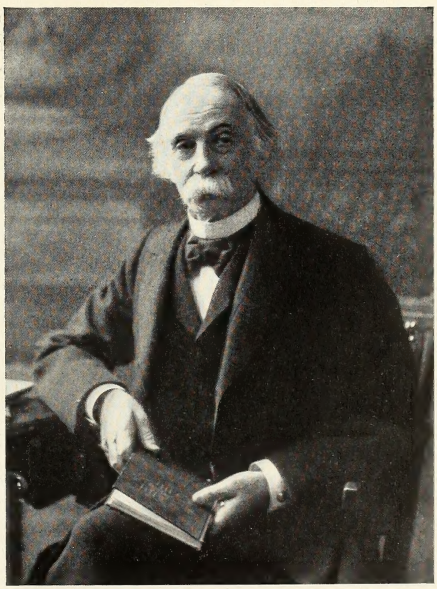
of vessels of all kinds were 31,400, bearing cargoes which in the gross amounted to 3,276,400 tons of a total value of $269,333,000.

The oyster business of New Haven is a highly developed industry. New Haven men were pioneers in the business of shipping oysters. After establishing it here they went to Baltimore and other places to develop it. Between 1870 and 1875 the business of propagating oysters in the open waters of Long Island Sound was successfully started, and New Haven men now cultivate oyster farms, having an aggregate area of more than thirty thousand acres, producing about two million bushels annually. A large proportion of this harvest is packed, and transported far overland or across the sea.

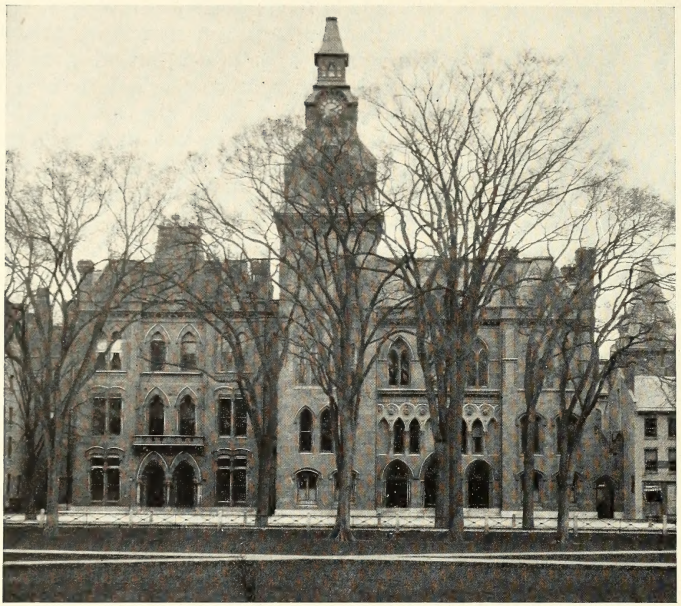
It is not commonly known that the first telephone exchange, which demonstrated the general usefulness of the new means of communication, was devised and put in operation in New Haven. "Central" began responding to calls here on January 28, 1878. The first list of subscribers contained less than twoscore names. It was in New Haven that a device for avoiding interference with the operations of the telephone by stronger currents of electricity employed in illumination and in running street cars was first hit upon and adopted in general construction. This involved abandonment of earth circuits and the substitution of complete metallic circuits, in which improvement the Southern New England Telephone Company was the pioneer.

The immense service of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company to the business interests and convenience of the people can hardly be overestimated. First communication with New York by rail was opened on December 29, 1848. Already there was rail communication with Hartford and Springfield, and a canal to Northampton.

New Haven is now the centre and headquarters of a great system of railroads, branching out in every direction landward, as sufficient for all use, and as perfect in equipment and service as any city in the world can boast of. The completion of this system under one control has been accomplished, and its progress toward perfection of operating conditions far advanced, within the last twelve years, by the



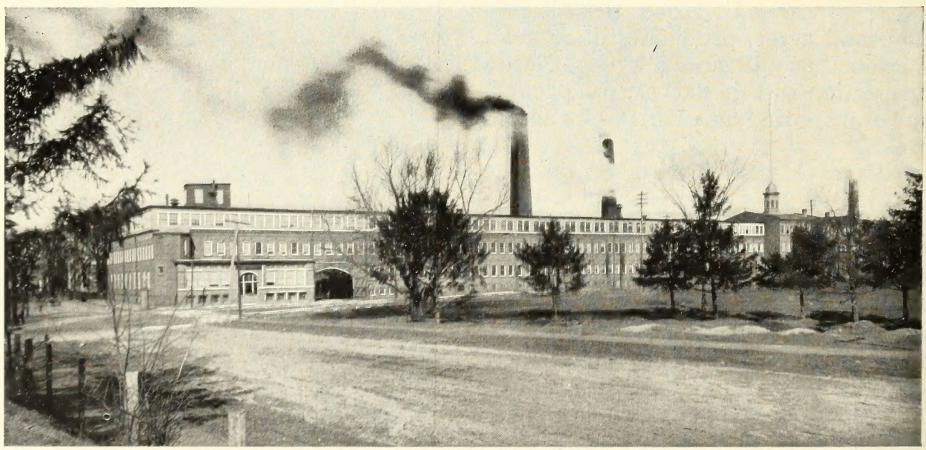
REV. THEODORE T. MUNGER.



CITY HALL AND COURTHOUSE.

compelling genius of President Charles P. Clark. By the charter of the company its headquarters must be established in Connecticut. New Haven is the place of the general offices, of great construction and repair shops, of supplies, storage and transfers. The company, according to careful estimates, supplies means of livelihood to at least one-tenth of the population. How great a factor in the industry of the city this railroad is will appear from the statement that during the last year it brought to New Haven 664,870,393 pounds of freight and took away 1,605,432,472 pounds, a total commerce of 1,135,151½ tons.

The attempt to describe the New Haven of to-day in a way to convey any just idea of its attractive and picturesque aspects must always result in dissatisfaction. One and another striking feature may be depicted with a certain success, perhaps; but the ensemble, the countenance, will inevitably appear distorted to those who are familiar with it. To be apprehended truly, it must be seen; to be known it must be long dwelt in. Probably it is never well known, especially in the subtile contour and color which hu-



THE WINCHESTER ARMS COMPANY'S WORKS.

man life lends to its natural charms, except by those fortunate beings who are inheritors in unbroken descent of the blood and the soil, the records and the traditions, the virtues, idiosyncrasies and foibles of its founders.

Of Yale University it is not possible to say much within the limits of this article. It is the superior institution of the place. Its buildings fill the square west of the Green in the heart of the city, extend into other near blocks on three sides, and are found here and there in other sections. The Sheffield Scientific School is located on the Sheffield estate three blocks northward; the Medical School is as far off in another direction, the Observatory is on Prospect Hill, the Boat House at the head of the harbor, and the Athletic Field a mile and a half in the country. Many of its buildings are among the city's most costly and beautiful structures, and especially attract the attention of visitors. The Faculty, of about two hundred and fifty instructors, constitutes a society with peculiar interests, notable for culture and refinement, but not intimately in touch with the great body of the people and their chief concerns. This comment is meant to apply to the Faculty as a body; many individual members are active and public-spirited citizens, apt in counsel and efficient in service. The Yale students contribute a leading element to the life of the city.*

The city hall and courthouse constitute a handsome group facing the east side of the Green. The former was erected in 1861, the latter in 1872. The post office, custom house, and United States courts are established in a dignified brownstone building on Church Street a short distance from the Green. The public library, one of the youngest of the city's institutions, and not yet fostered with any remarkable generosity by public or private endowment, is established in a stone building that was formerly a church, on Church Street, opposite the Green. The University libraries serve a part of the population so adequately that there is less zeal than in some other cities to make the library for all the people as complete and serviceable as it ought to be.

The most interesting of the church edifices are the three on the Green,—the Center Church, which is the fourth building of the First Church, the United Church, formerly known as the North Church, and Trinity Church, which is south of the Center Church. The first two are brick buildings, the last is of stone. All front on Temple Street, which crosses the Green north and south, and was itself, until lately, a wonderfully perfect natural temple, a long Gothic nave formed by interlacing elms. The three edifices were built during the last war with England, and the two whose membership represents in a way the faith and traditions of Puritanism are notable examples of American church architecture of the period when the soaring spirit of new nationality, fostered by increasing wealth, craved more beautiful homes of worship than the plain meeting-houses that sufficed for struggling colonists. None of these churches has been greatly changed since it was built, except Trinity, which has a new tower and new chancel. They all are likely to grow venerable in substantially their present form, for public opinion, in deference to which all other buildings have been removed from the Green, will not suffer either extension or rebuilding of these. In the basement of the Center Church is a crypt to which were consigned the bones of many of its worthies when the ancient churchyard of the colony was obliterated. The contents of other graves were reinterred in the Grove Street Cemetery. Tablets commemorating these facts are attached to the rear wall of the church. Distinguished pastors of this church, besides those already mentioned,

* The life and history of Yale University will be the theme of a special article in this magazine.—EDITOR.

have been Moses Stuart, Nathaniel W. Taylor, and Leonard Bacon. The present pastor is Dr. Newman Smyth.

Behind the church one monument now stands, protected by a fence, a modest memorial, erected by one of his descendants, to the regicide, Colonel John Dixwell. He requested that his name should not be displayed on any monument, lest his enemies might desecrate his grave, but that it should be marked by a low stone containing only the inscription "J. D. Esq.," with his age and date of death. In 1849 his bones were reinterred in the place where the monument now stands. His name and the names of Goffe and Whalley, the two regicides who were concealed and protected in the colony for about two years while hunted by emissaries of the restored Stuart, are perpetuated in the names of three broad streets which extend westward from the central part of the city.

The United Church Society is the ecclesiastical successor of several societies which have existed from time to time. It was in its house that the celebrated meeting was held on March 22, 1856, which got for the church the nickname of "The Old Fort." The meeting was for the purpose of encouraging the company of free state emigrants then forming for settlement in Kansas. Henry Ward Beecher was one of the speakers. Some one remarked, that as these men were going away to help save free soil from the blight of slavery they should be supplied with proper means of defence against the armed propagandists of slavery, whereupon one in the audience cried out, "I'll give a Sharpe's rifle." Within a few minutes fifty rifles were promised, among the donors being the elder Professor Silliman, several college students, and Miss Mary Dutton, principal of a young ladies' seminary. The society has long been distinguished for vital and liberal religious character and for active public spirit. Its present pastor is Dr. Theodore T. Munger.

Trinity is the eldest of the Episcopal parishes of the present city, but is antedated by that of Christ Church in West Haven, a suburb now a part of the town of Orange. The English Church had a hard time of it getting a foothold in the Puritan colony, and it was long after a parish was established that the first church was erected here. Trinity parish dates from the time of "the Great Awakening," in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the First Church, of which Rev. Joseph Noyes was pastor, was racked with dissensions, divided and depleted. It is now richly endowed, and is remarkable for having had, until four years ago, but three rectors, all of whom were men of power and leading. They were Bela Hubbard, 1767–1812; Harry Crosswell, 1815–58; and Edwin Harwood, 1859–95. Dr. Harwood is still living in the city, although quite infirm. Previous to 1767 the parish was cared for by missionary clergymen. The present rector, the fifth, is Dr. Frank Woods Baker.

One of the historical anecdotes regarding the simultaneous erection of the three churches is this: The lumber required was brought down the Connecticut River. Commodore Harvey of the British Navy was then patrolling the Sound, blockading Decatur in New London. He gave permission for the lumber sloops to pass through his fleet, saying, "I make no war on religion." One consequence of his pious consideration was that all the lumber yards of New Haven were fully stocked.

The other church buildings in New Haven which especially attract attention are St. Thomas, St. Paul and Christ Church, all Episcopalian, the College Chapel, and the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary.

Of Grove Street Cemetery it was once said that it contained more graves of distinguished men than any other in the country. That may not

be quite true now; but he must be unfamiliar with American history, letters and industry who does not find there on every hand well recognized names. It is about sixteen acres in area, and is surrounded by public streets, from which it is separated on all sides but one by a high wall of stone masonry, above which only the trees and loftier monuments appear. Burials are still made in its family lots; but another burial place called Evergreen Cemetery, on a plateau bordering the marshes of West River, is now becoming a populous and beautiful city of the dead.

The principal residence streets, those especially favored by families of means, are in the section of the city northward from the Green. A generation ago there were few residences, these being for the most part large mansions with park-like grounds, beyond Grove Street, the limit in this direction of the original town site. But now Prospect Street, Whitney Avenue, and Orange Street, with many new streets crossing these, have been handsomely built up for a mile or more beyond this limit. Here is the "Up town," or, if the reader please, the "Back Bay" of New Haven.

In the matter of public schools the standing of New Haven is reputable, but not as high as that of several other cities East and West. Some of its new school buildings are fine examples of this kind. The high-school building is about twenty-five years old. It was built for four hundred and fifty pupils, and now nearly eight hundred are crowded together in it, to the great inconvenience and obstruction of all its work and with menace to health and safety. The conditions were partially relieved about five years ago by the gift to the city by Mrs. Lucy H. Boardman, widow of William W. Boardman, of a large and nobly designed building for a manual training high school. This structure is regarded as among the best in the country for the purposes of the new education. Until 1859 there was no public high school in the town, children being obliged to secure any education beyond that given in schools of the primary grade, as best they might at private cost. Indeed the place has always been peculiarly chary in the matter of public education. In colony days the schools were supported by the ecclesiastical society or societies. Sometimes these schools were assisted by public grants. When in 1827 the town, or the central school district, built a house for the Lancasterian school, kept by Master Lovell, it was the first schoolhouse owned by the town, with, perhaps, one inconsiderable exception. But Master Lovell's school was not a free school. About six years after the public high school was established, the board of education favored its discontinuance; but the people by an emphatic vote insisted upon its maintenance. Yet whenever the proposal to erect a new building for it is broached, the smouldering hostility flares up, the contention being that it is contrary to sound policy to give more than an elementary education at the public expense, and an oppression to require persons who educate their own children at their own cost to pay taxes for educating other children beyond the "three Rs," which, it is conceded, constitute a necessary outfit for American citizenship.

One of the interesting institutions of the city is the New Haven Colony Historical Society, established in 1862 and chartered the following year. This society perpetuates and fosters both the knowledge and the admiration of the uncommonly interesting local history of the place. It has a beautiful home given by one of its members, Henry F. English, as a memorial to his parents. It is conspicuously placed opposite the entrance to Hillhouse Avenue. Here are a library and a museum which contain valuable treasures, and a commodious hall. At its well attended meetings, papers embodying the results of profound and loving

study are often presented. A series of these papers by Henry T. Blake, Esq., lately published in a volume, is an uncommonly complete and valuable monograph concerning the historic Green.

The city is well equipped with hospitals and charitable institutions of every description. There are not many communities where the organizations of benevolence command more willing service and more generous support. The leading citizens give a fine example of intelligent devotion to works of humanity, the economies and guarantees of organized charity being well understood.

There are ten banking institutions, seven of them national banks. Of these the New Haven Bank (now New Haven National Bank) was chartered by the state in 1792 and organized in 1795 with a capital of $50,000, since increased to $464,800. The Mechanics Bank was chartered in 1824, the City Bank in 1831. These two have continued as state banks. The united capital of the ten institutions is $3,864,000, and they have a surplus of about $1,533,000. Their total resources are $16,251,000, and the daily clearings average nearly $270,000. There are three savings banks which hold the money of 46,119 depositors, amounting to $18,277,000.

There are twelve parks containing from six to three hundred acres each, in all nearly one thousand acres, besides numerous smaller inclosed spaces. The park area is nearly one acre for each hundred of the inhabitants, which is unusually liberal. Within the limits of the closely populated city there are four parks by the water side, from six to fifteen acres in area, affording resting places and playgrounds commanding extensive views of the harbor and the outer bay. A park of forty acres on the eastern side of the bay includes within its compass the remains of old Fort Hale. This is three miles from the city hall and is accessible by sea or land. One feature is a bold bluff of red stone fronting the sea, one hundred feet high and one thousand feet long. From this park a wide extent of Long Island Sound is in view. Both the high cliffs mentioned in the beginning of this article, with the extensive hills of which they are a part, are now public parks. East Rock, within two miles of the city hall and reached by two direct streets, is three hundred and sixty feet high, and on its crest is a tall monument in memory of the New Haven soldiers who served in the wars with England, the Mexican War, and the Civil War. By means of inside stairs the top of this monument may be gained. The park, including adjacent hills and land on either side of Mill River at its base, contains about three hundred acres. Three generous citizens, Prof. Henry W. Farnam, Hon. James E. English and Thomas R. Trowbridge, Esq., have, at their own expense, constructed drives by which the top may be gained by gradual winding ascent, so easy that horses may be trotted the whole distance. These, with various footpaths, are the chief improvements. For the rest Nature continues to have her own beautifying way.

On a clear day the prospect from the top is one of peculiar and various charms. Southward, at the foot of the cliff, meanders a tidal river through lush meadows. Beyond, covering the broad plain, is the embowered city, housing and employing a population of one hundred and ten thousand. The busy harbor, the long opening bay and the glistening expanse of the Sound fill out the view to the horizon, where the sand dunes of Long Island lifted by mirage gleam white against the horizon. Letting the eye range around to the right, West Rock Cliff, with huge leafy, sloping back, three miles distant, is the most notable feature of the prospect. On its top, but undiscerned, is the group of great bowlders called Judges' Cave, where Goffe and Whalley were concealed and sus-

tained while the officers of Charles II were scouring the colony to apprehend them. Northward is the loftier Mount Carmel range, so disposed that from this point the aptness of the appellation "Sleeping Giant" is obvious. Far away are the Hanging Hills of Meriden, while in the immediate foreground northward are miles and miles of salt meadow threaded by the Quinnipiac River and numerous tributary creeks. Eastward are Indian Head and Snake Hill within the Park, and, at a distance, another range of forested hills interspersed with crags. Along the shores of the bay on either side are the clustered cottages of suburban summer resorts, of which there are many more, at frequent intervals, wherever the surges of the Sound have shaped a little beach.

A SCARBOROUGH TORY.

By LeRoy L. Hight.

ABOUT one, standing at sunset on the top of Blue Point Hill in the old town of Scarborough, Maine, there is spread a scene of more than common beauty. Southward lies the fair bay of the Saco, with its broad beached shores marked at one extreme by the picturesque old fishers' village of Biddeford Pool, and at the other by the green slopes and rugged cliffs of historic Cammock's Neck. Beyond the narrow isthmus that binds the Neck to the main lies Richmond's Island, of Trelawney fame; and beyond all, the sea, dotted with glistening sails. To the southwest stretch the pines of Old Orchard, capped by the faint mist that rises beyond them from the valley of the Saco; in the southeast the bright ribbons of the Nonsuch and its tidal tributaries trace a shining network upon the broad green marshes; eastward the lights of Portland glimmer across the intervening valleys; and northward, following the gleaming thread of the river under the shadow of distant Scottow's Hill, just to the right of the sun's glow, we come upon the great elms of Dunstan, with their broad tops spread as in benediction over the quiet homes beneath them.

I do not think the men and women of old Dunstan are any more in harmony with the spirit of benediction of the elms than the inhabitants of any other peaceful country village; yet after all a benediction is more in keeping with their lives than anything requiring a less passive response. Here is one of those little pools of still water bordering the swift current of life, where the usual dulness is interrupted only by the occasional funeral of the Oldest Inhabitant, and where Gossip alone goes busily forward.

* * * *

But the quietude and peace of today have not always blessed the place. The sturdy pioneers, the fishers and planters of old, fought the hard fight with all the energy their rugged strength could give; and the hills that now lazily reëcho the firing upon plover and wild duck, in earlier days resounded with the blockhouse fusillade and the war cry of the savage. So there are stories of deeds done in these sunny fields that are horrible enough in their stern tragedy to charm a boy. And even nowadays, where the story passes, Hunniwell and Pyne are names with which to conjure. Nowhere, through all the range of history or literature, is there a melodrama more neatly turned than the adventure of that same Hunniwell, which ended with his homecoming, bearing before him, as the warriors of Dinas Vawhr bore the head of "Ednyfed, King of Dyfed," the scythe-hewn head of the savage who had crept upon him with his own stolen rifle as he mowed in his hayfield.

Nor are the struggles of the pioneers the only activity that the town has known. You would not think now, perhaps, that this drowsy air had ever thrilled with the hum of trade; but it was even so. For as we approach the village from our place of observation on Blue Point, we come across the marshes to the "Landin';" and here years ago the adze and the hammer made their merry music, and now and then good ships were launched to sail away, down through the marshes, and into the great sea beyond. Here "E. & W. I. Goods" were doubtless landed, consigned to him of whom this rambling sketch is written; for here, at the Landing, beneath one of the noblest of the Dunstan elms, still stands a house — now a humble L of a low, ancient structure — which has beheld scenes in stirring contrast to the quiet life that drones about it now, and which was a part of the old home of Richard King.

* * * *

Richard King, with whom this slight sketch has to do, cannot be said to have borne a prominent part in our history; and yet he figures in the encyclopædias in no mean capacity, to wit, as the father of his sons, a position not only indispensable, but in this case honorable; for Rufus King, the distinguished statesman, paid him filial devotion, as did also William King, the first governor of Maine. Moreover, if it be true that what a man does or helps to do, that he is, then King may claim public recognition on his own account; for when Sir William Pepperell went upon his illustrious expedition for the capture of Louisburg, King, who had been a prosperous merchant in Watertown, accompanied him as quartermaster. When he returned from this honorable and glorious venture, he settled at Dunstan, where the simple folk among whom he came found his business talent a welcome acquisition to their community. In a short time he became the owner of a wide extent of lands, which he turned into thriving farms, and he also procured for sale to his neighbors those supplies which but for his enterprise they would have had to obtain with great trouble from a distance. Thus he soon became one of the wealthiest men of the town. He seems, too, to

have been a kindly man, lenient toward his debtors and gentle in his relations with every one. He was of refined taste, and with a love for literature. His papers show a familiarity with books, which must have isolated him, in that particular, at least, from the majority of his townsmen. He even seems to have toyed with the ringlets of the Muse, for there remains a set of his verses written on the lamentable death of his parson's old mare.

But there were evil days in store for him; and his first great misfortune arose, if we may believe his grandson and his champion, William Southgate,* from the ingratitude of men. I have said he was lenient towards his debtors; and upon his grandson's authority it is stated that in the long list of delinquents on his books were many whose honesty was frail and who, casting about to find some convenient way of releasing themselves from debt, hit upon an expedient that may have afforded suggestion and precedent for the illustrious participants in the Boston Tea Party. Disguised as Indians, on the night of March 19, 1766, they raided his store and home, collected his accounts, many of his books and papers, and made a bonfire. This early search and seizure were also rewarded, as seems fitting in the light of later history, by the acquisition of a large supply of the good merchant's liquors, which speedily afforded the doughty braves whatever ferocity their war paint could not supply. To a recent day there was shown in the inner door of the old house the mark made by the axe of the drunken leader as he struck at what he supposed was Richard himself. But, like many another hero, he had aimed at his own shadow; for Richard lay snug, with the better part of valor, beneath the bed of an old and sick slave.

Despite alarming threats of trouble to come, King with his friends discovered the perpetrators of the outrage, and some paid money for their frolic, while some went to jail. A letter from one of the latter class, written to King from the jail at Falmouth, is something of a curiosity, and I quote it:

Falmouth May the 17, 1773.

Sur I take this oppertunity to Right to you to Let you know that I ame in good helth hopeing this may find you and your family in good hellth Sur to Bee Confined to a pallice would soon Beecome a gale But to Bee Confined heere with in thies Barrs of iorn has a livly Resamblance of hell to me though threw the goodness of god Wee are prisners of hoope and they are Beeyond the Reach of hoope and allso wee have water enuff and they acording to Divars in the gospel they have noon. sur I ame heere Deprived of the Compney of an agreeable wife and the Dutyfull care of my poore chilldran which Strikes the very Strings of my hearte with greaf which blessed privlage you now enjoy—But I desire to Leave them in the hands of the god hoo changis the times and can Dispers the Dearkiest clouds Sur I can truly asure you that I feele mor thankfullness of heart for my small accomodations of Life in the gole than Ever I Did when I Lived at my one home in planty let it be posable for you to Blieve me I finde no mellis nor invy arising againste you or yours But I Soulde have Bin angry at the poore ignorant high-barnion that Betrayed mee into your hands for a ginne wars it not that I thinke him as much Beneath my angor as hee is indesarving of my Love—But whether I am hilde heere Rightously or un-Rtously time will manifeste Mr Makintire of yorke came to see (me) by the Disire of mrs King as hee Solemly Declared wars to agravate and abuis me threw the grats But when hee came to see my pitifull condishun his heart failed him whereupon hee tolde mee hee woulde treate mee But had no money I tolde him I had some and would treate him soo I gave him a dinor and two Boulls of tody and we partid in pees—time Has Bin when our Efections was something singlar with Respect to Kindness But now they seeme to Bee Some What remarkeable with Respec to Coldness Soo I conclude youre friend and humble Sarvt.

SILAS BURBANK.

This episode seems to have been the first public expression of dislike. Southgate takes pains to assure us that no evidence of accusation of Toryism had at this time been shown

* History of Scarborough. William Southgate.

or made against King; but with a fine indifference to possible inference he goes on to say that he asked the General Court to reimburse him as one of those who suffered because of using the infamous stamps during this, the very time of the stamp riots. There is another thing, which might afford some content to any one who traced his lineage through one of those "poore children" to Silas Burbank and his "agreeable wife," and that is that it was discovered that the participants in this event were not all of the class who would be anxious to destroy accounts of trade; in fact, several of the most respected and respectable church members, notably one Deacon Andrews, of the Second Church, had a hand in the affair.

Just how prominent a part King played in the troubled politics of the time we cannot tell; but it is certain that he played some part and that early accusations of Toryism were made against him. Dr. Alden, an avowed Tory, removed from Saco and took the house next that of Mr. King; and between these two undoubtedly a strong friendship existed. Before the Doctor moved to Saco, he was visited by a company of soldiers from Gorham, who stood him on a hogshead and persuaded him, by means of the weapons they carried, to express repentance for his loyalty to Parliament and to return to his tormentors abject thanks for his life. One day, after his removal to Scarborough, the Doctor happened to be in Saco and there heard of a proposed expedition of his Gorham acquaintances against his friend King. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped to Dunstan with the utmost speed, to prepare King for his ordeal. Unfortunately he was too late; for he ran into the Gorham warriors as they were quenching their thirst at Milliken's Tavern in Dunstan, at the corner of the landing road. Meeting their old friend, the Doctor, was a welcome pleasure to these jovial patriots, and they checked his mad gallop and whiled away the time between drinks by perching him again on a hogshead and exacting a second recantation, to make sure he had not forgotten his lesson. This sport exhausted, they continued their march against King. Their captain conferred with the unhappy man, and finally compelled him to mount a table and read a statement of his political views. In the course of his statement he cast a doubt upon the possibility of a successful resistance of the colonists. This idea, as may be supposed, met with scant favor, and nothing would do but that the dignified gentleman should get down on his knees before the noisy mob and erase the offensive words. Of course his humiliation was overwhelming; and it was the sense of it, as Southgate says, that hastened his breaking down and his death in 1775.

The particular explanation of this visitation of avengers, as given by Mr. Southgate, was that, for one thing, King had opposed certain measures promoted by the town of Gorham; and for another thing, that he was falsely accused of having sent a cargo of lumber to Boston for the king's barracks. Southgate says the fault lay with a captain of King's vessel, a certain Mulberry Milliken, who traded with the regulars on his own responsibility. Unfortunately for Southgate, however, who was at best only one grandson, two grandsons of Captain Milliken, both respectable gentlemen of Biddeford, stoutly maintained during their life that their grandfather had explained to them, with minute circumstance, the trade which not he, but King himself, had made with the regular officers.

That, however, upon which Southgate most relied to establish his grandsire's loyalty seems to be a letter of recommendation from King to his townsmen urging certain preparatory measures to be taken to relieve the great distress in their approaching struggle with Great Britain. He declared his countrymen to be, to use his words, "on the verge of a Civil

War, Bloodshed and Famine," and he declares the situation to be particularly distressing, asking that measures be taken "towards our relief in such a day of calamity as appears to be gathering over us." The general tone of the letter suggests quite as much an attempt to render his townsmen nervous as a serious effort to assist them. Further, the unwary historian, vain of his grandsire's antique lore, puts on another page of his chronicles an extract which, however it may be regarded now, must then have been proof positive of Tory principles. I transcribe it as an indication of King's politics and as an example of his composition:

"When foreign Nations pinched in War called on the Roman Senate for aid, 'tis true she seldom failed to send them what she called and they received as such; but it is as true that she thereby seldom failed to make the Conquerors as well as the Conquered her own Subjects or Tributaries in the End. Mankind are the same still, and our only Safety is in remaining firm to that Stock of which we are a Branch; and as a Prudent Man that guards against a Pestilential Air, when a plague is in the City, so should we guard against those false Patriots of the present day, who advise us to resist, break off and prevent that grand circulation whereby we are become a great Plant, contributing to the Strength and Glory of the Stock, whose branches cover in every Quarter of the Earth and with our own united force able to repel at least, if not totally conquer, any unity or power that can be formed against us on Earth or Sea. When Ancient Rome was in her Glory, each private Senator looked down with contempt upon the greatest crowned Head amongst the Nations that surrounded her; yet Rome in her Glory was but a small Republick when compared with the Strength and Extent of Dominion possessed by the British Empire. Can we then, who are the happy subjects, inhabiting a country nowise inferior to the Land of Promise, under a mild and free government, can we merely out of Frowardness because we are rebuked for spurning at the demand, and refusing to pay the three-pence duty of Tea, which is not a Necessary but a Luxury of life, can we think of calling in foreign aid, and exchanging our fair Possessions for Servitude, our liberties for an Inquisition and content ourselves to drag out the remainder of our Days in wooden Shoes? Great God prevent our madness! Why then this calling to arms? Remember the folly and Rashness of the Tribe of Benjamin; read the history in your own Houses, and let there not be a British province wanting to Britain in America."

It is a trivial thing, to extract from the pages of a departed historian matter to confute his own statements. Furthermore, whether, when he wrote of his grandfather in his little history, Southgate wrote true things or false, is of little moment to us. Whether Richard King was a Tory or not was a matter of interest to King, to his meddling neighbors and—creditably, be it said—to his dutiful grandson. But for us to measure the value to ourselves of such a question is but to convince ourselves that a man who died a hundred years ago is a very dead man, and that there are few things less worth the doing than to restore his memory for the purpose of proving him anything other than what he should have been; and yet for one who would be temerarious, it would be a fine exploit, in these days of Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, to stand manfully by Richard King's memory and say, as he himself would say if speech were vouchsafed him, that he was a Tory and he had no reason to be ashamed of it.

So, if the deed be not too bold, let me say that a loyal American may without shame confess sympathy for those unhappy men whom loyalty to their king deprived of the name of patriot. I am proud of America and her history, and I glory as every American should in the stern and manly valor of the man who fought for the liberty we enjoy; yet I feel that for one who stood as Richard King stood, in the turmoil of a rebellion, possessed of a cautious and reasoning spirit, as becomes a wise man, beset on one hand by realization of oppression and on the other by an inbred reverence for his king,—the head and symbol of established law,—for such a man, honest judgment and sincerity of purpose should count for some-

thing. To-day it seems an easy thing, as we look back over the triumphal course of those daring colonies, to say this man was a fool or that man was wise; but the noble vista which we enjoy was unopened when King planned his course. The weakness of the colonies in revolt was apparent in their number; their strength, the invincible courage within them, action had not yet disclosed. And so at this division of the road, the Tory, moved by prudence and loyalty,—worthy motives,—chose one way; while the hero, whose memory we cherish with a warmer love, driven by a passion for liberty, which his success afterwards gave him the right to call divine, chose the other. And why may we not say that each was true to the best within him, and that each had a right to face posterity without apology and unashamed?

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Whenever I think of the story and tradition clustering thick about these old fields, meadows and shores, a sweet memory comes to me of the old days, flooded with the old time sunshine when, playmates all, we sat on the beach and buried our brown feet in the warm sand, and hearkened to the shrill cry of the white gulls circling over the seas; and we looked across the beautiful bay to the old Neck, which our childish speech and thought peopled again with the tawny braves and stern pioneers of the early years; and we fought over again, manfully and well, those grim wars,—we children, sitting there in the sunshine. We saw the canoes tossing on the sparkling water; and our blood leaped to the sound of the rifle in the blockhouse.

Now it happens, curiously, that one of those pioneers,—and a gentleman withal,—who was a reality in the far off years, and who really took a manly part in the old scenes which we children imagined anew, printed a book of the sights he saw and the thoughts he thought, and upon its titled page this distich:

> "Heart take thine ease,
> Men hard to please
> Thou haply mights offend;
> Though one speak ill
> Of thee, some will
> Say better; ther's an end."

It is a rude verse; yet somehow it brings with it a freshness, like the winds over the sand bars and the cliffs at the Neck, and there is a glint of sunshine in it. And if, as well might be, it fell under the eyes of Richard King in those last, storm-ridden days of his honorable life, it may be it brought to him, too, something of pleasure. For to a man who would preserve the honor which his parents, whom he loved, gave him and who would leave it unsullied to his children who love him, if he has stood steadfast by his manhood and done all the best he knew, there can surely be some pleasure, when the storm of popular anger beats about him, in having a good man at his back saying such words as these:

> "Though one speak ill
> Of thee, some will
> Say better; ther's an end."



EDITOR'S TABLE.

"A PLYMOUTH Pilgrimage" was the subject of the first article in the first number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, loyal daughter of Plymouth, was the guide of our readers on that first of pilgrimages made in these pages, as she has been for so many Plymouth pilgrims in the flesh. Turning back to-day to that old first number, we find that it was a Pilgrim number altogether. There is an article about Scrooby,—its pictures bring back vividly our summer days in that old cradle of the Mayflower church; and there is another by Dr. Dexter,—it is pleasant to-day to remember his interest in its hurried preparation,—on "The Pilgrims in Leyden." And so we might have given our first number the title which Dr. Griffis gave his charming little book, "The Pilgrims in their Three Homes."

We turn back ten years to that first number of the magazine, because a Plymouth pilgrimage is to be our theme at this time. On the last Saturday in June the Old South Historical Society is to make a pilgrimage to Plymouth. We have noticed in these pages year by year the historical pilgrimages arranged by this society, whose interests we have so much at heart and which is steadily rising to a place of such distinctive influence among the young people of New England. We have noted that Plymouth was the goal of this magazine's first pilgrimage. The Plymouth pilgrimage of the young people of the Old South Historical Society and their friends is their fourth annual pilgrimage. Their first historical pilgrimage, in the summer of 1896, was to old Rutland, Massachusetts, "the cradle of Ohio;" the pilgrimage in 1897 was to the homes and haunts of Whittier by the Merrimac; last year it was to the King Philip country, Mount Hope, on Narragansett Bay. Six hundred pilgrims went to the Whittier land; six hundred went to Mount Hope; and such attestation of popular interest makes the historical pilgrimage a sure permanent feature of the Old South work. It is certainly a most delightful feature; we believe that it is a most useful one. When the six hundred pilgrims of this present June—some of the sanguine young folks bid us say a thousand—have sailed from Boston down to Plymouth harbor, thinking of that solemn Sunday before the landing as they pass Clark's Island, and of Elder Brewster and Miles Standish as their Duxbury homes and the great shaft on the hill come into sight; when they have landed by Plymouth Rock; when they have stood in Pilgrim Hall, by the great Faith monument, and by Bradford's grave on Burial Hill; when they have listened to the words of those who will try to make 1620 take the place of 1899 in their minds for the hour; when they have wandered up and down the streets and lanes of the dear old town, and have looked back upon its homes and spires among the trees under the westering sun as they sail away,—surely after such a day the story of the Pilgrim Fathers will always be a different story; Carver and Bradford and Brewster will be more real men; and the Pilgrim influence and spirit will have found more truly their home in the heart.

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These annual Old South historical

pilgrimages are of interest to a vastly wider circle than that of the young people of Boston. Pupils in the schools and students of history all over New England read of these pilgrimages, and in imagination take part in them. In noticing them, therefore, we choose to consider the Old South Historical Society simply representative, and assume that all the young students of history to whom our pages go are to share in the pilgrimage, and are as anxious as the young people of Boston to know how they can get the most good out of it; and, fortunately, the most good to be got from these pilgrimages is in the stimulation which they give to reading and study along the lines suggested by the object of the pilgrimage. The chief good from the pilgrimage to Rutland was in its inspiration to new studies of the Ordinance of 1787 and the work of Massachusetts men in the opening up of the great West; the chief good from the beautiful day by the Merrimac was that it set hundreds of young peole to turning with more zeal the pages of their Whittier; and the chief good from the visit to Mount Hope, the prompting to more careful reading of Hubbard and Palfrey and of Everett's great address at Bloody Brook.

So the chief good from the coming pilgrimage to Plymouth will be in the serious studies which it will provoke, in the more earnest reflection upon the work and character of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the more critical attention to the words of Bradford and the others of their number, and to the books of the scholars who, in the intervening years, have done the best to help us understand them and keep their memory green. This good may be shared by every young man and woman in the land. All may not sail into Plymouth harbor and stand by Plymouth Rock; but all can read Bradford and Winslow and Cushman; all can read Dexter and Arber and Griffis. We are glad that this Old South pilgrimage gives us occasion to invite our young people everywhere to these Pilgrim studies.

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We are not going to furnish here a bibliography of Pilgrim history. That work has been thoroughly and splendidly done by Professor Franklin B. Dexter, in the appendix to his chapter on "The Pilgrim Church and Plymouth Colony," in the third volume of Winsor's great "Narrative and Critical History of America." We shall be glad indeed if every one of the Old South pilgrims and every one of our readers become so deeply interested in Pilgrim history that they will presently be found delving into that critical account of the Pilgrim books. But we are writing for the young people who are making a start, who are going, in the flesh or in imagination, on the Old South pilgrimage to Plymouth, and who ask us what books they shall read to help them get into the Plymouth spirit. To such we say: read in the first place William Elliot Griffis's little book, "The Pilgrims in their Three Homes, England, Holland, America;" in the second place, read Edward Arber's "Story of the Pilgrim Fathers;" and in the third place, take up Governor Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation." When you have read Bradford's history you will need no more help from us; you can choose your further course better than anybody else can choose it for you.

Dr. Griffis's "The Pilgrims in their Three Homes" is a bright little book of three hundred pages (published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, price $1.25, or in a cheaper edition, 75 cents), warm, graphic, picturesque, enthusiastic, a model book for the young people, as it has been a joy to many older ones. The two dozen chapters make us truly at home with Brewster and Bradford and the rest at Scrooby, at Leyden and at Plymouth; and the dozen illustrations really do illustrate.

We say that Dr. Griffis's book is the best book for the young people;

yet we are quite as ready to praise Rev. Morton Dexter's "Story of the Pilgrims" (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, 75 cents). This is a book of the same size and scope as Dr. Griffis's book. It is not quite so dramatic or vivacious, although such chapters as "The England which the Pilgrims Left," "The Departure from Holland" and "Early Life in the Colony" certainly bring the conditions of the Pilgrim life and history very vividly before us; but it is a clear, critical, straightforward, well balanced little book, and made the more valuable for the student by its large body of notes referring to the original authorities.

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The name of Dexter stirs the gratitude of every lover of the Pilgrims and their history. We have this splendid little "Story of the Pilgrims" by Morton Dexter; and we have noticed the Pilgrim chapter in the "Narrative and Critical History of America," with its invaluable bibliographical appendix, by Franklin B. Dexter. But far greater than our debt to either of these is that which we owe to the father of the former and the uncle of the latter, Rev. Henry Martyn Dexter. Dr. Dexter was a most devoted student of Pilgrim history his whole life long, and we think it is quite right to say that at the time of his death he knew more about the Pilgrims than any other living man. He edited the best edition of Mourt's "Relation"; he wrote the life of John Smyth, the pastor of the Gainsborough church; he was especially a student of everything pertaining to the origin and development of the church polity of the Pilgrims; and he was a loving pilgrim to all the homes of the Fathers, returning from his pilgrimages always with much new knowledge. He wrote very much upon all Pilgrim themes; but the great monument of his scholarship in this field is his book entitled "Congregationalism as Seen in its Literature." By this monumental work—it is a book of a thousand pages, with masses of critical notes, packed with information—he has made every student of Pilgrim history and of early Congregationalism his debtor forever. Those especially who wish to investigate the beginnings of things, to know about the fathers of the Pilgrim Fathers, about Robert Browne, the first Independent; about the Martin Marprelate controversy; about John Greenwood and Henry Barrowe and John Penry, the early martyrs; about John Robinson, the beloved pastor of the Pilgrims, who did more than any other to shape their thought, political as well as religious,—such will always be careful students of Dr. Dexter's great work. All may not agree with him,—many scholars have disagreed with him about many things; but all are debtors to his searching investigations and his great knowledge. We think that he held a very narrow view of the purport of John Robinson's farewell address to the Pilgrims at Delfshaven; but all the same we hope that all members of the Old South Historical Society will let Dr. Dexter be their guide into companionship with John Robinson, of whom his fine last word is this: "Steele said of Lady Hastings that 'to love her was a liberal education;' and, while we do not know William Brewster and William Bradford and John Carver and Samuel Fuller and their associates in the Leyden company, as we wish we knew them, we are yet able to conclude that to teach and love and lead such men into the path of great enterprise could be possible to no small soul. Piety, learning, energy, catholicity and faith in the future, in the first generation of the seventeenth century, would have saved any man from mediocrity. The final judgment of devout scholars must decide that they made John Robinson great."

We think that Dr. Dexter was the first American pilgrim to Scrooby. At any rate his was the earliest visit which has received notice in print. This visit was made in July, 1851, two

years after the appearance in England of Joseph Hunter's famous tract, which identified the meeting place of the Pilgrim church before its removal to Holland as Scrooby, and the Ansterfield which Cotton Mather had written of as Bradford's birthplace as Austerfield, two or three miles from Scrooby. Dr. Dexter described his visit to Scrooby in *The Congregationalist* of August 8, 1851. In January, 1862, he published in the *Congregational Quarterly* an article on "Recent Discoveries Concerning the Plymouth Pilgrims;" and in March, 1867, he contributed to the *Sabbath at Home* magazine a charming illustrated article, "Footprints of the Pilgrims in England," in which he described the Scrooby neighborhood more fully. These old Scrooby papers of the great pioneer ought to be resurrected. We think that we must give them a new life in the pages of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE; as we have similarly reprinted Rufus Choate's graphic and eloquent but almost forgotten oration on "The Romance of New England History," and Horace Bushnell's noble address on "The Age of Homespun," that most tonic and adequate appreciation of the strong and sturdy character of the men and women who lived their lives in the New England country three and four generations back of us and who set their seal upon New England education and religion and morality.

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We have said that it was Rev. Joseph Hunter, the zealous and scholarly English antiquary, who first identified Scrooby as the cradle of the Mayflower church, after the century and a half of ignorance, due to the little typographical mistake, a single wrong letter in Austerfield, in Cotton Mather's life of Bradford. "They were of sundry towns and villages, some in Nottinghamshire, some of Lincolnshire and some of Yorkshire, where they border nearest together," Bradford wrote at the beginning of his history, of the two little separatist congregations in "the North parts." Mr. Hunter showed that it was in the old manor-house at Scrooby that William Brewster lived for the twenty years or more before 1607, and there gathered about him the little church whose fortunes are of such significance to us in New England; and in the parish record of Austerfield he found the entry of the baptism of William Bradford, March 19, 1589. Mr. Hunter's "Founders of New Plymouth" is one of the books which the student of Pilgrim history must always remember. Almost as many books of real value relating to the Pilgrim Fathers have appeared in England in the half century since Mr. Hunter discovered Scrooby as in America. There is no better popular history than "The Pilgrim Fathers of New England," by Rev. John Brown, who lives in Bunyan's Bedford, and who wrote Bunyan's life. It is preëminently the book for those who want something a little fuller and more thorough than Dr. Griffis's and Morton Dexter's books, which we have recommended for the young people; although we feel a little wicked in thus seeming to imply that it is a better book than Leonard Bacon's "Genesis of the New England Churches," on which we were brought up. In loyalty to Dr. Bacon, we will simply say that Dr. Brown's book is a later book, with some elements of freshness to commend it, and that it now lies on the counters of all the book-shops, in an excellent American edition ($1.50). "An admirable and much needed book, scholarly, accurate, temperate and extremely interesting," is what John Fiske wrote of Dr. Brown's book, after he had sat up late at night to finish reading it. Mr. Fiske himself tells the Pilgrim story briefly but admirably in his "Beginnings of New England"; and Bancroft and the other general historians give it its proper place. The account by Palfrey, in the first volume of his History of New England, is pronounced by Franklin Dexter "by

far the best of modern narratives of the complete career of Plymouth Colony." Edwin M. Bacon's "Historic Pilgrimages in New England" is the best guide for pilgrims to Plymouth as well as to the other historic places along the Massachusetts coast; and it may stimulate some to become genuine Plymouth antiquaries and study the "Ancient Landmarks of Plymouth" with William T. Davis.

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Doyle, Masson, Waddington, Gardiner and Green are a few names among many of the scholars among our kin beyond the sea who have helped illuminate for us the Pilgrim history. But the Englishman to whom we are indebted above all others in this latest time is Edward Arber. It is fair to call him the English Dexter, in respect to his painstaking devotion to the Pilgrim Fathers and whatever pertains to their homes and haunts and history and the literature concerning them. His recent work, "The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers, as Told by Themselves, their Friends and their Enemies," is a work of unique value for the Pilgrim student. It tells the Pilgrim story in the words of the actors and the original authorities, passing from one to the other as the exigencies of the story command; but this great body of passages from the original texts is most skilfully mortared together by Mr. Arber's own learned comments into a unified whole, and the mass of information in his introductory chapters and bibliographical notes combines with the rest to make his book a veritable cyclopædia of Pilgrim history. Of this invaluable English work there is also an American edition (Houghton, Mifflin and Company, $2); and the Old South pilgrims who take it up for study will quickly understand why we name it as one of the three books to be specially commended to them, a natural bridge from Dr. Griffis's simple and graphic story to Governor Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation."

Nothing could well be conceived better than Mr. Arber's book to give the student an appetite for original authorities and, as concerns the Pilgrim Fathers, the true place and function of the various authorities. To send the student to such original authorities, to encourage in the student the habit of getting his history at first hand instead of second hand, is a constant and dominant motive in the Old South work; and there is no field of our history where we can keep company with the original authorities more easily, to better purpose, or with greater delight, than in the Pilgrim field.

Mr. Arber is not the only scholar who has brought a large body of selections from the original authorities together in a single volume, and he was not the first to do it. Dr. Alexander Young did it more than half a century ago (1841) in his "Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers." This volume, which has done us such good service, appeared fourteen years before the discovery of the Bradford manuscript at Fulham palace, and the selections given from Bradford were therefore such as had been transcribed by other hands long before the manuscript disappeared; but such transcriptions had been generous and from the important portions of the history. Besides these selections from Bradford's history, Young incorporated in his volume, in whole or in part, Winslow's Journal, his "Good News from New England" and his "Brief Narrative," Mourt's "Relation," Cushman's Discourse of 1621, and Bradford's First Dialogue. Dr. Young did not weld these works together into a consecutive history, as Mr. Arber has done; and we now have better editions of more than one of the works which he included; Bradford's history, too, has since come to light, and the relations of all the old documents have had to be readjusted. But Dr. Young, with the material at his command, gave us a real Pilgrim library; and his pioneering service should never be forgotten.

We held in our hands the other day a copy of the first edition of Robert Browne's treatise on "Reformation Without Tarrying for Any" and his "Life and Manners of All True Christians," published at Middelburg in Holland in 1582, during his exile. The pages were very brown and sometimes hard to decipher; but how eloquent in their age these pages as they first came from the press to spread abroad for the first time in the modern world the great doctrine of independence in religion, the doctrine which landed the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock and by and by inspired Cromwell and Milton and Vane,—the doctrine that wherever two or three are gathered together in purity of doctrine and innocency of life there is all that is necessary to constitute a Christian church, and that wherever men conduct themselves in decency and order the magistrate has nothing to do with their creed! "To rule the commonwealth in all outward justice belongeth to them; but let the church rule in spiritual wise, and not in worldly manner, by a lively law preached, and not by a civil law written. . . . For it is the conscience and not the power of man that will drive us to seek the Lord's kingdom."

It is not necessary for us to read original editions; but it is imperative for us to read original words and feel their vital force. We may read many pages about John Robinson; but it is when we hear the words of his farewell address to the little company at Delfshaven, as Winslow remembered them and wrote them down twenty-five years afterwards, that we truly feel the large-mindedness and prophetic power of the great father of the Pilgrim Fathers.

"We are now ere long to part asunder," —so Winslow's memory of it ran,—"and the Lord knoweth whether ever he should live to see our faces again: but whether the Lord had appointed it or not, he charged us before God and his blessed Angels, to follow him no further than he followed Christ. And if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it, as ever we were to receive any truth by his Ministery: For he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to breake forth out of his holy Word. He took occasion also miserably to bewaile the state and condition of the Reformed churches, who were come to a period in Religion, and would goe no further then the instruments of their Reformation: as for example, the *Lutherans* they could not be drawne to goe beyond what *Luther* saw, for whatever part of Gods will he had further imparted and revealed to *Calvin*, they will rather die than embrace it. And so also, saith he, you see the *Calvinists*, they stick where he left them: A miserv much to bee lamented; For though they were precious shining lights in their times, yet God had not revealed his whole will to them And were they now living, saith hee, they would bee as ready and willing to embrace further light, as that they had received. . . . For, saith he, *It is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick Antichristian darknesse, and that full perfection of knowledge should breake forth at once.*"

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The poets have been true lovers of the Pilgrims, and have paid to them their beautiful tribute. Nowhere save in the words of Bradford and Winslow themselves are we brought closer to the Pilgrim life and spirit than in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish." We think of Lowell and Pierpont and Mrs. Hemans and those strong opening lines of Emerson's "Boston Hymn." There has been published a little volume of "Poems of the Pilgrims," in which are gathered many of the minor commemorative poems. Among the shorter Pilgrim poems there is none more stirring than Dr. Holmes's "Robinson of Leyden," in which the farewell address remembered by Winslow is so eloquently paraphrased:

Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,
While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,
The pastor spake, and thus he said:—

"Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!
God calls you hence from over sea:
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

"Ye go to bear the saving word
To tribes unnamed and shores untrod:
Heed well the lessons ye have heard
From those old teachers taught of God.

"Yet think not unto them was lent
All light for all the coming days,
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent
In making straight the ancient ways;

"The living fountain overflows
For every flock, for every lamb,
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam."

He spake; with lingering, long embrace,
With tears of love and partings fond,
They floated down the creeping Maas,
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
The "Hook of Holland's" shelf of sand,
And grated soon with lifting keel
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these!—too well they knew
The mitred king behind the throne;
The sails were set, the pennons flew,
And westward ho! for worlds unknown.

And these were they who gave us birth,
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,
Who won for us this virgin earth,
And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine,—
In alien earth the exiles lie,—
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,
His words our noblest battle cry!

Still cry them, and the world shall hear,
Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea!
Ye *have* not built by Haerlem Meer,
Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee!

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The great book for the Pilgrim student ever, his real bible, is Bradford. Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation" may properly be called—more strictly when put together with Winthrop's history—our New England Old Testament. It is the Genesis, Exodus, Joshua and Judges of the Plymouth settlement. It is singularly fortunate and notable that the two great governors of the two Massachusetts colonies, the men who did the most and knew the most about the settlements, should have become the historians of the colonies, and that both histories should be works of such rare accuracy, impartiality and excellence. It is an interesting fact that the third volume of Winthrop's history, long lost, was finally found in the tower of the Old South Meeting-house, where, like Bradford's history, it had been kept in Prince's New England Library. Among the many historic associations of the Old South Meeting-house, none will be remembered with so much interest by the young people of the Old South Historical Society and their friends on the day of their Plymouth pilgrimage as the association of the Bradford manuscript with the Old South steeple-chamber, from which it disappeared at the outbreak of the Revolution for its mysterious absence of eighty years. It is not necessary here to tell the romantic story of the manuscript; for it was told again and again two years ago when, through the efforts of Senator Hoar, the manuscript came back from England to Massachusetts and, after the impressive celebration at the State House, found its final resting place in the State Library. There in the strong glass case on the strong steel safe in which it rests safely at night, it lies through the days, where it may be seen by every eye, open at the page where in Bradford's strong, clear hand is transcribed the compact signed on board the *Mayflower*, while she yet lay in Provincetown harbor. Surely there is no other volume in America so sacred as this. The young people who go to Plymouth on the June Saturday will not consider their pilgrimage complete until they also look, if they have not already looked, upon this old Plymouth bible.

"I do not think many Americans will gaze upon it," said Senator Hoar on the memorable day when it was delivered into the hands of the Commonwealth, "without a little trembling of the lips and a little gathering of mist in the eyes, as they think of the story of suffering, of sorrow, of peril, of exile, of death and of lofty triumph which that book tells,—which the hand of the great leader and founder of America has traced on those pages. There is nothing like it in human annals since the story of Bethlehem. These English-

men and English women going out from their homes in beautiful Lincoln and York, wife separated from husband and mother from child in that hurried embarkation for Holland, pursued to the beach by English horsemen; the thirteen years of exile; the life at Amsterdam 'in alley foul and lane obscure;' the dwelling at Leyden; the embarkation at Delfthaven; the farewell of Robinson; the terrible voyage across the Atlantic; the compact in the harbor; the landing on the rock; the dreadful first winter; the death roll of more than half the number; the days of suffering and of famine; the wakeful night, listening for the yell of wild beast and the war-whoop of the savage; the building of the state on those sure foundations which no wave or tempest has ever shaken; the breaking of the new light; the dawning of the new day; the beginning of the new life; the enjoyment of peace with liberty,—of all these things this is the original record by the hand of our beloved father and founder. Massachusetts will preserve it until the time shall come that her children are unworthy of it; and that time shall come—never."

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The state of Massachusetts, upon the return of Bradford's history, had a large, beautiful edition of the work—an earlier edition had been published by the Massachusetts Historical Society immediately after the discovery of the manuscript at Fulham—prepared for the use of her citizens, with a proper introduction and a full account of the proceedings accompanying the delivery of the manuscript, including the addresses of Senator Hoar, Ambassador Bayard and Governor Wolcott; and for one dollar, the mere cost of printing, any Massachusetts citizen—and every Old South student is that—may receive the volume at the office of the Secretary of State. Never surely was a cheaper volume; and there is none which deserves a more honorable place in every Massachusetts home.

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The young pilgrims who sail into Plymouth harbor this summer will be glad to see Bradford's account of how the first company from the *Mayflower* came into the harbor and first landed at Plymouth. It was on the sixth of December that the *Mayflower,* lying in Cape Cod bay, sent out eighteen men in the shallop—Bradford himself and Carver and Winslow and Standish among them—to explore the coast and determine where to land and settle. Late on the eighth, guided by their pilot,—"one Mr. Coppin, who had been in the country before," and assured them that it was a good harbor,—they forced their way, through a terrible storm which nearly wrecked them, into Plymouth harbor. Bradford's story continues:

"Though it was *very darke,* and rained sore, yet in ye end they gott under ye lee of a smalle iland, and remained ther all yt night in saftie. But they knew not this to be an iland till morning, but were devided in their minds; some would keepe ye boate for fear they might be amongst ye Indians; others were so weake and could, they could not endure, but got a shore, & with much adoe got fire, (all things being so wett,) and ye rest were glad to come to them; for after midnight ye wind shifted to the north-west, & it frose hard. But though this had been a day & night of much trouble & danger unto them, yet God gave them a *morning* of comforte & refreshing (as usually he doth to his children), for ye next day was a faire sunshinig day, and they found them sellvs to be on an iland [Clark's Island] secure from ye Indeans, wher they might drie their stufe, fixe their peeces, & rest them selves, and gave God thanks for his mercies, in their manifould deliverances. And this being the *last day of ye weeke* [Saturday, December 9], they prepared ther to keep ye *Sabath* [Sunday, December 10]. On Munday they sounded ye harbor, and founde it fitt for shipping; and marched into ye land [December 11, celebrated as the day of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It corresponds to December 21, new style] & found diverse cornfeilds, & litle runing brooks, a place (as they supposed) fitt for situation; at least it was ye best they could find, and ye season, & their presente necessitie, made them glad to accepte of it. So they returned to their shipp againe with this news to ye rest of their people, which did much comforte their harts. On ye 15. of *Desemr:* they wayed anchor to goe to ye place they had discovered, & came within 2. leagues of it, but were faine to bear up againe; but ye 16. *day* ye winde came faire, and they arrived safe in this harbor. And after wards tooke better view of ye place, and resolved wher to pitch their dwelling; and

ye 25. *day* begane to erecte ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods."

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There are two Bradford leaflets among the Old South leaflets (Nos. 48 and 49 of the series), one being the memoir of Elder Brewster, from Bradford's history, and the other Bradford's First Dialogue, "a conference between some young men born in New England and sundry ancient men that came out of Holland and Old England," telling the story of the beginning of the Pilgrim movement and giving fuller accounts than we have elsewhere of many of the first English Independents. All the young pilgrims should procure these leaflets at the Old South; and in the notes they will find accounts of Bradford's other writings, including his very poor but very interesting and valuable poems.

If Bradford was a poor poet, he was an excellent historian, and this not only with respect to his invaluable contributions of fact, but in point of literary strength and charm. There is a simplicity, a sincerity, a sturdiness and a directness in his pages which remind us of Bunyan and of the writer of Deuteronomy. In not a few passages there is a naïve pathos which is hardly short of Homeric. Such a passage is that in which, when the *Mayflower* has cast anchor in Cape Cod Bay in the dead of winter, the writer pauses to reflect upon the fortunes of the little company, upon what lay behind and what lay before:

"Hear I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poore peoples presente condition: and so I thinke will the reader too, when he well considers ye same. Being thus passed ye vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation . . . , they had now no friends to wellcome them, nor inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to repaire too, to seeke for succoure. It is recorded in scripture as a mercie to ye apostle & his shipwraeked company, yt the barbarians shewed them no smal kindnes in refreshing them, but these savage barbarians, when they mette with them (as often will appeare) were readier to fill their sids full of arrows then otherwise. And for ye season it was winter, and they that know ye winters of yt cuntrie know them to be sharp & violent, & subjecte to cruell & feirce stormes, deangerous to travill to known places, much more to serch an unknown coast. Besids, what could they see but a hidious & desolate wildernes, full of wild beasts and willd men? and what multituds ther might be of them they knew not. Nether could they, as it were, goe up to ye tope of Pisgah, to vew from this wilderness a more goodly cuntrie to feed their hops; for which way soever they turnd their eys (save upward to ye heavens) they could have litle solace or content in respecte of anv outward objects. For sumer being done, all things stand upon them with a wetherbeaten face; and ye whole countrie, full of woods & thickets, represented a wild & savage heiw. If they looked behind them, ther was ye mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a maine barr & goulfe to seperate them from all ye civill parts of ye world. . . . Let it also be considered what weake hopes of supply & succoure they left behinde them, yt might bear up their minds in this sade condition and trialls they were under. . . . It is true, indeed, ye affections & love of their brethren at Leyden was cordiall & entire towards them, but they had little power to help them or themselves. . . . What could now sustaine them but ye spirite of God & his grace? May not & ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: Our faithers were Englishmen, which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness."

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Such was the prospect at the beginning of the fateful winter, before the Pilgrims landed, while the *Mayflower* lay in Cape Cod Bay. The picture of the morning when, at the end of that winter of death, when half their number lay in their graves in the wheatfield, the *Mayflower* sailed away, is painted for us best by Longfellow in the beautiful fifth canto of "The Courtship of Miles Standish":

Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the Mayflower.

Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
* * * * *
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the seashore
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

We see it all through the eyes of John Alden, who

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the seashore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,—the corner stone of a nation!

Through John Alden's eyes we see the bustling master on the sands, saying his few last words and shoving off in his boat to the vessel.

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O, strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!
* * * * *
Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.

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* *

Since Luther, standing alone in the diet at Worms, in the face of a hostile Empire and a hostile Church, defying both, exclaimed, "Here I stand!" there has been no such heroic scene on earth as that of this little band of Pilgrims there on the Plymouth shore watching the *Mayflower* sail away,—half of their number in their graves, but all the living vowing solemnly together, "Here we stay!"

Because they stayed, the Old South pilgrims on the summer day will look upon a different Plymouth from that which Bradford saw and pictured in that bleak December. Because they stayed, there stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific a great republic, whose sons and daughters look reverently on Plymouth Rock as its sacred corner stone. Because they stayed, the poet truly wrote: "Next to the fugitives whom Moses led out of Egypt, the little shipload of outcasts who landed at Plymouth two centuries and a half ago are destined to influence the future of the world."



RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE

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HIRAM POWERS.

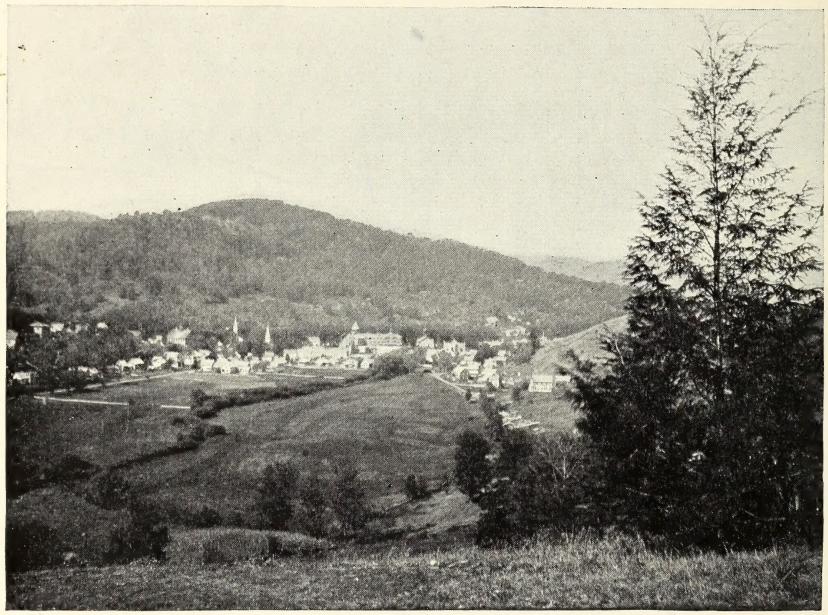
By Henry Boynton.

HIRAM POWERS was a child of nature in the fullest sense of the term. She sent him no endowments through others, but dealt with him at first hand and made her gifts direct and personal. In what he did and in what he was, he stood for himself alone, and represented no other man. That he was nature's legitimate son, he proved by making ample room for himself in a profession where it had almost come to be claimed that all available space had been occupied for centuries. That he understood the secrets of nature he showed by successfully doing his work in his own way, contrary to the long established methods of his profession. Following such crosscuts as were opened to him by intuition, he wrought results which were a revelation not less to the artistic than to the non-artistic world.

Among those who have made themselves famous in any line of art, none have ever had greater obstacles to overcome than did he. In making him a genius, nature seems to have forgotten that there are things needful for the body. He first opened his eyes in the woods; around him he saw rude dwellings, half cleared fields clothed with bowlders and fire-charred stumps, and beyond these the primitive forests thick and dark, where still many wild beasts prowled. No sight or sound, not even a guide-post at the crossroads, taught him that anything in the world whereinto he had come, could have any other than a material use.

His experiences during his early years were those of the average boy within the narrow limitations of a farm but partially reclaimed from the wilderness. All he ever knew of the inspirations of a home of wealth and culture, or the uplifting influences of a college life, he had in his dreams. No competent teacher ever watched the unfoldings of his mind, or showed him the way to the sources of knowledge. Yet of all that group of wonderful men, so plentifully born in this country during the first decade of the century, there was no one, unless it was Abraham Lincoln, who made so wide a contrast between the surroundings of his birth and his death as did Hiram Powers.

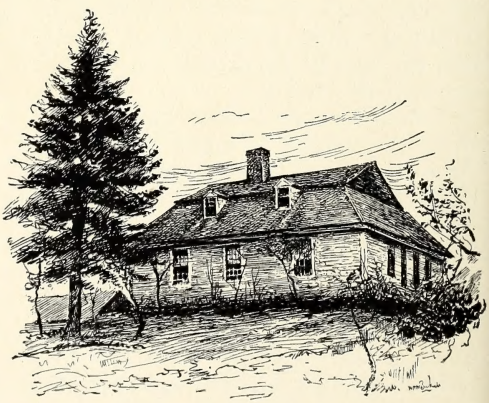
When he was only a lad his family left the hillside farm in Woodstock, Vermont; and at the end of a year the boy found himself in Cincinnati, Ohio, which at that time was a frontier town. Here Hiram did whatever he could find to do whereby he could earn his daily bread. He swept the floors of a tavern, kept a reading room in order, worked in a store, collected



THE VILLAGE OF WOODSTOCK, VERMONT.

bills, and in these and other engagements he came into touch with a wide variety of men who were crowding into that young and bustling city. Business was taking a rapid and wide-spreading growth; and the rushing, pushing activities of this fast growing city were well calculated to rouse the energies of even a dormant mind. Thrown suddenly into this wild, heterogeneous mass of humanity, young Powers soon developed a quick insight into men, and an instinctive knowledge of their affairs. What others gained only by long experience and patient study seemed already familiar to this open-eyed young man. He was never an idler. His attitude was that of alert expectancy, of watching for something which in his deep soul he felt would in some way, at last, come to him.

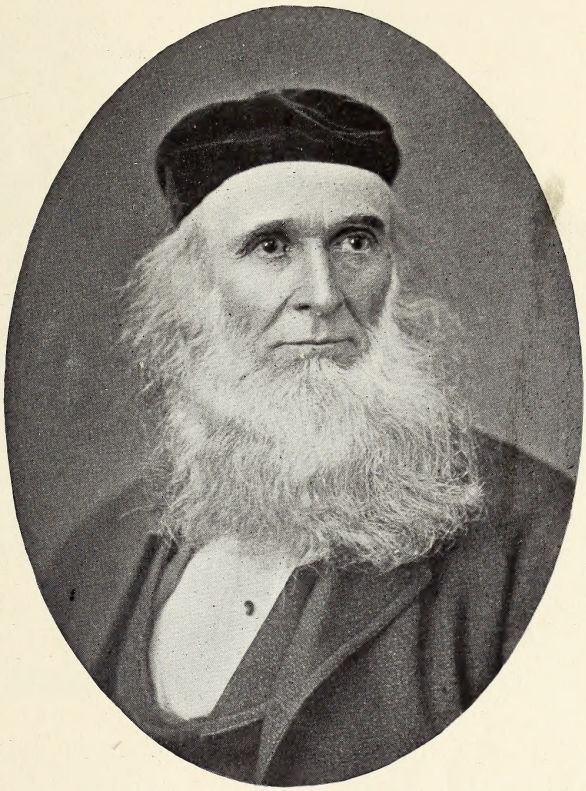
Meantime he lost no opportunity whereby he could widen his experience in business affairs, or his acquaintance with men. It seemed to be by accident that he found out what was in himself. When in the employ of a clock-maker, he discovered his inventive faculty; for it was but pastime to him, while repairing or regulating the old wooden timepiece, to add some simple improvement by which the clock was rendered more valuable than when first made. This



BIRTHPLACE OF HIRAM POWERS.

inventive vein of his genius showed itself in many ways during his life, so that those who knew him best said that, had he not discovered that he was born to be an artist, he could have been one of the world's great inventors.

He soon threw up the clock business, and we next find him in the employ of the keeper of a dime museum, where he was set to repair some broken wax images. Hereby came in another of the singular accidents of his life; for he not only mended the broken images, but soon produced some original forms, much more artistic in design and more finely finished than the broken ones had ever been.



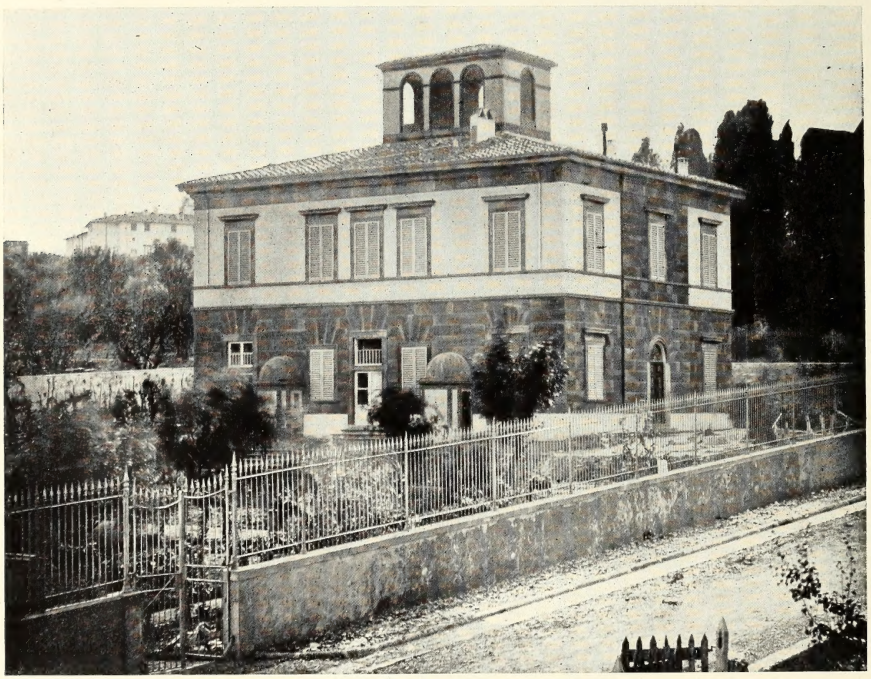
HIRAM POWERS.

It was at this time that Thomas Adolphus Trollope was travelling in this country, and spent some time in Cincinnati. Seeing this quiet yet ever busy, bright-eyed young man flitting in and out of the tavern, he sought his acquaintance. What Trollope thought of young Powers at that time will be best understood if his own words concerning him are given. He wrote in his journal thus: "This young man's face is calm, but intelligent. His eyes are large, clear and luminous, expressive of deep thought, rather than passion. In manner he is exceedingly simple and innocent, but dignified and straightforward." After many days of such companionship as he could cultivate with the timid young man, Trollope again wrote: "I find young Powers a man who knows a whole world of things of which I know nothing, though I have spent ten years in trying to learn such things as have been deemed most important for an Englishman to know. He is unlike any other man I have ever seen. To me he is a new Adam." Thus early Trollope discovered in young Powers the source of that charm which so many of the brightest minds in America and England found waiting for them during those happy years he spent in Florence,—a charm which made such men as Hawthorne, Edward Everett, Bayard Taylor and the Brownings love to linger in his company.

Powers soon became quite famous as a maker of wax images, and was gathering many loyal and ardent friends about him, when another accident befell him. He chanced one day, when he was twenty-five years old, to stray into the studio of a German sculptor, and there, for the first time in his life, saw a piece of sculptured

marble—Canova's bust of Washington. Still and dumb, he stood before that calm, marble face, heeding neither the clink of the workman's hammer, nor the hustling footsteps that came and went past him—conscious only that he had found what his soul had been waiting and longing for. He had come unto his own, and his own knew him. The joy of that meeting was past utterance. In that one moment he lived a thousand years. Through that piece of sculptured marble, as through a lens, he caught a glimpse of the Eden from which he had strayed. The lost child had found its mother. Thereafter the two were never parted.

From that hour he thought no more of old clocks and wax images. From the work of amusing a dime museum audience, he turned to a career in which he was destined to achieve permanent fame, and receive the admiration of two continents. He at once went to work as a pupil of the German sculptor, Eckstein; and the suddenness with which his genius flashed out was almost meteoric. In a short time he was producing busts which were as much a surprise to himself as to his friends who gathered about him to watch the products of his chisel. Till that time sculptors had been in the habit of taking a plaster cast of the head and face of their subject and from this forming a model in plaster from which to work. All these preliminary details, till then regarded indispensable, Powers disregarded, and modelled his bust directly from a visual study of his subject. In short, he worked as a portrait painter works.



THE POWERS VILLA AT FLORENCE.

It was quickly seen that by this method his busts came out with a natural fulness of the cheeks, lips and general features not attainable in those made after the old methods, when the compression of the plaster robbed the face of much of its fulness and natural expression.



A FAMILY GROUP IN THE GARDEN OF THE OLD CONVENT.

The unfinished statue of Franklin is seen at the left.

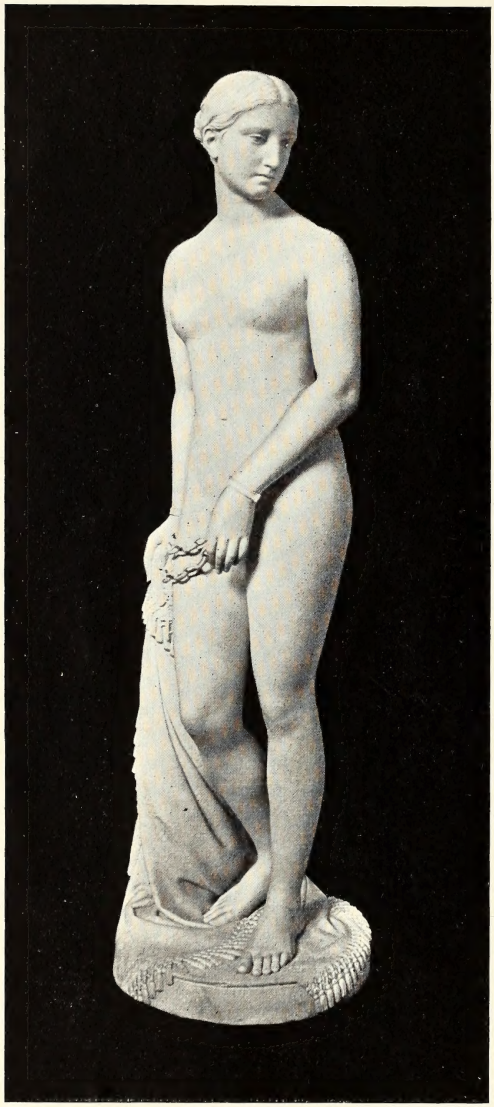
This done, he made another departure from the old methods. Before his time all sculptors had used rule and compasses about their work. Powers threw away both and depended entirely upon the accuracy of his eye. What was true of his eye was also true of his fingers. They were simply extended processes of his brain. They could think as well as work. The delicacy and accuracy with which they could execute his ideas proved that with him central thought and terminal execution were but different parts of the same function.

The results of his methods were that his portrait busts presented not only accurate physical likenesses, but at the same time no less perfect mental portraitures of his subjects. His success soon called about him many warm friends, among whom was Mr. Nicholas Longworth, who proved himself not only a friend but a benefactor; for by his aid Powers was enabled to go to Washington, where he could find better opportunities for study and to show the more noted men of the country what he could do.

So it came about that Powers at the age of thirty-three found himself in the capital, and among a people between whom and those he had recently left the contrast was quite as great as



MR. AND MRS. POWERS IN THEIR FLORENCE HOME.



THE GREEK SLAVE.*

between those of the fast-growing city of the West and the neighbors of his boyhood home. This was the second great step in his career.

He had now a wife to care for, and the way to earn a living in Washington with his chisel alone seemed dark and dubious. But his courage was equal to his genius, and a way was soon opened for him to meet President Jackson, who at once gave him an order for a portrait bust. This was followed by orders from other prominent statesmen, among them John Quincy Adams, and soon he had more orders on his hands than he could execute. The character of the work he turned out was, in the opinion of the best judges, fully equal to any that had been sent to this country

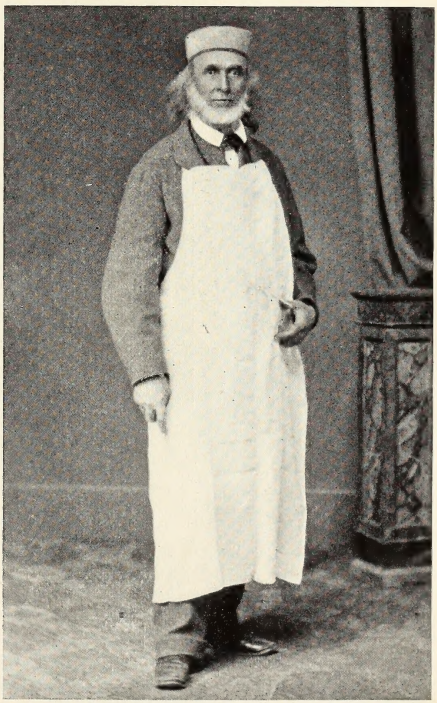
* From the replica in the Corcoran gallery at Washington, where also may be seen the busts Genevra and Proserpine.

from Europe. Such success naturally led to the wish among his friends that this promising genius could have the opportunity to perfect himself by study and experience in Italy, and thus show Europe and the world a specimen of the artistic fruit the American soil was destined to bring forth. In this emergency, his old and well-tried friend from Cincinnati came to the front and, with another friend, Mr. William C. Preston of South Carolina, placed in his hands the means to go to Europe. How well these two men were remembered may be judged by the fact that the two living sons of the great artist, both taught by their father, each holding a sculptor's chisel in his hand at the present time in Florence, bear, respectively, the names of these early benefactors of their father.

So it came to pass that at the age of thirty-five Powers found himself settled in Florence. This was the great crisis of his life. Without any special study, hardly knowing the alphabet of the art he had chosen, he entered upon the practice of one of the most difficult of all arts, that of representing in marble the thoughts and emotions of the human soul.

It is difficult for the imagination to picture his condition as he took up his residence in that ancient home of art. At this time he was a man young in experience, for whom schools had done nothing, and who, save during the two previous years, had spent all his time since boyhood in a frontier town in the West; and here he was, alone, unknown and poor, not knowing a word of the language of the country, in this city made famous by its artists of world-wide renown, with the expectation of making a living by the use of a sculptor's chisel. Could a condition be conceived offering less ground for any expectation, or even hope, of success?

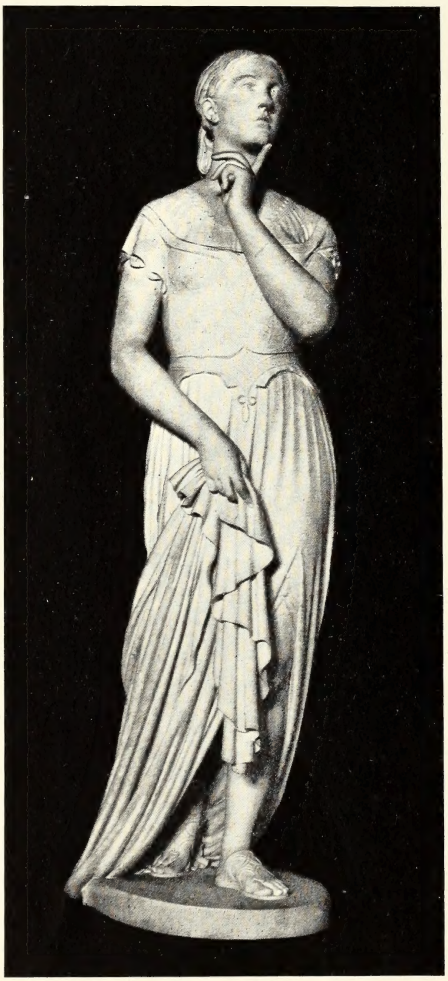
But he belonged to that class of men who do not yield to, but who make, circumstances. Securing two rooms in the basement of an old convent, one for a living room and one for a workshop, he here went to work to fill a few orders he had taken with him from Washington. Thus far he had tried his hand at nothing but portrait busts, and in this line of work he was first to show Italian artists what he could do. When his first piece was finished and ready for inspection, such of the comrades of his craft as had made his acquaintance came and looked at what "the man from America" had to show them, said nothing, and went away. They saw portrait busts which meant something more than marble heads, having more or less resemblance to certain living human heads; in the busts which this new man had wrought, they saw also a clear delineation of a man's mental and spiritual qualities. With a frankness worthy of all praise, these old Florentine artists confessed that a new genius had come among them, and that in him



MR. POWERS IN HIS STUDIO DRESS.

they not only found a master, but a fountain of original inspiration.

As the first question with Powers at this time was his daily bread, he did first that which would best give him that, and so stuck to bust making. Following out the plan he originated in Cincinnati, leaving out the plaster cast and model, he could execute this class of work with great rapidity. Of these busts he made more than a hundred and fifty, and they were mostly of distinguished persons. Such was his success with his busts that the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, said, "The art of portraiture in marble can go no further."



IL PENSEROSO.*

As soon as Powers could spare any time from what must be given to work for immediate pay, he began his first piece of statue making, choosing for his subject, "Eve before the Fall." The statue represents Eve at the moment she has taken the apple in her hand and with half-bent head is looking at the forbidden fruit. The wily serpent, dependent from a near-by bough, has just finished speaking to her, and as on a sunset cloud you can see the bright tints fade gradually away, giving place to a dull leaden hue, so the look of innocence in this woman's face can be seen slowly giving place to doubt and questioning regarding the meaning of the strange words which had been addressed to her, and following this an almost defiant sullenness spreading over the face as she determines to taste the apple and thus prove the truth or falsity of the serpent's words.

When this piece of work was finished it attracted much more attention and roused far more enthusiasm than did his portrait busts. And here again the old white-haired Dane comes in to tell the world what this man had done who had come to them from over the sea. The first time Thorwaldsen called at the studio after the work had been put on exhibition, Powers invited him to examine it, and at the same time modestly remarked, "This is my first full-length statue."

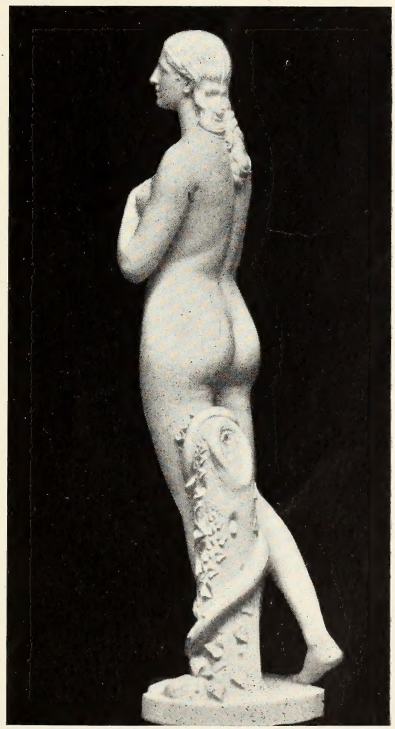
"Your first!" replied the old Dane. "Any sculptor might be proud to have it for his last";—and then he went away and told his friends that a new Michael Angelo had come among them in the person of that young American.

*Now in the Lenox Library, New York.

After this there were more demands for his services than he could answer; and as prosperity came to him, he moved away from the old convent where his early struggles began and took a villa in one of the most delightful parts of Florence. Soon the great tide of American and English travel began to flow through his studio; and that tide never slackened till the wonderful man whose strange and strong personality had drawn it thitherwards was laid in his grave.

About this time the sympathies of America and Europe were aroused by the sufferings of the Greeks in their struggles to rid themselves of the rule of the cruel Turks. Their condition drew Lord Byron from England and Dr. Howe from Boston, besides scores of other heroic natures from other lands. The condition of the brave Greeks was much discussed by the visitors at the studio of Powers, whose temperament would have easily drawn him to join the army of volunteers then gathering in that old heroic land, had not the demands of a large family kept him at home. Perhaps it was well for his fame and for the good of his profession that this was so; for out of his musings upon the misfortunes of the people in that land of ancient art was born his next and greatest ideal work, the "Greek Slave."

As Minerva, full armed from the head of Jupiter, and as Aphrodite from the sea, so sprang the "Greek Slave" from the brain of Hiram Powers. After long and careful thought he determined to produce a work which should show the triumph of the spiritual over the corporeal nature, even with the greatest odds against it. For this purpose he chose as his subject a slave girl standing in the open market, to be sold to a chance buyer. Could any undertaking be more hazardous? But his mind once fixed, there was to him no consciousness of any limitations to his powers, and he entered at once upon the work of expressing in marble what he himself realized that slave girl must have experienced while exposed to the gaze of a brutal crowd. In approaching this statue one involuntarily checks his steps as if he had come suddenly into the presence of a living divinity. Men gaze at it in awe; women, in tears. The observer must wait till the feeling of awe subsides, before he can take in the spiritual elements which go to make up the divine harmony of this wonderful figure. The girl is disrobed, so far as material vestments go, but clad in a garment of spotless purity, which strikes instant blindness to every profane or vulgar eye. In her averted face the consciousness of her cruel bondage cannot obscure the innocence of childhood. A sublime resignation, the memory of what she has lost and the certainty of the fate that awaits her, shine through every lineament of her face, and reveal a spirit within which no tyranny can ever subjugate or



EVE.

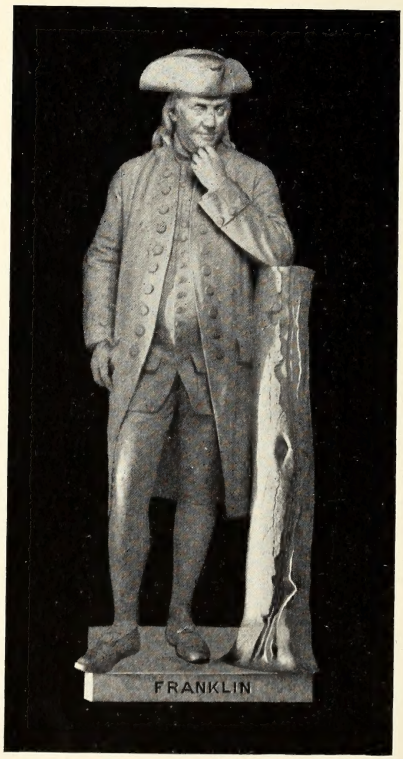


THE STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE STATE HOUSE GROUNDS, BOSTON.

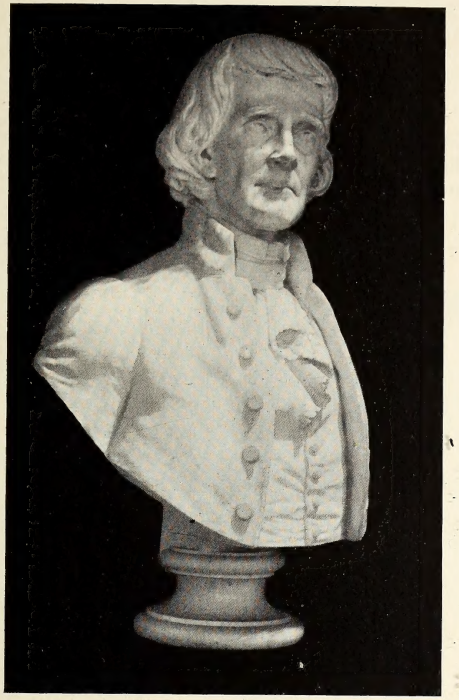
chains ever bind. The skill of the artist has revealed to us the traces of her bereavements, her trials and her fears; but it has crowned her with the glory of perfect womanhood and she stands before us, "immortal in her beauty, and in her sorrow divine."

This creation of Powers made its appearance at a most fortunate time, and won for him immediate fame. He had uttered in stone the unexpressed sympathies of all English speaking people. Naturally the people of this country clamored loudly for a look at this wonderful piece of work wrought by their countryman. The first reproduction was purchased by Lord Derby of England. When he learned how loudly the people of America were calling for it, he gave it back to Powers, that he might send it home, while he waited for another. It was brought here and exhibited in all the principal cities and many of the smaller places throughout the land, and soon became better known than almost any other statue in the world. Powers made eight reproductions of this statue, and one of them may be seen to-day in the Corcoran gallery at Washington. The plaster cast taken from the original model is still to be seen in the old studio at Florence.

Powers's fame, though securely established, brought him no rest. For creative activity there is no rest, either in the realm of art or thought; and Powers went immediately to work upon another ideal statue, "The Fisher Boy." This represents a lad holding a seashell to his ear after the manner of the Grecian tradition that in the seashell one can hear the roar of the coming storm while yet a great way off. This was a very perfect piece of work, and has always had a host of admirers. The unquestioning child-faith, seen in the attitude and in every line of the face, is such as to



THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

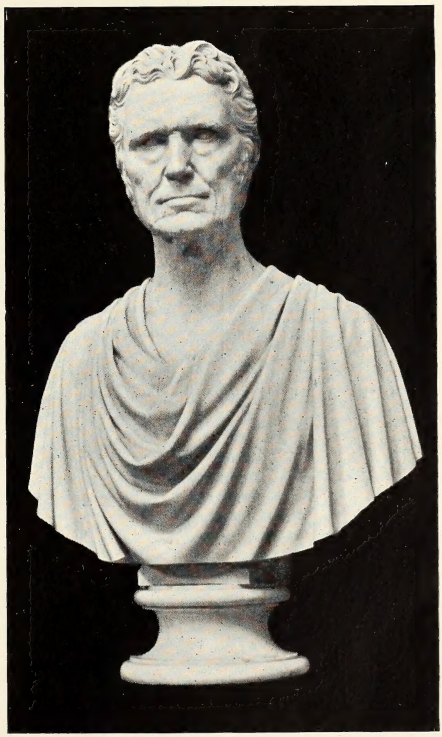
capture the sympathy of the beholder at once. The whole figure expresses the deep mystery of life, and as we watch the boy, we soon find ourselves listening for the far-off murmurings of that shoreless ocean out of which all existence came.

Powers was a great lover of Milton's "Il Penseroso;" and the lines,

"Come pensive nun devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure,"

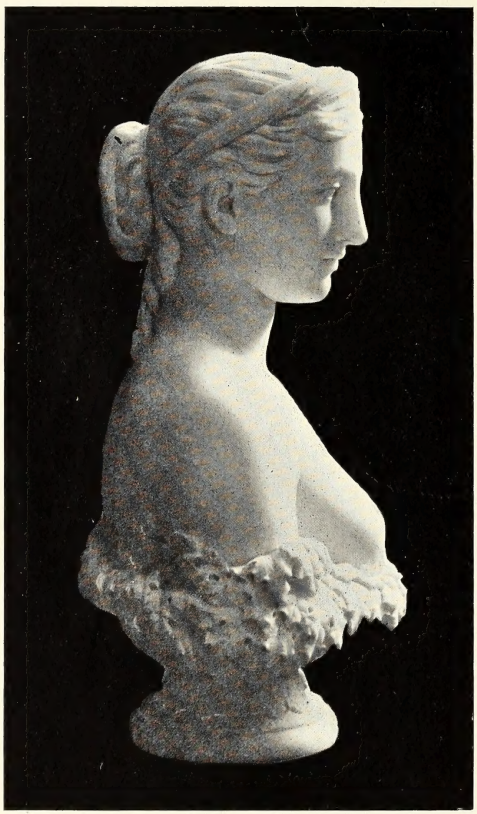
suggested to him another ideal work, which made its appearance soon after "The Fisher Boy." This statue, "Il Penseroso," was so perfect in all subtile graces and beauties that one admirer called it "a creation so ethereal, that there seemed hardly enough earthly sediment mixed into it to hold it down to earth." A singular fact about this work has been noticed by several students who have given it careful study, namely, that while you stand gazing upon it, the statue seems to be coming towards you. The impression is a singular witness to the vitality and spiritual power of the work.

Successful in everything he touched, it was in his portrait busts, where he achieved his first success, that his power was seen notably to the end. Here his broad understanding, his perfect knowledge of the subtile ways of human thought and the never resting sea of human passion, found full play. A bust by Powers is prized today like a portrait by Van Dyke or Titian. Whenever he undertook a new bust he studied his subject till he became wholly absorbed by it, and could for the time think and feel like the man himself. The bust of Daniel Webster is in its way the equal of the "Greek Slave." Powers studied Webster's face as Church studied Niagara. His vast forehead, his overhanging brows, his massive features, the strong lines about his mouth, were each subjects of long and patient study; and when



CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

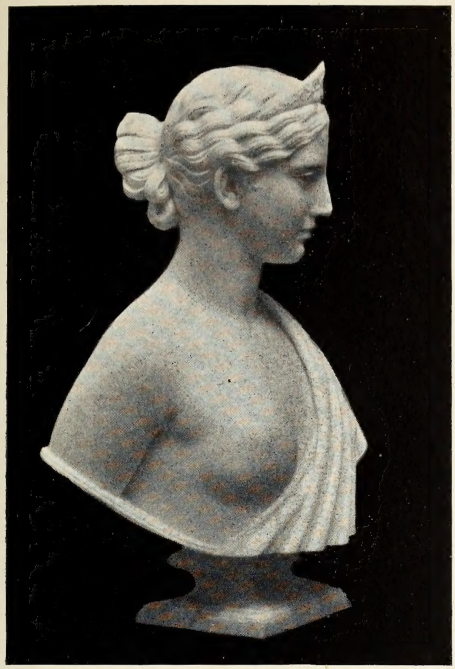
he had become fully possessed by his great subject he thought as Webster himself thought, and then the head and features of the grand man simply flowed out through his fingers and took form in marble. This bust by Powers and the "Niagara" by Church, each in its own distinctive sphere, marked an epoch. In looking at one, the beholder hears the awful cataract roar; as he gazes at the other, he sees the great man think. Powers caught Webster in his best mood, when blended thought and feeling threw about him an air of soft refinement. We see the deep mental recesses of the great statesman, made the more impressive by the lighter touches of his love of home and kindred. No wonder the old Dane said of the work: "No similar piece of work in ancient or modern times excels this." No less wonderful was the bust of John C. Calhoun. With the most conscientious exactness he portrayed what he saw in this distinguished man. Not realizing that his insight went far beyond common men's vision, he disclosed traits in Calhoun whose existence even his companions had never suspected till they were revealed by the chisel of Powers. In the light that history now throws on that famous bust even the common observer can see the whole Civil War slumbering in that piece of marble.



PROSERPINE.

The same keen perception is seen in his statues. His statue of Franklin might be not inaptly called "Philosophic Thought." In that of Jefferson, how clearly Jefferson's alertness and his confidence in the ultimate triumph of his principles shine through the whole figure! How luminous is the statue of Calhoun, with his subtile mind and character made so evident!

We are accustomed to call such a man as Powers a genius. A genius he was beyond doubt; and like every truly great genius, he never threw any mystery about himself. He was simplicity itself in all his ways, as open as the day. Yet few comprehended him. In his art and in his life he was a law unto himself. In the former he consulted neither authorities nor precedents; in the latter he always spoke and acted from the promptings of a heart which never knew guile. As his art world was his own, so was his world of thought. In the one or the other his insight quickly opened a way for him to the heart of men and things. Like his art, his personality would fit all times, all places and all men. Neither was the product of the hour, nor was either ever put on parade. He always retained a child-

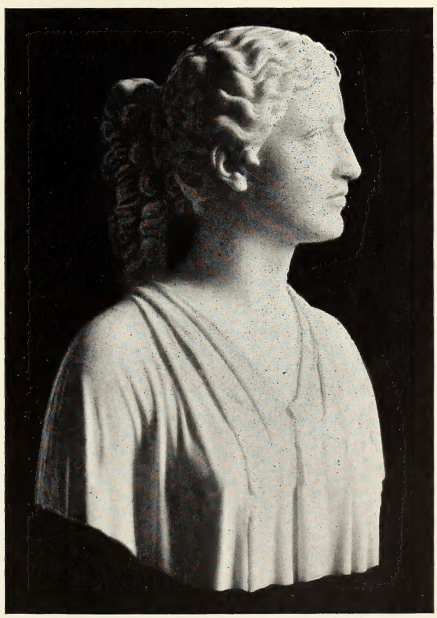


AMERICA.

like simplicity and directness, and delighted in the common things of common lives. He was satisfied to take human nature as he found it. To him it always wore a freshness of bloom, and was full of novelty and charm. Like all great artists he worshipped the beauty seen only in the perfect human form, not with a sensuous, pagan worship, but with an ideal homage, where the soul goes out in adoration to that which lives and breathes and gladdens the world and which can never know decay or death. Hawthorne said that if Powers could have taken the Venus di Medici and given it such a head as he alone could give it, the world would have had one perfect statue.

He could never be induced to do a piece of inferior work. No amount of money could hire him to work against time. What he did must bear the approval, not only of his judgment as an artist, but of his conscience as a man. The velvet-like finish which he gave his works was not only in itself all that the eye could demand, but was suggestive of much that lies beyond the reach of our perceptions—something which lures us on to a realm where all that is good and great live in forms of perfect beauty.

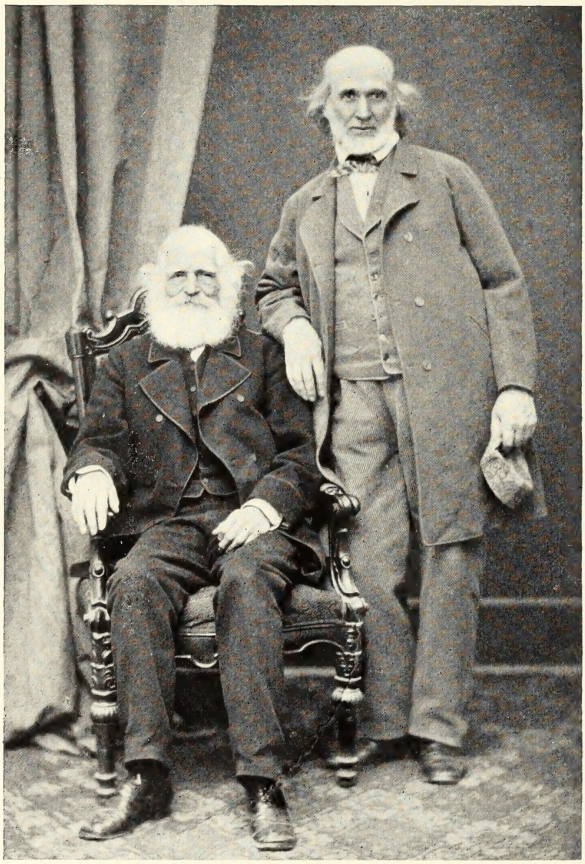
When Hawthorne first met Powers in Florence, he wrote thus in his "Italian Notes" concerning him: "He is a plain personage, with manners marked by strong simplicity and warm kindness. He has an impending brow and large eyes which kindle as he talks. I accept him at once as an honest, trustworthy man, and I shall not vary from this judgment." After having given such an analysis of the man and his works as he alone could give, he again writes: "But the artistic is not the only side to Powers, and I think not the principal one. He could easily have been a great engineer or a great mechanician." But none can understand in what esteem this unschooled man was held by the great romancer till they read the "Marble Faun" and remember that the long conversations the sculptor Kenyon held with Miriam in his stu-



GENEVRA.

dio at Rome are only repetitions of the talks Hawthorne had with Powers at Florence.

But like many another this man of genius must needs pass through the vestibule of sorrow before he could enter the temple of fame and take a seat among those reserved for the great immortals. During President Pierce's administration, Congress made an appropriation of $25,000 for a work to be executed by Powers and placed in the Capitol at Washington. With this he was naturally well pleased; for though he had never returned after he settled in Florence, he was to the end of his days a true and loyal American. The idea that his native country had not forgotten her long self-exiled son, but, mindful of the honor he had reflected on her name, desired some work of his genius to adorn the dome of the new Capitol, fired his soul with the enthusiasm of youth. He saw in this invitation the opportunity for him to realize the dream of all his artist's life,—to give the best fruit of all his eventful years to the land which gave him birth. An heroic female figure, resting squarely on one foot, while the other, slightly advanced, is set firmly upon a broken fetter, the right hand resting on a bundle of fasces, the left upraised, with one finger pointing to the sky, the face slightly upturned as if looking for light, and the head circled with laurel, from out whose



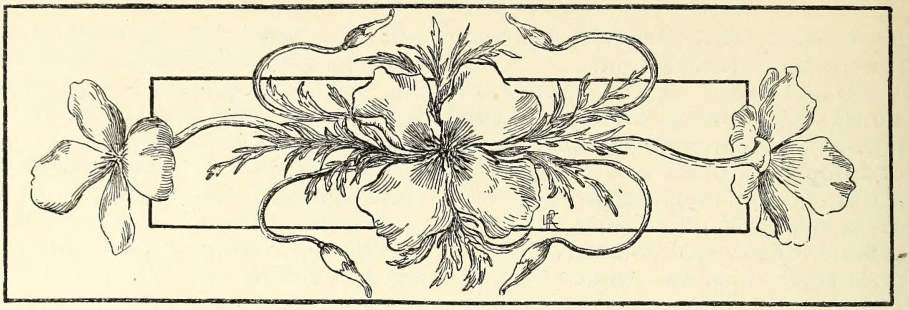
HIRAM POWERS AND WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

leaves shine thirteen stars,—such was the work he wrought out.

No entreaties of the friends of Powers could induce the Persident to take any measures to have the wishes of Congress carried out, though the act of appropriation made it his duty so to do. He never even wrote to Powers regarding the matter, and the great-souled man was obliged to swallow his bitter disappointment. It was thought by some at the time that the broken fetter under the foot of the proud statue was a little too much for a sensitive proslavery President. And so we now see on the dome of the Capitol a commonplace warlike figure, whose meaningless insignificance is intensified, if possible, by the place it occupies, instead of the noble work of America's greatest sculptor, full of eloquence and prophecy, looking down from that magnificent dome upon the teeming millions of our great land, where not a single fettered slave can now be seen. In spite of this blasting of his dearest hopes the strong man went steadily on and produced a great amount of work of the very highest order. He did not become an echo of his former self, nor dwindle into an imitator. He was still Lear, though out on the moor and under the pelting storm. Among other productions of these years there is now in the Corcoran gallery a very exquisite work, the head of a most exuberant type of womanhood rising out of a bed of acanthus leaves. This gained many admirers and there were many demands for its reproduction. "Eve Disconsolate" made its appearance at this time, and was by many regarded superior to "Eve before the Fall."

Among other noble qualities of this altogether noble man was a great capacity for friendship. The attachment between himself and William Cullen Bryant, not to mention his relations to scores of other men, was like that between two college boys; and it was only broken by death. Powers passed the last years of his life in the midst of the most delightful surroundings. On opposite sides of one of the most charming avenues of Florence, and near each other, he and Hawthorne had their quiet villas; and many were the hours these two remarkable men spent in each other's society. Adjoining his villa, Powers planted a garden, wherein he cultivated many varieties of American shrubs and flowers, which he taught his children to love before any of the native kinds which bloomed in such profusion about them. The Powers villa was the centre of a brilliant social circle. Here the Hawthornes and the Brownings were frequent visitors, while such men as Edward Everett, Longfellow, George S. Hillard and Bayard Taylor found a most cordial welcome.

When he had filled out the full term of life allotted to man, he died, and they laid him to rest in the little Protestant cemetery, on the banks of the Arno, in the companionship of Arthur Hugh Clough, Theodore Parker and Mrs. Browning. It had been fifty and five years since the boy Hiram, taking his mother by the hand, led her to the top of the hill in the rear of their woodland home the night before they left it, that together they might have one more look at the beautiful valley below them before starting for their long journey into the unknown West. But those years had been long enough to enable the genius of that forest-born boy to bridge over the chasm of twenty-three hundred years and link hands with Phidias; and to-day that little hilltop above the village of Woodstock nods to the Acropolis at Athens.



THE SPECIAL NURSE.

By Andrew Comstock McKenzie.

IN one of the private rooms of the hospital the Colonel lay, quiet and motionless, while his mind was groping its way back to consciousness from out the oblivion of ether. The odor of the ether filling both room and narrow hall insinuated itself into other rooms, oppressing the sick as if death had breathed on them. Those who had passed the ordeal of the operating table sighed, while those who were soon to face the trial shivered; for both recognized the odor as terror's favorite perfume. But the Colonel knew none of these things.

The Colonel was a brave young man, very brave and very young to be a colonel; but his face was losing its boyishness as he emerged from the peace of his deep sleep, and the lines that reveal earnestness and strength were becoming marked again. The newspapers had found material for editorials in the Colonel, in which they had pointed to him as an example of the typical American patriot, because he had left wealth, social position and rising fame in his profession to fight for his country. But the Colonel did not remember these things now. His mind struggled hard to tell him what had happened; but the ether kept saying "hush" to memory. He was greatly bewildered. He remembered his charging up the hill under the blazing Cuban sun, his shouting and his gasping for breath, and the glare in his eyes as a shell had burst before his face. But surely that was over. His mind pushed back the drug still farther. He remembered the blackness of unconsciousness and the still more terrible darkness that awaited his return to life, not seriously wounded, but blind. "And this too is past," he thought in his bewilderment; but his heart began to tremble. Memory marched on, telling him of the coming of his best friend, young Dr. Romer, who took him back to a famous hospital. Yes, now he knew where he was; he was in the hospital. They must have operated on his eyes; and this dulness was the effect of the ether. They had removed a tiny splinter of the shell, and now it was over; at last he was to see again, to break through the darkness so full of dread to a man who has planned great things for his life. In the light once more, he would live his life, a strong man among men,—had the doctors not said so! His heart trembled again. Had not the doctors been evasive, as if there might be something else besides that tiny splinter of shell? The Colonel realized that he was lying in his room once more, and that what was to be, either light or night for him, had been decided. He alone did not know. The bandages over his eyes became a great weight; he longed to tear them away and force the truth.

There was little sound in the room. The Colonel lay quietly on a white iron bedstead that was ornamented

with shining brass knobs at its four corners. A grave faced surgeon sat beside the bed, noting with light touch the fluctuations of the Colonel's pulse. The young resident physician, clad in snowy duck, leaned over the chief's shoulder, eagerly watching a case of such peculiar interest. He held an open notebook and poised a pencil, ready to write the instructions of the great doctor. Directly at the foot of the bed, her shapely hands resting lightly on its iron frame, stood the nurse detailed to "special" the case. The light was dim, but the room was not dark. Twice the Colonel fought back the dread that swept over him in waves of sheer terror; then he pushed up the bandages with a motion so quick and so unexpected that the surgeon at his side could not prevent him.

For a second, intense pain tore at his eyes; a glare of light,—and he saw. He looked straight before him, and saw a girl. She wore the dainty pink gown and the snowy linen of a trained nurse. A little white cap sat lightly on her head, a fitting coronet for those who are of the royalty of kind hearts. She bore herself in her youth and grace like one quietly self-reliant and fearless, not so much with pride, but more as if life had been stripped of all dread for her. The serenity of her face was full of the tender, helpful compassion that those who have grown strong through suffering feel for those who are still passing through deep waters. For an instant only the Colonel saw this beautiful, compassionate woman gaze down at him from out a frame of flame that left her unharmed, but darted spears of fire into his tortured eyes. The brass knobs on the corner of the bed became blazing suns, shedding a gentle radiance on the graceful girl, but glaring savagely at him. In another instant the blackness shut down, and he knew he was blind. Light had been as momentary as a flash of lightning.

The doctor hastily replaced the bandages. "Come, come, Colonel, this won't do at all," he said warningly. "You must not touch the bandages on any account. You are making bad matters worse."

The Colonel made no sound, but fought hard with heaving chest to regain his self-control. At last he spoke in a half whisper:

"I saw, doctor, I did see. It was only for a moment; like a flash it went. I saw"—he paused as if dismayed by the tremble in his voice—"I saw a girl." He drew a deep breath, lost his self-control, and cried out piteously: "But now I am blind."

"You are shaken by pain, and things seem worse than they are," replied the doctor in his strong, cheery voice. "We shall soon stop that intense suffering. Meanwhile, we are going to hand you over to the special charge of Miss Nevins, who is a very famous nurse indeed. It must have been Miss Nevins whom you saw. Let me tell you, Colonel, you are a very fortunate sick man."

In the bewilderment of his pain, the Colonel hardly noticed the prick as of a needle being thrust into his arm; but so weak was he that almost immediately a tightening about his jaws and a numbness in his cheeks heralded the approaching relief of morphia. In the apathy of despair, he surrendered to the drug, and scarcely noticed that the three had left the room.

In the Resident's office the three held a conference. The cheerfulness had left the voice of the surgeon now. "I fear we have witnessed the death struggle of the optic nerve," he said sadly. "The removal of the splinter was of small account. The best we can do is to mitigate his agony with morphia and reduce the inflammation by ice compresses. That will all be over in a couple of weeks; but he will never see again. Watch him very carefully, Miss Nevins. His nerves are shattered by pain; and this is a terrible thing for any man to face. Poor fellow,—poor fellow,—life had

seemed to have so much in store for him!"

"Is there absolutely no hope, then?" asked the nurse softly.

The famous doctor shook his head. "I dare not say there is any hope," he replied. "It is a remote possibility that the nerve has been paralyzed instead of killed; but it amounts to the same thing. I once read of a case where the great nervous stimulant of a supreme emotion caused life to return to a paralyzed optic nerve after years had been spent in building up the general nervous system; but in all my long experience I never met with a similar case. Of course, you will have a night assistant; but I rely on you to accomplish the one result we may hope for—by careful nursing to restore to the Colonel the physical health that will enable him to face the horror of being blind for life. Much depends on you, Miss Nevins; the surgeon can do no more."

The Colonel does not like to recall the first two weeks that followed the operation on his eyes. In anguish of body and mind, deprived of self-control by shattered nerves, he gladly welcomed the prick of the hypodermic needle, and delivered himself without a struggle to the power of morphia. For days he seemed to be wandering on and on, fainting with weariness, but never resting. His rough path led him through dark places; sometimes through caves, in which waves pursued him over great rocks, thundering at him as he fled from them. Sometimes he passed through black cañons where close on each side cliffs rose sheer and overhanging, while demons clamored about him in the dark. But through all his delirium the figure of the beautiful woman, framed in fire as he had seen it in his single second of sight, hovered high over him and looked down upon him with infinite compassion. Through all his terror he gazed upward to the shining figure as his only hope. Sometimes he was vaguely conscious of a firm little hand being pressed to his hot temples, followed by a coolness which soothed the fire in his eyes; for his eyes ever burned, as if live coals had been bound into his head. At such times the clamor ceased; but these respites were brief. Days dragged by, and the pain passed reluctantly. Gradually the Colonel came to himself again, knew he was blind for life, knew it and faced it. A wonderful sight was revealed to the special nurse. She saw a brave man, deprived of all physical means of endurance, fight mightily against black despair, fight it and conquer it; not by reviving hope, for there was no room for hope, but by sheer force of manhood. Such battles are not won in a day. It was a fight of weeks; but each day the special nurse watched the Colonel march a little farther into victory.

To the Colonel the special nurse was the only one who walked with him in his world of darkness. He could not bear that even his chum, Dr. Romer, should see him yet; and he dreaded the daily call of the Resident. He began to rely upon the special nurse more and more. He listened eagerly for the quick, buoyant step. Even the rustle of her skirts was recognized by him. He learned, in a blind man's way, to make up for his inability to see the expression on her face by studying the intonations of her voice. For hours at a time he imagined how her face would look with each change in her voice. The memory of her beauty was ever vivid to him, as if burnt into his brain. By questioning her, he learned to interpret the sounds of hospital life about him: the hurrying of doctors and nurses; the cheerful "Good morning, doctor," of convalescence; the moaning cry of those in great pain; the rattle of the rolling table on which patients were wheeled to the operating room, some with reckless laughs, others with sobs; and the profound silence in which they were wheeled back to their beds. The special

nurse knew all about them, and the Colonel listened with kind interest as she told him of the progress or decline of neighboring patients.

"Miss Nevins," he said one day, "my room seems always full of the odor of flowers. Do I have many flowers sent me?"

"More than I can well manage," she replied lightly. "You may be sure your friends have not forgotten you. Here, too, is a pile of telegrams and letters, increasing daily."

"The beauty of roses is no longer for me," said the Colonel, a little bitterness creeping into his voice. "Please ask the other nurses to distribute the flowers among the wards, where the roses will not fade in vain."

So she became the eyes by which he saw the sick in the wards; and by her hands he did many kindly deeds. A few days later she persuaded him to let her read him the pile of letters and telegrams. She felt herself grow proud and happy in noting how the world held in love and respect the blind man who was her special charge. Little by little he dictated many letters to her; she would not hear of sending for a secretary; and it hurt her, too, to write down the resignations from clubs and important organizations in which he held high place, though the Colonel dictated the resignations in a calm, even voice. But his voice shook a little when, last of all, he dictated his resignation from the bar association.

"It was my ambition to be a great jurist some day," he said, pathetically. "I think now I shall retreat to a rambling old country place I own on the Hudson. I'll bother people as little as possible after I leave here." He stopped as if troubled by the thought of leaving the hospital, then added, "Fortunately I have plenty of money and can always hire attendants. No one need be burdened by my useless presence. I have only a sister, and she is married, so that I can easily step aside from the path of all. I shall be in no one's way at any rate."

The nurse reached for words to help him, but she could find none. He seemed to stand quite alone in the strength of self-renunciation.

At first the Colonel was bitterly humiliated by the practical difficulties which arose from his blindness. Each morning after he became strong enough to be propped up by pillows, he insisted on bathing his face and hands without assistance; but he spilled the water and made such a failure of it that one day the special nurse took the sponge from him with a jolly little laugh and bathed his face for him. He blushed hotly at the humiliation of his helplessness; but soon he found a peculiar pleasure in the deft touch of her hands,—it had for him the comfort of a caress. So, too, when he had been promoted to "house diet," he made such a mess of fumbling among the dishes that Miss Nevins took knife and fork from him, and hereafter she herself fed him, with many a laugh and merry word of warning to take away the sting of his helplessness.

One morning, about six weeks after the operation on his eyes, the Colonel heard Miss Nevins coming down the hall with a step that sadly lacked her usual buoyancy. Her morning greeting did not have the customary cheerfulness, and the Colonel, with the quick perception that was coming to him, knew the expression on her face was sad. As the morning passed, he himself grew much troubled, feeling sure the special nurse was of heavy heart. She sat close beside his bed reading to him some of the new literature they were exploring together, when he interrupted her saying:

"Miss Nevins, I am sorry you are troubled. I cannot help noticing it in your voice. You have helped me much. Cannot I help you?" He groped about till he found her hand, and began stroking it lightly. There was silence for a while; then the special nurse said in a low voice:

"My brother died on this day three years ago. He and I were all that remained of our family. We lived together in the old house at Baltimore, and were very dear to each other. He was studying to be a physician, and all the enthusiasm of his life was centred in his studies. His interests were my interests. I used to write out his lecture notes and read to him when his head ached. He was not strong,—and he died. He died three years ago to-day. I could not bear to go into society again, and it seemed to me I would please Ralph better if I carried out in some way the work he planned to do. So I entered the training school of the hospital and put all my life into being the best and most skilful nurse possible, as Ralph would have tried to be the best doctor possible. In this way I have found peace;—but the old pain comes back sometimes."

The Colonel heard tears in her voice. He kept on stroking her hand, and searched his heart for some comfort to give to the woman who so often had comforted him. Search as he would, he could find no words, but he raised her hand and kissed it with infinite pity. She sat in silence for a few moments, then resumed her reading. She had understood what he meant, and in some way it brought peace to her once more.

"I've a letter from Dr. Romer," said the special nurse one morning after she had finisned reading the Colonel his own mail.

"For you?" asked the Colonel, somewhat amazed. "Do you know Bob Romer?"

"I knew him years ago in Baltimore," she replied, with a tone he had never noted in her voice before. "He was a friend of Ralph's at Johns Hopkins, and somehow we were together a good deal. He was a good friend, too; but we have not seen each other much since Ralph died. Now he writes to me to intercede for him with you. He wants to see you very much. Are you sure, Colonel, you are quite fair to him? Shall I write you will let him come?"

"Write Bob to come and see both his old friends," said the Colonel, heartily.

The young doctor came, and kept coming day after day. After the shrinking from the first meeting was over, the Colonel gladly welcomed his visits. Their daily greeting was simply a clasp of the hand, and no reference was made to the Colonel's blindness, till the Colonel himself opened the subject. Then it was Bob, not the Colonel, who broke down and cried.

There was a third one in the friendship, however, for the Colonel would never hear of Miss Nevins leaving when Dr. Romer came. "I'll be the silent partner," the Colonel would say, as he lay listening to the bright, happy chatter that went on between Bob and the special nurse, and noticing the little vibrations of happiness that crept into her voice when she talked to his friend. No reference had yet been made to the future, the subject being avoided by tacit agreement. One night, however, when the two were alone, Dr. Romer seated himself on the edge of the Colonel's bed and said with some hesitation:

"John, old man, I've something to tell you that will please you, I think. It is about Miss Nevins. I knew her in Baltimore and loved her." The Colonel felt his heart sink strangely. "I think she was beginning to love me, too, when her brother's death made such a crash in her life. Now we have come together again, and I find myself caring for her more than ever. John, I am going to ask her again to-night,—and I think she will say yes this time."

Bob waited long for some reply from the Colonel.

"I, too, think she will say yes," said the Colonel, very gently. "She is a noble woman, Bob, and you must make her very happy. Now you want

to hurry away and leave me to a little nap."

To a little nap! The Colonel felt the bitterness of death grip his heart. At last, he knew he loved the special nurse, with such a masterful, passionate love that every word of Dr. Romer's had racked his soul. He began to think what the darkness of his life would be without her loving comradeship and her gentle ministrations. The source of his new hope in life had been in her alone, and his new courage had come from this one woman. She was all that he had, the one thing fate had given him to compensate for the loss of all that makes life a joy. He had not realized it till he found she was going to be the wife of Dr. Romer. He hated his old friend, and was ashamed of his hate. All he could remember was that Bob was tearing from him the one treasure that made his poor blind life endurable.

The Resident, on his nightly rounds, found the Colonel suffering intensely, and was puzzled. "It is my eyes," cried the Colonel. "It is all because of my blindness." To the Colonel then came the remembrance of the relief which morphia gave to troubled hearts, and he begged the young physician till he produced the little instrument that pricks like a needle.

The Colonel slept, and as he slept he dreamed. Again he seemed wandering along a wild path. Behind him lay the gloom of a deep cañon; but his road was now easier, and the night was breaking into day. Before him the road forked, one way leading up to a smiling land, the other into a cave of night blacker than he had passed through. But he had no fear, for the compassionate woman had come down from the frame of flames and was gently guiding him towards the road which led to the fair land. But when they came to the dividing of the two ways, he saw Dr. Romer standing a little way up the sunny slope, holding out his arms to the woman who guided the Colonel. She still held the Colonel's hand, but she looked lovingly toward Dr. Romer's outstretched arms as he stood there so strong and confident in the light. The Colonel glanced down at himself and saw he was but a poor, broken thing. So he let go the hand of his dear guide and walked wearily down the other road, into a blackness more dense than had shut down on him before.

The next morning, the special nurse, looking down at the Colonel's face, was shocked by its pallor and its lines of suffering.

"What has happened, Colonel?" she cried sorrowfully. "Tell me all about it. Let me help you."

To the Colonel's amazement, he heard his own voice speaking. It was as if his heart disregarded his will and spoke in a voice of its own. "Yes, I will tell you; but you cannot help me," he said dully. "I, a blind man, broken of body, condemned to perpetual night, have discovered that I love you with such a mighty love that my heart is breaking with the pain of knowing I can never have you for my dear comrade, never win you for my sweet wife. When all that made life worth living was torn from me in a second, you came through the dark to me, and hope, deprived of all other resting place, settled on you. I could not have prevented it, had I understood. A man cannot stop the beating of his heart. But I ought to have realized from the first that no man should think of involving the life of a woman like you in his own black misfortune. I should have understood from the first that happiness for your proud nature could come only from loving a man with a proud future, like Dr. Romer. He told me all about it; and then only did I realize how desperately I had clung to your hand. We shall soon come to the parting of our ways. It will be years before I can meet you as Bob's wife without a heartache so bitter that I dare not provoke it. The very

thought of it is torture, for mine is a great, passionate love. Dreary indeed is the life I must lead in darkness and alone."

There was no more struggle left in the Colonel's nature. He spoke with dull apathy, expecting no answer, awaiting no movement; but a white arm stole around his neck, a breath fluttered on his cheek, and warm lips were pressed to his own.

"Colonel, my Colonel," he heard half whispered in his ear, "if you walk alone, you will break both our hearts. Where you go, I will go, and even the night shall be bright about us. Let me always be your comrade. Let me find my happiness in the shelter of your great heart."

A tide of sudden joy rushed over the blind man. At the same instant, fierce pain tore at his eyes. A light glared in upon him, and—he saw again. He saw the sweet face of his former vision, now glowing with a great love, flaming in cheeks and lips, shining in beautiful eyes. The light grew softer and steadier, never to fail the Colonel again, never again to hide from him the face of the special nurse. So the great surgeon found at last a case where a supreme moment revivified a paralyzed nerve. But the Colonel called it a miracle of love.

THREE LITTLE KINSMEN OF THE FEATHERED HAND.

By William Sloane Kennedy.

DART AND ZIP.

IT was fastened to an apple-tree branch that swung four feet five inches from the ground,—that humming-bird's nest discovered on the tenth of July by the mowers in the old orchard near my home. The branch was smaller in diameter than one's little finger, so that the bottom of the inch-broad nest had to be built out with a bevel. The young birds had come into life no bigger than peas; but their increasing weight as they grew gradually crushed the nest down. Before this, it was a very pretty article of procreant cradle and pendent bed,—a little hollow tower, gray exteriorly, with a mottling of lichens that were glued to it by humming-bird glue. This tower, or chased cup, was made of yellowish plant down, the walls so thin and flexible that it seemed as if the least motion of the young would burst them, yet so tenacious that they bore not only the weight of the mature young, but also that of the mother whenever she alighted to feed her callow couplet.*

I first saw my apple-tree nest and young the day after the mowers discovered them, when the brood was about two weeks old. Such a pretty poem—the little cradle swaying with the slightest breeze there in its ambush of green leaves, so hard at first to distinguish from the gray limb on which it was placed, yet when found making one quite nervous over its exposed position. What a picture of innocence and trust those helpless mites presented, knowing not how or why they had come into existence, yet confident that that winged something would punctually come to feed them when they were hungry—a fine lesson to man in faith and courage! "Not such a great matter after all, to get born and to live," they seemed

*A friend tells me of a humming-bird's nest found in Martha's Vineyard, about which, as if with the idea of strengthening it, the mother bird had woven cobwebs, placing them over the lichens.

to imply; "plenty of food; what fun life is!" These fellows had fawn-colored throats and white-tipped tails; backs gray-mottled; bills black, slender and sharp, and about three-fourths of an inch long. After each feeding by the mother, the stronger of the two, whom we will call Dart, would rise in the nest a little and vibrate his wings. Of course when you see the mother raise herself to her full height, standing on her tiptoes, and plunge that long dagger of her bill into the throats of her progeny, you have a queer feeling that she will surely this time punch a hole clear through them. But the fond creature probably never gives them the least annoyance. Her very object in stretching herself so high up is to avoid hurting them.

In four days the birds had grown so large—being no longer in the nest but perched on it and extending over it on each side—that the mother-bird found no foothold, and had to feed them while in the act of hovering—a dainty act. As I lay on my back, reclining against a bunch of hay not far off, never taking my eyes from the nest, I would enjoy the apparent magic of the mother's appearance. She seemed to come suddenly as if out of vacancy, and hover a moment before the nest with vibrations so swift that the wings looked like transparent gray gauze. Occasionally during her absence the young would thrust out their long slender white tongues, like white threads. Otherwise they were as motionless as if carved in agate, hardly winking their eyes, and cuddled down in the nest with only their heads above the rim, the black bills looking just like little twigs of the tree. This immobility is partly for protection's sake, and is the habit of most nestlings.

The female feeds her progeny only about once in a half-hour when they are very young, but oftener when they are ready to fly. The first time she spied me, she eyed me anxiously before alighting on the nest (I was some two rods away, on my back, with an opera glass at my eye); then, after she had fed her children, she turned, as much as to say, "I've had *you* in mind all through, old fellow," and flew straight and swift as a bullet at my eyes, to see if she could frighten me away. Being protected by the glass, I moved not a muscle. This satisfied her that I was not in her secret. She alighted on a dry branch above my head, and after preening her feathers a moment (I thought she looked hard-worked with her three or four weeks of child rearing), she darted off above the apple-tree tops in search of more supplies.

Even in two days after I found them both Dart and Zip had lost some of their infantine sleepiness, and, whereas only three days before they were perfectly gray in tint, they now showed on their backs the green metallic lustre that the old birds have. Neither of them, however, up to the time of leaving the nest, showed any sign of a ruby throat. This was no indication that they were both females; for the young male does not acquire his claret throat for quite a while after graduation from the cradle.

Both Dart and Zip were wholly fearless of visitors, allowing a friend and myself to stroke their backs and chuck them gently under the chin. The only sign of fear they showed was when some twigs were being broken off to give another friend with a camera a better chance to take their pictures.

On July 14 I got up at 3.50 A. M., hoping to catch the female bird perching near the nest. How foolish for a naked animal who has to get all his feathers on before starting, and totter along on his mummied claws, to think of getting ahead of one who is always dressed and winged like the lightning! Of course she was up and gone,—but soon appeared, at 4.15, with two plates of insect bread and two cups of nectar coffee for her darlings' breakfast. The previous night had been one of very high wind,—a midsummer gale,

in fact,—that everywhere broke down trees and strewed the earth with leaves and branches; clouds were lowering, the south wind was still fitfully spitting rain upon the green earth, and all conditions were dismal and scary for small birds. But our fosterlings, our tropic pets, were riding out the storm in fine style on their pitching bough, and seemed in a sleepy way to be enjoying the fun. Their claws were so firmly fastened into the nest that it would come to pieces sooner than they would let go their hold, as I proved by trial. They sat with their heads to the wind, so as not to have their feathers ruffled, and rode out the gale like stanch little cock-boats anchored on a stormy sea. Moreover, the mother had chosen a sheltered situation, apparently with instinctive provision for this very contingency of high wind.

You could see the gradual growth of their perceptive powers. On July 11 they showed none at all, but crouched there like little sphinxes and let the black ants and mosquitoes crawl over them. But by the fourteenth one had developed so rapidly that he tried to insert his bill into a sweet-pea blossom held up to him; and the next day both birds peeped over the nest-edge very curiously at the tiny spiders which I in vain tried to make them eat. On this day Dart was seen by my friend preening his feathers so vigorously that he fell over on his side. He showed little objection when she held him in her hand for a spell; but Zip would not unclasp his claws. The next day, the sixteenth, I too must, forsooth, try the experiment of lifting Dart from the nest. But he was more mature, and of course my masculine touch was not so gentle as the lady's, and, after buzzing rebelliously for a second in my closed hand, lo and behold! he whirred away up into the apple-tree top, where he perched on weak toddling legs, but soon began flying about, to try his wings, and finally settled on the tiptop of the sunny side of the tree. An observer two hours afterward found that Zip, feeling lonely, had also mustered up courage to try his wings in the azure. Both were seen feeding from the bill of the parent bird in their natal tree. In a few days our just now helpless pets would have wing power for a thousand-mile whiz to the South!

Now, these birds had been closely watched for a week, every day and almost every hour of the day; and not once had the male bird been seen. I have nothing new to present which will throw any light on this mystery, which has been so well discussed by Bradford Torrey,—one of the first authorities in the world on the habits of the ruby-throat. I personally think, however, that the male ruby-throat keeps away from the nest for the same reason that brilliantly colored males of other species do,—*e. g.*, tanagers, indigo buntings and blue grosbeaks. He is an absentee for prudential reasons: his bright dress would attract enemies to the nest. It must be remembered that ruby-throat is only one out of four hundred or so species of tropic hummers, and that the coats of the males of most of these flying toys of nature are far more brilliant even than his,—unspeakably dazzling, glowing as if dipped in the solar spectrum, or in fiery vapors of molten sapphires, rubies and emeralds, shifting lustres that almost pain the eye with their metallic sheen. Think of the emerald scales on the breast of the Berylline humming-bird of Guatemala; or the changeable violet-purple frontlet of the White-tailed Sabrewing; or the vivid green of the Black Cap of Jamaica (its long feather-stemmed tail making it look like an emperor moth or a bird of paradise in miniature); look at the dark-crimson plush of the Purple-breasted Carib of the West Indies, the old-gold sheen of Venezuela's purple-headed Chrysolampis, or the flashing wine-colored throat of the Amethyst hummer of Brazil. It would never do for these fellows to be seen near the nest of

their mates. In this case, by the slow process of natural selection, those husbands most neglectful of the usual domestic duties have proved the fittest to survive!—the exact converse of the case of most other species of animals.

I believe I established the curious fact that (at least when the young are two weeks old, so that the nest is filled to overflowing by them) the mother does not perch near by at night. Twice I visited the nest at dark. On the twelfth, coming at 7.15, I kept watch incessantly for three-quarters of an hour, until it grew so dark I could not see the young when four feet from the nest: no mother-bird appeared. The same was true on the fifteenth. I should say it was pretty likely that Mrs. Ruby, tired out with her long day's work, had gone to join her patient husband on his lonely perch, —supposably, Mr. Torrey guesses, a half-mile or more away. She stayed by him for company's sake, knowing that her chits were as safe in their nest as if she had been by, and perhaps safer.

All the time this nest was being watched, the red-flowering beans on one of our porches, a quarter-mile from the nest, were being visited every hour by eager and industrious humming-birds, almost all being females, who had three mouths to feed instead of one. In three hours, as I sat on the porch, I counted ten visits from these anxious chirrupers, and concluded that the place was one of the regular stations on their air-line route: "Leave apple-tree station at 4.30 A. M.—Return via Kennedy's red-flowered porch at 4.50.—Stop at Howells's Japan honeysuckle flag station, when yellow-and-white signal is displayed.—Reach apple-tree at 5 A. M." So far from not alighting, the females that I saw alighted whenever they got a chance,—on the beanstalks, bean leaves and stems, strings supporting the same, etc. When hovering or flying, their tiny black feet are tucked up under the breast-feathers, so as to be almost invisible. They seemed to like to rest those marvellous wings for three or four seconds at a time, and would simply sit and do so. They were quite curious about some ripe cherries cooking over a lamp under the vines, and would hover over them a moment, evidently liking their fragrance. Anon comes a female with a fierce individuality of energy. She wants it understood that she has children to feed. She does not, like the rest, try a few blossoms and then, at sight of me, fly off, but assails every blossom, outside the porch and inside, at top and bottom of vines. Now she starts back nervously as a honey-bee and she encounter each other at the crimson door of a blossom, then recovers herself with a little hysterical squeal, as if to say, "Gracious! nothing but a honey-bee after all!" and dives into a clump of leaves, dislodging a cluster of diamond drops left there by the shower just passed. How easy the permanent taming of these sylphs would be is shown in the delightful narrative of Webber, who had them so familiar that they would come at call from the trees and sip sugar-water from a cup held in his hand.

The remarkable thing in the flight of humming-birds is that they neither soar nor balance — *i. e.*, tip—their wings, nor flap them, as the other birds do, but whiz through the air almost on a level course or in long curves. Contrast an eagle's laborious getting under way—the long preparatory run and heavy wing flapping and his subsequent majestic soaring —with the dart of the humming-bird. It is hard to realize that the ostrich and the extinct moa belong to the same order of animals as *Colubris*.

SHREWD BUILDERS IN BUTTERNUT SUITS.

Having learned from a friend of a nesting-place of the pretty little long-billed marsh wrens, and curious to inspect the housekeeping of these multi-domiciled lake-dwellers, I sal-

lied forth one hot sunny morning in May, with rubber boots, opera glass and note-book, to see if they could be found. Entering the great marsh, I scared a robin from her nest, cosily hid in a clump of maple sprouts, admired the courage of a Carolina mimic (catbird), who stuck to her place until I could have put my hand on her (she had woven into her nest pieces of paper bag and twined about it a cast snake-skin), and was reluctantly crushing under foot the deliciously scented white violets (*lanceolata*) with which the oozy ground was snowed over, when suddenly upon reaching a stretch of more watery ground covered with young bulrushes —hark! There it is—the marsh wren's song! You feel the bird-student's thrill of pleasure when first he hears a new note in the fields.

This butternut-colored chap of the marshes and cat-tails has the same gay winsome notes as the house wren; you would know it to be a cousin, yet with a difference. The bird manuals have no adequate account at all of this dainty song. One calls it a harsh chatter! Nuttall says he had heard it styled "a sort of short, tremulous and hurried warble," but had never himself heard it. William Brewster thinks the strain "less musical" than the house wren's. I hardly think so myself, although I think both birds are surpassed by the English wren; and I listened to that bird often during the past summer in England. Others speak of the explosion of notes of the marsh wren as a kind of "cacking" or "crackling." Define it rather as a little musical alarm-clock call, with a prelude and finale of silver-tinkling notes like the gurgling of swift mountain brook water through narrow channels of stones. Each burst of song is flung out with energy, the notes rising to their highest pitch in the middle, and then dropping off into a scattering fusillade of silvery tinkles, which, to use another simile, seem like the sound of single drops of water falling into a cistern. These tinkles sometimes came, at the end, at irregular half-second intervals; and occasionally there was a single stray after-shot, as if he couldn't quite get over his indignation at the disagreeable intrusion of that big human amphibian in rubber boots. No, he just won't stop scolding,—the lovely little cinnamon-coated scrap of valor, all nervous activity,—now hidden in the rushes and now flying out to inspect you, head, wings, tail incessantly moving, the white throat throbbing convulsively as he sings, and head and bill vibrating with the energy of his voice. But whether clinging sidewise to a rush or flying about, his tail is always comically elevated so far that it inclines forward over his back. As he shuttles swiftly along, he looks and sounds like a little revolving buzz-saw or a toy music-box on wings.

In their flight song they seem, as Mr. Chapman well puts it, so full of music that "sometimes, like a mine of melody, it explodes within them and lifts them from the dark recesses of the flags up into the air above."

On the occasion of my second visit, a gentle breeze was blowing. I lay down amid the green rushes on what seemed the butt-end of a stack of marsh grass and reeds, not far from one of the nests. But the little scolds at once detected me and grumbled away at my least motion. The pair were at work on two of their nests, which for skill of craftsmanship even the Baltimore oriole and the California bush tit cannot beat. I secured two of the last year's specimens of these ball-shaped structures, with the bulrushes to which they were attached; and as they stand before me now, surmounting a bookcase, near an oriole's swinging cradle, the wren's domiciles really seem to me to show more cunning than the other, —and for this reason: the oriole's nest is pretty well open to the sky; but the wren's ball of dry rushes, upholstered within so soft with the fluffy old-gold down of the bulrush's

head, is all enclosed, except a small round hole a little below the centre of one side, this entrance-hole being overhung by a cunningly contrived penthouse, making it almost invisible unless you stop to look for it.* The weaving and tying of materials are about on a par, for skill, with the oriole's nest, and in addition there is this concealed entrance, or kind of Tlascalan gateway, to the fortress, which makes the present writer at least award the prize for ingenuity to the little marsh dwellers, who learned to hang their houses above the water when the prehistoric lake-dwellers of Switzerland were only a dream of the far-off future in Nature's plan.

If one did not know the queer habit the male long-bills have of constructing extra, or false, nests while the female is at work on the real house in which she is to deposit her eggs, he would be sure to think he had discovered a whole colony of nests. Each of my two pairs of wrens, in widely separated parts of the marsh, had, by the eighteenth of May, already built five nests each. One of the males went on with his work right before my face (such sly slipping in and out of the rushes!), and I later detected the true nest by carefully feeling for the eggs, which were there by May 29. C. J. Maynard says that he investigated hundreds of nests of this bird in the marshes of Wayland, Massachusetts, and elsewhere. He became convinced that it is the males who make the mock nests. This is my experience, too. The mock nests are usually left rough and unlined, and are flimsier than those of the female; but the makers resent any approach toward them just as if they contained eggs or young. Of course the extra nests are of service in confusing enemies. Bright boys of my acquaintance always instantly guess their object. Among so many nests the real one has a chance of escaping detection,—as the real King Henry IV "had many marching in his coats" to give him a better chance of life.

It almost seemed as if one pair of the birds which I had under observation tauntingly courted detection for one or two of their false nests, for they built them within three feet of the shore of the marsh, close by a frequented path. One of these nests was soon espied by some fellow, who waded into the water and pulled it to pieces. Notwithstanding the bird's outward show of resentment when their false nests are disturbed, one could easily fancy this to be all a deep ruse, and hear in imagination a sardonic chuckle proceeding from the recesses of the swamp, with their characteristic mock-congratulatory bows and congées, as if the birds wanted to say, "Ha, ha! you think you have our real nest. Won't you try it again?"

The habit of building false nests must be a godsend to the male wren, as it delivers him from the ennui of doing nothing but sing and scold during the long wait before the young are hatched. These extra nests strike one as curiously like children's playhouses. One might compare the *couvade*, or lying-in, of the father among certain of the Gascons, Siamese, Dyaks, etc., when this member of the family, after the birth of his child, takes to his bed and receives the careful attention and nursing which should go to the mother. In other words, like the male wren, he feigns to have performed a function pertaining to the female.

Another pleasant feature of the long-bills' globed beds is that the female has ready such a fine shelter when it rains, to protect her eggs and herself from being chilled. As for the peppery, little spitfire male, does he scorn such an effeminate thing as creeping into one of his own nests in a rainstorm? It would be interesting to know.

IN SEARCH OF THE CHAT.

Having thus disposed of the marsh

*One of our native mice makes a globular nest with a similar opening.

wrens, I determined, if possible, to make the acquaintance of that shy and eccentric mock-bird, the yellow-breasted chat, which is very rare in eastern Massachusetts. A person who was in search of nests for a scientific museum in Boston undertook to guide me to a haunt of the chats in Essex County, not many miles from Boston. We met by appointment, he gloved and wearing stout canvas trousers and carrying a fisherman's wickerwork creel slung over his shoulder. After we had threaded various devious ways through scrubby land and tangled forest, my guide remarked in a low voice, "We must speak in whispers from this point on." Presently he said in quick low tones, "That's the chat!" I had heard a strange, bell-like whistling, and was at once on fire with eagerness. We waited a long while, though, before the bird would sing again, in the mean time having had a visit from a dazed young rabbit, who couldn't be induced to consider us in the light of enemies (which indeed we were not), and came near walking into our hands.

Presently the chat, always provokingly invisible and ventriloquial, whistled again, but did not give any of his mock-notes, though he seemed to take a sardonic pleasure in mocking us by keeping out of sight. The cold and backward summer had injured his temper, I guess. However, I caught a glimpse of the pair,—a flash of their yellow breasts,—but saw none of the male's queer somersault and tumbling antics. Just as we were leaving, after a three-hours' wait, the male condescended to give us quite a volley of *who's* and *teaboy's*, or *wheo's* and *whe-oi's*. He would begin with five pretty *wheo's*, or dog-call whistles, then give two or three *tuts* or *chuts* and *pips*, robin-like. You could distinguish occasionally the hoarse chuckle of the crow and a *pee-ah* like the jay's. Again you were reminded of the tones of the veery or of the great-crested flycatcher. On a subsequent felonious trip my guide found the grass-woven nest of this pair in the crotch of a bush in the marsh; but eggs and birds were both gone.

Not satisfied with this experience, I sought to have another and fuller. Starting in with a two-mile walk at 4 A. M. of a dewy morning in June, so as to catch the five o'clock market-men's train, I was first accosted by a jaunty Maryland yellow throat warbler (who had undoubtedly been up and about for more than an hour), with a "Which way, sir; which way, sir?" Being in a great hurry, I replied to this old acquaintance in his own metre, and without turning my head, "To Swampscott, to Swampscott, to Swampscott." For the green bulge of the globe was just turning so as to expose to view the sun's red disk, and the windows of a certain hideous factory were now touched with the soft tints of crimson cathedral glass. In the fresh exhilarating air, meadow larks were piping sweet on the one hand of me, and on the other hand blackbirds (evidently meaning to be satirical on the earliest riser in town, proud of his four o'clock virtue) were *he-he*-ing and *oh, do see*-ing; while a loquacious bobolink, with every appearance of having escaped from the National Aviarian Lunatic Asylum, cried out, "Do you per-*ceive*, sir, that this telegraph wire was put up here expressly for me, sir, by jinks, jinks, jinks?" Not being prepared offhand to argue the point, I strode unheeding on, a little farther along being again made fun of by the loud eldritch laughter of a Carolina rail and scolded by the marsh wrens as I passed their door. Westward thundered past me long trains of empty cattle cars, going for more carcasses of oxen and hogs to keep Europe brutalized to the war-point, and tainting the sweet flower-perfumed air with their odor of death and filth. Poor man!—the king of creation, and yet its shame,—aspiring, cunning as a god in brain and finger, sweeping the starlit abysms of space with his glasses,

yet withal a naked, cruel, filthy cannibal, cutting the throats of his fellow-animals and eating their dead bodies for food that only heats his blood and makes him sensual and brutal! The student of birds, in the joyous season of song, the spring, finds, somewhat to his astonishment, that the ordinary run of his fellow-mortals, especially "gigmanity," become strangely uninteresting and even seem a nuisance, contrasted with the delicate songsters and their pure ways. Somehow, at such times, the coarseness and cruelty of men seem more in evidence than their virtues, and, as some rattling, dust-raising wagon goes by, with a staring boor in it, you recall with grim satisfaction that caustic remark of somebody, that the more he knew men the more he liked dogs. But this mood disappears when one gets back into "civilization" and the spring bird season lies behind him.

I will say, in brief, that the total net result of the second trip in search of the elusive chat was a very few new notes, directions from a gypsy-moth worker where to find a pair of the birds nearer home, a badly sprained leg, and in the memory certain melodious echoes of wood thrushes and bluebirds heard on the outskirts of a noble forest preserve in Beverly. Such is the hap of the nature student, who must walk many weary miles and work and wait and observe, to establish with absolute certainty some trifling fact and thus raise it to the plane of science, thankful if a day add but one true observation to his stock of knowledge, and prepared to find, as he generally does, that even in that he has been anticipated by another.

The gypsy-moth-man's chat could not be found. I fear that my sketch of this bird bears some resemblance to the portrait of the author of the Junius Letters,—the body of a man with a veil drawn across the face. To complete my picture, therefore, I am fain to supply omissions by a paragraph from John Burroughs, who has not a very good opinion of this bird. He says it often annoyed as well as amused him in the woods about Washington. It has "a voice like that of a jay or a crow that has been to school to a robin or an oriole,—a performer sure to arrest your ear and sure to elude your eye. There is no bird so afraid of being seen, or fonder of being heard." In "Wake Robin," he speaks of its "discordant notes": "Now he barks like a puppy, then quacks like a duck, then rattles like a kingfisher, then squalls like a fox, then caws like a crow, then mews like a cat. Now he calls as if to be heard a long way off, then changes his key as if addressing the spectator. . . . No Frenchman rolls his *r*'s so fluently. *C-r-r-r-r-r,—whrr,—that's it,—chee,—quack, cluck,—yit-yit-yit,—now hit it,—tr-r-r-r,—when,—caw, caw,—cut, cut,—tea-boy,—who, who,—mew, mew*— and so on till you are tired of listening. . . . Sometimes, when a considerable distance off, he will fly down to have a nearer view of you. And such a curious, expressive flight,—legs extended, head lowered, wings rapidly vibrating, the whole action piquant and droll."

In addition to all his other accomplishments, the chat is a nocturnal singer, says Mr. Conrad Abbott, who has often heard it singing on a bright moonlight night, till twelve o'clock, and then beginning again at three-thirty in the morning.

WHERE WILLIAM PENN IS BURIED.

By H. C. Shelley.

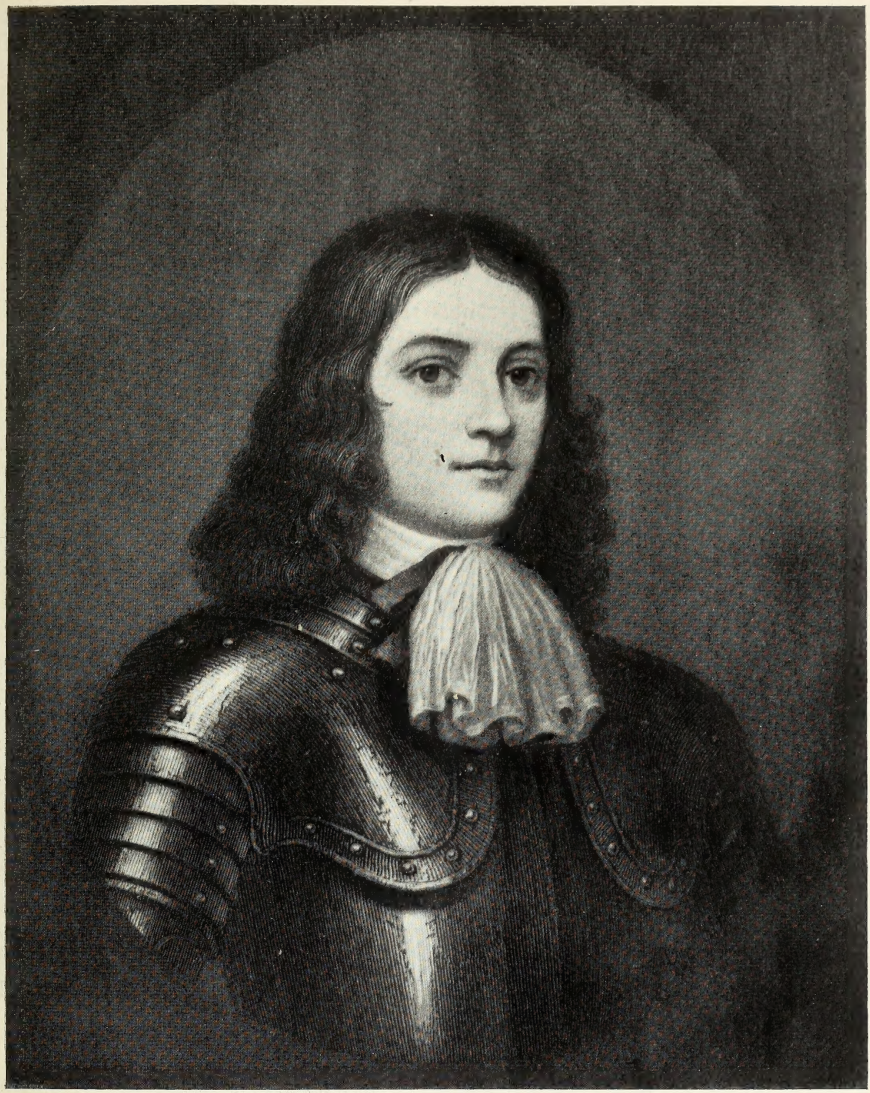
With photographs by the Author.

DEEP in a shady dell, about a mile and a half from that village of Chalfont St. Giles, in which Milton took refuge when the plague was raging in London, stands the Quaker meeting-house of Jordans. Living or dead, no member of the Society of Friends could wish to find himself in a spot more in harmony with the simple tenets of his creed. As the meeting-house breaks upon the vision through the stately trees by which it is surrounded, it seems as if one had been vouchsafed a glimpse of New England in Old England; it is just such a building as was common in the New World what time the religious refugees of Britain, late in the seventeenth century, crossed the seas in search of that liberty of conscience denied them in the old home. On such rude wooden benches as still remain under that red-tiled roof, no rule of life and faith would be more seemly than that preached by George Fox; and than the simple God's acre which fronts the meeting-house there could be no fitter resting place in which to await in quiet confidence that Day which will prove how far that creed was in harmony with absolute truth.

For several miles around, this district is rich in memories of the early Quakers. Near by was the peaceful home of the Penningtons, in which Thomas Ellwood was living as tutor, and from which William Penn was to take his first and most beloved wife. General Fleetwood, too, had his residence in the neighborhood. The reason for this focussing of so many Friends within a small area was probably the same as that which drove the Covenanters of Scotland to seek refuge on the lonely moors; to-day Jordans is sufficiently inaccessible, and two centuries ago it must have been an ideal haven for suspected sectaries.

More than two hundred years have elapsed since Jordans passed into the possession of the Society of Friends. It owes its name probably to a forgotten owner of the property; for it was not from a Jordan, but from one William Russell that, in 1671, Thomas Ellwood and several others acquired the land on behalf of the Society. The idea of a meeting-house seems to have been an afterthought; it was as a burial place simply that Jordans was originally purchased. But the meeting-house was not long in following, for seventeen years later there is authentic record of its existence. Probably some generations have passed since regular meetings were held in this rude temple; but twice every year—on the fourth Sunday in May and the first Thursday in June—set gatherings are held to keep alive the continuity of Quaker teaching within these walls.

But it is because of its graves, and not on account of its meeting-house, that Jordans attracts so many pilgrims year by year. For a century and a half there was nothing to distinguish one mouldering heap from another. Here, for example, is the account which Mr. William Hepworth Dixon, one of Penn's most competent



Wm Penn

From the original painting from life at the age of 22, in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

biographers, wrote of his visit to the place in 1851:

"Nothing could be less imposing than the graveyard at Jordans: the meeting-house is like an old barn in appearance, and the field in which the illustrious dead repose is not even decently smoothed. There are no gravel walks, no monuments, no mournful yews, no cheerful flowers; there is not even a stone to mark a spot or to record a name. When I visited it with my friend, Granville Penn, Esq., great-grandson of the State-Founder, on the 11th of January this year, we had some difficulty in determining the

heap under which the great man's ashes lie. Mistakes have occurred before now; and for many years pilgrims were shown the wrong grave!"

With the laudable desire of helping pilgrims to pay their devotions at the right shrine, Mr. Dixon prepared a simple ground plan of the graveyard, and the positions of the small headstones which mark the graves to-day correspond with that plan to a large extent. But there is one important exception. It will be seen from one of the pictures given with this article that the stone nearest to the fence in the second row bears the name of "John Penn," whereas in Mr. Dixon's plan that position marks the grave of "John Pennington." It is not easy to throw any light on this mistake. For instance, it is difficult to see what John Penn could be buried under the date given, 1746; certainly not the grandson who occupied Stoke Park and was responsible, in 1799, for that ponderous cenotaph to the memory of Gray. The grave is undoubtedly more likely to be that of a Pennington, a member of that family to which William Penn's first wife belonged. The mystery about this particular grave makes all the more unmeaning the recent attempt to desecrate it.

It lends a pathetic interest to this lonely graveyard to visit it fresh from a perusal of Thomas Ellwood's simple autobiography. All those who sleep so quietly under these modest headstones figure more or less in his pages; they become known to us in all their quaint Quaker habits and beliefs, and appeal to us with the tender sentiment of a bygone age. Penn had two wives and eleven children, of whom both wives and seven of the children keep him company here. Next to Penn himself, the memory which most dominates this burial place is that of Guli Penn, his first wife. Ellwood knew her in London as a child; became her playfellow; used to "ride with her in her little coach, drawn by her footman about Lincoln's Inn Fields." She was the daughter of



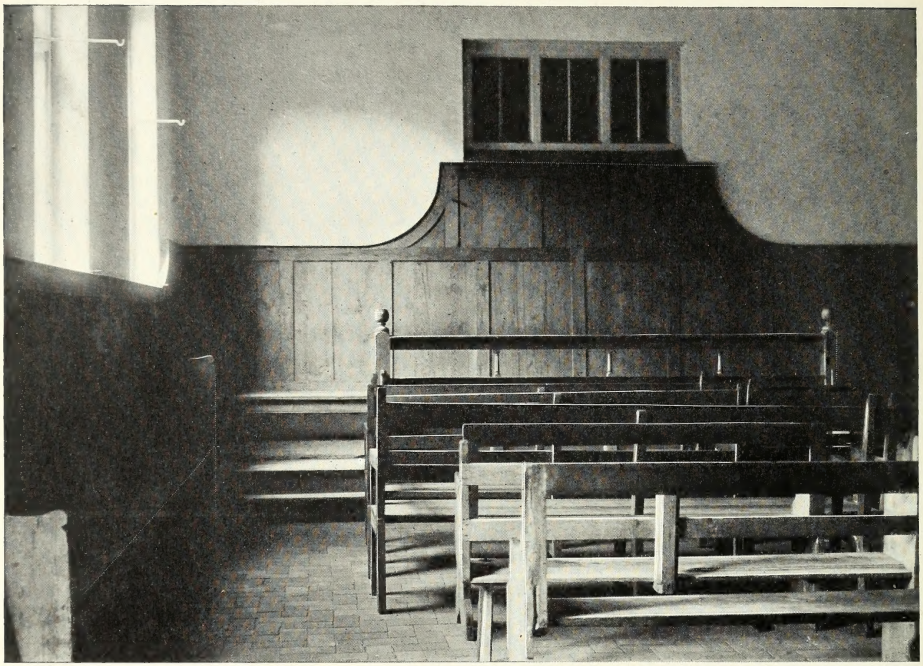
JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE.



GRAVES OF WILLIAM PENN AND HIS TWO WIVES.

Sir William Springett, who fell in Cromwell's army, and her mother afterwards became the wife of Isaac Pennington. Other children were born to Isaac Pennington and Lady Springett, and as tutor to those children Ellwood was for many years in daily converse with Guli Springett. He had ample opportunity, then, to win her for his own; and he was not "so stupid nor so divested of all humanity as not to be sensible of the real and innate worth and virtue which adorned that excellent dame." Outsiders talked, of course. Ellwood had not joined the Quakers for nothing; his motive was the conquest of Guli and the annexation of her fortune; if he could not get her by fair means, why then, of course, he would run away with her and marry her. Such pleasant gossip reached the ears of the Penningtons and their tutor; but the former did not lose confidence and the latter did not pluck up courage to make the gossip true. For Guli Springett was worth winning. "In all respects," says the meek Ellwood, "a very desirable woman—whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to render her completely comely; or to the endowments of her mind, which





INTERIOR OF JORDANS MEETING-HOUSE.

were every way extraordinary and highly obliging; or to her outward fortune, which was fair." Ellwood's subsequent wooing showed that he did not deserve such a prize. Guli did not lack for suitors; but towards them all, "till he at length came for whom she was reserved, she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom guarded with the strictest modesty, that, as it gave encouragement or ground of hopes to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any."

The "he" for whom she was "reserved" was William Penn. Happening to visit Ellwood at the Penningtons, he saw, was enslaved, and then conquered. Twenty-two years of wedded happiness were meted out to these two, and then Guli Penn was laid to rest at Jordans.

Perhaps it spoils something of the romance that Penn took a second wife, even though it is always affirmed that Guli ever remained his favorite spouse. Was Hannah Callowhill conscious of that fact? Those lovers of Guli Penn who are knights errant of her memory will perhaps wickedly hope that she was. This second wife, at any rate, has left little impress in the life of her husband; that she bore him six children and that from one of her sons the present representatives of the male branch of the family are descended is about all that has to be recorded. If the testimony of the headstone must be accepted—and there are doubts on that point—then Hannah Penn lies in the same grave with her husband, while the lovable Guli sleeps apart by herself in the grave to the left. Next to her is her mother, inscribed on the headstone simply as "Mary Pennington" and not as Lady Springett. She appears to have put off her title with her widow's weeds; and in any case such "worldly" honors can hardly expect perpetuation in a Quaker graveyard. And yet a letter among the manuscripts of the Duke of Portland proves that Penn himself was not wholly indifferent to the fascination of sounding titles. He is writ-

ing to Robert Harley on matters connected with Pennsylvania, and he weakly confesses that he asked for "some honorary mark, as a founder of the Colony, viz., as the first—hereditary—Privy Councillor or Chief Justice, or the like, which I shall not insist upon, contenting myself with the rights of landlord and lord of the manor of the country."

Isaac Pennington finds sepulture here too, and Penn's married daughter Letitia, and his first-born son Springett, and five of his infant children, and Ellwood, and that wife of his whom he wooed in such a comically serious fashion. It is quite a reunion of the pugnacious men and the demure women who stand in such marked contrast with each other in the memory of those familiar with Ellwood's pages. Peace to their memory, these controversial men, these mild mannered women! Perhaps they would not sleep so peacefully could they be conscious of the changes which have come over those who hold their creed to-day. Not to hear the "thee" and "thou," not to see the hat-covered head,—what pain this would be, especially to the obstinate Ellwood, whose father once threatened to knock the teeth down his throat if he "thee-ed" him again, and buffeted him about the head for persisting in wearing a hat in his presence! Poor Ellwood! Hat after hat was filched from him by that irate father; and when at last even his montero-cap was confiscated, and he was forced to go bareheaded, he caught such a cold in his face that his devoted sister had much ado to keep him poulticed with "figs and stoned raisins roasted." No doubt there are many cheaper martyrdoms than that.



Thy truly Lo: & affectionate Friend Guli Penn

Philadelphia often casts envious eyes towards the graveyard at Jordans. Is that Mr. Hepworth Dixon's fault? In that account of his visit to Jordans, quoted above, he mentions Mr. Granville Penn's resolve to erect

some simple but durable record over the graves, and then adds: "If this be not done, the neglect will only hasten the day on which his ancestor's remains will be carried off to America —their proper and inevitable home!" Dr. Dixon forgot that there must be two parties to such a bargain. Philadelphia did try to remove the remains some years ago; but the trustees of the burial ground objected, and the Home Secretary at once upheld the objection. And now a Philadelphian makes another suggestion. He wants a memorial to Penn erected near the Old Bailey in London—the scene of his vindication of the right of a jury to render a verdict contrary to the dictation of a judge—and the ashes of the famous Quaker placed underneath. The suggestion calls up two pictures. One is of a grimy street in the heart of London, where the roar of traffic resounds from dawning day to past midnight, where stands the sombre building whose walls are fetid with the stains of inhuman crimes; the other is of a grassy dell sentinelled with bosky trees, where a soft quietness broods through winter snows and summer sun, where there is little to suggest the depth of infamy to which the human heart can sink. What honor would it be to Penn to transplant his bones from Jordans to the Old Bailey? Then there is Guli Penn, too, shall that gentle spirit be ruthlessly bereaved? Let them all sleep quietly on, these Quaker friends and lovers, till He shall waken them whose they are and whom they served.

WELL MET.

By James Buckham.

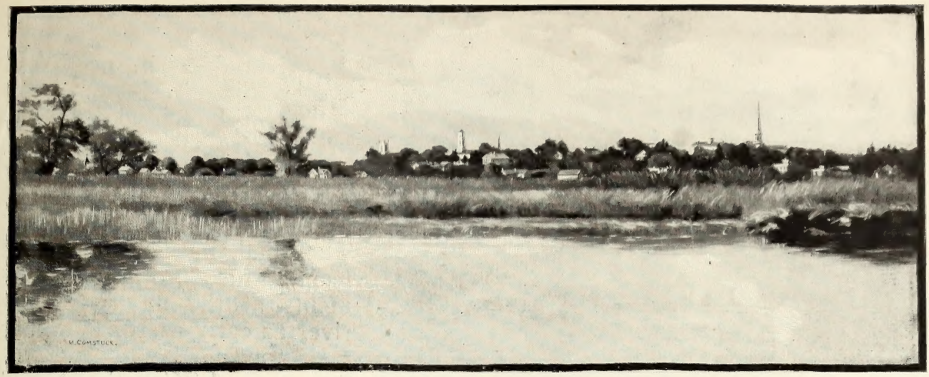
WELL met, if 'neath the spreading trees
Or friend or stranger come my way,
Lone traveller, as the morning breeze
Or sunshine, and as free as they.

We twain are brothers. Long ago
We drew, as twins, from Nature's breast,
The ancient longing ramblers know,
That sweet, insatiable unrest.

Thenceforth, whene'er the bluebird sang,
And the green woods all shimmering lay,
One bugle in our bosoms rang,
And we went marching far away.

I see him stealing up the aisle
Of holy trees, that twin of mine,
Soft footed, listening, all the while
About to grasp some thing divine.

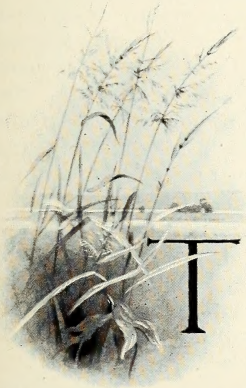
Well met, I say, that one and I.
Whoe'er he be, he is my twin.
We had not joined, beneath God's sky
And in God's woods, were we not kin.



A RIVER-TOWN.

"Left by the stream whose waves are years
The stranded village seems." Whittier.

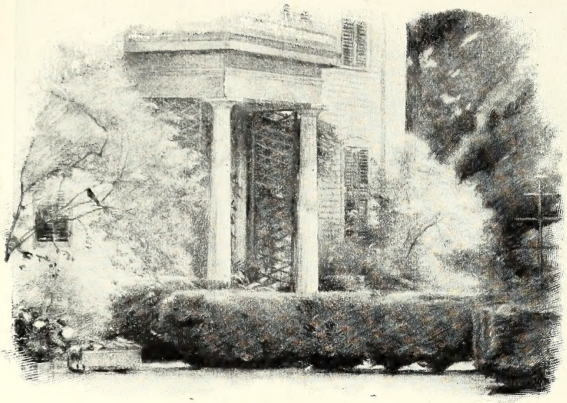
Written and illustrated
by
Samuel Morley Comstock.



THERE is perhaps no fairer prospect on the Connecticut River than where, about seven miles from its mouth, the river broadens a mile wide over its shallows, with the white and steepled town of Essex rising on its west bank and the low-lying ancient hills of Lyme sleeping on the other. Our river town of Essex, or Pettipaug, as was its old name, was formerly a portion of Saybrook, the mother of so many towns round about.

Natural circumstances of growth have crowded its business portion down on to "The Point," while on the hill behind, as if exalting mind and spirit over material interests, are the old seminary, academy, town hall and churches four,—these latter making this little "Zion's Hill," as it is called, appropriately enough, "beautiful for situation."

But although the town holds up its head so proudly, it is nevertheless a stranded town. In the old days its allegiance was to the river, and shipbuilding was its industry, wedding it like Venice to the sea. From its inland waters men went down to the sea in ships. But of those days scarcely aught but tradition remains. Pettipaug is no longer "a haven for ships;" its coasting trade is forgotten; its molasses and rum are brought to it by other routes; and since the Civil War the sounds of labor and of the calker's mallet have no longer echoed along its shores. But, like those of Shiloah, the waters of the Connecticut "go softly," and are still an outlet for our dreams, leading us to our castles in Spain and all far off lands, and we still look for our ships to come in around Hayden's Point, which bounds our view and where the rainbow rests over its pot of gold. We are told that after its long sleep the



AN OLD PORCH.

town is waking up; but what means that to us who love the old? What if at night it awakens to temporary activity with the boys loose from the shops scorching down the road or crowding the street corners and the steamboat dock,—where on moonlight nights in summer a thriving business in flirtation is carried on? We think rather of the old sea dogs who formerly lined up by the pillars of Banning's store, citizens of the world who had made Pettipaug their final port, and nightly conjured up the past from the incense of their glowing pipes. We can imagine one of these telling to some good listener the story of the town's long past, as it had come down to him from his fathers or as he had read it in the books. This is the story he would tell:

"It beats the Dutch how these pesky bicycles have come in! We never thought of no such thing when I was a boy. But then there's a good many things that have beat the Dutch since their day around here; and they wa'n't the easiest people in the world to beat nuther. I really s'pose the Dutch had the fust claim around here, without 'twas the Injuns—and the Injuns wa'n't no more 'count then than the Filipinos be now. I've read how Adrien Block, him that Block Island's named arter, sailed up the Connecticut in the spring of 1614, as fur as the head of navigation, and named the river Versch, or Fresh Water River."

"Them Dutch always was pretty fresh!" interpolates one, with a whiff.

"Wal, I'm thinkin' there's two sides to that question. They had the fust claim, and went so fur as to make settlements at the mouth of the river as early as 1623. What we know as Saybrook Point they named 'Kievet's Hook.' When Governor Winthrop come in 1635, he made 'em scurce and tore down the shield with the arms of the State's General that they had put up on a tree as a sign of possession of the Point and the river above. I never understood how they give in to 'em so easy. Perhaps they took it out afterwards in trade,—they was great traders; they say the Yankees learned a good deal of their sharpness from them Dutchmen. The history says the Dutch used to git ten thousand beaver skins a year from the Injuns, besides other pelt; and they must have done considerable tradin' with the whites afterwards. My wife's got some old chiny to home—Delft she calls it—that they must have left here; and these old carved oak chests that you see around—wal, them all come from Holland.

"About the Injuns,—wal, I s'pose they use to be pretty thick round here. Where we be now was an Injun settlement, and there's another one down to Ayre's Point. I dug up some copper beads in my garden last spring; and I'm all the time findin' arrowheads and sech. My neighbor digging a cellar for a barn a few years ago found the remains of a couple of Injuns, settin' up,—like they always used to bury 'em. Down to Saybrook they had quite a time with 'em in the early days, and right down here to Calve's Island the Injuns killed a man once—'a godly young man named Butterfield,' the history calls him. Ferry Point used to be called Tilly's

Point on account of its being the place where they captured Tilly and his companion. Tilly they tortured to death on the opposite side of the river, right in sight of the English. The settlement here they called Pettipaug, which used to be the old name of the town. I've allus been sorry they didn't keep it."

"What does Pettipaug mean?"

"Wal, the history says it means a bulging out of the land or a jutting of the water inland. I've heared my grandfather say how William Pratt, being the fust settler who died in Pettipaug Quarter—that was in 1698—was a native of Essex in England, and so they called it Essex. That old cellar hole you notice in crossing Stunpit Hill was where his son settled.

"The first settlement here was about 1690—by families by the name of Lay, Pratt and Denison. For years afterwards what we know as Main Street was called Lay's Cart Path, as 'twas originally laid out across Lay's land. Essex don't seem to change character much. You take a dozen prominent names of the fust settlers, and you'll find them are the prominent ones to-day. Our blacksmith up here is the eighth generation of blacksmiths in a direct line. 'Twon't do to talk behind folks's backs, for everybody is related to each other."

The first church in Essex was incorporated, divided from the one in Saybrook, in 1722, and was known as the Second Ecclesiastical Society. The present church building is over a hundred years old. Shipbuilding was begun well back in the last century. Essex built one of the first war ships the government ever owned, the *Oliver Cromwell*, a man-of-war, carrying twenty-four guns; it was built in 1775.

Essex was finally divided off from Saybrook in 1854. First it had belonged to the Pettipaug Quarter with two other towns; then it was made a borough in 1820; and then an independent town.

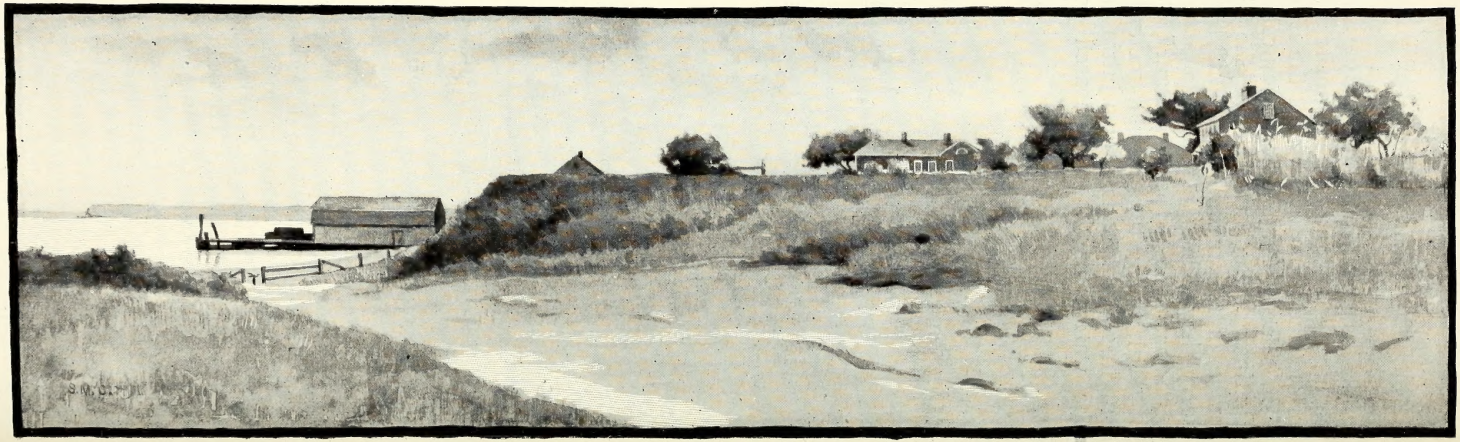
For all the town's modern aspect



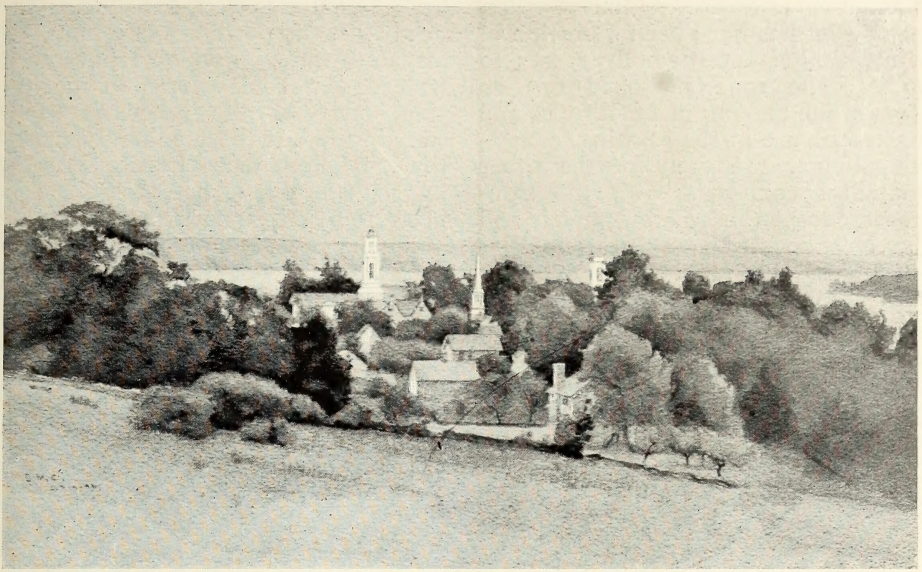
1. "The Deacon."
2. A Shipbuilder.
3. Hero of 1814.



THE HILLS OF LYME.



"THE P'INT."



ON "STUNPIT" HILL.

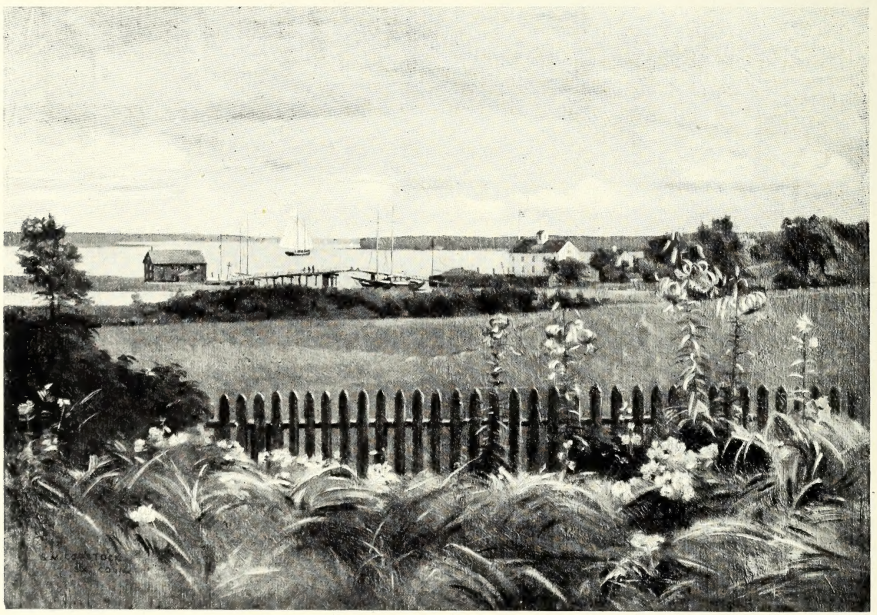
by night, we love better its old habit by day, which it still retains, typified to our gaze down the telescoping vista of the main street to the river by some crawling ox team, and by the quiet, broken only by the bugle calls of an Italian fruit peddler. The old houses with their rows of box bushes and sighing fir trees seem always to bespeak a Sabbath peace, as if from over the shining river where their hopes formerly lay the breath of the Indies had lulled them into long forgetfulness. Their carved porches and brass knockers and the bull's-eye panes and wooden shutters of the old warehouses suggest the days of queues and knee breeches; and as we look at an oaken tavern sign, with the lion and unicorn on one side and one of his Majesty's ships on the other, or the picture of King George III and his royal consort, Queen Charlotte, which has hung in the same spot since the house was built, one hundred and thirty-four years ago, we wonder whether among the old-school inhabitants a Tory spirit may not still exist, and whether good churchmen that they are, their prayer books should not offer petitions for the Queen instead of the President of the United States.

There is, in fact, many an English suggestion about the town,—in glimpses, through the heavy umbrage, of roof or church tower; the rectory in its ivy might be a transplantation from the old country; even the stained-glass windows in the church were brought from England,—they, as we see when we read the names of their seafaring donors, and the church itself, being an enduring monument of the old shipping days. In the quiet walks through the turnstiles by the river banks, we breathe the aroma of Tennyson's poems; and the channel winding between the rushes under the flush of sunset light, with swallows skimming its surface in their pretty sport, might be where, in Elaine,

> "—the dead
> Steer'd by the dumb went upward with the flood."

As long as many of the relics of shipbuilding remained, it was not hard to re-create Essex's palmy days. Even now the very odor of tar that still clings about the ruins of the rope-

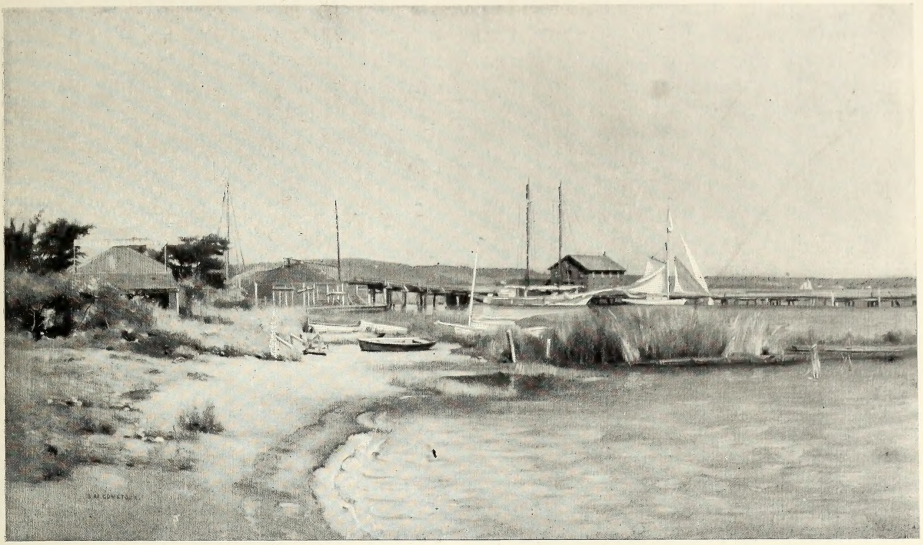
walk is a powerful reminder. Perhaps what has once been a portion of a town's life never wholly ceases to exist. The ropewalk eked out its days in the making of small ropes and twine for use in shad fishing, continuing longer than any of the other buildings connected with the shipyards except the sail loft, which still survives, devoted now to the mild industry of the making of sails for pleasure craft that school as minnows where once swam larger fish.



DOWN THE RIVER.

We of the present generation remember the ropewalk principally for its seven hundred and fifty feet of plank walk, which we used for running during the recess hours of our school days. The ropewalk, with its long line of empty racks and tops and hetchels strewn on the floor, had the air of being spun out. What a pokerish place it was—even our merry footfalls raising but ghostly echoes down its musty, cavernous interior, cobwebbed by shad nets on its crossbeams, its long lines of perspective meeting the dim distance in the square of light at its farther end! Its little "windows, all a-row," were indeed "like the portholes of a hulk,"—a man-of-war,—in which I have seen framed some old veteran in meditation, tarry as the ropewalk itself, standing like it the bombardments of time. The one wheel in use, connecting with its line of hooks, it was our pleasure to set going with all its wobbly, noisy gear, at a speed at which no rope was ever spun, and then to run when we heard the steps of the avenging ogre, as the owner seemed to us. The only time that we felt safe in his castle was when we bought our kite string of him, which he twiddled off in a ball upon one of his machines in a most amazing fashion.

How the old building must have buzzed in its day,—the men themselves looking like enormous bumblebees, with the tow wound around their bodies, as they backed down the long walk feeding it off, as one would feed yarn from a wool wheel. Their walking so continually backwards in their work was said to affect their normal gait, making it a kind of waddle, so that their gait as well as speech



ALONG THE SHORE.

betrayed them. They were said to be a desperate hard lot, given to much profanity. Old Elder Hovey coming upon a group of them one day solemnly asked: "How many of this company are believers?" "Every devil of a one of us," was the answer. But as where sin aboundeth grace doth much more abound, so with them was there a member with a conversion so remarkable as to have a Sunday-school book written of him. Old Harmon Pratt used to say of the Christian way, that the "seafaring" man, though a fool, should not err therein; and surely in a work so nearly allied as that of a rope-maker, one ought to claim the promise given to seamen.

For the sake of boyish association, let us make mention of the old circus ring, that stood by the ropewalk in the Ship Foundry lot—a magic ring which, if not connected with any shipping interest, could raise about it a greater spread of canvas than the town's entire fleet possessed,—a dream of the Arabian Nights in the glamour of a boy's imagination, which for one day materialized under white walls and fluttering pennons, a fairy land, where spotted ponies, bespangled actors and the elephant held sway; and then, unseen as it had come, this caravan of the West folded its tents like the Arabs, and as silently stole away.

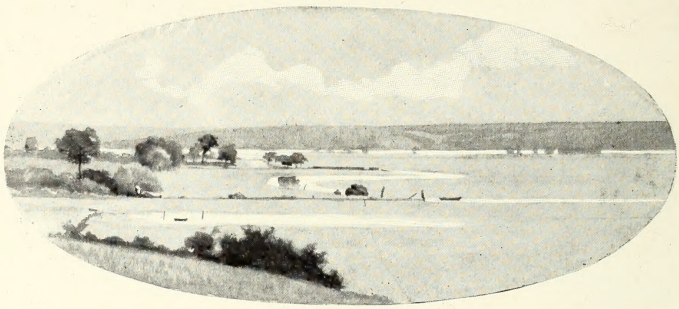
All along the shore, to him who can read between its lines, are hints of what once was. The prevalence of locust trees means that their progenitors were planted for the sake of the "trunnels" to be worked out of them. Boys fishing, as they dangle their legs from the wharves bristling with spikes, perhaps question the use of a decaying pile of ship's knees, or wonder at the size of some of the iron-bound masts lying about, or still more at the size of the vessel that could carry them; yet the native small boy knows about boats, as the pictures on his slate in school testify. Boats were formerly built anywhere, everywhere, were launched in channels that can now hardly float a scow or are filled with wild oats, which latter grow in all the tide water marshes about here, where the marsh wrens chipper and the Sora rail finds feeding grounds, offering sport to the gunner from New York, and also to the native who poles him around for five dollars a day.

One of our captains, who has exchanged the wheel for the plough,

was turning up a corner of his farm last summer beside a stream two miles from the river proper, when, stopping his cattle, he exclaimed: "Hello, here's a copper spike from the old *Extio!*"

"The what?"

"The *Extio*, a ship my father built eighty year ago, and afterwards manned; we've got some silver spoons up to the house that belonged to her. She was considered a terrible big ship in her day, by the neighbors round here,—three hundred tons burthen. Yes, sir, she was a big un!"



A TURN IN THE CHANNEL.

afterwards converted into a Belgian man-of-war. To this captain we are indebted for many of the sea tales of our boyhood, from the sea serpent down. In my own early voyaging days, I remember when he asked Rob Gynne and me if we would like to take a sail in his scow,—and we bailed water the rest of the afternoon. We who never saw a ship on the river remember his telling us of the time when as a boy he was going for his cows on a point up by Statia Island, and there saw the ship *Martha Washington* moored, and for the first time heard sailors singing their cries as they hove anchor, which was to him the finest song he had ever heard—perhaps filling his imagination with pictures of some of the countries he has told us of. One pities the boys nowadays who have no such incentive. Certainly we thought that the Hoogly River, Bombay, and the islands of Andaman and Nicobar were good names to hear, and that never lived such a rascal as "Abou Hassan Bin Johur," with whom he had dealings.



AN EVERYDAY GLIMPSE.

If the vessels were not large compared with the modern clipper—the largest being the *Middlesex* of twenty-five hundred tons gross—I imagine their being so largely fashioned by hand and by primitive methods gave them an appearance of hugeness to the builders, as it certainly gave them much individuality.

The same captain has also a painting of the ship *Peter Hattrick* passing Ostend, which ship was launched at the foot of New City Street,—if it may be so called, after a century has passed over the dozen houses which compose the "city,"—and which is interesting from the fact that she was

When shipping ceased, we were told that the captains also would soon all be gone; but the title holds

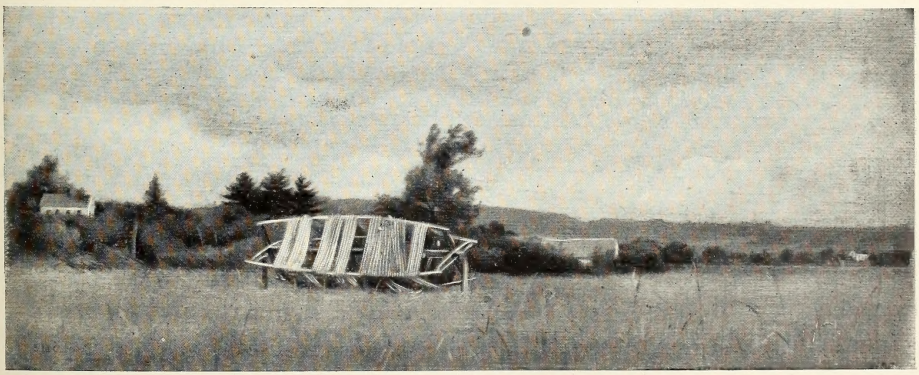
its own remarkably well. There are a few left who can read their title clear; but we realize, alas! when we hear the owner of every catboat called "Captain," that we have fallen on evil times.

The vessels of any consequence built in Pettipaug are all gone. The last line has been cast off, and of those owned in Pettipaug, but one remains, —the schooner *Game Cock*, whose emblem crows over the vanquished from the foremast head.

How intimate seemed the relations of the townspeople to the sea in the old days! Even now, on the final voyage, life is said to go out on the ebb tide. Many of the stones in the old graveyard are to the memory of those lost at sea, with the verse: "And the sea shall give up its dead." In our old garrets seamen's chests and harpoons collect dust beside the more domestic spinning wheels; and we too have our fish stories as they in seaport towns:—of a man caught by a rope as it was towed out by the whale and carried full six fathoms deep before he could reach the dirk in his belt and cut it; of a crew wrecked on cannibal isles, and the captain so soothing the cannibal breasts by music from his violin, that he and his crew were left to tell the tale. We too have had a population whose arms showed, when bared, tattooed devices of spread eagles, anchors or what not, which were sometimes accompanied by rings in the ears, as a preventive of blindness, the alleged reason. This latter custom was looked down on by some, perhaps from a too close association of the custom with pirates, who are generally supposed to have it,—though no less a person than William Shakespeare, it was remembered, is sometimes pictured with rings in his ears.

Many curios were brought back from far places—a native dress of the Sandwich Islanders, curiously interwoven of rushes; an ostrich egg embellished by an African native; an oyster shell from Iloilo, weighing two hundred and twenty-eight pounds, whose oyster was said to be of size sufficient to feed thirty men—a fact to appeal to-day to the imperialistic mind in considering future aldermanic dinners in this Pacific town.

I have wondered whether the poor quality of horses one sees in this region, as compared with those farther inland, was to be accounted for by the fact of divided interest between sea and land, for from Chaucer's "Schipman" down, seamen have been known as poor horsemen. Between the two primal modes of conveyance there seems to be an antipathy. A younger member of one of our seafaring families, clever as his forbears with a boat, showed the kind of his horsemanship by unbuckling every strap on the harness in unharnessing a

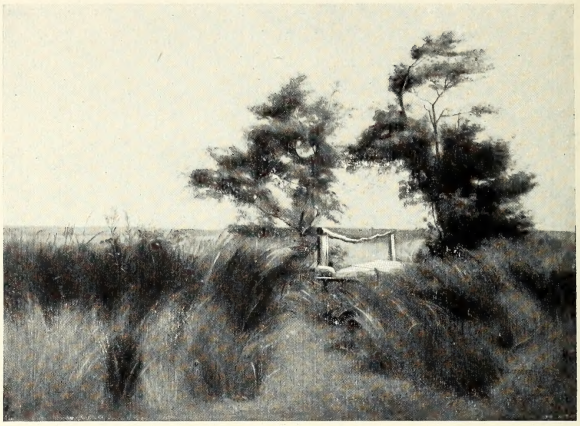


A SHAD REEL.

horse. The phenomenon seems to run all along the line, even to so humble a follower of the sea as a clam peddler. Who ever saw a clam peddler with a decent horse?

Along the river front the only spot of activity is the steamboat dock, the "marine railways," save for a lone fisherman who dresses eels and mends his fyke nets there, being but a resort for idlers, who through the long summer days sustain the town's present reputation in the fact that they are still alive. The sail loft, with its long wharf, under which the waves gurgle coolly, whitened to a glare by touch with the sails, has but one workman. The old drawbridge, opening not horizontally, like the cobwebbed iron structure at the mouth of the river, but vertically, like some monster that would crush the vessels passing through, only exercises its jaws to let the *Paulina* pass in and out to and from winter quarters. Through it Colt's yacht, the *Dauntless*, an international racer, passed to her last haven a few years ago on the death of her owner.

The drawbridge spans the channel to the ferry road on a strip of made land some two miles long. For the past few years this road has fallen into disuse, and the wind whistles lonely



THE FERRY ROAD.

through its grass-grown way. The last travellers I saw on it were an old Indian man and woman, coming from what hunting grounds across the river I know not, but bringing a fitting close to its day, which doubtless began with the presence of the red man. Over this road Lafayette is said to have travelled, and he is said to have put up at a hotel opposite, over whose empty cellar-hole lilacs still offer perfume to his memory. On this road a good deal of shad fishing was done when shad were caught. The dwellers in cities who now detect a finer flavor in Connecticut River shad than in those caught elsewhere possess a large degree of faith. One alleged cause of the present scarceness of the shad is that the churning of the water by steam craft has frightened them away; another is that formerly the river held its course in the Sound towards Montauk, which the fish easily found, but that since the breakwater was built its course is altered and the entrance narrowed, so that the fish cannot find their way in. The true reason is probably the enormous quantities in which the fish were formerly caught, some of the piers—and there were scores of them on the river—numbering forty or fifty thousand as



a season's catch. The piers were all named, from "Woodchuck" to "Fungungeon." I remember the captain on "Woodchuck" pier, and his never ending circuit in hauling in the seine and its glittering catch. What a delightful Robinson Crusoe existence we thought it would be to live all the time in the little fish-houses with their inviting bunks of straw! But of these little industrial centres of the springtime, fish-house, capstan and reels, hardly a vestige remains; each succeeding freshet has washed one or another house away, and no effort has been made to replace them, as drag-nets now suffice for the slender catch,—though we look for a revival, as the shad hatchery has cast millions of young fry upon the waters, which are beginning to return.

One venerable relic is the rigging loft, where the big wheel of untold purchase in stretching rope hides above in dim shadows, like some instrument of the Spanish Inquisition. Among the models of boats on the walls of the loft is a charred fragment of a boat, indexing the most important event in all the town's history—that of the British coming in 1814 and destroying the shipping. This event is still a current theme; the fear which the British excited remaining almost to the present day in the case of one, who whenever he came home "three sheets in the wind" would say to his wife excitedly:

"Get me my gun--shut the windows—lock the doors—the British are coming!" and would then march up and down the narrow confines of his kitchen, knocking the plastering from the ceiling with his musket and raising riot generally.

"Why, no, father, the British ain't coming," the good wife would mildly expostulate.

"But supposing they should come?"

The query holds good to-day; and when we hear a blast from Joshua's Rocks on the river, our first thought is, the British are coming! When Lieutenant Coote with his two hundred men and little fleet stood off the foot of Main Street and fired one of his guns, the people were no more prepared for it than the crack of doom. An old resident coolly went out and picked up the ball and it was kept as a relic until a few years ago, when by mistake it was sold for scrap iron.

The women on that memorable Fast Day fled to the back districts, and the brave defenders of their firesides huddled in the ropewalk. The British had everything their own way, it was lucky for us their object was simply to destroy the shipping and not lives. Barber's History tells us: "Twenty-two vessels of various descriptions were destroyed, and a loss occasioned computed at $160,000." At a house where the redcoats went for fire, the women folks implored them not to burn the house. They disclaimed any intention of so doing, but in the excitement a coal was dropped on a baby in a cradle by the fire, and the baby always bore the scar.

In the course of that April day a few squads of men "went gunning," and some desultory shots were fired. A neighboring parson, in adding a library to his house last year, found a bullet imbedded in one of the oak posts that probably came from one of the contending parties, though the casualties from the time the British entered the river until they got back to the Sound again were as few as those on the American side in a Spanish naval battle. The oaken ribs of one of the ships that they burned may still be seen sticking up at low water, pieces of it being as precious to a native of Pettipaug as are those of Charter Oak to Hartford folk. But two inhabitants are left who remember the event, one having reason to remember it from the fact of picking up hot spikes from a vessel just burned. He afterward built vessels over the same site, and he lives, at the age of ninety-two, under the shade of the same mighty elm in whose shade he was

born—"an old centurion," as a youth expressed it, a soldier standing guard over these passing events of earth and time.

One hero of the war whom we all knew was Austin Lay, ever ready to tell how, though but fifteen years old at the time, he went down when he saw the vessels burning, and put the fire out, repeating this several times, until discovered by an officer, who, grabbing him by the scruff of his neck and brandishing a sword over his head, gave him his ticket of leave. "Then it was time to quit," the old gentleman used to say with a twinkle in his eye. Never was there a man who took more comfort in his age than "Uncle Austin." Under his honor of ninety odd years, he would boast how, with the combined memory of an aunt whom he lived with in boyhood, they could count back a hundred and sixty years to the time when the settlers brought their blunderbusses to church for protection against Indians. In the aunt's Bible, which the old gentleman read through yearly, were the lines:

"Mary Lay her book,
God give her grace therein to look,
That she may run that blessed race,
That Heaven may be her dwelling place."

How proud was the old gentleman that he was the oldest man in town, that he could walk down to the polls without the use of a cane, that he could say only the summer before he died that he had "rept" his own rye—only to be cut down by the grim reaper in turn, and have his place taken by "Charlie Cuby," who gleefully announced that now he was the oldest man in town. And he too is gone; a passing honor is with them who depend on old age for fame.

From the river only—its natural highway—does the town look its best; for the place where the railroad runs is as dreary a spot as may be found, and the stranger might ask, Where indeed is the town? as from the station he looks at the one barn-like house in sight, which is said to be haunted, or might wonder, as he sees the number of coaches, whether there is a funeral. If he takes one of them to the town, a mile away, a favorable impression is not likely to be heightened as he reads on an old barn by the roadside, "Smallpox in the Brick House,"—a warning that has held forth for a quarter of a century. The visitor must come by boat,—plainly, by rail he is entering the sheepfold in "some other way."

Pettipaug, given over to pleasure in her old age, contributes to the river now only her fleet of sail boats and launches, and every Fourth of July welcomes the meet of the Hartford Yacht Club, when the river is alive with sails, color and gayety. Though small her part, she can yet watch the procession pass, for the river is still a highway for commerce in spite of rail. Some cargoes, coal in particular, may still be carried more profitably by water; and daily, while the river is open, we see the little tugs puffing along with their hulking tow of barges, or see more rarely handsome schooners. We know the value of a sail to the river, in the schooners that occasionally bear up, independent of tug boats; a big three-master coming around the bend is almost as fine as a ship. The excursion steamers surge along with fluttering flags and music of bands, heightening the unobtrusive waves on shore, with their gentle pulse, to ocean swells, and answering by hoarse bellow every shrill factory whistle; indeed I have known one of these leviathans, as if endowed with a sense of humor, to answer a tin horn blown by a small boy on the dock. The steamboats are the most important factor in preserving the dignity of the river, though rarely seen except by their sparkling lights as they nightly course their way, driving out the old romance and bringing in the new by search-light radiance along the sleepy shores.

One purpose which the steamboats serve for the town of Pettipaug, of

which no account is kept by the Hartford Transportation Company, is that of an example of domestic felicity. For time out of mind with this generation, one of the captains, resident here, after giving the customary whistle for Pettipaug dock, has added an extra three short whistles, to let his wife know of his safety; and now that search-lights are in use he throws one on his roof-tree half a mile away, and if he sees his wife at the window another toot assures her of that fact as well. The blowing of "Rhoda's whistle" has always seemed to me in Pettipaug as chivalrous an act as any of Bayard's or Sidney's.

Yes, no words are too dear or too great for us who love it to use of Pettipaug. All common things seem different to us there from elsewhere. Pettipaug may seem no more to the stranger than any ordinary town; yet to the home-returning native no place seems more beautiful, and when on a Sabbath morning he hears the church bells chime from the river, no place seems so heavenly.

NEW ENGLAND COLONIAL LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

By Ernest H. Baldwin.

AT the period of the colonization of New England, and for generations previous, Englishmen were habitual drinkers of beer and ale. England was full of "ale-houses" and "mug-houses;" and the liquor sellers or "aqua-vitæ" men, as Ben Jonson called them, were a numerous class. This fact accounts for those drinking habits in colonial life which seem inconsistent in the Puritan character as popularly conceived. Drunkenness was a natural consequence of these conditions. The following quotation from Beaumont and Fletcher, "The Pilgrim," is characteristic of the time:

> "These English are so malt-mad, Heathen drunkards, When they have a fruitful year of Barley, then all the whole Islands thus."

Under these circumstances it is not surprising to find that an important part of the cargo of ships conveying colonists to America consisted of liquors, both for use on the voyage and as a temporary supply while making a settlement. We may form some idea of the quantity carried in the *Mayflower* from that provided for the *Arbella*, the ship in which Governor Winthrop sailed to Massachusetts Bay in 1629. The supply for this vessel consisted of:

> "42 tons (tuns) of beer
> 14 tons of water cask
> 1 hogshead of vinegar
> 2 hogsheads of cider
> 4 Pumps for water and beer."

Three times as much beer as water! In addition to this, there were usually supplies of wine and stronger liquors, with a quantity of dry malt for future use in brewing. From Wood's "New England Prospect" (published 1634), we learn the customary needs of intending voyagers: Every man had "ship provisions allowed him for his five pounds a man, which is salt beefe, Porke, Salt Fish, butter, cheese, Pease, pottage, Water-grewell, and such kind of victuals, with good Biscuits and sixe-shilling beere; yet will it be necessary to carry some comfortable refreshing of fresh victuall, As first, for such as have ability, some conserves, and good Claret Wine to burne at Sea; or you may have it by some of your Vintners or Wine Coopers burned here, and put up into ves-

sels, which will keepe much better than other burnt Wine, it is a very comfortable thing for the Stomache, or such as are seasick." After such a thirst-provoking bill of fare, can we wonder at Mr. Higginson's advice to intending colonists? "Be sure to furnish yourselves with meale for bread, malt for drink. For when you are once parted with England you shall meete neither with taverns nor alehouses."

The report that "they must drink water there," was used as an argument against crossing to New England. Winslow said of this: "I have heard some complain of others, for their large reports of New England, and yet because they must drink water and want many delecates they here enjoyed, could presently return with their mouths full of clamour. And can any be so simple as to conceive that the fountains should stream forth wine or beer!" Although the Puritans prized New England water and were glad enough to get *that* at times, "good beere" was more highly regarded. We quote again from Wood: "The water is farre different from the waters of England, being not so sharpe. . . . it is thought there can be no better water in the world, *yet dare I not preferre it before good Beere*, as some have done, but any man will choose it before bad beere, Wheay, or Butter-milk."

As soon as arrangements could be made, the colonists began to brew their own beer; and this continued to be the common drink until the growth of apple trees made cider possible. Cider presses began working about 1650, and soon drove malt-houses to the wall. The quality of the beer became so bad, that by 1667 it was almost unfit to drink.

The establishment of the tavern or inn, ordinary or victualling house, as it was variously called, was an important event in the history of New England, because of the great social and political influence it soon obtained. The tavern was a recognized institution of colonial life. The result of a necessity caused by the increasing intercourse between the growing settlements, its important character was recognized and great care was exercised in its regulation. Only persons of good character were appointed tavern-keepers. The early records distinctly assert that taverns could be licensed only on the condition that "men of good report & Ability to manage the calling shall be willing to take it;" and in one instance "a fitt man that is godly" is required. What a small element godliness proved to be in the characters of these old New England tavern-keepers the colony records plainly indicate. The preamble of a law on the subject, after they had become unruly members of society, states "the ancient true and principal Use of Inns" to have been "for Receipt, Relief and Lodging of Travellers and Strangers, and the Refreshment of Persons upon lawful Business; or for the necessary Supply of the wants of such poor persons as are not able by greater quantities to make their Provision of Victuals; and are not intended for Entertainment and harboring of lewd or idle People to Spend or consume their money or Time there."

What an important relation intoxicating liquors bore to the social and political life of the colonists we may learn from their habits and customs. Without such refreshment, life would have seemed decidedly "dry" to the Puritans. Liquors were drunk at every meal, and often between meals. They were supplied to workmen and laborers, in spite of legal restraint. They were commonly used in the exchange of courtesies. The failure to offer beer or cider to the visiting neighbor or chance traveller was a great discourtesy; and the latter's refusal to accept of it, a reflection on the quality of the drink. The custom of health-drinking was very prevalent, even though Governor Winthrop abolished it at his own home and succeeded in having it prohibited by law

for a short time. These habits were indulged in by the clergy as well; and by the time Cotton Mather had finished an afternoon's parish calls, his condition can be better imagined than described.

Great occasions in church and state were rare opportunities for much social drinking. At the ordination of ministers a sumptuous feast was always provided, with plenty of beer and cider, besides other liquors. During the eighteenth century rum was liberally supplied on such occasions, and we are not surprised to learn that disorder oftentimes resulted. So scandalous did these revelries become that much criticism was made by the newspapers in 1760. A convention of ministers was held to consider the matter; but this resulted merely in the advice to the people to go to less "excess" on such occasions! Liquors continued to assist in the proper observance of this ecclesiastical rite until well into the present century. When Dr. Bacon was installed in New Haven in 1825, the First Ecclesiastical Society paid the following bill for the entertainment of the "Reverend and Beloved" council:

To dinners for council	$30.50
" Wine	36.00
" Porter	7.00
" Cigars	2.25
" Liquors and horse keeping	12.75
	$88.50

Church "raisings" likewise served as occasions for the free dispensing of liquors, and often to the sorrow of some thirsty deacon or other helper. The accidents on these occasions became so frequent from the too free use of cider and rum that a reform was instituted.

Weddings and funerals, corn huskings and apple bees, any occasion that brought the people together in social gatherings, called for the usual supply of rum and cider. Judge Sewall, at the marriage of his son, in 1713, provided sack posset (a common drink, made of ale and sack). In his diary he notes that Mr. Pemberton, who officiated on the occasion, "craved a Blessing and returned thanks at eating the Sack Posset." Cider was furnished at funerals for many years and later was supplemented with rum and numerous concoctions. As late as the early part of this century, Dr. Todd of Pittsfield said he saw toddy mixed on the lid of a coffin. In a description of a corn husking at Dedham, in 1767, the narrator states that the huskers could not carry in the husks "without a Rhum bottle; they feign great exertion, but do nothing till Rhum enlivens them, when all is done in a trice."

Two other occasions when the supply of drinks was wont to be exhausted, were election and training days. The persuasive power of intoxicating liquors in politics is not a recent discovery. The generous supply of rum and cider carried through many a political measure in colonial times, and the issue of many a political battle was determined at the tavern. Hawthorne gives a vivid description of one of these election days in the "Scarlet Letter." On training day, tavern keepers and liquor retailers reaped another pecuniary harvest. Booths were set up about the training field, and drinks dispensed "right here, now, only a penny a quart," to soldiers and sight-seers alike. Nor were these mild "temperance drinks." Drunkenness and fighting were not unusual, Indians often being party to the disturbance.

The nineteenth century legislative "junket" is a direct descendant of the customary "dyett" of the early colonial Court and Assembly. Suitable provision was always made for the members of the General Court at convenient taverns. Beer was included in the bills for this service. These early legislators often carried "a red Kegg with a few comforting drams therein" strapped upon their backs on their journey to Court, where they proceeded to pass laws against "that abominable vice" of drunkenness. In

November, 1654, the Massachusetts Court voted to "dyett" together at the Ship Tavern the next year. An agreement was made with the keeper to be "dyetted with breakfast, dynner and supper with wine and beere between meales. But by wine is intended a cupp each man at dynner and supper and no more." The keeper imposed the condition that only members who had "all their dyet there should have beere between meales." Similar arrangements were made for the sessions of the grand jury and meetings of the selectmen. Besides providing for its own comfort in this regard, the General Court generously remembered other assemblies. In Massachusetts the following record appears, May 26, 1647: "The Court think it convenient that order be given to the auditor to send 12 gallons of sack & 6 gallons of white wine as a small testimony of the Courts respect to the reverend assembly of elders at Cambridge."

Liquor legislation appears in New England with the organization of the civil government, and the earliest records indicate that little or no advance has been made in legal measures for the restraint of drunkenness since those early days. Nearly every scheme devised in recent years was tried in some form over two hundred years ago, except prohibition; that did not form a part of the efforts made by the colonists because it was contrary to the principles of their action. Alcoholic liquors were not regarded as injurious, but the most advanced thought of the seventeenth century considered them essential to the welfare of humanity—"good creatures" of God, for which they were to be devoutly thankful. Only the "excess," which was drunkenness, was branded with the mark of Cain. Drunkenness was a sin; "be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess," was their temperance creed; and the idea of total abstinence was not to appear for nearly two hundred years.

The very first record in the Court proceedings at Plymouth, after the civil government was established, was: "John Holmes centured for drunkenness to sitt in stocks and twenty shillings fine." This was not the Pilgrims' first experience with this vice in the New World, however. In 1628 their soldiers summarily dispersed a riotous drunken crowd of settlers at a place on Massachusetts Bay called Merrymount.

July 1, 1633, the Court ordered: "that the person in whose howse any were found or suffered to drinke drunck be left to the arbitrary fine and punishment of the Governor and Council according to the nature and circumstances of the same." Innkeepers were forbidden to sell beer for more than two pence a "Winchester quart," or more than two pence worth to a person. (January 5, 1636.) Sixteen cases of drunkenness and five cases of selling without license are recorded before 1641. In 1646 the fine for drunkenness was made five shillings, and the offence is thus designated: "And by Drunkenness is understood a person that either lisps or faulters in his speech by reason of overmuch drink, or that staggers in his going, or that vomitts by reason of excessive drinking, or cannot follow his calling." In 1661 it was made an offence to entertain townsmen at taverns or sell liquors to Indians. Ten years later innkeepers were ordered "to send away any disorderly persons, or if they wanted more liquor than was good for them." No rum could be sold for more than five shillings a gallon or two pence a gill; innkeepers were becoming too prosperous! Inspectors were appointed to see that the law was enforced. But Puritan manners did not mend, and in 1676 the Plymouth church complained that some of its members "walked disorderly, sitting long in public houses with vain company and drinking." The records of Plymouth colony contain over fifty cases of drunkenness

from 1650 to the incorporation of the colony with Massachusetts in 1691. Probably the Court records of the separate towns would augment this list. Nevertheless, from a comparison with the other colonies, Plymouth would seem to have been a very sober settlement.

Legislation on this subject occupied the attention of the Massachusetts Bay government very early. At their third court, held at Charlestown, 1630, order was given for the seizure of "Richard Clough's strong water, for his selling great quantity thereof to several men's servants which was the occasion of much disorder, drunkenness and misdemeanor." The following year the Assistants voted to fine persons "for abusing themselves disorderly with drinking too much strong drink." August 7, 1632, "it is ordered that the remainder of Mr. Allen's stronge water, being estimated about 2 gallands, shall be delivered into the hands of the deacons of Dorchester, for the benefitt of the poore there, for his selling of it dyvers tymes to such as were drunke with it, hee knowing thereof." Three cases of drunkenness are recorded this year; and the next, 1633, twelve cases. The penalty in one case required the culprit to wear a white paper with the offence written upon it; another was ticketed with a large letter D for a year. Thus the young were taught to abhor the vice!

The first license law is mentioned in 1633; and at the same time it was ordered that no one sell liquors to an Indian without permission from the Governor. One reason for a law prohibiting high wages, passed in 1633, was: "They spent much in tobacco and strong waters which was a great waste to the commonwealth." From October, 1641, to March, 1644, the Court of Assistants took action upon forty-four cases of drunkenness, the indictments often stating that the culprits were "distempered with wine." During these early years the records abound with permits to "draw wine" or to "sell strong water" or to "keep an ordynary;" and they occasionally appear even after the Court resolved, in 1647, to shift the labor to the county courts, "so as this Court may not be thereby hindered in their more weighty affairs." Sometimes licenses were refused because there were "enough taverns already" or because the applicant's "carriage hath bin formerlie offensive."

An interesting episode during this time was the agitation of the subject of "health drinking." As previously mentioned, this custom was widespread and led to much abuse. When Governor Winthrop abolished the habit in his own home in 1630, he asserted that "it grew little and little to disuse." This appears to have been more imagination than truth, for in 1639 the Court found it necessary to forbid "that abominable practice of drinking healths," on penalty of twelve pence, as being "a mere useless ceremony" and "also an occasion of much waste of the good creatures, and of many other sins, as drunkenness, quarrelling, bloodshed, uncleanness, misspence of precious time, etc." Winthrop said: "yet divers even godly persons were very loth to part with this idle ceremony, tho' when disputation was tendered, they had no life, nor indeed could find any arguments to maintain it, such power hath custom." Six years later (May 14, 1645) this short, suggestive record is entered: "The order against drinking one to another is hereby repealed." Whether this was due to the "power of custom" or not does not appear! The original action was not taken without protest; even Cotton Mather thought the custom one of common politeness.

From the "Massachusetts Colony Laws," published in 1646, we learn that "Forasmuch as drunkenness is a vice to be abhorred of all nations," especially Christian nations, "and seeing any strict law will not prevail unless the cause be taken away," none but licensed persons were to sell liq-

uors "under a quarter cask," on penalty of ten pounds. Each tavern-keeper was required to pay a yearly rent for his license; and constables were given the right of search and general oversight of the business. Drinking at unseasonable times, or after nine P. M., was forbidden under penalty of five shillings.

Contemporary writers assert that Boston was a sober town. One observing writer, in 1641, said: "Drunkenness and profane swearing are but rare in this country;" and another reported: "One may live there from year to year and not see a drunkard." In Ward's "Simple Cobler of Agawam" (1647) we read: "I thank God, I have lived in a Colony of many thousand English almost these twelve years; am held a very sociable man; yet I may confidently say I never heard but one oath sworn, nor never saw one man drunk . . . in all this time that I can call to mind." But perhaps this "Simple Cobler" had a poor memory! For Winthrop thought it worthy of mention when a great training could be held at Boston for two days with twelve hundred men present, in 1641, "yet it was observed that there was no man drunk, tho' there was plenty of wine and strong beer in the town."

The following incident, occurring in 1644, at the time of La Tour's visit to Boston, is recorded in Winthrop's diary, and shows how the laws were enforced at that time. A Portuguese vessel arrived at Boston, having two Englishmen aboard. One of them very foolishly celebrated his safe arrival by immediately getting drunk. His friends hustled him off to his lodging; but the constable, "a godly man and zealous against such disorders," hearing of it, sought him out and found him asleep in his bed. With Puritan zeal "he waked him and bad him to the stocks." The constable, neglecting to put a lock upon the stocks and leaving the culprit unguarded (for which negligence this emissary of the law was afterwards reprimanded), a certain Frenchman, "one of La Tour's gentlemen," lifted up the stocks and released the prisoner. This being reported to the constable, that zealot went in quest of the meddler, the latter "being then gone and quiet." Being discovered, the Frenchman was ordered to the stocks. To this he objected, and with native politeness offered to go to prison instead. But the constable, not understanding the foreign language, insisted on the stocks; whereupon the Frenchman drew his sword and resisted. With the aid of bystanders, he was disarmed and carried to the stocks. The occurrence created no little excitement in the town and the authorities were considerably embarrassed, not wishing to offend the French at the time, nor willing to condone the offence. They considered the Frenchman sufficiently punished by the stocks, and his countrymen were satisfied no doubt with the reprimand of the constable.

Chance voyagers had acquainted the New England Indians with liquors before the landing of the Pilgrims. Hence it is not surprising that their first request was for beer. The following is from Bradford and Winslow's Journal (March 16, 1621): "Samoset came. He asked some beer, but we gave him strong water and biscuit and butter and cheese"—probably the first "free lunch" recorded in New England!

Liquor was the life of the trade with the Indians, the coveted furs being received in exchange. The second letter of instructions to Endicott, May 28, 1629, contained this caution: "Wee pray you endeavor, though there bee much strong waters sent for Sale, yett so to order it as that the Salvages may not for our lucre sake bee induced to the excessive use or rather abuse of it; and at any hand take care our people give noe ill example; and if any shall exceede in that inordinate kinde of drinking as to become drunck, wee hope you will take care his punishment bee made exem-

plary for all others." But experience soon taught the colonists the danger from this traffic with the red men, and laws were made prohibiting it. The Dutch at Manhattan disapproved of this course and said: "To prohibit all strong liquor to them seems very hard and very turkish; rumm doth as little hurt as the ffrenchmans Brandie and in the whole is much more wholesome."

But when the white man's greed and the Indian's appetite met, the most severe laws failed to stop the sale of liquor to these "inflamed devilish bloudy salvages." The laws were modified, restricting the amount that could be sold only, and allowing the use of it in barter or in payment for labor on the part of the Indians. In November, 1644, the following Court order appears on the Massachusetts record: "The Court, apprehending that it is not fit to deprive the Indians of any lawful comfort which God alloweth to all men by the use of wine, do order that it shall be lawful for all such as are or shall be alowed license to retaile wines, to sell also to the Indians, so much as may be fit for their needful use or refreshing." The amount thus "needful" almost invariably corresponded in value with the amount of wampum the Indian chanced to have with him. Drunken Indians were fined ten shillings or whipped. They willingly suffered the whipping to save their money. No income resulting from this habit, the punishment was changed to ten days' work for such as would not pay,—"which did highly insence the Indians"! Nor did it trouble the settler's conscience to intoxicate the perchance passing Indian, and then collect the fine! Such treatment by no means tended to lessen the cruelty of the Indian wars; and while the red man paid for his drunken vices with the extinction of his race, the white man paid the penalty of his wickedness with war, massacre and desolated homes. Thus the accounts were balanced.

A law of 1661 shows the beginning of distilling in the colony; and a license was required for the purpose. In 1664 young rowdies were forbidden to congregate at taverns; and "rude singing" was punished with a fine of five shillings. In 1670, selectmen were required to notice any drunkards, and forbid their frequenting taverns; and innkeepers were not to allow them about their houses.

"Strikes" were not unknown in colony times. Workmen demanded an allowance of wine and liquor every day, over and above their wages; when denied, they refused to work. In 1672, the following was enacted: "Now forasmuch as such a practice of drinking liquors and wine tends much to the rooting young persons in an evil practice and by degrees to train them up to an habit of excess," the Court prohibited employers giving such liquors to workmen or boys, on penalty of twenty shillings fine.

It is often asserted that the liquors of the early days were purer and unadulterated. This statement seems unfounded, for strict measures were taken from time to time to compel brewers and distillers to provide good liquors in the colonies. Beer which sold for two pence a quart must have four bushels of malt to the hogshead. In 1732, the Yale College authorities were compelled to pass lengthy regulations for the supply of good liquors at the "Commons," the quality had become so poor.

In 1675, Cotton Mather made the complaint, exaggerated no doubt, that every other house in Boston was an alehouse! And drunkenness was prevalent, for persons addicted to that vice "finde out wayes to deceive the lawes provided," and there was some concern lest the "abuse of drunkenness" would "bring some stroake of God's heavy hand" upon them.

Some pointed temperance sermons were preached by certain prominent ministers in 1686, the occasion being the execution of a drunken murderer. Rev. Increase Mather was one

preacher. He said: "There has been an horrible thing done in this place; some wicked persons (who they are God knows) have given or sold Strong liquors to the Indians, and made them drunk also, and several of them have died in that condition. Let such know that the Lord will judge them, yea He will judge them as men that have shed blood shall be judged, they must answer for the blood of souls and bodies too, most wicked and miserable creatures they are, that to gain a few pence will bring upon themselves the guilt of the blood of souls and bodies too! It is an unhappy thing that later years a kind of strong drink called Rum has been common amongst us which the poorer sort of people, both in town and country, can make themselves drunk with. They that are poor and wicked too, can for a penny or twopence make themselves drunk. I wish to the Lord some remedy may be thought of for the prevention of this evil."

More interesting still are the words of Rev. Mr. Moody, who preached on the Sabbath previous in the presence of the condemned man. The following extract is from his sermon on that occasion: "And O you Drunkards! Let Trembling take hold of you, especially you Drunkards of Ephraim (Isa. 28:1). I mean church member Drunkards. I wish there were none such that hear me this day, who either are church members or were till dismembered for that sin; see unto what end one of your companions in that sin is brought. God sometimes hangs up Drunkards in chains, as spectacles to the world, and that by snatching them away by some untimely end. Sometimes they fall in the water and are drowned; sometimes into the fire and are burned and sometimes by other observable providences He sets a mark on those sinners and bears his testimony against the Sin. And it was that sin chiefly that exposed this man. . . . Bless God that He didn't take you away at a stroke! Many a Drunkard has staggard and reeled into the pit, has dropt into Hell in a moment and gone full of drink into the place where there is not a drop of water to cool his tongue."

Very little appears on this subject in the Connecticut records for the first few years. Hartford people were too much occupied with the war against the Pequod Indians for the first year or two to give attention to the vice of drunkenness. Still, it is interesting to note that in their preparation for this Indian war in May, 1637, it was ordered that "there be one hogshead of good beare for the Capt. & Mr. & sick men, if there be only three or four gals. of strong water, two gals. of sacke." These Connecticut men were vastly different from their brothers at Boston, if there was not a large "sick list" on that expedition. In 1639, the year the Connecticut Constitution was adopted, we find notice of drunkenness in the colony records; but more would probably be found in the various town records. If we accept the testimony of a Dutch visitor to Hartford in 1639, we may consider that settlement a sober place. "These English live soberly," said the Hollander, "drinking but three times at a meal, and when a man drinks to drunkenness, they tie him to a post and whip him as they do thieves in Holland." Some drunken boatmen from the river cause the first appearance of the subject on these records, when five offenders were fined from ten to thirty shillings. It soon became necessary to enact a license law, which was done in 1643. Two years later five cases of drunkenness take their attention. The following year a tax of forty shillings a butt is imposed on all wine sellers. Trouble began in earnest when inns were set up; and the next year, "to prevent the great abuse which is creeping in," they forbid tarrying at an inn over one half hour. (May 25, 1647.)

From the Code of Laws published in 1650, we learn what laws were in force at that time. The section re-

garding innkeepers mentions the "necessary use of houses of Common Entertainment in every Commonwealth," and the many "abuses of that lawful libberty both by persons entertaining and entertained," making needful "strict laws." Each town was required to have an ordinary and provide entertainment for man and beast. "Excessive drinking" was forbidden —that was over one half pint, for one person, at one time longer than one half hour, or after nine o'clock at night. The penalty for this was five shillings. There was a fine of ten shillings for every one found drunk; excessive drinking was fined three shillings four pence; for tippling over one half an hour, two shillings six pence; and after nine P. M., five shillings. If these fines were not paid, the offenders were set in the stocks. For the second offence the fines were doubled.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, Connecticut returns to the consideration of this subject, and the various court orders indicate that times had greatly changed since the Dutch visitor found the English in Hartford "living soberly." Many were selling liquors without a license; "joints" and "resorts" for Indians, servants, negroes and other dissolute persons had come into existence; and contempt for law was increasing. The General Association of churches made a report on the "state of religion," and cited "intemperance" as one cause for the "decay." This led the Court to enact very strict laws, and very heavy fines were imposed on the offenders. Five pounds was made the penalty for illegal selling.

The records of the New Haven colony open with the consideration of some drunken servants, one of whom was put in the stocks and the other whipped. This was December 4, 1639. Six weeks later, another servant was fined five pounds for being "druncke on the Lord's Day." There were four more cases at the same time. So we are not surprised to find recorded under the same date: "John Charles was forbidden to draw wine because there hath beene much disorder by itt;" and that Goodman Lowe was whipped and sent out of the plantation as "an encourager of others to disorderly drinking meetings." Twelve cases of drunkenness occur on these records in the next four years, indicating much drinking among the boatmen along the water front. In 1645 the first license is issued for a tavern; and at the same time two young men were presented for drinking "sacke in a cellar out of the bung with a tobacco pipe." The tavern just licensed soon causes trouble. The keeper's son proceeds to treat four of his young friends, and they are presently brought before the Court to answer for their spree. One of the culprits claimed that he was not acquainted with the nature of the liquor. Being "overcome" by it, "he had not the use of those abilities that else he might have improved, but was carried up to bedd by two," which he owned as "sinne and shame." Each of the others had interesting testimony, one making the unusual statement that he didn't like the drink! All were fined for their "sinne." October 7, 1646, the Governor felt called upon to mention the "sundry miscariadges by drinke of late, by whom he cannot come to the true knowledge off or where it hath bin hadd." The innkeeper lately licensed evidently considered this a reflection upon him, for he immediately "propounded that he might lay down the ordynary." He was induced to continue, and it was ordered, "that God may not be dishonored nor religion reproached, wine and strong waters bee drawn only at the ordynary."

The next case of drunkenness has a peculiar interest, from the fact that the Governor took occasion to "split hairs" in favor of church members; at least it has that appearance. A certain member of the church, visiting a Dutch vessel in the harbor, probably on business, through the Hollander's

liberal entertainment became intoxicated. The Governor declared that this man, not being "*given to drunkenness*" and in this instance "*it not being an appointed meeting for drinking*," was guilty of an "*act*" only; consequently the man was fined instead of being whipped. Our young friend, the tavern-keeper's son, again appears on the docket, and has become what, in modern police parlance, is called a "rounder." The record of 1647 says it (drunkenness) was a "sinn rooted in him." Then the Governor's "neager" became intoxicated. That proved to be an accident! The poor slave thought he "was drinking bear," because it was in a glass he was accustomed to use when drinking beer. People were not expected to get drunk with beer. This culprit was discharged and left to the tender mercies of his stern master.

As in the other colonies, New Haven provided beer for her soldiers. For a proposed expedition against the Dutch in 1654, 133 men were to be raised and provisioned. The supply for one month was to include "6 tunn beare, 3 anchors of liquors." Such provision must have filled the ranks of the military companies of those days with many disreputable persons, and may account for many of the disgraceful actions in the various Indian wars.

Milford must have had an unenviable reputation in the colony times, if the records are any criterion. Drunkenness and law breaking abounded, and the General Court "wearied" of meeting so often to settle the numerous cases from this colony "slum." In 1654, a Dutchman caused the records to become more voluminous than they would have been had he behaved himself. A fellow countryman of his became "scandously and dangerously drunke" on board his ship, anchored in Milford harbor. The magistrate, hearing of it, sent the marshal to arrest the offender. But the owner of the ship, Corneliusson by name, resisted the arrest of his seaman, and the marshal returned to land empty handed. Soon after, the offender went ashore and was immediately apprehended by the marshal. Corneliusson quickly followed and rescued the seaman from the magistrate's house, whereupon he was himself in turn seized and held to answer for the seaman's offence as well as his own. This action greatly excited the man from Manhattan, who after vain resistance demanded to see the law against drunkenness. This was read to him. He then became very abusive and called it a law of man and not of God. He boasted of his drunken habits and asked the bystanders if they hadn't been drunk, —to which many could have answered in the affirmative, no doubt. He enlightened them with the information that drunkenness was not punished at Manhattan,—by which statement he added a lie to his other offences,—but that drunkards "used after they had bine drunke to say, God forgive us, or be mercyfull to us, and that was enough." But the averred leniency of the Dutch laws did not move the Milford authorities to mercy, and Corneliusson was taken to New Haven and a special court called to consider his case. He secured the intercession of Mr. Isaac Allerton, who told the court he doubted if the man knew what he was doing. The court adjudged the damage to the colony to be forty pounds, and fined the culprit accordingly. Upon his humble petition, soon after, the fine was reduced to thirty pounds, and Mr. Allerton became surety for that amount.

In 1656, Milford again comes to court with complaint against one Tomlinson, an innkeepeer. He was charged with selling liquor at an excessive price and providing "very meane and some time stinking beefe, not fitt for men to eate, and wine at two shillings a quart raw and without sugar." For selling at an excessive rate he was

fined ten pounds, "which is less than the court conceives he hath gained in this unrighteous way;" and he is warned "that strangers which come to Milford may have cause to speak well of ye ordinary there as they have formerly done."

Another case of drunkenness, also from Milford, occurring in 1657, will be mentioned for the interesting example it gives of the sermonizing indulged by the courts at such times. A man with a "sad fame" for drunkenness was presented at court. Attention was called to a disfigured eye. He was asked to explain this, and said "some distemper had fallen into it." It was a costly distemper, for he was fined five pounds and threatened with the stocks the next time. He was soon found in the Milford stocks, and later sent to New Haven, "because he hath beene drunk since his stocking." Being asked what he had to say for himself, he answered, "Nothing;" "whereupon he was asked what he had to say to those great & gross miscarriages wherewith he stood charged . . . that he should make his house a house of drunkenness, & rise up against authority in threatening words, as he had done; & that he hereby showed that he was a man fallen from God & from the profession which he hath formerly made, more than in an ordinary manner . . . he was told that it is an amazing thing that he is not a terror to himself, that he should doe thus wickedly in a land of uprightness, & not behold the magesty of ye Lord. The court further declared that they were both sorry and ashamed that he was againe brought to the court for such delinquency, he was minded that he had beene fined at Milford with a smaller fine, but yet would not reforme him, afterwards he was called to the court of magistrates, & fined with a greater fine, but yet reformed not, after that he was stocked, neither did that reclaim him, but he still goeth on to abuse himself in a swinish manner, so that it is an exercise to the court what to doe with him & what course to take to reclaime him. He was told that it hath beene intimated, which assuredly the court will doe, & he was bid to expect it, that if he be not reformed, the court must lay him in prison & keepe him to prison diett to prevent these sinfull excesses . . . & seeing he abuses himself in his owne house, it was therefore ordered, that he shall not have liberty to keepe wines or liquors in his house, save only what shall be for their comfort, which he shall see cause to desire, and the magistrate shall see cause to license him to have; & this is the triall the court would make of . . . at this time, who has bid to remember & beare it upon his heart, he goes under the divell as his keeper."

Thus the court abandoned this poor wretch to his fate, and, having adjourned, proceeded to the neighboring inn for "refreshment." These examples show clearly how the wealthy planters of New Haven regarded this vice and treated those addicted to it, in those early days. Their definition of a drunken person was "that he be thereby for the present bereaved, or disabled in the use of his understanding, appearing in his speech, jesture, or carriage in any of the taverns or elsewhere."

The remarkable growth of commerce, caused largely by the traffic in intoxicating liquors, had a vast influence upon the history of New England during the eighteenth century. Molasses was brought in large quantities from the West Indies to New England, where it could be distilled more rapidly than in the sluggish southern climes; whence, besides being used in the slave trade, it was carried to the other parts of the continent, particularly Canada and the fisheries. This traffic gave rise to a large number of impost laws, and the provincial courts spent a great deal of time in changing and amending them with the object of preventing evasion and smuggling. Merchants

did not hesitate to present the officials with kegs of choice liquors, expecting a less careful scrutiny of their cargoes; and even Boston's benefactor, Peter Faneuil, wrote to his correspondent abroad: "See what good French brandy is worth and if it be possible to cloak it so as to ship it for rum!" So great were the profits in this trade, that great risks were taken and that daring seamanship which proved so valuable some years later was created. That there was no improvement in the drinking habits under these circumstances needs no assertion. Rum was the bane of New England in the eighteenth century, and left a deep scar on its history.

Tippling shops increased at an alarming rate in Boston, and in 1702 a record of thirteen new licenses is found, mostly for "out of doors." In 1711 complaint was made that these licensed places were "used for Revelling and Tippling, and become Nurseries of Intemperance and Debauchery, indulged by the Masters or keepers of the Same for the sake of Gain." Efforts were made to remedy matters, but in vain. Retailers increased, with no corresponding increase of population. It even became necessary to enact a law to prohibit the manufacture and use of "lead stills." From Douglass's Summary we learn much of this period. There was a large increase in the receipts from excise and impost in 1748. This was due to the "rioting and drunkenness, introduced partly by our idle military expeditions." Douglass speaks of "spirits" as become "an endemical plague everywhere." "For many years in the land service allowance for each man on march included one gill of rum. Aboard the provincial privateers, the allowance each man per week was seven gallons of beer."

John Adams, then a young man, writing of Boston in 1750, said: "Playing cards, drinking punch and wine, smoking tobacco and swearing. . . . I know not how any young fellow can study in this town." Eleven years later he wrote: "If you ride over this whole province you will find that taverns are generally too numerous." But these were stirring times, and less attention was given to the subject of drunkenness. The more weighty question of the day required serious and sober thought; and while the disorders from intemperance were frequent, the general rule was sobriety. It has been stated that the cradle of liberty was not rocked in a saloon. While true in its deeper meaning, the contrary seems to be the fact, literally; the cradle seems actually to have been rocked in the old New England tavern. The tavern became the centre of political discussion and action. The great questions of the day were argued around the punch bowl; and sentiments of liberty were stirred while the flip-iron stirred the rum. The resolutions for the destruction of the tea were drawn up in a tavern—the "Salutation Inn"—and no doubt under the excitement of a drink far more potent of evil than the tea.

But the town of Boston was in a rather chaotic state during these days, so far as the liquor laws were concerned. So alarmed did the leaders become, that a town meeting was called "to consider of some effectual method to prevent unlicensed strangers and others from entertaining and supplying the youth and servants of the town with spirituous liquors." A committee was appointed for the purpose of investigating the condition of affairs. This committee reported the laws sufficient, "if enforced." Tithingmen were then appointed to see that they were enforced. And what was true of Boston was equally true of other towns in New England.

The Revolution tended to increase rather than decrease the drinking habits of the people. The restraint of moral sentiment and civil law was somewhat removed; and the great struggle then going on gave the col-

onists no time for such matters. The same was true immediately after the Revolution; for intemperance increased to an alarming extent. We say alarming, for attention was soon drawn to the subject, and thoughts were expressed and principles enunciated which led finally to the great temperance reform of the early part of the present century.

CASTE.

By George E. Tufts.

O STAR, my star, there in the heaven's blue deep,
Where thou thy gracious watch o'er earth dost keep,
Bend down to bless thy worshipper, and rest,
A holy amulet, upon my breast!

O face, sweet face, now grown so deadly dear,
So hopelessly remote, and yet so near,
Dare I not spurn the flimsy, cruel fate,
Whose viewless might doth hold us separate?

The star gleams coldly from its lofty place;
My loved one's breath is warm upon my face;
Alas! 'twere easier to grasp the star,
Than break 'twixt her and me the unseen bar.

THE LAST LETTER OF JOHN BROWN.

By Charles H. Small.

JOHN BROWN of Harper's Ferry was a unique compound of simple Christian faith, indomitable courage and almost fanatical zeal. He drew the principles for his conduct on all occasions from the Bible; and once decided, he would carry out his convictions, come what might. That he believed he was doing the Lord's will in going South to free the slaves, none will doubt who knew him; that it was a rash and almost insane undertaking has been felt by most; but that by it he struck one of the decisive blows that split the log of slavery is also certain.

On the day of his execution, December 2, 1859, while in jail awaiting the carrying out of the sentence of the court, he wrote a letter, undoubtedly the last he ever penned, to his old friend and neighbor, Mr. Lora Case, of Hudson, Ohio. This letter is now in the possession of Mrs. S. E. Scott, the daughter of Mr. Case. A photograph has been made of it and copyrighted. We are permitted to give a *facsimile* copy of the letter through

Charlestown, Jefferson, Co Va, 2d, Dec, 1859.

Lora Case Esqr

My Dear Sir

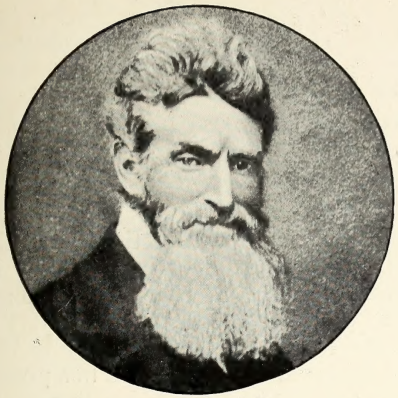
Your Most Kind & Cheering letter of the 28th Nov is received Such an outburst of warm hearted Sympathy not only for my self; but also for those who "have no helper" compells me to steal a moment from those alone me; in which to prepare for my last great change to send you a few words. Such a feeling as you manifest makes you to "Shine (in my estimation) in the midst of this wicked & perverse generation as a light in the world" May you ever prove yourself equal to the high estimate I have placed on you. Pure & undefiled religion befor God & the Father is" as I understand it: an active (not a dormant) principle. I do not undertake to direct any more about my Children. I leave that now entirely to their excellent Mother from whom I have just parted. I send you my "salutation with my own hand." Remember me to all yours & my dear friends. Your friend

John Brown

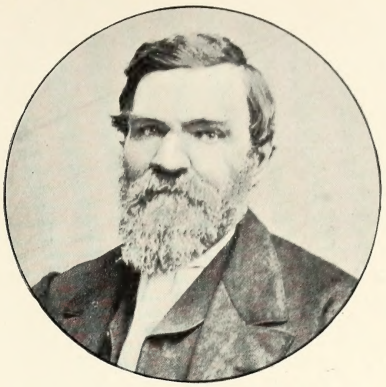
I received this letter of
John Brown Dec 10th 1859. Written on the day of execution
Lora Case Born Nov 18th 1811.

the courtesy of those holding the copyright. The letter shows the writer's deep trust in God and his remarkable calmness in view of his coming fate. In the few moments before his "last great change" he sends a friendly salutation to his friend and sympathizer. Carefully preserved during these years, it is indeed an impressive paper.

Mr. Lora Case, to whom this historic letter was written, died July 14, 1897, at the age of eighty-six; he was therefore born in 1811 and was eleven years younger than John Brown. The parents of Mr. Case left Granby, Connecticut, his native town, when he was three years old, with their five children, in a two-horse covered wagon, with a cow hitched behind to



JOHN BROWN.



LORA CASE.

supply milk while on the way. Their destination was Hudson in the Western Reserve, twenty-five miles from Cleveland, which place they reached after a journey of six weeks. The parents of John Brown, Owen and Ruth Mills Brown, had also gone from Connecticut to the same place nine years before, travelling in much the same manner. One of Mr. Case's earliest recollections was of being a member of young John Brown's Sunday-school class in the Congregational church (the second on the Reserve), when he was five years old. He thus early became an admirer of Brown, and afterwards a most intimate friend. Mr. Case was like Brown an ardent abolitionist; he was, too, like Brown a man of earnest Christian faith, strong convictions and great courage.

The wife of Owen Brown, the mother of John Brown, died December 10, 1808, and was buried in the old Hudson cemetery. The stone still stands and bears this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Ruth, wife of Owen Brown, who died Dec. 10, 1808, in the 37 year of her age.

She was a dutiful child,
A sprightly youth, a loving wife,
A tender parent, a kind neighbor,
and an exemplary Christian.
Sweet is the memory of the Just."

Next to this stone is that of Owen Brown, and on the other side of his is that of his second wife, Sally, whom he married November 8, 1809. Owen Brown was one of the earliest abolitionists, associated with him being the father of Dr. Josiah Strong, a resident of the same town. He was on the building committee of the Western Reserve College, founded in Hudson in 1826. Mr. Case assisted his father in the mason work on the first building, now known as "Middle College." The old college buildings are now occupied by the Western Reserve Academy, the college having removed to Cleveland.

Mr. Case had many interesting reminiscences of John Brown and his father. He said that the first time he ever heard John Brown raise his voice against slavery was in 1837, in the church prayer-meeting. News had just been received of the murder of Lovejoy. There was a strong prejudice in the community against the antislavery movement, but there were some outspoken abolitionists in the town. After an earnest prayer by his father, John Brown rose in the meeting and in a calm and emphatic way said: "I pledge myself with God's help that I will devote my life to increasing hostility towards slavery." How fully he lived up to this pledge is a matter of history.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, HISTORICAL AND PICTURESQUE.

By John Wright Buckham.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN is not called one of the Great Lakes; yet it is no nursling of the hills, circumscribed and comprehended at a glance of the eye, but expansive, wind swept, and inspiring. Its extreme length is one hundred and

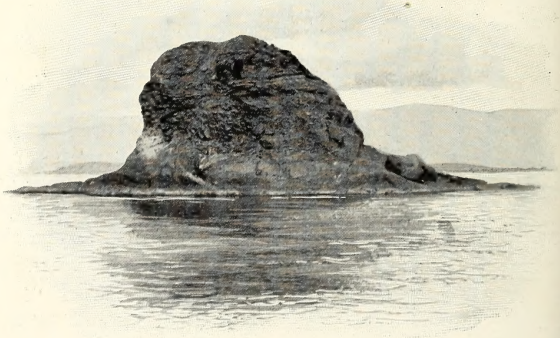


SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

twenty-six miles; it covers an area of about five hundred square miles, and drains a territory of between seven thousand and nine thousand square miles. It is in fact, as the Indians perceived and indicated in one of the names which they gave it, *Caniaderi-Guarunte*, the door of the country, a great water way from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson. As such it has been the scene of events of the most intense interest in the history of America. The imagination is continually reverting to this history and tradition, as one views the lake and its environment. It is difficult to overestimate the subtle influence with which history invests scenery. Nature needs man for her completion. Without human association she is, in most of her provinces, desolate and often forbidding. Even the harshest and saddest of legends humanize nature and increase her power over us. The eye of Champlain, when it first fell upon all the virgin glory and loveliness of this marvellous lake and valley, must have been smitten by its rare beauty; but how much more impressive is the sight now that it has been baptized with heroic blood, enshrined in song and story, endeared by the presence of thousands of happy homes and viewed with reverent admiration by hosts of lovers of the beautiful.*

The pictures which the historic imagination fixes in association with

* For the history and description of the lake, see Peter S. Palmer's valuable "History of Lake Champlain"; W. H. H. Murray's "Lake Champlain and its Shores"; the excellent chapter on "The Champlain Valley" in "Picturesque Burlington"; Thompson's "Vermont"; and S. R. Stoddard's "Guide Book to Lakes George and Champlain"; also the interesting chapter on "The Discovery, Navigation and Navigators of Lake Champlain" in Mrs. Hemenway's "Vermont Historical Gazetteer," Vol. I, by Thos. S. Canfield. Champlain's history of his voyage through the lake may be found in the "Documentary History of New York," Vol. III, also in the edition of his works published by the Prince Society.



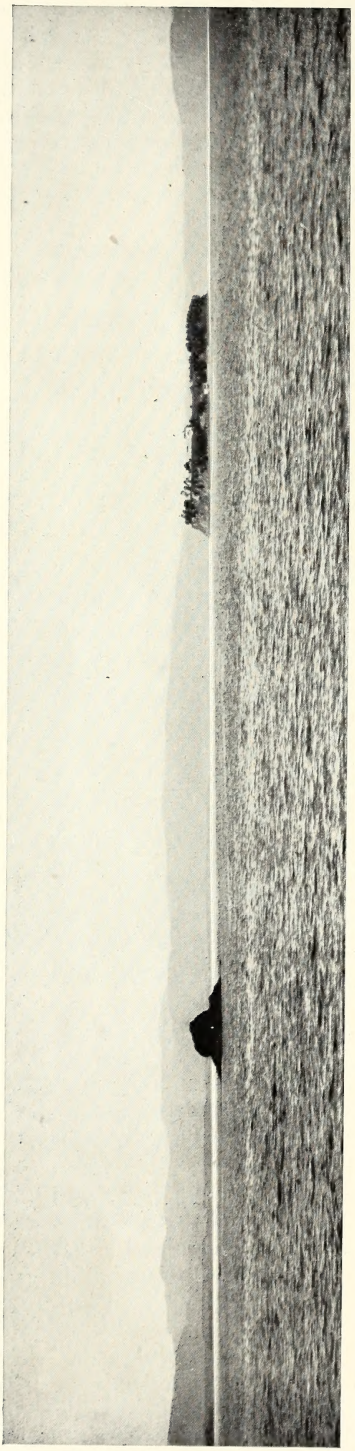
ROCK DUNDER.

this famous lake are many of them dark and terrible, blackened with smoke and stained with blood; but seen through the vistas of the years and softened by the light of present serenity and beauty, they serve but to enhance with a solemn touch the fascination which Lake Champlain exerts upon us. The first of these pictures is that of the dominion of the Indian, when the birch-bark canoe stole noiselessly through the waters and the smoke of the campfire curled upward above the great forests, whose silence was broken only by the calls of birds and the cries of animals, except when the hoarse yells of battle or the wild shrieks of torture told of some fresh cruelty in that awful Indian warfare which raged here so long and so relentlessly. For Lake Champlain was the chief battle ground between the two great tribes who divided between them the sovereignty of eastern North America, the Abenakis and the fierce Iroquois. About two miles southwest of Burlington harbor rises to the height of some thirty-six feet above the surface of the water a conspicuous and forbidding rock, commonly known as Rock Dunder, but better named Mohawk Rock, which is said to have marked the boundary between these two great tribes, and stands as the perpetual and impressive reminder of the days when the red men struggled for the mastery of this fair country.

Across the picture of this savage and deadly conflict, which made Indian settlement on these shores too precarious for frequency, there flashes another picture. It is that of Samuel de Champlain and his two companions, in company with a party of Algonquins, sailing forth in their canoes from the mouth of the Richelieu on the third of July, 1609, upon the waters which Champlain was the first white man to look upon and which were thenceforth to bear his honored name and serve as his great and enduring memorial. Skirting the western shore, Champlain advanced to a point whence he could see on the east side "very high mountains capped with snow,"—the Green Mountains,—and then, with a possible detour up the Winooski River, moved onward past "other mountains upon the west side of the



CHAMPLAIN'S PICTURE OF HIS BATTLE WITH THE IROQUOIS.



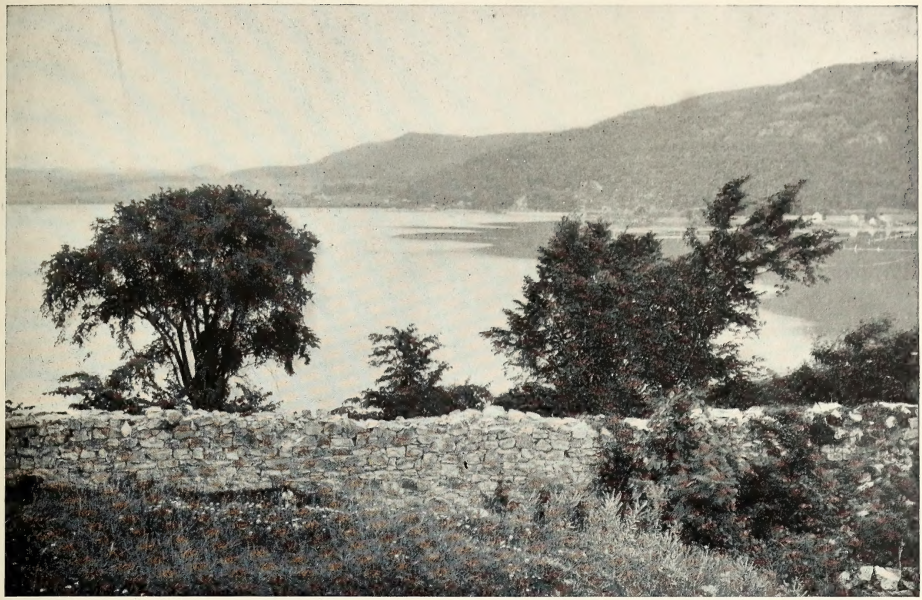
LAKE CHAMPLAIN FROM BURLINGTON.

lake, which the Indians informed me were in the land of their enemies,"—the Adirondacks,—to a point between Crown Point and Ticonderoga. Here a party of the Iroquois was encountered. The battle that ensued was prophetic of the continuous and complete victory of the white man over the red man. But the shot from Champlain's arquebus which put the Iroquois to flight* was as fatal to the cause of France and Catholicism as it was fortunate for that of England and Protestantism; for from that moment the Five Nations became bitterly hostile to France, and through their alliance with England this magnificent territory, with all of New England besides, was finally wrested from the dominion of France.

Next comes the series of stirring and significant pictures connected with the American struggle for independence. This conflict of the New World against the Old, of freedom against imperialism, unlike that which preceded it, is not without its traces upon the face of nature, having left upon the landscape scars which make the reality of the history more

*Champlain's account of the engagement is as follows: "The moment we landed, they (the Algonquins and Hurons) began to run about two hundred paces toward their enemies, who stood firm and had not yet perceived my companions, who went into the bush with some savages. Our Indians commenced calling me in a loud voice, and, opening their ranks, placed me at their head, about twenty paces in advance, in which order we marched until I was within thirty paces of the enemy. The moment they saw me they halted, gazing at me and I at them. When I saw them preparing to shoot at us, I raised my arquebus and, aiming directly at one of the three chiefs, two of them fell to the ground by this shot, and one of their companions received a wound of which he died afterwards. I had put four balls in my arquebus. Our party, on witnessing a shot so favorable for them, set up such tremendous shouts that thunder could not have been heard; and yet there was no lack of arrows on one side and the other. The Iroquois were greatly astonished at seeing two men killed so instantaneously, notwithstanding they were provided with arrow-proof armor woven of cotton thread and wood; this frightened them very much. Whilst I was reloading, one of my companions in the bush fired a shot, which so astonished them anew, seeing their chiefs slain, that they lost courage, took to flight, and abandoned the field and their fort, hiding themselves in the depth of the forests, whither pursuing them I killed some others. Our savages also killed several of them and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest carried off the wounded. Fifteen or sixteen of our party were wounded by arrows; they were promptly cured."

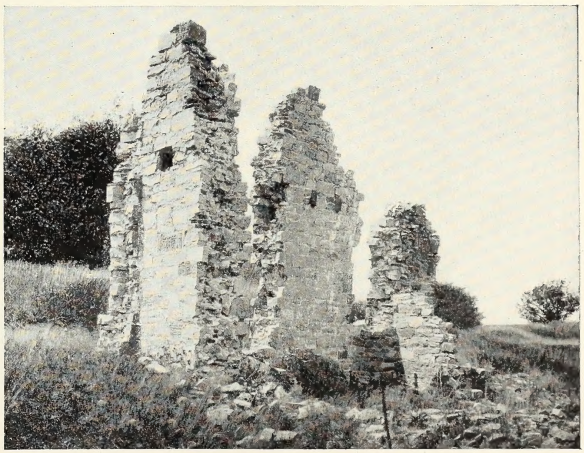
On the return voyage Champlain was compelled to witness the torturing of one of the captives by his fierce allies, and being a just and humane as well as brave man, who often said that the salvation of one soul was of more value than the founding of a new empire, this cruelty caused him great distress, and he tried in vain to dissuade the savages from continuing it.



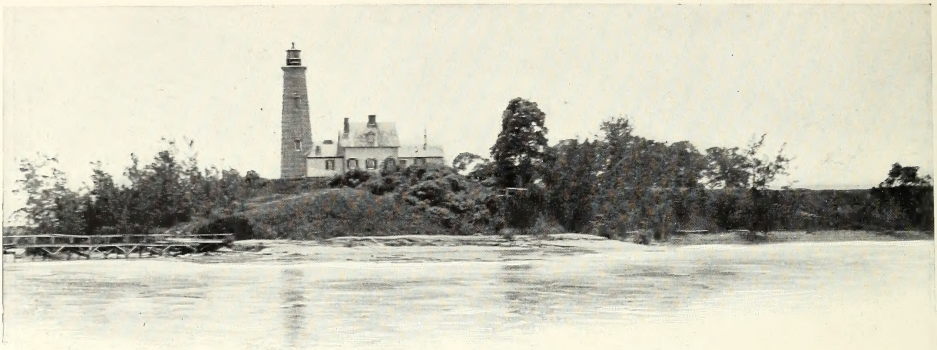
THE LAKE FROM FORT TICONDEROGA.

vivid to the observer. Passing down the lake, northward, on the steamer *Vermont*,—whose predecessor of the same name was one of the first steamers after Fulton's *Clermont* and as early as the year 1809 struggled laboriously up and down the lake at the rate of five miles an hour,—one comes first of all upon old Ticonderoga, lifting its gray ruins to the sky, with Mount Independence opposite and Mount Defiance frowning down upon it on the north. The little bay called Hand's Cove, in the town of Shoreham opposite, is pointed out,—and should be marked in some way,—whence on the night of the ninth of May, 1775, Ethan Allen embarked for that gallant seizure of Ticonderoga, which the dawn of the following day lit with undying glory. The ruins of Ticonderoga, hallowed by their great associations, add richly to the wondrous beauty of this spot.

If the visitor to old Fort Ticonderoga, or Carillon as it was originally called, approaches it from the west, he passes, less than half a mile from the fort, the bloody battlefield where Montcalm, from behind his hastily constructed abattis of trees, defeated Abercrombie's splendid battalions on the 8th of July, 1758. Carillon was one of the strategic points in the French



RUINS OF FORT FREDERICK.



THE LANDING AT FORT FREDERICK.

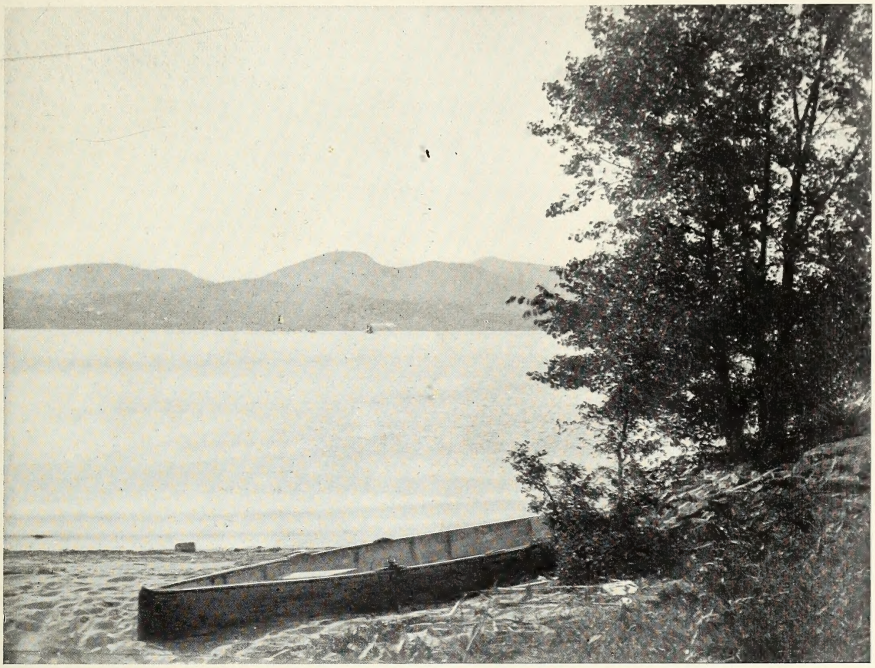
wars. It was built by the French in 1755, and became at once an object of desire on the part of England. It was hoped that Sir William Johnson would advance and seize it after his signal victory over Dieskau at Fort Edward, but he failed to do so. Abercrombie's expedition was well equipped and he could easily have taken Carillon if he had not blundered so stupidly in his plan of attack. As Parkman has so clearly pointed out, he might have circumvented Montcalm and cut off his supplies from the north, but instead of doing that, by approaching the fortress from the west through the woods, he first sacrificed Lord Howe, his chief reliance, who fell in a skirmish in the forest, and then, two days after, ordered his troops forward again, in a vain attempt to dislodge the French from their strong outpost constructed of felled trees. "The scene," says Parkman, "was frightful; masses of infuriated men, who could not go forward and would not go back, striving for an enemy they could not see,



Photograph by George H. Perry.

CRAB ISLAND FROM HOTEL CHAMPLAIN.

caught in the entanglement of fallen trees, tripped by briers, stumbling over logs, tearing through boughs, shouting, yelling and cursing, and pelted all the while with bullets that killed them by scores." Nearly two thousand of the flower of the English army were lost on that fearful battle-field. Not until the following year did the English gain possession of the fort. When Amherst advanced with his formidable forces, the French abandoned their stronghold and retreated toward Canada.

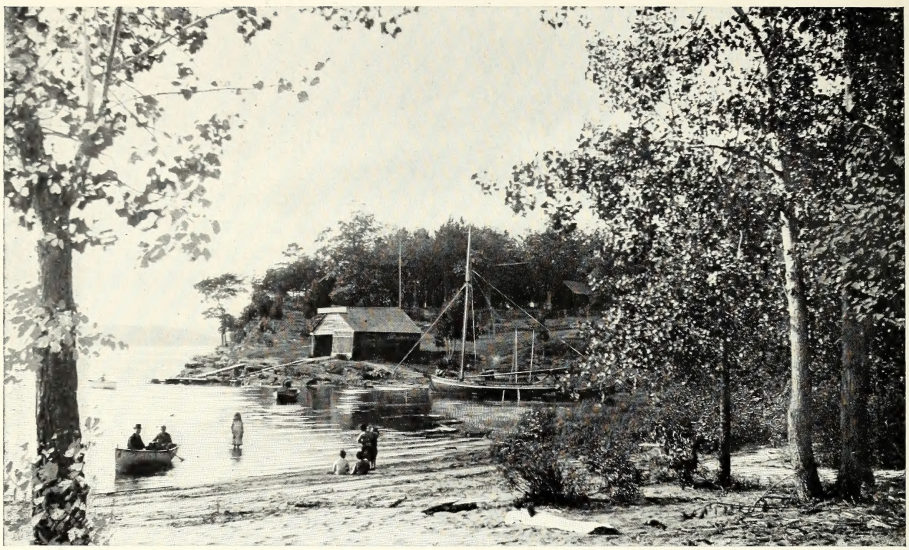


Photograph by George H. Perry.

THE ADIRONDACKS FROM CROWN POINT.

Only twelve miles north of Ticonderoga, on Crown Point, stand the ruins of the sister fortress, St. Frederick, built by the French in 1731, captured by the British under Amherst in 1759, and seized from them by Seth Warner on the day following Allen's capture of Ticonderoga. The strategic position of Crown Point, induced General Amherst to lay out extensive fortifications here, costing over two million pounds, the trenches, ramparts and barracks of which may still be seen. At this point the lake narrows to less than a half mile in width, and the point is a commanding one. When the lilies of France ceased to float over Crown Point the dominion of the French over the Champlain valley came to an end; and when England surrendered this strong and costly but poorly garrisoned fortress to the colonies, it was a serious loss to her cause. If the Americans had concentrated their forces at Crown Point, which has no Mount Defiance from which the enemy could command it with his guns, instead of Ticonderoga, a more effectual resistance might, perhaps, have been offered to Burgoyne when he came up the lake in 1777.

Opposite Crown Point is Chimney Point, so called from the fact that when the French burned their settlement here and fled only the chimneys were left standing. The next point



THOMPSON'S POINT.

of historic interest which one passes is Split Rock. Split Rock is the detached end of a rocky promontory, separated from the shore by a channel about fifteen feet wide, and contains at least half an acre. Opposite Split Rock is the greatest depth of the lake, four hundred feet. "The popular opinion," says Palmer in his admirable history of the lake, "is that this rock was separated from the main land by an earthquake, but Professor Emmons, who examined it particularly, supposes the separation to have been occasioned by the wearing away or decomposition of a mass of rock containing a large amount of pyritous iron." It was a little south of this picturesque point that Pringle overtook the remnant of Arnold's fleet in its retreat from the battle of Valcour Island and captured the galley *Washington*. Nearly opposite Split Rock, on the Vermont side, is Fort Cassin, at the mouth of Otter Creek, where from behind a rude breastwork, Lieutenant Cassin and Captain Thornton defeated a large company of British sent out to destroy the American fleet in process of construction at the ancient and miniature city of Vergennes, seven miles up stream.



OLD FERRY BOAT.

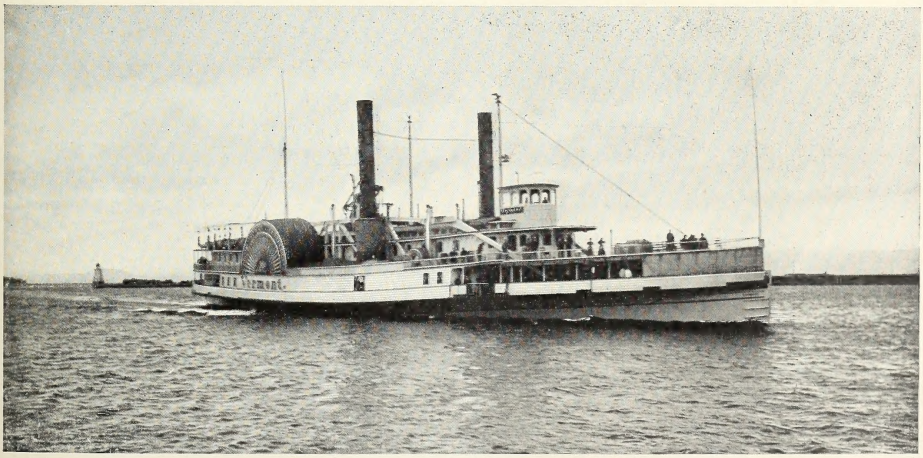
Between Port Kent and Plattsburgh, as the steamer enters the narrow channel between Valcour Island and the New York shore, she passes directly across the line along which lay the daring little fleet of Arnold, that "brave fool," as General Carleton called him, on the morning of October 11, 1776. With a strong north breeze behind them, Carleton's ships came dash-

ing up the lake, and with difficulty beat up against the Americans for that fierce battle, to which the merciful fall of night alone brought an end and saved the American vessels from capture or destruction at the hands of the superior forces of the British. At the close of the engagement, which lasted six hours, the American schooner, the *Royal Savage*, lay stranded and deserted on the southwest shore of the island, where her hull may still be seen; the gondola *Philadelphia* was so shattered that she soon sank; and some eighty men lay killed or wounded; but a brave and obstinate defence had been made.* With such odds against the Americans, discretion was the better part of valor. Through the carelessness of the British in leaving the west shore unguarded, Arnold was enabled to steal away under cover of the darkness, and the next morning Carleton discovered his expected prey off Schuyler Island, seven miles south, in its retreat toward Crown Point.



Continuing northward, one sights, only a short distance beyond Valcour, St. Michael's or Crab Island, and beyond this Cumberland Head, guarding Cumberland Bay, at the foot of which lies the city of Plattsburgh. It is a scene which one who knows American history cannot look upon without emotion. Between this little island and Cumberland Head

*W. H. H. Murray, in his brilliant but hasty criticism of Arnold's position at Valcour, says that "wisdom required, nay demanded, that he should fight the English — when he fought them — in the open lake, so that in case of defeat he might retire behind the guns of Crown Point, or even, if necessary, above the protecting works at Ticonderoga." In this judgment he is not supported by Captain Mahan, who, in his careful study of the battle of Valcour, in *Scribner's Magazine*, February, 1898, speaks of Arnold's "choice of the strong defensive position at Valcour," and concludes his estimate of the battle as follows: "The little American fleet navy on Lake Champlain was wiped out, but never had any force, big or small, lived to better purpose or died more gloriously, for it had saved the lake for that year."



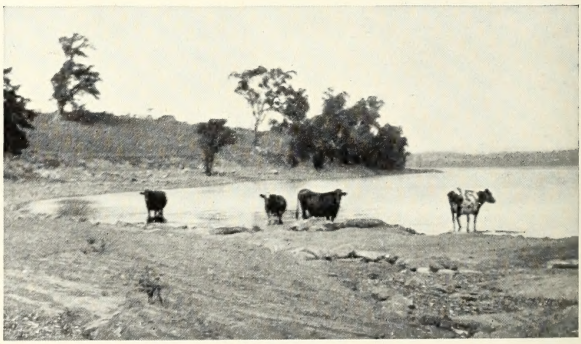
STEAMER "VERMONT."



CAMP MC VICAR.

was fought, September 11, 1814, the battle of Plattsburgh, one of the bravest and fiercest battles in the history of naval warfare; a battle in which every eighth man of the Americans and every fifth man of the British was killed or severely wounded, and in which scarcely a man escaped without injury; a battle at the close of which every mast was shattered and every sail was rent; a battle in which brave Captain Downie, who commanded the British fleet, was killed, and gallant Commodore MacDonough, the victor, was twice knocked from his feet; a battle in which Anglo-Saxon courage and determination were displayed at their height; a battle which practically terminated that long and sanguine struggle between America and England, which began at Lexington in 1775. In the cemetery of Plattsburgh, beneath two sighing pines, lies the body of Captain George Downie, surrounded by the bodies of the other officers, British and American, who fell in this famous struggle; while on St. Michael's Island the heroic seamen of both fleets are buried, side by side in one grave, symbolic of the concord which now reigns between the two puissant nations.

Such are some of the historic associations which enhance the charm and interest of Lake Champlain. Yet without them there were enough of beauty and grandeur, of the health-giving and soul-inspiring in her air and scenery, to make the lake famous. It may be safely affirmed that no other lake in the world affords greater variety and wealth in its scenery. "Having seen most of the localities of



ALONG THE SHORE.

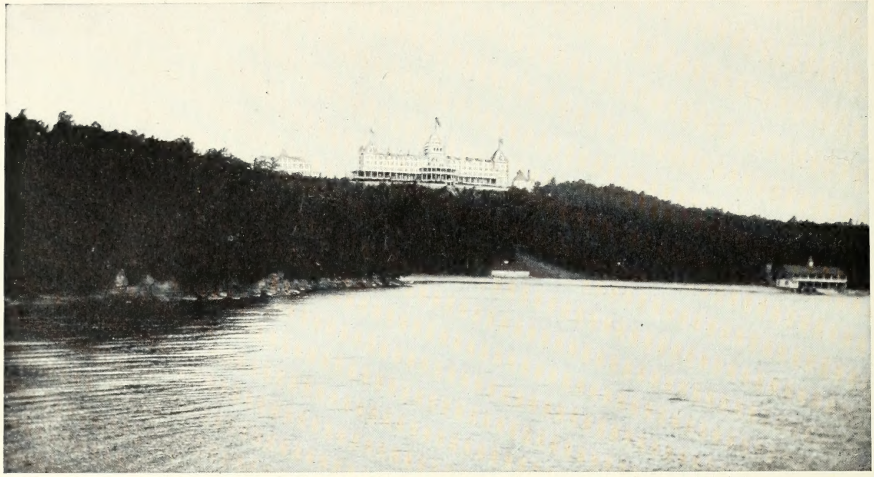
the continent noted for their beauty," says W. H. H. Murray, "I can but declare that I know no other spot which for loveliness of appearance, majesty of scenery and varied resources of entertainment can compare with Lake Champlain." Champlain has breadth and narrowness, mountain and plain, bluff and lowland, boldness and placidity, grandeur and grace, in infinite variety. The background for its pictures is magnificent, consisting of the remote but always visible line of the Green Mountains on the east, now swelling to the splendid heights of Mansfield and Camel's Hump and Killington, now falling away in soft undulations to billowy hills, whose green is absorbed in the azure of the bending skies; and on the west the glorious piling domes and pinnacles of the Adirondacks, advancing to the water's very edge and rolling back in titanic and tumultuous majesty. Looking off upon the splendor of the view from Burlington, a lover of the beautiful remarked: "There is no view in all the world finer than this eastern one, except the western,"—a judgment that has had frequent ratification.





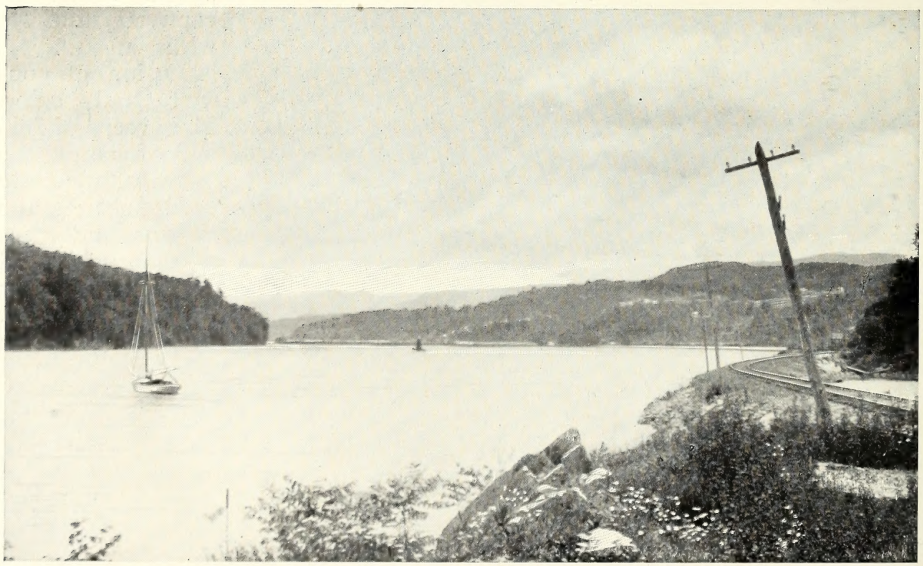
A SUMMER CAMP.

The foregrounds harmonize well with the mountainous background. The shores of the lake, with their wooded banks, wide bays, deep inlets, golden beaches and rock-bound headlands, captivate the eye with an endless profusion of contour and color. The greens of field and foliage, the grays of the slate and shale, the browns and reds of the rocks, and the gold and silver of the beaches, blend with the changing hues of water and sky and cloud and mountain in unbroken harmonies of shade and shine. At the northern end of the lake the land stretches away upon either side in wide expanses of rich plain, broken now and then by the wave of hill or mountain. At the southern end the New York shore is bold and



HOTEL CHAMPLAIN.

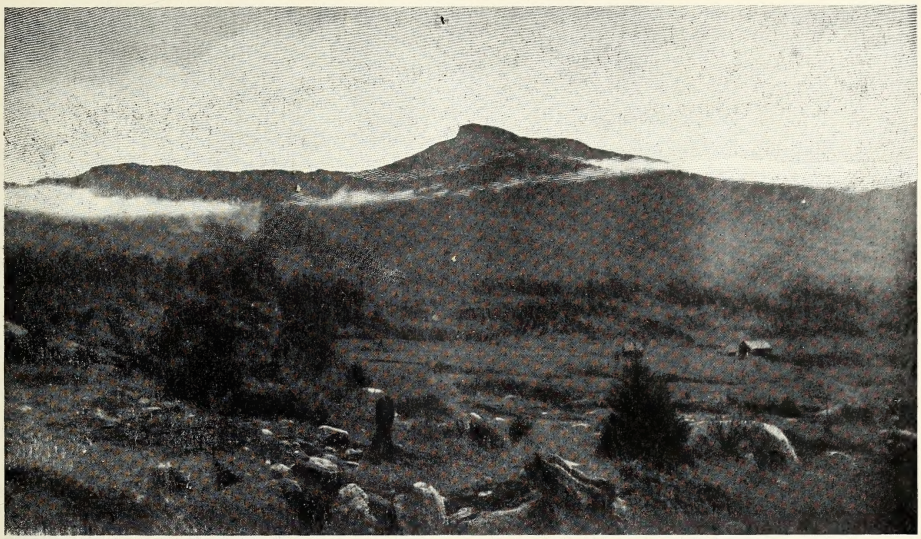
mountainous, while the Vermont shore is bordered by the sloping fertile farms of Addison County, their splendid elms holding sovereignty over fair tracts of meadow, groves of beeches and walnuts, with an occasional tufted pine towering above them, crowning the hilltops or sloping down to secluded valleys. Here and there the cows stand in the shallow water, seeking relief from the heats of summer. Between Crown Point and Colchester Point the shores on the Vermont side are bolder and more heavily wooded than elsewhere on the eastern side, and with their marvellous views of the Adirondacks opposite afford, like Thompson's Point and Cedar Beach, special attractions to campers. Yet it is almost invidious to refer to one portion of the lake as superior to another in its advantages as a camping ground, for the



THE NARROWS.

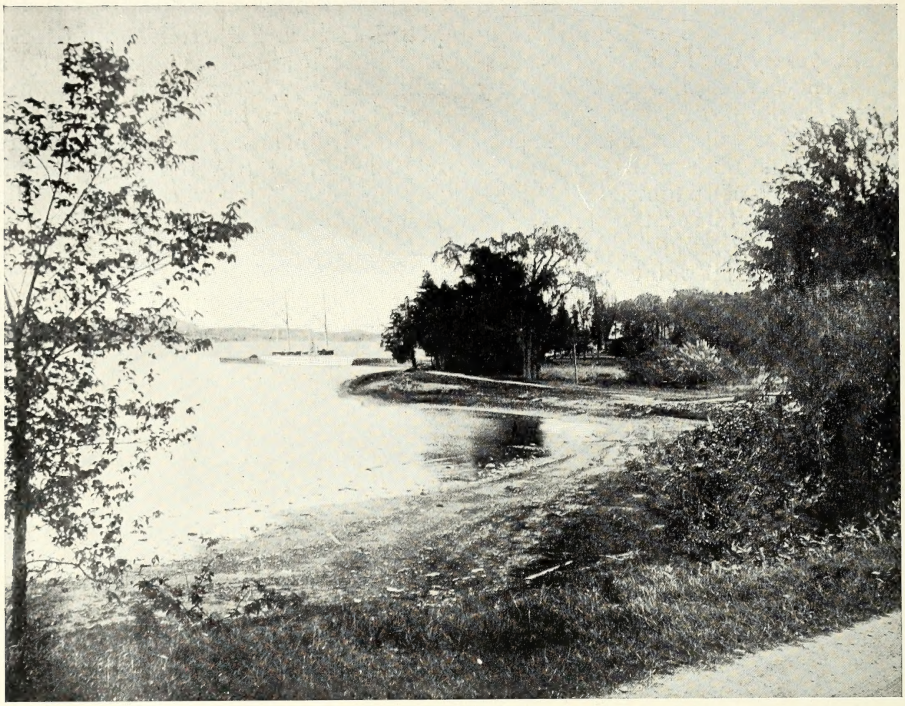
entire lakeside is a paradise for campers, and yearly the number is increasing. Ten years ago, it may be safely affirmed, the number of camp-houses along the lake was not half what it is now. One familiar with the lake in years gone by is astonished in passing through it to see the number of camp-houses peeping out from among the trees of point and bay and island. May their tribe increase, so long as they continue sufficiently modest and unassuming not to detract from the scenery itself!

Points and bays and islands—let us leave the customary paths of travel and take a brief excursion among them. Islands! Champlain has them in profusion, great and small. One entire county of Vermont, Grand Isle, consists largely of islands, chief among which are North Hero and South Hero, named for the two famous brothers, Ethan and Ira Allen. South Hero is thirteen miles long, and contains two townships. Its fine farms and fruitful orchards, with their vistas of blue waters, make this island peculiarly attractive. Paul Pastnor, in his island pastoral, "Lora," has well likened it, with its yellow harvest fields, to a great ripe pear rolling in the water. South Hero is connected with the mainland by a long sand-bar, over which a road has been built. At the island end of this "sand-bar bridge," a little tollgate challenges the traveller to stop and pay his stipend for what the Lamoille River, aided by the labors of the islanders, has haply done to unite island and mainland. The Heroes offer an excellent opportunity for an electric railway; and such a road is already prospected. When one can go bowling along over the sand-bar, with the waves flashing and singing on either hand, and on through the length of these lovely islands, their charm will be more widely appreciated than now. The new railroad line to the West will also run through the Heroes. Direct communication will then be open between New York City and North Island "City," to their mutual advantage.



CAMEL'S HUMP FROM CAMP WILLARD.

Next in size comes Isle La Motte, also in the northern part of the lake, west of North Hero. At the northern extremity of Isle La Motte are the grass-grown ramparts of ancient Fort St. Anne, built by the French in 1665, and therefore the first white settlement on the lake. The fort was



THE LAKE AT SHELBURNE FARMS.



BURLINGTON FROM THE LAKE.

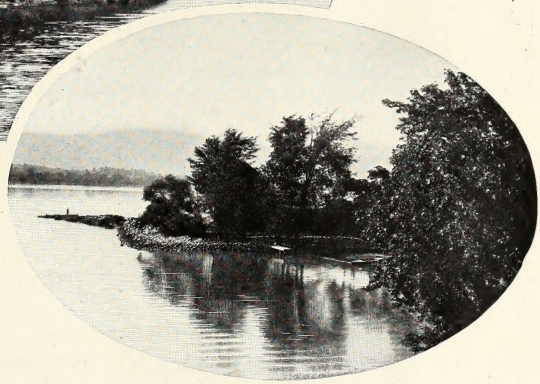
constructed by Sieur La Motte, and for him the island is named. Here entered the first point of that wedge of civilization which was ultimately to shatter the domain of wild beast and wilder savage over this vast wilderness.

From the broad and expansive acreage of these larger members of the fraternity, the islands range through all sizes and shapes to tiny islets like Diamond Island, Picket Island, Button Island and Mosquito Island, some desolate and treeless, others thickly wooded or made homelike by a tiny camp-house. Among the most picturesque of these smaller islands are Juniper, off Burlington, with its high bluffs and its little white lighthouse; the Four Brothers, or, as the French called them, the Islands of the Four Winds, where the Burlington boys used to go for gulls' eggs; Cedar Island, north of Sandbar bridge, covered thick with low cedars, where the swallows used—and, for aught I know, still do—come swarming in clouds at dusk and perch among the cedars in such numbers that if one went out after nightfall they would start up in alarmed and twittering hosts; and the two Sister Islands, one of which is rather plain, but the other very pretty. There are, besides those already referred to, other islands associated with history or tradition, like Carleton's Prize, a rocky isle between Providence and Stave Islands, which was fired upon for a vessel in the dawning light of that morning of October, 1776, when Arnold escaped from Valcour; Sloop Island, opposite Essex, which met with a similar unresisted assault from those blinded British; Cloak Island, where the finding of a red cloak, so the story ran, told the sad tale of a deserted maiden's suicide; and Providence Island, upon which the survivors of the steamer *Phoenix*, burned off this island on its trip to Plattsburgh on the night of September 4, 1819, found refuge.



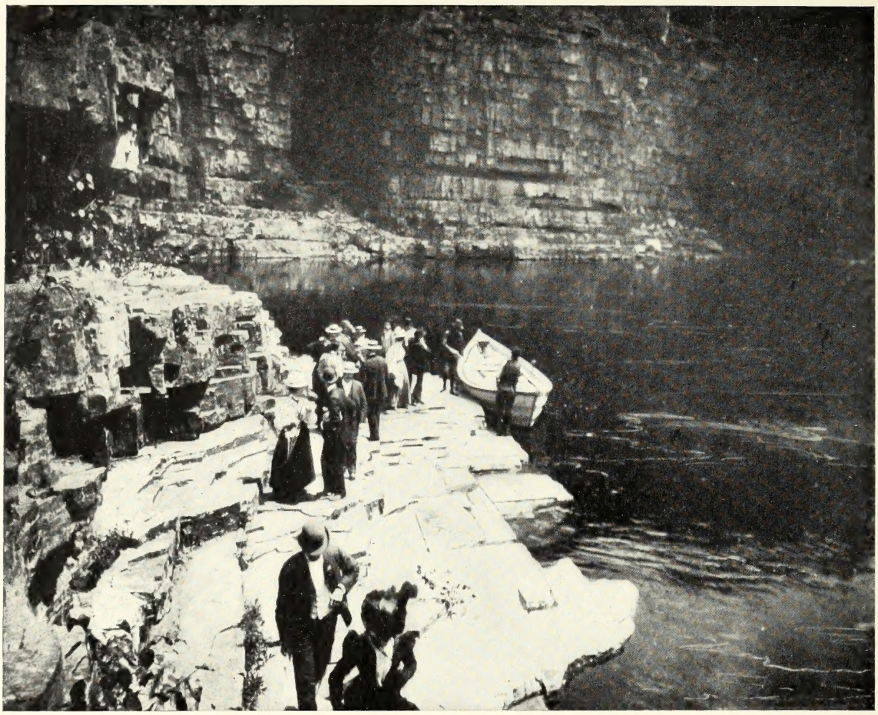
BLUFFS AT HOTEL CHAMPLAIN.

If one were to make the complete circuit of the lake in a steam launch or rowboat, he would find a superb succession of extensive and beautiful bays and harbors,—



WATCH POINT, SHOREHAM.

most of them upon the eastern side, which is far more irregular than the western. Starting, we will say, at Missisquoi Bay, which is almost a lake in itself, and stretches far up into the Province of Quebec, and going south, he would come next to broad and capacious Maquam Bay, thence to fair St. Albans Bay, thence to Mallets Bay, enclosed, rock-ribbed and islanded, a beautiful camping ground; thence, after circumnavigating Colchester Point, stretching out its long index finger toward Colchester Light perched



AUSABLE CHASM.

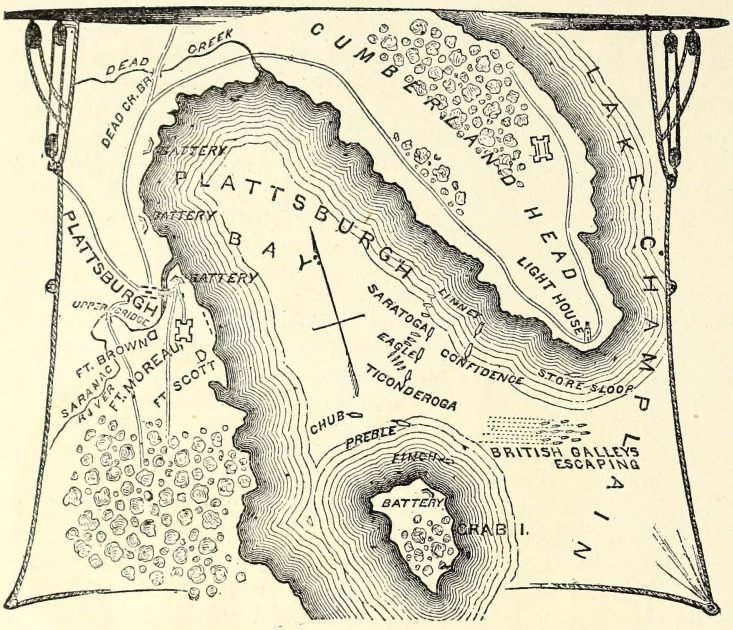
upon a lonely rock, against which dash the wildest waves that Champlain can roll up, he would come to Burlington Bay, with its long breakwater, the largest and fairest port on the lake; thence to Shelburne Harbor, deep, quiet, picturesque; thence to Ball's Bay, with its striking configuration of bluff and inlet; thence to Button's Bay and Adams Bay, where Arnold burned his sloops on his famous retreat and marched overland to Crown Point; thence between the constantly narrowing shores to East Bay, upon which was the famous estate of Major Philip Skeene; thence to South Bay, which might be termed the appendix of the lake, where Baron Dieskau landed with his army of fifteen hundred French and Indians in his expedition against Lake George. Continuing down the New York shore, one would come to Bulwagga Bay, behind Crown Point, which Dr. G. F. Bixby of Plattsburgh regards as the site of Champlain's battle with the Iroquois; then to Northwest Bay, with Westport at its head, commanding such a view of the giants of the Adirondacks as exercises an almost irresistible attraction toward their deep fastnesses and alluring heights. Willsborough Bay, almost the precise counterpart in shape and size of Shelburne Harbor, directly opposite, is reached next; then Corlear's Bay, where tradition says that Corlear, the humane governor of New York, was drowned. Northward are Cumberland Bay, Morti Bay and King's Bay; and we have reached the outlet of the lake. This is guarded by Fort Montgomery, long called "Fort Blunder," whose useless military masonry, begun in 1844 as a defence against English invasion, was never completed, and probably never will be.

The shores of Lake Champlain are fortunately not so thickly populated as to destroy the effect of natural

and virgin beauty; yet there are towns on the lake of quite sufficient size to give it all the comeliness of human occupation and use. Burlington, the "Queen City" of the lake as well as of Vermont, with its population of upwards of 19,000, its large lumber trade, its enterprising manufactures, its superb location, its tasteful and often princely residences, its elegant and well-kept streets, its distinguished university and other institutions of learning, its wealth and culture, is perhaps the most beautiful city of its size in the country, and only the loveliness of the waters in which it sees reflected its own faultless image keeps this lovely city from the sorrowful fate of Narcissus. Plattsburgh, nearly opposite, is another Burlington upon a reduced scale. Its population and business are not so large, the slope of its hill not so exalted, the sweep of its view a little less glorious; but it too has its broad and beautiful streets and comely homes, its institutions of learning,—the Plattsburgh Normal School and the Catholic Summer School, the latter charmingly located close to the lake shore,—and its United States Army Post. In one respect Plattsburgh excels Burlington, and that is in historic interest; and this interest the Plattsburgh Historical Society, by collecting historical material and by marking the spots famous in American history, is efficiently conserving. Thirty miles north of Burlington, four miles inland from the bay which bears its name, is St. Albans, also "beautiful for situation," and, although so far from the lake, commands from the crest of the hill upon which stands the residence of the late Governor Smith a magnificent view of the northern part of the lake with the islands. At the foot of the lake is Rouse's Point; and south of Plattsburgh on the New York side are Port Kent, from which the famous Ausable Chasm is reached, Essex, Westport, where is another marvellous outlook both lakeward and mountain-ward, and where a stage line connects for Elizabethtown, Keene Valley, St. Hubert's Inn and Lake Placid, Port Henry, whose extensive iron works on the lake front, once so conspicuous, have now well-nigh disappeared, Crown Point, and, at the very head of the lake, Whitehall. There has been no growth of any significance in any of these towns except Burlington, and there is little cause to expect any in the immediate future. Indeed it is Champlain's artistic and recreative, rather than its commercial advantages that have been growing in prominence in recent years, although it has sufficient mercantile and industrial uses never to become a mere pleasure resort.

If it were possible for art to add to the already well-nigh perfect beauty of the shores of Champlain, Shelburne Farms, the country seat of Dr. William Seward Webb, furnishes an admirable example of artistic embellishment. A tract of land, on the whole the finest and most picturesque on the lake, containing nearly four thousand acres has been turned into one magnificent combination of park and farm, with arboretum, immense barns, polo ground, lawns, drives and all the accessories of an English manorial estate. Another and smaller tract nearer Burlington, called Red Rocks, has been secured by Mr. E. P. Hatch; and upon Burlington Hill are the handsome residences and beautiful grounds of Mr. Henry Holt, the publisher, Colonel Le Grand B. Cannon and other men of wealth, who have chosen the unexcelled beauty of Lake Champlain for a summer home. A commendable thing concerning all these estates is that they are, without exception, freely open to the public, and all who care to may enjoy the drives through them.

Lake Champlain has its quota of summer hotels also, from the palatial Hotel Champlain at Bluff Point, near Plattsburgh, where President McKinley spent a portion of the summer of 1897, and the Westport Inn at



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH.

Champlain upon the existence of some stumps of chestnut found on its banks near Burlington. These ancient stumps gain their importance from the fact that Champlain states in his journal that he found upon the shores of the lake large chestnut trees, which were the only ones he had seen since his first voyage to this country. President Torrey, a former president of the University of Vermont, took pains to examine the shores upon either side of the lake in search of chestnut trees, and found none of any size, nor the stumps of any, except at this point. This may be called negative evidence, and of a somewhat scholastic flavor, but it is at least as conclusive as that upon which the learned have often based their inferences. The Laplot, which empties into Shelburne Harbor, takes its name from the legend of a plot by which the settlers circumvented the Indians. The plot consisted in making holes in the canoes of a marauding party of Indians and shooting them as they tried to escape in their disabled condition. Otter Creek was the scene of battle and of the arsenal in which were fitted out the miniature vessels of the famous Lake Champlain navy. Wood Creek is associated with the expeditions of the French and Indian War, as well as of the Revolution. The Boquet murmured a vain remonstrance to that unholy council which Burgoyne

Westport, down to quiet and inexpensive houses, where one may find recreation, retirement and rest to his heart's content, free to roam and converse with Nature at will.

In making such an inspection of the shores of the lake, one would in all likelihood be tempted also to explore, for at least a short distance, the rivers. In most cases they come flowing slowly and serenely down to their home in the great waters between banks broadly fringed with a wealth of grasses and rushes and flanked by stately woods or spacious meadows. Like the lake itself, almost every one of these streams has its historic and legendary associations. The Lamoille and Winooski are both associated with Champlain's voyage of discovery. The former, it is claimed, owes its name to the great discoverer, who called it La Mouette, from the number of gulls about its mouth. In Charlevoix's map, the t's in the name were not crossed, and as a result it has ever since been called La Moille. The Winooski bases its title to the dignity of a visit from

summoned upon its banks to secure the aid of the Indians in his alarming but futile expedition. Here also was the original settlement of Sir William Gilliland, the "great pioneer of the western shore of Champlain," whose vast estates were ruined in the devastations of the Revolution. The Big and Little Chazy rivers are supposed to be named for Lieutenant de Chasy, a French officer, who was killed by a party of Mohawks in this neighborhood. The Saranac was the scene of the land engagements accompanying the battle of Plattsburgh, in which five thousand Americans under General Macomb repulsed thirteen thousand British troops under Sir George Provost, a notable victory. As for the Richelieu or Sorel River, through which the waters of Champlain find an outlet to the St. Lawrence and thence to the Atlantic, it is a river replete from end to end with historic interest—narrower pathway of war, adventure and commerce as it was to the wider pathway of Champlain—and, with the added charms of its beauty and its quaintness, well deserves a paper by itself.



MEDALS GIVEN TO MACOMB AND MACDONOUGH.

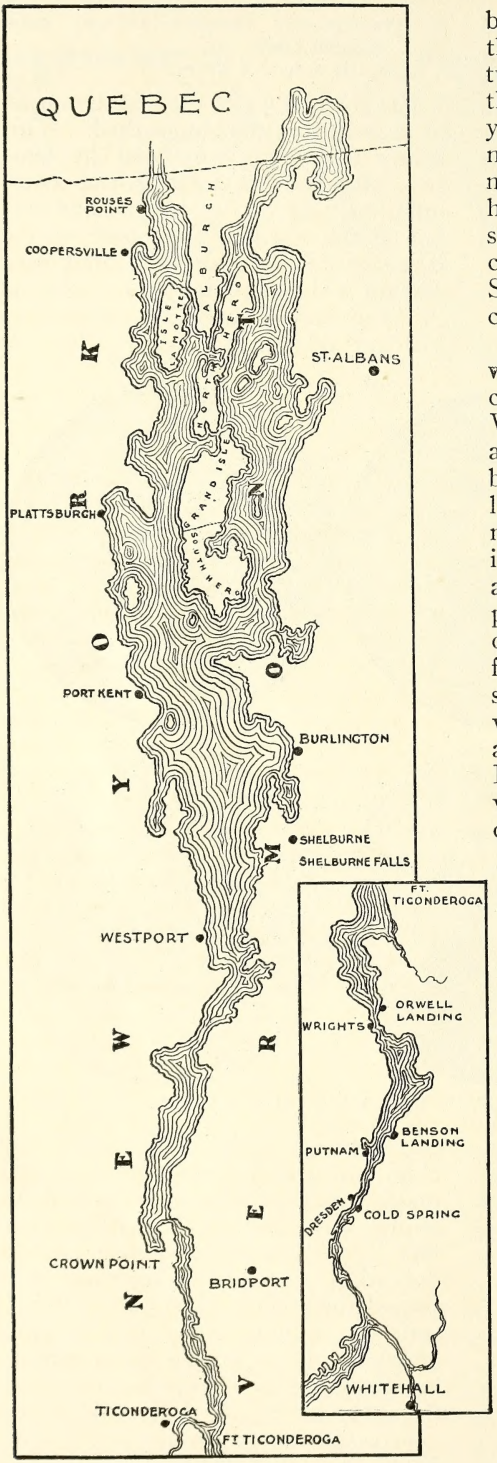
Thus have history and tradition hallowed river and stream as well as bay and bluff and island of this noble lake.

"And over all tradition's gracious spell
A fond allurement weaves,
Her low refrain the moaning tempest swells,
And thrills the whispering leaves.

"What cheers of triumph in thy echoes sleep!
What brave blood dyed thy wave!
A grass-grown rampart crowns each rugged steep,
Each isle a hero's grave." *

Yet the history of the lake is not all of adventure and bloodshed. This lovely valley has witnessed at least two attempts to form social communities, one on Valcour Island and one in the town of Shoreham on the lake shore opposite Ticonderoga. "Dawn Valcour Community" began its brief and ill-starred existence on Valcour Island, in August, 1874. It consisted of twelve adults and four children, who hailed from Chicago, under the leadership of John Wilcox, author of "The Approaching Conflict." Wilcox enlisted also the cooperation of Orrin Shipman, who owned the island. Just how much of seriousness and sense this attempt embraced I am unable to determine, but there seems to have been very little of the latter. At all events, it was

* "Lake Champlain," by H. T. Tuckerman, in *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. XVIII, p. 366.



but a lamentably short time before the little company was divided into two hostile camps at opposite ends of the island and in little more than a year the "Dawn" was quenched in midnight. The Shoreham experiment was of a very different kind, and hardly deserves the reputation as a social experiment which it has received. Goodhue, in his history of Shoreham, gives the following account of it:

"Early in 1766, Colonel Doolittle with twelve or fourteen other persons came together in a company from Worcester County, Massachusetts, and selected a spot on which they built a log house. . . . In this they all lived the first year in one family, the men taking turns in doing the cooking. These men had agreed to take a joint interest in the enterprise, to place their labor and expenses in a common stock, with a view at some future time, when the settlement should advance and lands increase in value, to share equally in the profits and not, as is stated in Thompson's History of Vermont, 'on the Moravian plan.' They entertained no peculiar religious or political views respecting the organization of society or the holding of property. They adopted the plan merely for their own convenience, to lighten and facilitate the labors of settlement." This account would seem to take the Shoreham enterprise out of the list of socialistic experiments; yet the plan was of a social nature and makes an interesting chapter in the history of methods of settlement.

It should not be forgotten, let me repeat, that Lake Champlain has served the interests of peace even more than those of war. It has been the thoroughfare of commerce even longer than the arena of battle. From the time the sloop of Philip Skene began the carrying trade at the upper end of the lake, in 1770, commerce, save for the interruptions of war, steadily increased, especially with the intro-

duction of steam in 1809, until the building of the railroads. These innovators have gradually lessened the lake traffic; but large quantities of lumber and coal still pass through the lake, and if the ship canal from the Great Lakes, the prospect of which seems much brighter, is ever consummated, there will be a vast volume of freight passing through the lake from the West to New York City.

But more and more the use of the lake which is coming to surpass all other uses is the recreative one. Better far than war, greater even than commerce, are beauty, health and enjoyment. No great city now but has its parks, as well as its places of business. The Creator knows the æsthetic and spiritual needs of humanity, and Lake Champlain is one of His answers to those higher needs. A noble answer it is. Many a person whose happy lot it was to be brought up on the shores of Lake Champlain will witness that the scenery of this beautiful valley has grown into his very soul and become a part of himself, so that although he may be thousands of miles away and perhaps wedged in between city walls, often "there flash upon that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude," vistas of blue waters, white-capped by fresh winds, or so still with the hush of evening's benediction that every cloud and rock and tree is mirrored in their depths, while from them recede the noble shores and above them tower the heaven-climbing mountains. From such memories come fresh hope and joy and strength.

There is the tourist too, who, though he tarry but a night, departs not unblessed, but carries away with him some memory of lake and mountain, dawn or sunset, to be cherished through the years. He may find the lake, unless he be especially favored, enveloped in that soft haze which lingers so fondly about it, especially in August days; but even through this silver veil he will have glimpses of that loveliness which she displays when, wooed by some determined breeze from north or west, she throws aside her veil and discloses her features in all their marvellous, clear cut perfection.

Nor should the sportsman be counted out, as failing to appreciate the finer revealings of nature. If game or exercise or pleasure be first in his thought as he sets forth, he returns with something finer; as Goethe would say, he goes forth like Saul to find his father's asses and comes back with a kingdom; and with the game too,—for Lake Champlain is not wanting in any good thing. Sailing on Lake Champlain, to be sure, is not equal to that on the ŏcean. The wind blows in puffs that require a close watch upon the sheet, or dies down, leaving the swiftest yacht "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean"; and yet as compared with most inland yachting that on Lake Champlain is excellent, and regattas are courageously maintained at Burlington and elsewhere. The water is somewhat rough for canoeing, though the American Canoe Association has held at least two of its meets here. As for rowing, no finer place can be found. To be sure it takes muscle sometimes to pull against the wind; but there is little or no danger in a well-built skiff, even in the roughest of weather. A wave may splash over the bow now and then, but even on the upper deck of the large steamers that sometimes occurs. Champlain is no frog pond, and at points between Burlington and Plattsburgh the wind sweeps over an expanse of fifty miles and rolls up waves that make the landsman quake and teach him what seasickness is without going to the sea; but that is not often and occurs only in the "broad lake." When one tires of rowing, all that one has to do, if one is going with the wind, is to unfurl a sheet or blanket tied to a pole in the bow, or even raise an umbrella, and speed on

without exertion. I must confess to a weakness for a still lazier substitute for rowing, and that is to fasten to some good-natured tow steaming slowly through the lake and there lie and dream in the bottom of your boat and watch the changing lights on water and mountains and study the interesting life of the canal boat. No armchair on the deck of the *Vermont* can compare with this for luxury.

But what of the fishing, inquires the disciple of Izaak Walton, who—and I sympathize with him—respects no waters which are not stocked with fish. No true fisherman ever yet condemned Lake Champlain. In the first place, there is the pleasing fact to remember that, at the time the lake was discovered, itself and its tributaries were so filled with salmon that it was dangerous—so it is averred—to drive a spirited horse through the water, so great was the procession of salmon. But past piscatorial renown does not furnish present sport; yet though the salmon are no more, they have worthy successors,—as worthy as these degenerate days produce. Black bass, which rank next to trout in the esteem of fishermen, are plentiful in Lake Champlain,—so it is said. I have often wished for evidence of it, but on this point only experts can furnish testimony. Back Bay, a name given to that part of the lake east of the great islands, is regarded as the best ground for bass. The characteristic and truly plentiful fish of Lake Champlain are the pike-perch or wall-eyed pike. They are found throughout the lake, and are always ready to bite; and an excellent table fish the pike is, hard and well flavored. He is not a great fighter, but weighs well, and is a handsome trophy, in spite of his huge glazed and staring eyes. Formerly these fish were not caught much except in the early part of the season, when they lie in shallow water; but a few years ago some of the experienced fishermen of the lake determined to find some method of catching the pike in his deeper retreats, after he seeks the colder water, which is his habitat. They were successful, and now deep trolling for pike is the favorite fishing throughout the lake. If you find the right side of the reef and the right depth, they will not fail you, morning, noon or night, and you are moderately sure of from five to fifty with which to dazzle admiring eyes on shore. Perch, and large ones, may be caught off every bank of weeds and everywhere else if you are after other fish; likewise pickerel. Lake Champlain has its sea-serpent also, the more prodigious for being land locked, though he has never been caught, even with the camera. So there are for the fisherman fish, as well as lake and mountain vistas, sunrises (which he, alas! is too often the only one to witness) and sunsets.

Lake Champlain sunsets—who can describe their glory—yet who that writes of Lake Champlain can omit them? Betake yourself to the crest of Burlington Hill,—it is not the only place for this theophany, but none is finer,—and wait. If it chance to be one of those hallowed evenings which nature chooses for this festival of beauty, you will surely gaze into the holy of holies where is He "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns." The whole display is, as one has said, like an oratorio or a drama of beauty. It has its parts, its acts, its phases, that grow and culminate and subside, in which the mighty participants, sun, mountains, clouds, waters, come into varying relation to each other and to the whole, and take differing attitudes or utter different strains—their voice is not heard—expressive of praise and glory. The sunset that I saw the other evening had at least three distinct color phases, passing into each other by the gentlest gradations of color harmony. The first was a glowing gold that overspread and transfused the shield of thin cloud behind which the sun prepared his gracious benisons till it well-nigh dissolved in glory and paved the floor of

the lake like that of the Eternal City. Forth at length came the king of day and set in stately splendor behind the mighty rampart of Lyon Mountain, which forthwith took on a halo of transfiguration and glowed and gleamed along its wide rock-bound summit, until it seemed as if the light must penetrate even through its hoary sides. Then gradually the shield of clouds above took on a rosy hue, which flung its kiss so wide and far that horizon and zenith alike caught its salutation and distant cloud and gloom-filled peak softened and sang as if touched with the wand of Beauty. Then the rose deepened to a royal purple, reluctantly withdrawing its far-flung largesses to the retinue of clouds which closed the lordly train that swept in state behind the departed monarch. Long and lovingly did this purple diadem burn above the brows of the mountain as he receded into the night, while the shadows settled softly over point and island and bay, and the stars came out one by one, and Lake Champlain slept, her waves murmuring soothing lullabies under rock-bound cliffs and whispering along sand-strewn beeches, slept till the glow of dawn over Mansfield and the Crouching Lion should wake her lovely waters to their untiring ministry of health and beauty.

DREAMS.

By A. B. de Mille.

THE sun flames down, and the tide
Yearns for its native sea;
And over the marshes wide
They come with the dusk to me;

They come through the dusk afar—
My dreams—from the bourne of day,
Where slumber and silence are,
And memory holds the way.

They come with a word of peace
When the toiling hours are past;
They whisper my heart release,
And draw to my side at last.

Some are woven of light,
And some of shadow and pain;
But one, all the tender night,
Gives me your face again.

There's a rumor of day set free
Over the marshes dim,
And dawning purples the sea
With splendor from rim to rim;

But ah, for my dreams gone by,
And ah, for the morning new!
How soon from the golden sky
There passes the dream of you!

THE RELIGION OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

By Jabez T. Sunderland.

UNDER any interpretation of religion, even the broadest, Kipling is not primarily a religious teacher. He is primarily a novelist and poet; his first thought is art; he is a creator of literature; he writes to interest, to entertain, to amuse; he is about as far removed as a man can be from a professional moralist or teacher. And yet it is asserted that he is perceptibly affecting the popular religious thinking of our time; some say he is profoundly affecting it. Is this true? It will be my object in this paper to inquire regarding his religious influence. If he is affecting religious thought, how?—is it for good or is it for evil?

As a preliminary to studying Kipling's religion, let us spend a few moments upon Kipling the writer, trying to find out the secret of his wide popularity. Some tell us that his popularity is merely a fad, a temporary craze, a sort of mental epidemic sweeping just now unaccountably over the Anglo-Saxon world. That there is something of the element of the popular fad in it I think few intelligent persons can doubt. It is marvellous how much human beings are like sheep. We all go in flocks to an extent greater than we like to confess. We all read books because others read them; we praise them because others praise. The mania strikes us; we bow before it like ripe wheat before the summer wind. For the time being our independent judgment is gone. Glass is diamond; iron pyrites is gold. There never was such a genius as this whose light condescends to shine on us. Time passes. Our sanity returns,—to remain with us until another mania over some other new writer strikes us, to carry us away again. That the popular interest in Kipling is such a mania, in part, seems beyond question. Yet few serious minds will claim that this explains all. Even manias must have a cause. Kipling has obtained favor in too many quarters, and among too many classes of persons, and has retained it too long, for us to believe that it does not rest upon some basis of real strength in the man. What is this strength? I do not think it is difficult to answer the question.

First, his is a fresh voice,—as fresh as was Byron's when he electrified all England with his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," or with the first two cantos of his "Childe Harold"; as fresh as was Tennyson's when he charmed all English speaking people with his "Idyls of the King"; as fresh as was Bret Harte's when he startled, shocked and delighted all America and England with his tales and poems descriptive of the Argonauts of '49. Kipling's is a real voice; it is not an echo. He is original, if any man can be original in a world where men have been saying our best things ahead of us for so many thousands of years. He disclaims originality; but he does it in such an original fashion as wholly to give himself away. Turning to the prefatory page of the "Bar-

rack-Room Ballads," we find some lines which for keenness and humor cannot easily be outmatched. They are his way of saying that he doesn't care a fig whether he is original or not. He gathers from all lands and seas his mental sustenance, as the spider obtains its food from many quarters; and then as the spider spins its silken thread out of its own body, so he spins the thread of his song or his story out of himself, thus world-fed. Such is my way of saying it in plain prose; but his inimitable way of saying it is this:

"When 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me.

"The market girls and fishermen,
The shepherds and the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet—same as you.

"They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us."

Any poet who can disclaim originality in as original a fashion as that need have no fear of the verdict of men as to whether he is a voice or an echo.

Kipling has much advantage in the wide range of his experience. He knows at first hand Europe, America and the Orient. He was educated in England, and thus came into touch with her world-interests. He married an American wife, and has spent several years here, having a fine Vermont home,—thus becoming acquainted with the new world of the West. He was born in Bombay, the great commercial city of India, and lived many years and began his literary work in that eastern land of many peoples and many religions, of mysteries and wonders, of glittering wealth and pitiful poverty, of great literature and great art and great history, of the world's oldest civilization and its newest. He has travelled extensively; he has come into close contact with army life; he has had newspaper experience; he has lived in city, in country and in jungle; he has been much on the seas. This wide knowledge of men and lands and waters affords inexhaustible material for his work. And his knowledge is first hand, not through books. This gives him freshness, directness, reality.

He has chosen fresh themes. There has always been great fascination to the Western mind in the thought of India—whether native India, or the life lived in India by the rich and lordly British conquerors. Kipling has put both into prose and poem. To nearly everybody there is endless charm in wild life. Kipling has put the jungles, with all their picturesqueness and mystery, and all their animal inhabitants, into romance. To many there is unfailing fascination in pictures and stories of soldier life. Kipling has made himself preëminently the poet of the British common soldier. Tommy Atkins never before found so brilliant or so sympathetic a pen to portray his life, in all its phases, good and bad, grave and gay, pathetic and tragic.

No modern critic is more independent than Kipling. It is impossible to classify him. He belongs to no school. He follows no precedent. He is a realist of the realists; and yet there are strains in his poetry in which he is an idealist of the idealists. He thinks his own thoughts, goes his own way, writes according to his own genius. He pays little attention to the critics. That is one reason why they treat him so well; since he refuses to turn out for them, they very respectfully turn out for him. A characteristic of his writings is his love for the unconventional, the natural, the human and even the rough. The spirit that takes men to the woods and the mountains, to fish, to camp and to hunt, and that impels men to seek adventure amid the heats of the tropics and the cold of the arctics and on the dangerous seas, is a

spirit that finds in Kipling a voice and an interpreter. It follows that he is preëminently a writer for men; for it is men that care most for all this kind of thing.

It has been said that Kipling is the representative Anglo-Saxon poet of our generation. That is a large claim to make. The Anglo-Saxon peoples are many sided; they have many characteristics. That Kipling represents them well, perhaps better than any other writer, on their side of strength, daring, hardihood, may be admitted. He is distinctly the poet of power. This is shown in his very style, which is rugged, seldom smooth or polished. There is little melody in his verse, but plenty of virility. Occasionally he is tender, though not often; but he is always strong. He cares little for the beautiful; he cares little for love; but he cares much for deeds, especially deeds that display vigor, tenacity, courage, determination and contempt of ease. He likes nothing so well as to portray strength,—the strength of the brute creation, as in his "Jungle Tales"; the rude strength of primeval man, as in his "First Chantey" and "Neolithic Age"; the strength of the giant forces of nature which man has harnessed and set at work through modern machinery, as in "McAndrews' Hymn"; national power, as in "A Song of the English," "The Widow at Windsor" and "The Sea Wife"; strength of will and daring in individual men, as in his "Plain Tales from the Hills" and scores of his ballads and other poems.

It is this love of strength in Kipling, and his corresponding limitation in the direction of the higher and finer qualities of human life and of the more ethical and spiritual elements of civilization, that give him his fondness for war, that make him the poet of the soldier, and that put him into sympathy with British imperialism and the imperialism of this country. His sympathies are always on the side of the strong. This seems to be the explanation of the fact that he is never the poet of liberty. In a way he is patriotic. He glories in England; but he glories in her power, not in her freedom; in the fact that she has such physical might and mastery in the world, not in the higher fact that she has done so much to advance civilization and the rights of man.

He is not a democrat. In all his instincts he is a monarchist. He has sympathy for individuals among the common people, but for the common people as a whole, in their struggles upward to gain more freedom, more privileges, better conditions of life for themselves, he shows no signs of sympathy. For the oppressed peoples of the world, groaning under tyranny or trying to shake off the yoke and obtain their freedom, he has no word of favor or of aid. Though he has lived many years in India and given us volume after volume of prose and verse on Indian themes, he is ever on the side of the British conqueror; no word ever escapes him showing the slightest sympathy with the Indian peoples who have been robbed of their liberties and are kept, by the power of the sword, hewers of wood and drawers of water for their British masters.

How do we account for the fact that a writer who is so conspicuously on the side of might, and who has no voice to lift up on behalf of freedom or the rights of man, is so popular in America, the land which in all its past history has stood first and above everything else for freedom and the rights of man? Does it mean something honorable to us, or does it mean something ominous for the future?

I have pointed out what seem to me Kipling's leading characteristics as a writer. Do these characteristics throw any light upon his religion? I think they do. But when we come to speak of his religion, we must not make the mistake of thinking it more prominent in his writings than it is. As a poet his religious utterances are few. Some of them are strong, and have attracted wide attention. For

this reason many have hailed their author as a great religious teacher. But as a fact there are few writers of poetry and fiction in whose writings religion, or even ethics, has so subordinate a place. Aside from a dozen or so of his poems, one would hardly know from his books that such a thing as religion existed in the world.

Few of his characters are religious, or even very moral. He likes best to paint soldiers; but these are seldom of a high class; indeed they are generally of a decidedly low class. But with all their ignorance, their drunkenness, their vice, their brutality, he makes them in a way attractive by giving us a glimpse of some winning trait in them. This man is brave; this man has a fine dash of the chivalrous in him; this one is a genial companion; this one is faithful and uncomplaining in duty; this one is a good fighter; this one is loyal to the "Widow at Windsor"; this one stands by a comrade in a hard place. Thus we are made to judge leniently of lives coarse and low and often brutal and rotten. Nor are Kipling's higher-class characters, as a rule, much better. Even if they have money and social position, and dress for dinner, a painfully large number of them drink and race and bet, possess very little intellectual life and indulge in very loose morals.

I do not mean to say that Kipling handles his characters or tells his stories in such a way as to make his books positively immoral or irreligious; but I do mean to say that if we in this generation have no higher moral standard or better religious teaching than most of Kipling's writings afford,—indeed I may say all, outside of a dozen or so of his poems, —we shall not rise to any moral or religious height which we shall have reason to be very complaisant over.

Kipling brings into the thought of our time a strong force; but morally it is an uneven force. His religious influence is not harmonious or consistent; he has not thought himself out into clearness in religious matters. Some of his religious conceptions—for example, those of God and justice and duty and heaven and hell and retribution—are crude; for enlightened men to-day to accept them would be to go backward. His ideals of life are by no means invariably the noblest. Many of them give unmistakable signs of the debasing influence of the camp and the barracks.

His religion is preëminently the religion of power. With the power is associated some sense of responsibility, some awakenings of conscience, some traces of retributive justice, as related both to individuals and to nations; but higher than these he seldom or never rises. A religion of love he seems to know nothing whatever about. His religion is the religion of the Old Testament, not of the New,—or rather it is the religion of the earlier and less ethical parts of the Old Testament. His God is the Jehovah of might and wrath and war, whom we find depicted in the books of Joshua, Judges and Kings. Hence the opening lines of his "Hymn Before Action":

> "Jehovah of the thunders,
> Lord God of Battles, aid!"

The God of love, of the Gospels and the Epistles, especially the Heavenly Father of Jesus, seems to be a conception wholly foreign to his thought.

Kipling is not a spiritual seer, and he is not a great religious thinker. To some extent he feels the religious confusion of our time; but he does little or nothing to illuminate it. With the great religious problems which confront thinking men to-day he gives no evidence of having grappled; he can therefore afford us little help in the solution of these problems. It is this that differentiates him so widely from poets like Browning, Tennyson and Wordsworth. These great thinkers and seers all have the power to take their readers strongly by the hand and lead them straight up out of the valley and the shadow, out of the fog and the dark, out of fear

and doubt and spiritual uncertainty, to the mountain tops, where there is light. Tennyson helps us to "beat our music out"; to "fight our doubt and gather strength"; to "face the spectres of the mind, and lay them"; and thus at length "to find a stronger faith our own." Wordsworth opens our eyes to see "the light that never was on sea or land"; teaches us "truths that wake to perish never"; shows us how to put our ear to nature, as a child to "a smooth-lipped shell," and there hear voices, murmurings,

> "Though inland far we be,
> . . . of that immortal sea,
> Which brought us hither!"

Browning teaches us to sing,

> "God's in his Heaven;
> All's right with the world!
> . . . . . .
> All that is, at all,
> Lasts ever, past recall:
> Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure;
> What entered into thee,
> That was, is, and shall be;
> Time's wheel runs back, or stops;
> Potter and clay endure!"

Thus do these men who can think as well as sing—these great seers and interpreters of God and the human soul—lead in solving the religious problems that press upon the modern world, and lift men from despair to hope, from doubt to faith, from weakness to moral power, and give new meaning, new incentive and new glory to man's life.

It is here that Kipling is weak. It is here that his religion shows itself so much below the highest. It can make men fight; it cannot make them love. It can make men plod and drudge with faithfulness, and even with courage; it cannot give men wings; it cannot make the soul sing songs of faith and joy and victory. And yet I believe that Kipling has a religious message for our time. Some of his poems have been born out of his deepest soul, and go straight to the consciences and religious needs of many men. God speaks to the world through many voices. I believe one is that of Kipling. Let us turn to those poems in which he has let the best that is in him find utterance, and see more exactly what his message is.

Kipling's best known religious poem is his "Recessional." Hardly any other piece of verse written in our day has been so quickly and so widely taken up. The reasons for this were two. First, it was a very strong poem. This everybody admits, although it seems that the author himself did not at first think much of it, and actually committed it to the waste-paper basket. But it had a simple and noble grandeur about it that impressed all serious minds. The second and perhaps most important reason for its quick popularity was its singular opportuneness. England was celebrating her great jubilee in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of the crowning of her sovereign. The mightiest fleet of war vessels that the world ever saw had been assembled along her coast. Representatives of her armies, her colonies and her subject peoples had been gathered from all parts of the world. London was ablaze with flags and decorations and marks of gayety and signs of England's wealth and pride and power. There were great civic and military processions filled with the royalty and nobility of Britain, representatives of the leading royal families and governments of the world, subject princes from Africa and India, generals, statesmen, diplomats, men of fame in many walks of life. The metropolis and the whole land were wild with excitement, were drunk with pride and display and boasting over the material greatness of the nation. At last the end came. The vast assemblies dispersed; the pageant faded; the delirium was hushed. It was time for serious thought as to what it all meant. Then rose a voice calm and strong, that sounded far, and smote

the conscience of England almost as if God had spoken from heaven. It was Kipling's solemn and mighty hymn. Its first three verses are the best. I will quote only these:

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

"Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;—
Lo, all the pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

I hardly know of anything in the history of literature so dramatic, so powerfully and nobly dramatic, as was this hymn of Kipling's, coming at that opportune moment to stir England's conscience, to rebuke England's pride, to warn her against putting her trust

"In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,"

and forgetting justice and humility and duty and God.

Who shall write America's Recessional? Would that some Kipling might arise to sound a similar note of warning to us in our growing pride in material things and our new delirium of ambition for military greatness and unholy conquest,—forgetting justice, forgetting the great mission to which we have been called as a nation, forgetting God.

The poem of Kipling that has had the widest reading, next after the "Recessional," is probably "The White Man's Burden." This poem has caused a great deal of discussion. It has called out strong assent and strong dissent. It is a message from Kipling to the American nation, written seemingly with a twofold end in view: first, to urge us forward in the direction of imperialism, with which Kipling, in common with most Englishmen, seems to sympathize; and secondly, to warn us that we shall not find the new road upon which we are entering a smooth or a short one, but one that will lead us farther than most of us can see, and rough enough to test us to the uttermost. Of course he writes in the light of England's experience in the same line. The poem is so familiar that only a single verse need be reproduced:

"Take up the White Man's burden;
Send forth the best ye breed;—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captive's need;
To wait in heavy harness
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child!"

Two important thoughts are suggested by this poem. The first is, what will be the effect upon us as a nation of sending forth the "best we breed" to be sacrificed in schemes of imperialistic conquest and colonization in the tropics? Is our best young blood to be lightly prized? Is the loss of such blood from the nation's veins, by being poured out on foreign soils, a small matter? Suppose we kill off the fastest and best young horses in this country, for a series of years; how long a time will have passed before there will be a sensible degeneration of the horses of the land? Can we afford to enter upon a career which means the steady and systematic killing off, by bullets and tropical fevers, of tens of thousands (hundreds of thousands, if the experience of Spain and Great Britain is any index) of our best young men, and the consequent loss and degeneration to our own nation which this implies? Let us face the fact that "sending forth the best we breed" to "serve the need of new-caught, sullen peoples" by fighting "the savage wars of peace" in the tropics means and always must mean just this. Is this

a burden which as patriots we should be eager to take up?

The second thought suggested by the poem has to do with the value of this kind of help to the peoples to whom we offer it. Do we benefit peoples who aspire to liberty and self-rule, when we conquer them and make them subject peoples? Let no American believe it. Instead of benefiting them, we arrest the process of their true and natural development. We rob them of their dearest right. The true preparation for liberty is liberty. We cannot shoot civilization into peoples. We cannot Christianize them at the point of the bayonet. We cannot give them good government by killing off their men and making their children and children's children hate us and everything connected with us for generations to come. The kind of burden that we should bear for other peoples less favored than we is the burden of kindness and good will and helpfulness. What we should carry to them is not machine guns and unscrupulous greed, but school-teachers, missionaries, honest trade, the spirit of Christianity, protection, the sympathy which a strong, free, noble nation ought always to extend to weaker peoples struggling upward to enlightenment and self-rule. The trouble with the kind of White Man's Burden which Kipling talks about is that it really means the Brown Man's Burden. It means the white man taking his own burden and putting it upon the brown man's back and compelling the brown man to carry it. That is what English imperialism means. That is what all imperialism means. Surely we do not need any Kipling to exhort us to move in that direction.

One poem of Kipling's seems to me execrable, utterly unworthy of any man who cares for the good of mankind. I refer to "The Truce of the Bear," written soon after the manifesto of the Czar of Russia calling a Conference in the interests of peace. In this poem Kipling uses all his power as a poet to throw discredit upon the sincerity of the Russian Emperor and to induce England to refuse to have any part in the Conference. What right has Kipling thus to impugn the motives of any man? What right has he to put the worst possible interpretation upon the Czar's conduct, especially when to do so means aid to the terrible war spirit and hindrance to the peace spirit in the world? Kipling has a heavy responsibility to bear for his conduct in this matter.

While Kipling writes primarily to entertain, there are evidences enough that he does not write without a sense of responsibility. Perhaps this feeling of responsibility is most clearly defined in the dedication of his "Soldiers Three," and in the "Envoi" to his "Life's Handicap." In the former he writes:

"Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough hewn race!
For pearls strew not the market place!
. . . . . .
Yet is there life in that I make?
Oh, Thou who knowest, turn and see.
As thou hast power over me,
So have I over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.

"Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay
And, wearied, at thy feet I lay
My wares, ere I go forth to sell.
The long bazaar will praise—but Thou—
Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

It would be difficult to give to any work a nobler dedication than this. If all tasks were wrought in the spirit of these lines, how it would lift up human lives! The "Envoi" is not less earnest or devout. The author's book is finished, and at the end he writes:

"By my own work before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer!
. . . . . .
"If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, thine;
Where I have failed to meet thy thought,
I know through thee the blame is mine.

"The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest, who hast made the fire,
Thou knowest, who hast made the clay.

"One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of thy worth;
It is enough that through thy grace
I saw naught common on the earth!"

We have here not only a feeling of reverence and a sense of responsibility, but in the last line we have another thought which reveals Kipling at his best:

"I saw naught common on the earth!"

However far apart they may be in other respects, in one thing Kipling is like Emerson. Both see the glory of the common. To both

"In the mud and slime of things,
Ever, always something sings!"

I am disposed to think that Kipling's greatest poem of a religious character—not the noblest, but the one in which he shows the greatest poetical genius and power—is "McAndrews' Hymn." McAndrews is a rough diamond. He is an old Scotch engineer on board a great ocean passenger steamer. Theologically he is a Calvinist. He has been more than forty years on the sea. He confesses to some wild ways in his earlier years; but he comforts himself with the thought that he has never doubted the good old Calvinistic doctrines of election and foreordination. Even if he has sometimes lost his character, thank God he has never become a "Pelagian." The fine thing about him is his affection and reverence for his engine. He loves it almost as a wife; he well-nigh worships it; he sees God in it, as others see Him in the starry heavens or the human soul; to him it is a psalm, a symphony. He sighs for a Robert Burns to arise to sing "The Song of Steam." One of Kipling's religious poems not to be overlooked is his "Hymn Before Action." I have already referred to it as illustrating his view of God. A striking and powerful poem is his "Tomlinson." There may be some question as to whether its ethics is Christian or Satanic; but its scorn of weakness is tremendous; both heaven and hell refuse admission to the man who lacks strength. Kipling is robust in his religion, as in everything else. His religion is preëminently one of work, of deeds. We could only wish it made more difference with him whether the deeds were good or bad.

Many poems of Kipling, while not religious or even ethical, have in them a pathetic strain which reaches our hearts and draws us a little closer to our common humanity. A good illustration of this is his "Ford o' Kabul River."

In the "Widow at Windsor" we have portrayed in a humorous and yet effective way the awful cost of Britain's wars, the ceaseless demand for soldiers to be offered as victims and to leave their bones to bleach under every sky. It is hard to conceive of anything more touching than the line,

"Poor beggars!—they'll never see 'ome!"

Our country is just now eager to build a great navy and to become a great sea power. If any one would know what that kind of ambition costs let him read Kipling's "Song of the English":

"We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
And she hails us still unfed!
There's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead.
We have strewn our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull;
If blood be the price of Admiralty,
Good God, we have paid it full."

One of the simplest, and yet one of the tenderest and sweetest bits of verse that we have from Kipling is a little poem of eleven lines entitled "Mother o' Mine."

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine! O, mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine! O, mother o' mine!

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine! O, mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine! O, mother o' mine!

"If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O, mother o' mine!"

Let us hope that Kipling will write more in this fine vein. I close with a single other selection. In the concluding poem of his "Seven Seas," he dashes on the canvas for us his dream of the future, beyond this world. It is fantastic, but it is impressive, and the last lines certainly have some good religion in them.

"When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen
Shall set us to work anew.

"And those that are good shall be happy;
They shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas
With brushes of comets' hair:
They shall find real saints to draw from—
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting
And never be tired at all.

"And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working,
And each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It,
For the God of Things as They Are!"

This may not be a very complete picture of heaven; it certainly is not. Yet, I submit, for any man who stands on his own feet, who thinks for himself, who wants reality and not make-believe, is not this, so far as it goes, about the kind of thing that heaven must be if it is to have any attraction for him? One of the fine traits of Kipling is his hatred of cant and pretence, his love of sincerity and reality. In these lines this comes out into unique and powerful expression. Surely there is a lesson here for the whole world to learn.

A PRIVATE.

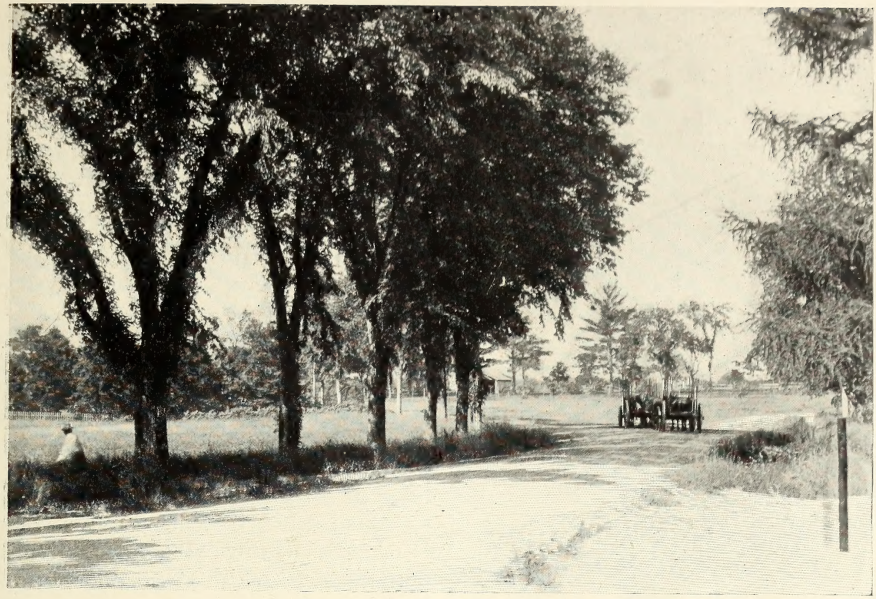
By Katharine Lee Bates.

"It is no feather of fancy."

HE once had worn Love's myrtle-wreath,
And worshipped Art's disdain;
But he fought his manhood's fight beneath
The ruddy flag of pain.

His comrades scaled the splendid heights;
But for his only deed
He proved the bullet how it bites,
The wounds and how they bleed.

No mortal plaudits pay this price;
No herald here has trod;
The incense of his sacrifice
Ascendeth unto God.



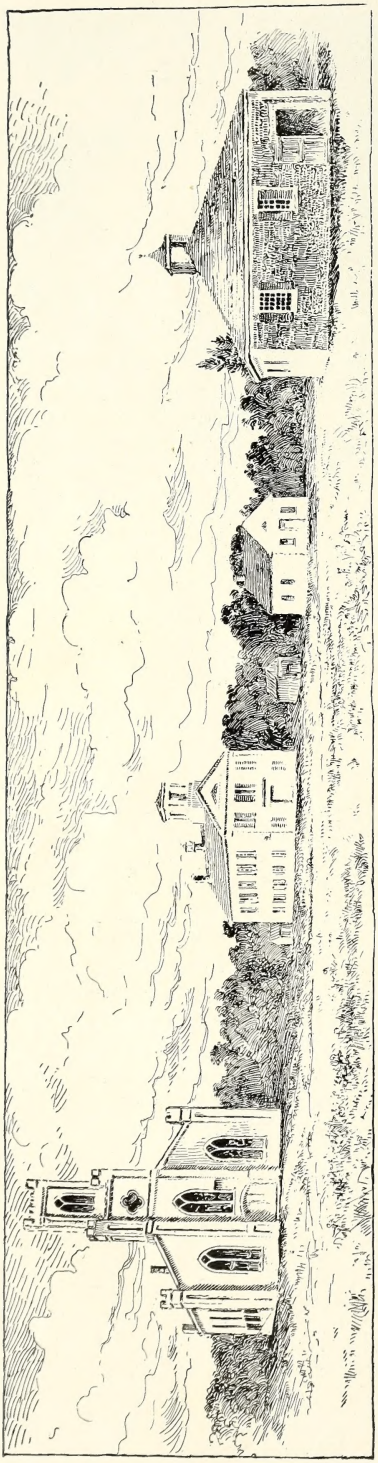
OLD ROCHESTER AND HER DAUGHTER TOWNS.

By Mary Hall Leonard.



UCH has been written in books and magazines concerning the region surrounding Buzzard's Bay, especially since its seaside resorts have become so widely popular. But one of the oldest names in the vicinity has been losing its hold on the public. Not long ago the address of a resident was given to a middle-aged official of a large bank in Boston. "Rochester?" was the query, "Is it a new town?" "Oh, no, it is very old." "But where is it?" "Our railway station is Marion." "Oh, it is near Marion,—yes." And the citizen of Rochester felt a curious sense of the mutability of earthly affairs in recognizing that the mother town of ancient high-felt respectability was now most easily distinguished from her proximity to this daughter of hers, so recently come to years of independent maturity. To use the words of another: "Rochester-Town, which territory formerly included the western shore of the bay as far down as Dartmouth, has given off all its salt-water front to its offspring, Wareham, Mattapoisett and Sippican (unfortunately renamed Marion), and is now an inland farm untouched by railway trains."

The Indian name of the region was *Menchoisett*, but most of the territory of Rochester was known to the early colonists as the "lands of Sippican," the name being derived from that of an Indian village lying between the harbors. There is no direct record of the purchase of these lands from the Indians, though a curious drawing made in 1668, and included in the Plymouth Records, is supposed to be a deed given by the Indians for a part of this territory. It is signed by King Philip's mark and is witnessed by John Sassamon, the Christian Indian missionary who lived on Betty's Neck



THE COMMON IN 1880.

in Middleboro, a little north of the Rochester line, and whose murder by hostile Indians was one of the causes leading to King Philip's war.

The "lands of Sippican" were recognized and used by the colonists much earlier than this, however, and mention of "Seipecan" may be found in the Plymouth Records as early as 1638. In 1639 "a graunt of the plantation called Seppekann" was made to Rev. John Lothrop and his congregation, who had fled from London under the persecution of Archbishop Laud and tarried for a while in Scituate. But, attracted by the "hay grounds" in the Great Marshes of Barnstable, they turned aside from their purpose of settling in Sippican and went to Barnstable instead. Forty years later descendants of Pastor Lothrop and his Kentish pilgrims became the pioneers of settlement in Rochester. Indeed, most of the early settlers were from the "Cape lands," and for thirty years Rochester belonged to Barnstable County, being separated from it in 1709, and added to the county of Plymouth.

In 1651 the "Sepecan grant" of "eight miles by the sea and four miles into the land" was made by the Colony Court to the Plymouth settlers as a place to herd their cattle. The rental of this was to be used exclusively in maintaining the school of Plymouth. The rental of the Cape Cod fisheries being devoted to the same object, it may be said that the fisheries of Cape Cod and the pasturage of Rochester together furnished the first fund for the support of free schools in America.

In 1679 several persons having proposed to purchase lands in Sippican, the Old Colony Court decided to accommodate them, "if they can procure some substanciall men that are prudent psons and of considerable estates," who would settle with their families. Such were soon found, for on July 22, 1679, the deed was given to twenty-nine original proprietors, two other names of householders and



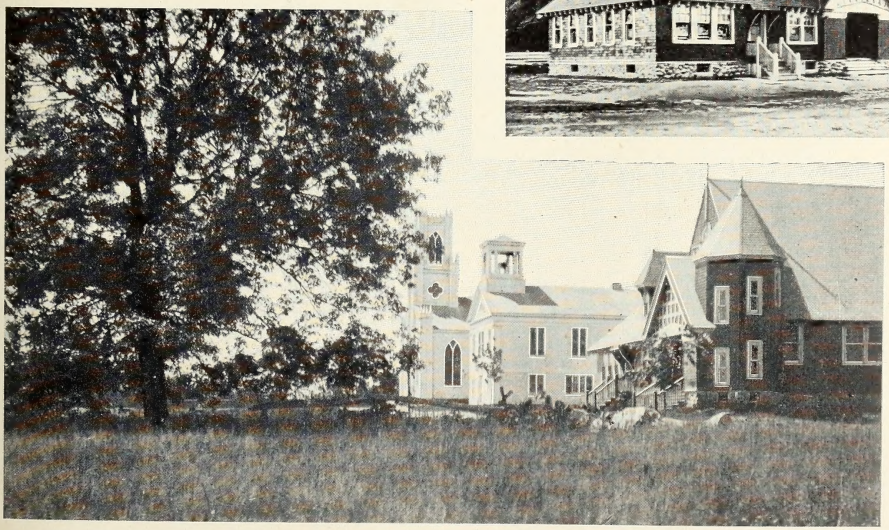
THE VILLAGE STAGE.

the "ministry share" being afterwards added to the list.

On the fourth of June, 1686, the land of Sippican were incorporated as "Rochester-Towne in new England," extending from the Plymouth line (about the middle of the present town of Wareham) on the east, to Dartmouth on the west, and reaching inland as far as Middleboro. The new town received its name from the ancient city of Rochester, in Kent County, England. It is said that the name was suggested by the fact that the shores of Kent were celebrated by the Romans for delicious oysters, which were also found in rich abundance on the shores of Sippican. The long and irregular shore line of Old Rochester forms several inlets or harbors, with a southeasterly trend. The long peninsulas or "necks" between these harbors furnished the pasturage, but the inland part of the territory was covered with heavy pines, and to attract settlers it was ordered that those "that first settell and are Livers" should be allowed to make "ten Barrells of tar apeece" on the commons for their own benefit.

Most of the names of the original proprietors have now disappeared from the region. Dexter, Clarke, Ellis and Briggs are still town names; Hammond belongs to the Mattapoisett section of the original town; and Burge (now Burgess) is still a well-known name of Wareham. The homes of the earliest settlers were at Little Neck, at the head of Sippican harbor, in the northern part of the present town of Marion. A large rock in this locality, said to have been

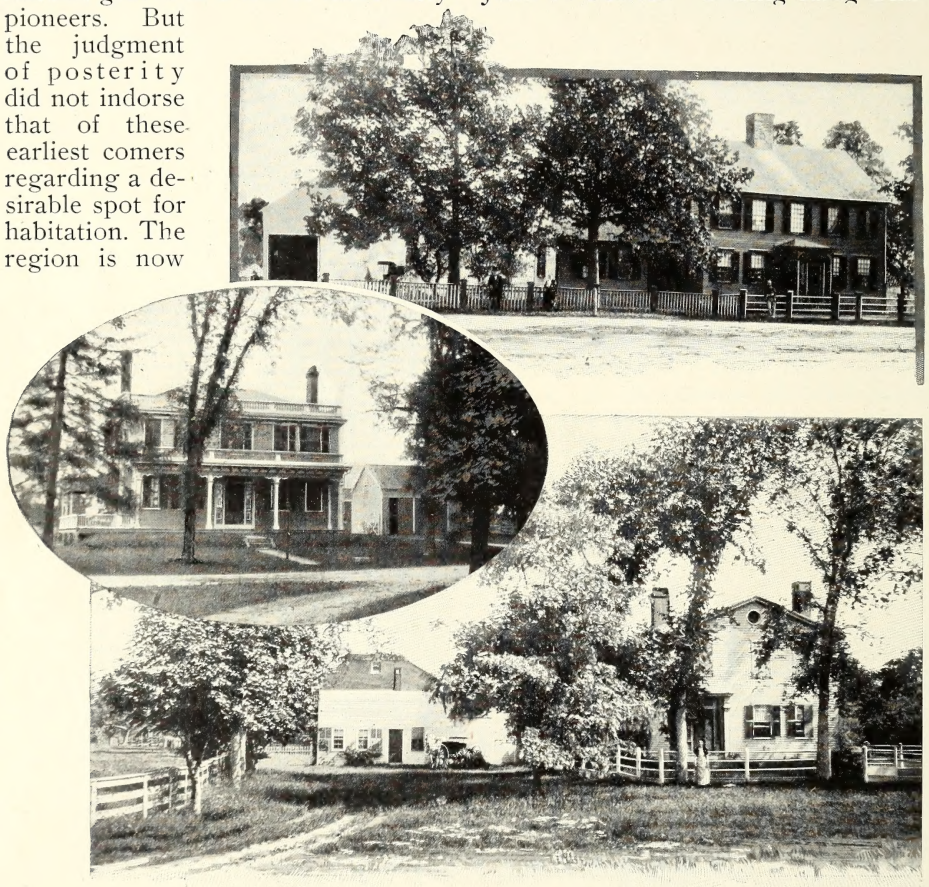




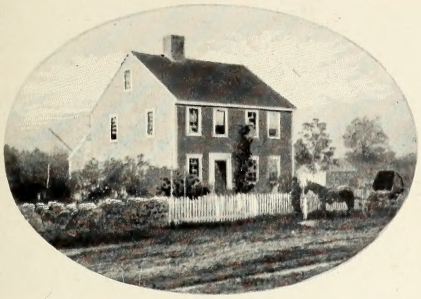
THE CHURCH, ACADEMY AND LIBRARY TO-DAY.

anciently the scene of various powwows or noisy Indian dances, is today known as "Minister's Rock," it having served as the pulpit from which the Rev. Samuel Shiverick, a Huguenot fleeing from Catholic persecution in France, preached the word to the first settlers in this wilderness. Around Minister's Rock are the unmarked graves of a few of these early pioneers. But the judgment of posterity did not indorse that of these earliest comers regarding a desirable spot for habitation. The region is now a tract of almost unbroken woodland. As the population flowed away from Little Neck toward the centre of the town, a village was soon formed at Leonard's Forge, or Handy's Mill. Here the first corn-mill in this part of the Old Colony was built by the town in 1704. It had a perpendicular shaft and was tended by Peter Blackmer, who was also town clerk for many years.

Several years before the settlement of Rochester an event of historical interest occurred in Sippican. On the Neck to the eastward of Marion harbor is an elevation of 127 feet above the bay known as Great Hill, now included in the fine estate owned by John F. Searles. During King Philip's war in August, 1677, this was the scene of an important interview between Captain Benjamin Church, of Plymouth Colony fame, and Awashonks, the squaw-sachem of the Sogkonate Indians, with her tribe. King Philip had sent six of his men to Awashonks to engage her in his interest. She called her subjects to-



OLD ROCHESTER HOMES.

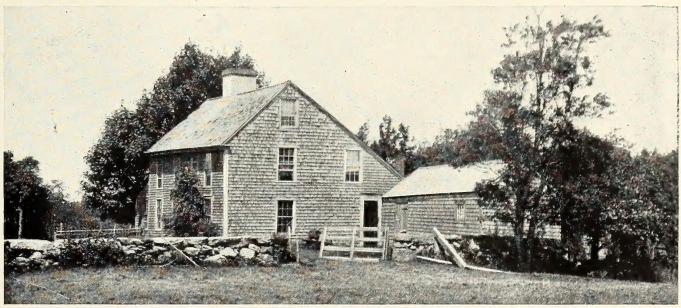


gether to a great dance, to which Captain Church was also invited. At the close of the festivities a treaty was entered into, in which the warrior queen pledged friendship and allegiance to the English, — an act which doubtless had great influence in determining the issue of the conflict.

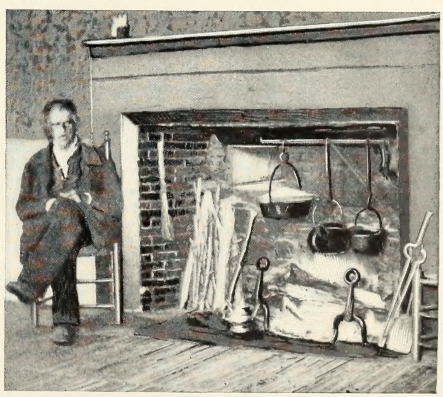
The great Indian war was ended before the Rochester proprietary began its history, and the relations of the settlers to their savage neighbors seem to have been chiefly those of peace and amity, although about 1682 several suits were entered into between the proprietors and the Indian sachems regarding the title to some of the Rochester lands. One of these related to Charles's Neck in Marion, where the fine estate called "The Moorings" is now owned by Mr. Harry Converse. This "Neck" was claimed by an Indian named Charles, who released his claim, however, in consideration of the payment of six pounds.

The traditions of the region speak of an Indian chief named Totosin or Tousand, who occupied the tongue of upland in the midst of the great Haskell swamp now known as Towser's Neck. It is said that Tousand, with several other sachems of the region, was summoned to a council in Plymouth and there treacherously put to death by the colonial authorities. The old resident who told me this story added, "It may not be in the histories, but there was many a happening in the old days that did not get into the books."

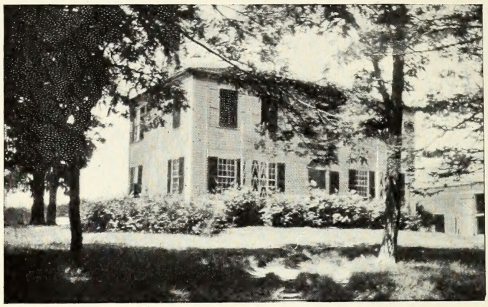
Rochester was settled shortly before the fateful period of agitation in the northern towns of Massachusetts over the subject of witchcraft. In 1692, Mark Haskell of Salem, being drawn as a juror in one of the witchcraft cases and deeming them unjust and illegal, declared (so the story goes) that he would get as far away from Salem as horse could carry him in



twenty-four hours. At midnight preceding the trial he packed his saddle bags and rode from Salem to Boston and thence to Rochester, where his numerous descendants may be found to-day. No important traditions of witchcraft are known to belong to old



Rochester, though one vine-covered romantic-looking bowlder about a mile from the Center is known far and near as the "Witch Rock."



HOME OF MISS EUGENIA HASKELL.

In the old "Proprietors' Records" and early town books we find glimpses of the primitive life of these town fathers. Much legislation was needed to keep the swine "yoaked and ringed," and the sheep rams within proper limits as they ran at large upon the common lands of the "Proprietary." But the legislation of greatest local interest related to the town fisheries, including the shellfish of the salt water shores, the bluefish of the bay, and more particularly the "ail wives" which came each year up the Weweantit and Mattapoisett rivers to spawn in the Rochester ponds. When the town of Wareham was incorporated, taking a large slice from the eastern side of Rochester, the mother town was loath to relinquish her rights in the rich oyster beds of Wareham; but after due discussion a compromise was effected by which a certain right in these fisheries was reserved for Rochester, and Wareham was left to go in peace. More than a hundred years later similar compromises regarding the fishing interests occurred, when Marion and Mattapoisett became independent towns. The herring fishery is still carried on in Rochester and Mattapoisett. Year by year in April herrings are seined in large numbers as the welcome school comes up the Mattapoisett River to breed in Sniptuit, the largest of the Rochester ponds. By the present town laws each family is entitled to a barrel of herring at the nominal price of one dollar, the priority in right to purchase being decided by lot. Probably many families waive their rights, but not a few look forward eagerly to the herring season, and those who are lucky enough to draw an early number are usually also generous enough to divide their prior rights with others less fortunate. In recent years the encroachments of modern life have diminished the herring run, awakening a fear lest this important source of sustenance may be cut off. It is said that at a certain period of the early history of the town families were allowed the generous share of 5,000 herrings apiece. They were used as fertilizer for the corn, two or three being buried in each hill. But the plan did not work well. Dogs began to dig for the herrings, thus

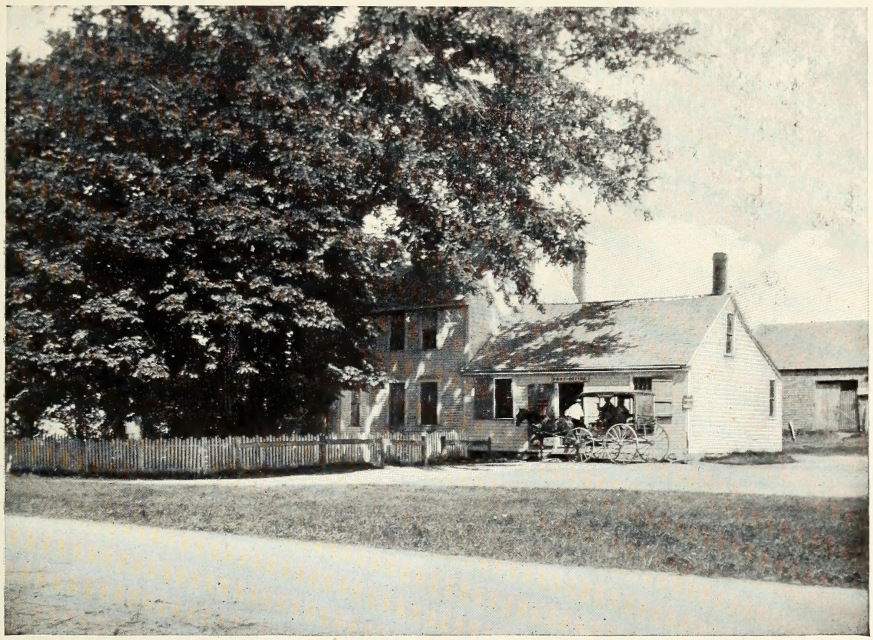


WITCH ROCK.

spoiling the corn. A law was therefore passed that "every dog kind shall be annually fettered from the 20th of April for forty days, by having one of their forefeet fastened up to their neck."

Although money was scarce, the men of Rochester apparently continued to be "substanciall and prudent psons of considerable estates." There are few entries regarding charges for town poor. In 1755, however, after the deplorable expedition against Acadia, one thousand of its unhappy people, who became known as "French neutrals," were brought to Massachusetts and parcelled out to the different towns, twenty-five being apportioned to Rochester. But it was not strange that the homesick exiles failed to adapt themselves to the life of the community into which they had been thrust against their will, and through a series of years contributed nothing to their own support. Various references to the care of the "nutural french" appear in the town books. But as the Revolutionary troubles began to gather these unfortunates drop finally out of sight.

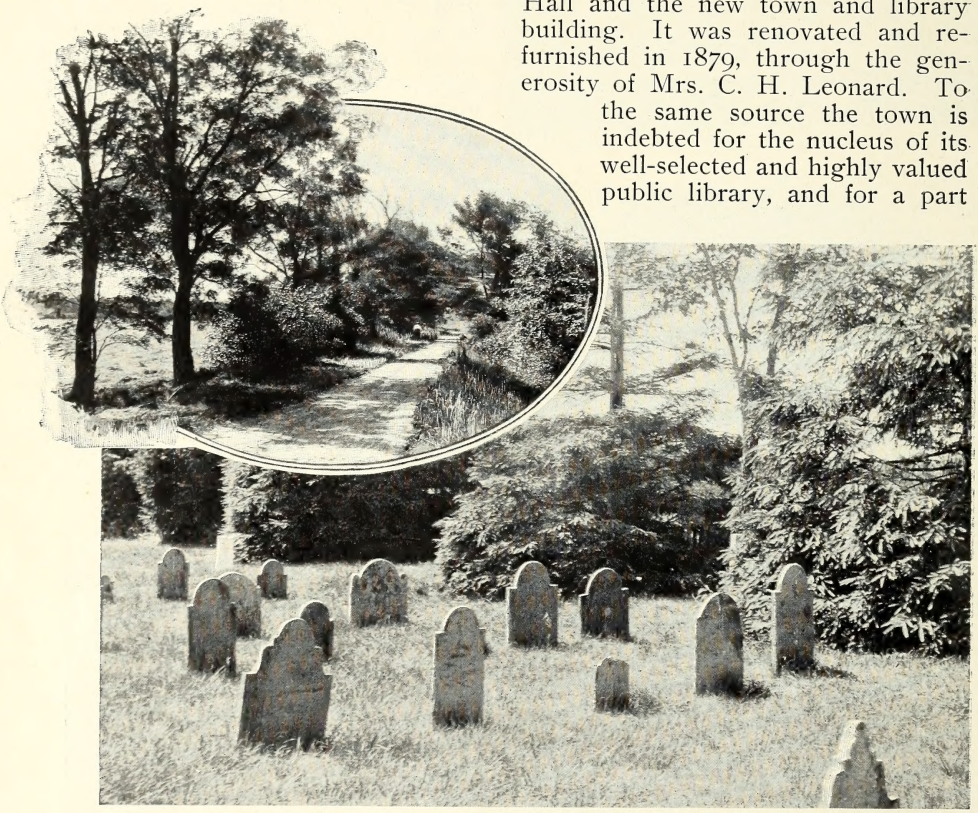
In 1739, sixty years after the lands of Sippican were opened for settlement, the town of Wareham was organized of territory taken from Rochester and Plymouth in about equal proportions. The villages of Tremont, South Wareham, and part of Wareham Centre are included in the region thus subtracted from Rochester. After the loss of the Wareham territory, Rochester held itself intact for nearly a hundred and twenty years, until in the sixth decade of the present century Mattapoisett and Marion became restless and set up independent establishments of their own.



THE VILLAGE POST OFFICE.

Like that of all New England towns, the early history of Rochester is largely that of a church and congregation. Parish business was transacted at town meeting with other town business, and all was done "at ye meeting house." Tradition says that the first house used for preaching in Rochester was built for a corn

house by Samuel Briggs and moved on to Little Neck. In 1698 the town voted to build a new meeting-house "on the westerly Sid of the long bridg." The precise location is not known, though it was probably in the northern part of the present town of Marion. Neither are we sure of the date of erection of a second meeting-house that was built some time during the first half of the eighteenth century at the west entrance of the cemetery at Rochester Center. This stood for some years as a disused building after a new meeting-house was built in 1760 higher up on the Common and near the site where the first town hall was afterwards erected. The third meeting-house was in use for seventy-seven years. The last service within it was held in March, 1837, old Dr. Cobb of Marion preaching the sermon. It was then torn down, but is still affectionately remembered by the aged people of the town as "the old meeting-house." The present building, dedicated in September, 1837, stands in the upper part of the Common in a line with Academy Hall and the new town and library building. It was renovated and refurnished in 1879, through the generosity of Mrs. C. H. Leonard. To the same source the town is indebted for the nucleus of its well-selected and highly valued public library, and for a part of the funds used in the erection of the new town hall in 1892. The old town hall, a low hip-roofed building with rising tiers of seats, which in 1811 replaced the meeting-house as the place of public business, was removed in 1893 from its site in the centre of the Common. The thought of it calls up to the mind of some of the older citizens to-day a vivid picture of the "bread-man," who on town-meeting days was always present with his wares,—large buns, each with a raisin on top,—temptingly displayed. They can see the pro-



"THE PEACEFUL BURYING GROUND OF ROCHESTER CENTER."

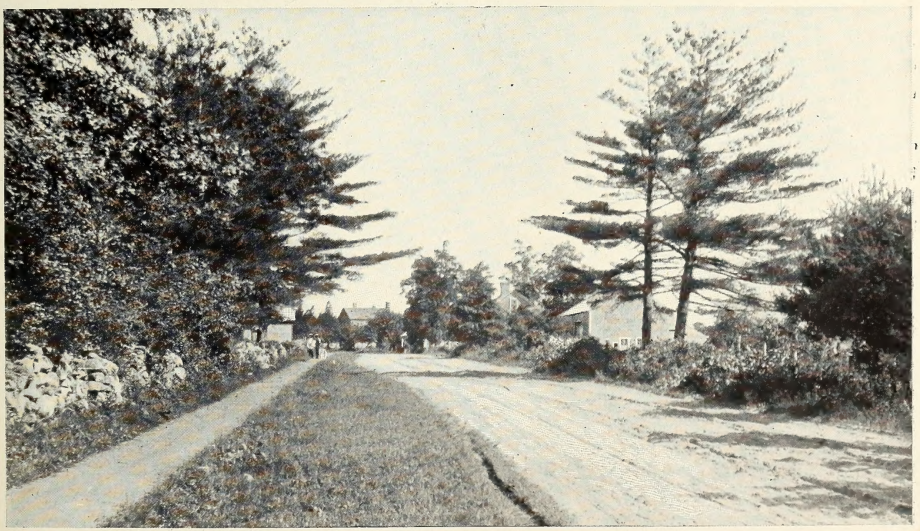


SNIPTUIT POND.

cession of countrymen, who, coming up one by one, shook out each from his pocket the folds of a clean red bandanna and passed on, with one or more of these dainties folded within it.

The church interests of the town, at first concentrated in one parish, became divided as villages grew up in different localities. In 1734 the inhabitants of Mattapoisett village having complained that they were so remote from the centre as "to make their Difficulty Great in all publick Conserns," were allowed to organize themselves as the Second Precinct of Rochester, with a minister and a meeting-house of their own. In 1758 a third precinct was formed on the northern border of the town, including also parts of Middleboro and Freetown. Two small villages grew up at Sippican (now Marion), at the Upper and Lower Landing, but these were not separated from the First Precinct in church interests. Within the present century another church organization, also Congregational in character, has arisen in East Rochester, near the line of Wareham. With the recent growth of Mattapoisett and Marion varied church organizations have arisen within their town limits, dividing with the older churches the interest and patronage of the people.

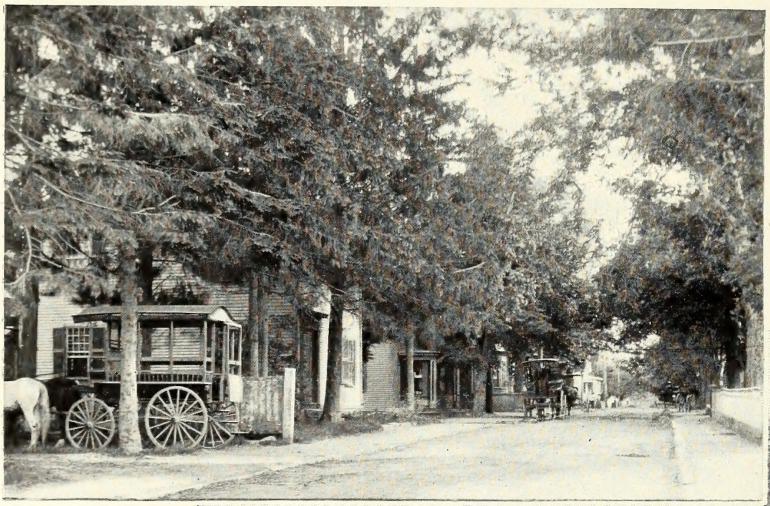
Samuel Shiverick, the Huguenot lay preacher, who began preaching on Minister's Rock in 1683, removed to Falmouth in 1687. He was succeeded in 1690 by Rev. Samuel Arnold, to whom in 1697 the proprietors gave a "whole shear" of land upon condition that "he continueth in



THE ROAD FROM MARION.

the work of the ministry among us until prevented by death." During the first thirteen years of Mr. Arnold's ministry there was no organized church in Rochester "for want of members to Imbody." But in 1703 Mr. Arnold was enabled to write in the old church book: "It hath pleased our gracious God to shine in this dark spot of ground with the day-spring from on high through His tender mercy and to settle a church according to the gospel, A. D. 1703 October 15th." In the same year Mr. Arnold was ordained, having previously served only as a lay preacher. At the time of Mr. Arnold's death in 1709 the church consisted of thirty-five members. In this first church list we find a goodly number of names, such as Holmes, Dexter, Spooner, White, Hammond, Haskell, Perry, Clarke, and Benson, that in later years have been closely identified with the history of Rochester.

In 1710 the town chose Mr. Timothy Ruggles as Mr. Arnold's successor. Good old Mr. Ruggles stood at his post for fifty-eight years and gathered 305 persons into the church as the fruit of his ministry. His successor, Rev. Jonathan Moore, was a man of studious habits and much scholarship and showed great skill in argument. Unlike Minister Ruggles, he had no "skill in composing differences." Being a strict disciplinarian, he undertook to weed out unworthy church members, and many cases of discipline are on record during his pastorate. "Unhappy differences" at last arose, and in 1792 Mr. Moore was obliged to give up his pulpit and preached for a time in his own house. The schism well-nigh broke up both the church and society. No record is found of any effort to secure another pastor for six years.



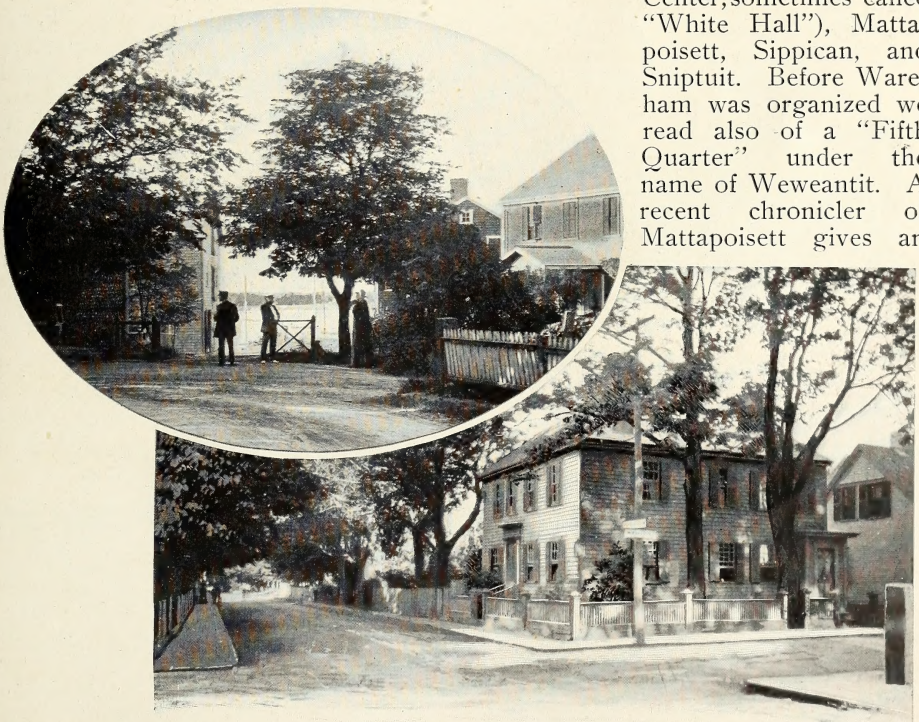


MARION STREETS.

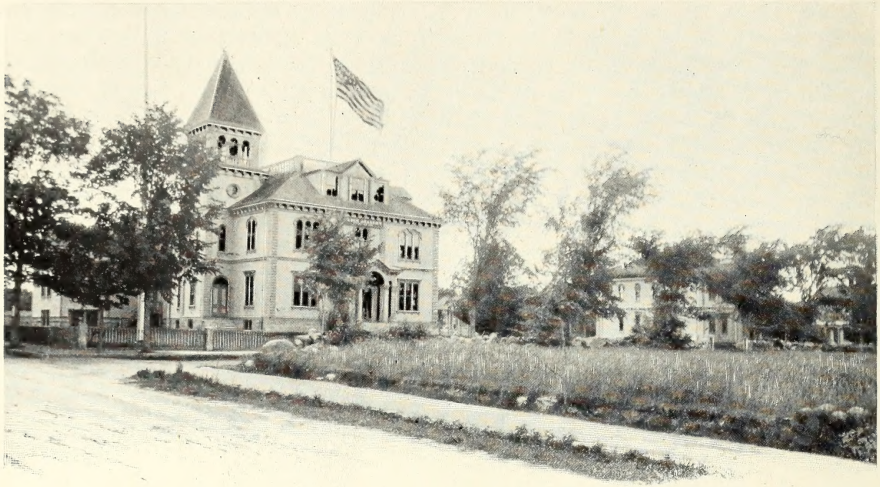
With the coming of Rev. Oliver Cobb, who was ordained February 6, 1799, the First Church of Rochester entered upon another period of union and prosperity. In 1827, however, one hundred and twenty-four years after its organization, it was divided into two churches. Dr. Cobb, the senior pastor, remained with the South or Marion church, and his colleague, Rev. Jonathan Bigelow, became the pastor of the Center church. The labors of Mr. Cobb and Mr. Bigelow closed a series of long and remarkable pastorates. Later ministers have held the pastoral office for much shorter periods. Rev. Oliver Cobb's combined pastorates in the two localities extended over half a century. In his later years he was assisted and afterwards succeeded in the Marion church by his son, Dr. Leander Cobb.

Provision for schools was made in Rochester at an early date. A vote to engage a schoolmaster was passed in 1703. Whether this was done is not stated, but in 1706 the town chose "mrs. jane mashell for to teach childered & youth to Reed & to write." For "her panes" she was to have "her dyet" and twelve pounds. She continued to be the teacher for several years, but doubts arising as to her fitness, in 1712 John Myers was chosen to "sarve in the office of skollmaster." In 1728 the town "made choyse of Benjamin De La Noy (now spelled Delano) for town's school-master," and "voated to give him 30 pounds for sd year," his "diet" being furnished of course by the patrons in each district.

It was the practice to hold the school for successive terms in the different sections of the town. Year by year "lotts were cast for the order of the terms," and in accordance with its decision the master went the rounds of the four quarters, the Town (or Center, sometimes called "White Hall"), Mattapoisett, Sippican, and Sniptuit. Before Wareham was organized we read also of a "Fifth Quarter" under the name of Weweantit. A recent chronicler of Mattapoisett gives an



CORNERS OF MARION.

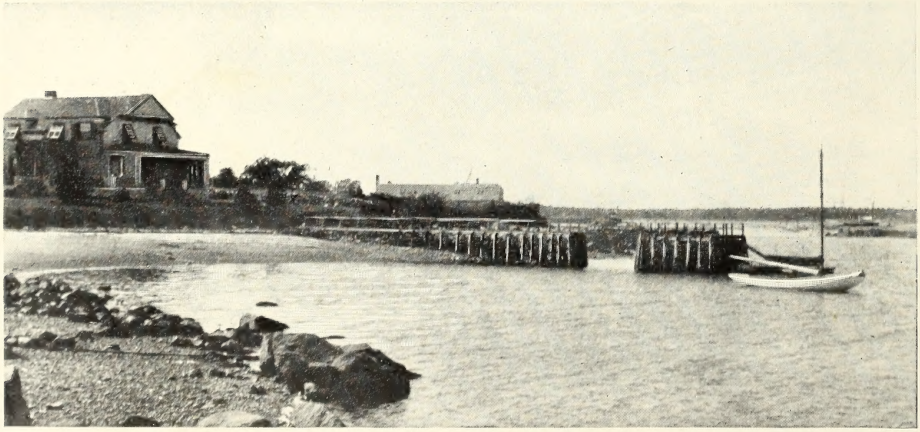


TABER ACADEMY AND THE MUSEUM, MARION.

old distich which he learned in childhood from John Hammond, an aged citizen, who had a long memory for folk lore. It gives the names of the Old Rochester four quarters as

"Snipatuit, Monochesset,
Sippican and Mattapesset."

Not far from the beginning of the century an interesting attempt was made in North Rochester to provide a school for higher instruction. Mention has been made of the church founded in 1758 on the northern borders of the town. The first minister of this precinct, Rev. Thomas West. who is described as having an "apostolical simplicity of manners" and being "devoted to the prophecies," died in 1790 at an advanced age. His successor, Rev. Calvin Chaddock, was a man of broad views, who conceived the idea of "starting an academy and building up the place." He purchased land and erected a building and the school opened under favorable auspices. It soon grew popular and scholars were attracted to it from distant localities. But its life was very brief. Financial troubles arose, and



THE MARION SHORE.

at the close of Mr. Chaddock's pastorate in 1806 the school was closed.

About 1836 an important educational movement was made at Rochester Center in the founding of Rochester Academy by the efforts of the pastor, Rev. Jonathan Bigelow, with Mr. George Bonney, Dr. Theophilus King, Dr. Joseph Haskell (long the beloved physician of the village), and other leading citizens. One of the first preceptors of the Academy was Dr. Henry Martyn Dexter,—afterwards the noted Nestor of Congregationalism,—whose ancestors were pioneer citizens of Rochester, and whose father was born in the old Dexter homestead, up Dexter's Lane.

The period in which Rochester Academy flourished lives in the memory of the older citizens as the high-water mark of the town history. The Rochester of that date held an honored reputation as a country town which combined with little ostentation in the forms of living a good degree of high thinking, being a community that read good books and kept itself informed of the trend of the literary age. Like most country academies without endowment, the school finally had to be discontinued for lack of funds. But its building holds a convenient place to-day as a chapel and a hall for the social needs of the town. The academy boarding house, kept by Mr. Robert C. Randall, will be pleasantly remembered by many. Two unfortunate fires several years ago destroyed this boarding house, and the old Dr. Haskell house opposite, thus leaving a lamentable vacancy at a most important corner of the village. The Dr. Haskell residence was built before the Revolution for Major Elnathan Haskell, who served with distinction in the Continental army, and was one of Washington's aids. His portrait in this capacity is included in one of the great historical paintings that adorn the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. At the close of the Revolution, Major Haskell settled in South Carolina, and his descendants to-day are leading citizens of that state.



A BIT OF THE BAY.

At a little distance from the empty



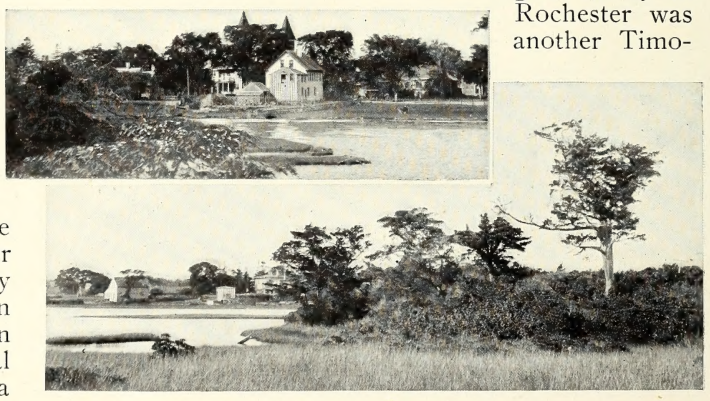
ON THE ROAD TO MATTAPOISETT.

boarding house corner is another vacant site, from which the old Ruggles house was removed only a few months ago. It was for four generations the home of a family of marked and interesting characteristics. Three persons bearing the name of Timothy Ruggles and belonging to three generations of this family were prominent figures in the earlier town history. Various anecdotes are current illustrating their shrewdness, wit and other personal traits.

The son of the beloved Minister Ruggles, Timothy Ruggles, Jr., born in 1711, was a man of great intellectual ability. He was a wit and a shrewd lawyer, and held many important public positions, among which were those of brigadier general in the French War, and president of the Stamp Act Congress in 1765. But he turned against the American cause, becoming the leader of the Tory party in Massachusetts. On the departure of the British army he fled to Nova Scotia, where he died in 1795. The public career of Brigadier General Ruggles belongs to general history, but various anecdotes of his early life are preserved in local tradition. Like his honored father he was fond of a joke, but not always careful where the weight of the joke should fall. It is related that once in town meeting he succeeded in having a law passed that "all the men who owned swine should have their noses ringed,"—a vote which afterwards had to be recast so as to make it apply to the animals rather than to the men.

Before the outbreak of the Revolution, General Ruggles removed to Hardwick, where about eighty citizens of Rochester emigrated between the years 1735 and 1789. Among these emigrants from Rochester to Hardwick were six of the sons of Minister Ruggles, and five nephews bearing the name of Robinson.

In the third generation of the Ruggles family in Rochester was another Timothy Ruggles, the nephew of the brigadier general. He was a man of gigantic stature,—tradition says seven feet three inches tall. He became a schoolmaster, and his powerful physique gave him great prestige as a disciplinarian, so that he was sent for from distant towns to manage the schools where weaker masters had failed.



IN MATTAPOISETT.

In the early part of the present century the old Ruggles house was kept as a tavern, where the stages running from New Bedford to Plymouth and

the Cape used to stop for entertainment. In this house the last citizen of Rochester by the name of Ruggles, Capt. James Ruggles, reared a large family of sprightly daughters. The honored husbands of two of these daughters, Judge Calvin E. Pratt of Brooklyn, whose summer home was in Rochester, and Mr. Charles P. Rugg, preceptor of Rochester Academy, and afterwards for many years principal of the New Bedford High School, have lately been laid to rest in the peaceful burying ground of Rochester Center.

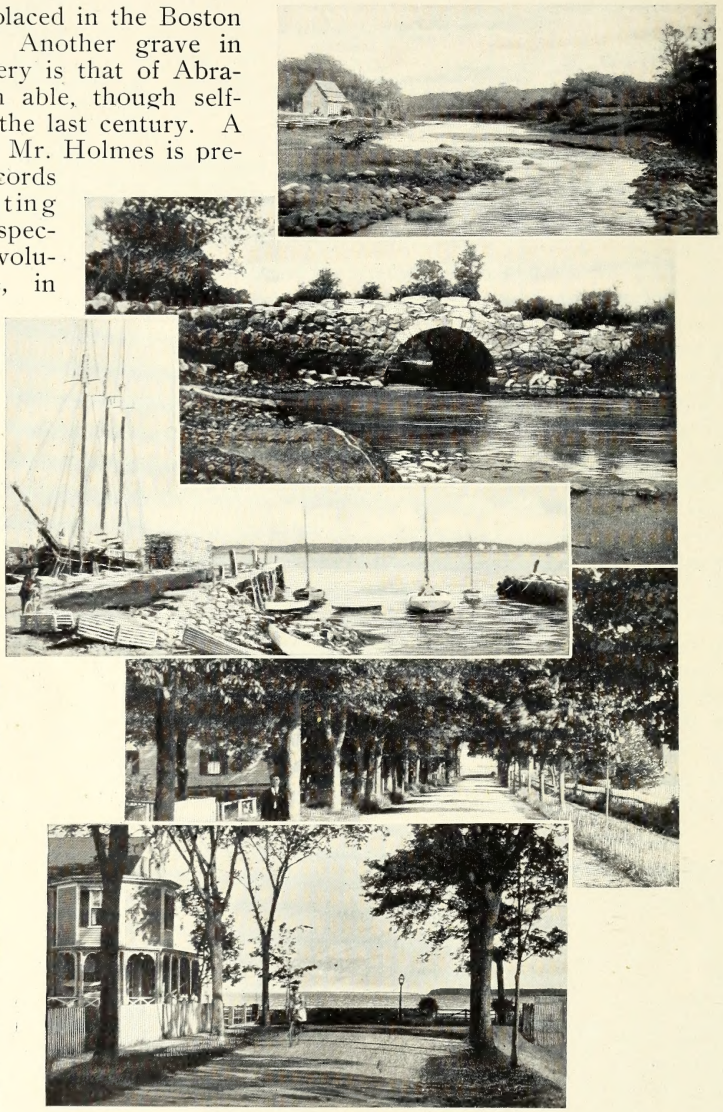
Near the beginning of the eighteenth century this cemetery became the place of burial. The inscription on the oldest existing stone bears the date of the year 1715. This pretty, peaceful spot, with its well-trimmed evergreen trees and hedges, and its clean, grassy plats, is kept in order by the income of a fund left by Mr. C. H. Leonard. Its devoted custodian, Mr. John S. Ryder, has made careful copies of all the epitaphs on the long rows of ancient stones, so that these quaint records may not be lost through the ravages of time and weather.

The occasional visitor passes from the street through the front rows of low slate stones, where grinning cherubs and curious winged figures glare at us, through the middle tiers of thin marble slabs, with conventional urns and weeping willows, and so back through successive generations of graveyard sculpture to the modern monuments in the newer section at the rear of the cemetery. Among the stones which the student of Rochester history pauses to read are those of Elisha Barrows, for many years the town representative to the General Court of the Province about the middle of the eighteenth century, and Col. Ebenezer White, who died March, 1804, aged 80,—"19 times chosen to represent the town of Rochester in the General Court, in 14 of which elections he was unanimously chosen." Rochester's first representative, however, was Samuel Prince, who was sent to the General Court in 1714. One of his sons, Rev. Thomas Prince, was pastor of the Old South Church of Boston for forty years, and also an important authority on New England colonial history. His valuable collection of historical



A MATTAPOISETT STREET.

books has been placed in the Boston Public Library. Another grave in Rochester cemetery is that of Abraham Holmes, an able, though self-made, lawyer of the last century. A Diary written by Mr. Holmes is preserved, which records many interesting reminiscences, especially of the Revolutionary struggle, in which he took an active part. Mr. Holmes was the ancestor of a line of well-known lawyers; and several men who became prominent members of the Massachusetts bench and bar were enrolled as students in his law office in Rochester. His son, Charles Jarvis Holmes, practised law in Rochester for a quarter of a century, and during this time held many important public positions, including that of presidential elector in 1836. He was a friend of Daniel Webster, who used to visit him here. In later life he removed his law practice to Taunton and Fall River.



ROUND ABOUT MATTAPOISETT.

But among the old Rochester names none has held wider repute than that of one whose family has now become extinct in the town. Tristam Burgess, called the "Bald Eagle of the North," was born in Rochester February 26, 1770. After graduating at Brown University and being admitted to the bar in Providence, he rose rapidly in his profession till he became the chief justice of Rhode Island, and in 1825 was elected to Congress, where he came into fame as an orator and the master of brilliant invective. Soon after taking his seat he presented an antislavery petition from Salem, Mass., which called forth the

sharp piercing voice of John Randolph of Virginia, in a motion that it "be referred to a committee of the whole on the state of the country." Mr. Burgess sprang to his feet and imitating Mr. Randolph's peculiar voice cried, "And I move, Mr. Speaker, that the gentleman be referred to the same committee." A little later, Tristam Burgess had an exciting contest with Mr. McDuffie, the distinguished representative from South Carolina. But his most famous encounter was with Mr. Randolph and others in a heated debate over the tariff. Sarcasm was not his only weapon, however. In his finished orations the keenness of his logic was admitted by all. At the centennial of Brown University he was referred to as "the brilliant Burgess, before whose scathing retort the Ishmaelite of Virginia statesmen, Randolph of Roanoke, for the first time quailed and was forever silenced."

There are to-day many lawyers, judges, doctors, divines, and others holding large and varied relations to the world, who look back lovingly to this family group of towns as the home of their birth. The living sons and daughters, both present and absent, must for the most part be passed over. Yet one would like to mention a certain sweet-faced lady of optimistic temperament, whose long life has been spent in the seclusion of a stately old-fashioned home, shaded by a grove of lofty pines. Her gracious ways well confirm the widespread fame of her youthful beauty and many conquests, which left her, however, still fancy free. Now in her elder years she turns with equal readiness to menial tasks and intellectual enjoyments, and pours forth an entertaining stream of reminiscence and of sentiment, to the delight of the literary visitors from the seaside villages who make her country nest a goal of pilgrimage.

The old "Menchoisett" region has many stories to tell of seafaring life. Mattapoisett and Marion are especially rich in these. Yet in all the villages of Old Rochester may be found retired seamen, the title of captain being nearly as ubiquitous in this part of the country as that of colonel in the Southern States. Capt. Judah Hathaway of Rochester, mate and part owner of the whale-ship *Altamaha* during the Civil War, was captured by Captain Semmes of the *Alabama*. After seeing his vessel burned before his eyes and spending two days in irons on the famous English-Confederate cruiser, he and his companions were at last landed at a port of the Western Islands. Capt. Charles Bryant, born in Old Rochester, near Rounseville's Mill, and now residing in Mattapoisett, had the distinction of being the "First Governor of Alaska." Many years ago, while in Boston as a member of the Legislature, he made the acquaintance of Agassiz and Charles Sumner. After the Alaska purchase, Sumner wrote to Agassiz to know where he could find "that Arctic whale captain who knew so much about seals." The result was that Captain Bryant was put in charge of the seal fisheries at Sitka, retaining that office for a number of years.* James C. Luce of Marion was for a long series of years a popular commander of large ocean vessels. When the ill-fated *Arctic* foundered many years ago, Captain Luce, standing on his quarter-deck with his son in his arms, went down with his ship. He was rescued from drowning, but this event closed his career on the ocean.

In 1816 spotted fever made fearful ravages in Mattapoisett and the western borders of the town. Sixty-one heads of families were at one time stricken with the disease. One of those who died during this fearful scourge was Capt. Salisbury Blackmer, whose vessel used to sail between New England and the Cape Verde Islands. The fever plague stopped in its eastward course less than a mile from the centre of the

* See "A Chapter of Alaska," by C. E. Cabot, in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, January, 1895.

town, at the house of Colonel Sturtevant, who died with the disease. The Sturtevants were for generations a well-known family of Old Rochester. John Bourne Sturtevant, a son of Colonel Sturtevant, was famous for a memory which was a perfect cyclopædia of facts and figures. A grandson of Colonel Sturtevant, who was often in Rochester during his boyhood, Captain Randall of New Bedford, became noted during the Civil War as the man who fired the last shot on the sinking *Cumberland*, in her famous encounter with the *Merrimac*.

In the decade previous to the Civil War, a great dismemberment of Rochester occurred, cutting off Mattapoisett and Sippican from the original territory. This separation being so recent, Marion and Mattapoisett have had little time to develop a history distinct from that of the original town. Most of the facts included in this sketch belong to all the Four Quarters of the lands of Sippican. Mattapoisett, however, as a distinct precinct since 1734, has a larger special history than the other villages.

The first minister of Mattapoisett was Rev. Ivory Hovey, who was succeeded in 1772 by Rev. Lemuel Le Baron, the combined pastorates of these two extending through one hundred years. In addition to his pastoral work, Mr. Hovey practised as a physician as well. Through sixty-five years of ministerial labor he kept a journal, which at his death was spread over seven thousand pages of shorthand writing. Mr. Le Baron, a descendant of the "nameless nobleman" who lies buried on Plymouth Hill, was greatly beloved by his people. At eighty-nine years of age, having resigned to his colleague his pastoral duties, he continued to do active service as superintendent of the Sabbath-school. His successor, Dr. Thomas Robbins, is said to have owned the most valuable private library in Massachusetts, consisting of three thousand books and four thousand pamphlets, many of them of rare value.

Several miles above the mouth of the Mattapoisett River there is a level tract, which is said to have been the first spot ever occupied by white men in this part of Massachusetts. In 1622 a private colony was sent over from England by Thomas Weston, and settled at Weymouth. After much trouble with the Indians the settlement was broken up; but five of Weston's men are said to have come to this region and settled on the plain of Mattapoisett. The settlement finally disappeared, however, and many years elapsed before this region became really a white man's country. A little above its mouth the river widens into a sheet of shallow water known as Hammond's eel pond. This opens into the harbor by two narrow channels, where many sea bass were formerly caught. A little above the eel pond is Indian Burying Hill, a symmetrical pile of gravel rising from the surrounding marsh and covered with a growth of trees. It is said to be filled with deposits of decayed bones that mark places of Indian sepulture.

Many years ago boat building was undertaken on the Mattapoisett River, at a point a little below the Herring Weir. Before the Revolution a sloop of forty or fifty tons, named the *Planter*, was built with the hope of uniting the mercantile and agricultural interests of Mattapoisett. She was an unlucky craft, and is said to have drained the pockets of her owners. During the Revolution several large boats for freighting were made after the style of the freight boats which were used in Long Island Sound to dodge the English guardships. But the most ambitious undertaking at these old shipyards was the construction of a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons early in the present century. On launching the ship diagonally into the stream, she stuck firmly in the earth on the opposite side, and the difficulty and expend-

iture of getting her out seem to have exhausted the profits of the enterprise. At a later period a much more important kind of shipbuilding was carried on. Many large whalers for New Bedford, Nantucket and other ports were built at the stocks in Mattapoisett Harbor. The whaling industry of Mattapoisett was at one time very important and brought a large increase in wealth and population. In Barber's Historical Collections, published in 1840, the village of Mattapoisett is said to contain one hundred dwellings and is called "the principal village of Rochester."

Mattapoisett has three churches—Universalist, Congregationalist and Christian—also an Episcopal Chapel, open during the summer. It has a new town hall, built by its own citizens for public needs, and a new and elegant school building, which is a gift to Mattapoisett from Henry H. Rogers of Fairhaven.

With the decline of the whaling industry the prosperity of Mattapoisett languished somewhat. The quiet, orderly village, with its round, landlocked harbor and pretty bit of seashore, abundantly justifies its musical Indian name, meaning "a place of resting." The name is said to be derived from the fact that King Philip and his braves used to love to rest by King Philip's Crystal Spring, which bubbles through the white sand a mile or two to the north of the village, and to drink of its cold pure waters, which are now bottled for sale in the New Bedford market.

Latterly Mattapoisett has become a most attractive point for summer residence, many of its annual visitors owning their beautiful summer homes. One of the earlier summer residents was Judge O. W. Holmes, the son of the genial and beloved "Autocrat" of New England. Another pioneer among the summer sojourners is Mr. Edward Atkinson, famous as a statistician and also as the author of recent anti-imperialist literature. Mrs. Elizabeth (Barstow) Stoddard, the novelist, wife of the poet, R. H. Stoddard, is a native of Mattapoisett, and some of the country and seaside flavor of her birthplace may be found in her writings.

The town of Marion is more widely known to-day than any other part of Old Rochester. The actual residence of a living President of the United States for several summers within its borders, with the added legend that the name of the third daughter of that President was given in memory of the little seaside town where her parents spent the first presidential vacation after the honeymoon, has made the name familiar to thousands of people who know nothing of the unrenowned names of Old Rochester and Sippican.

With the organization of the town in 1852, Sippican took the name of Marion, in honor, it is said, of the brave South Carolina partisan of Revolutionary fame. Marion has a recent history that is all her own; but the pasturage of the necks, the salt works, the fishing interests and sailors' yarns belong to Sippican, whose history for nearly two hundred years is not to be differentiated from that of Old Rochester, of which she was an integral part. Some years after the town's incorporation, a movement was set on foot to have the name Sippican restored; but a strong feeling was manifested against the change. Probably some of the older inhabitants remembered too well the time when the plain sailor folk who occupied the shores of Sippican harbor were regarded with scant appreciation or patronizing favor by the "towners" farther inland. Mrs. Taber, a wealthy old lady, who purposed leaving her fortune for the public benefit, opposed the change, declaring, it is said, that her gifts would not be made if the name were restored. So the movement was dropped; but the sibilant old Indian name has still many pleasant associations. It is the name of the harbor which divides the territory of Marion into two nearly equal por-

tions, as well as of the little river which flows through eastern Rochester into the bay. It is also the name of the leading hotel in the little seaport, and of various organizations connected with the life of the community.

The village of Marion lies mostly along a single street on the west side of the harbor. At the mouth of the inlet the white lighthouse of Bird Island adds picturesqueness to the view. Within the harbor and farther out in the bay one may see in summer numerous catboats engaged in bluefishing, and pleasure boats in great variety. Marion has had extensive shipping interests, both in mercantile and whaling vessels. There was shipbuilding here in the old days, but of lighter craft than were built on the great stocks in Mattapoisett.

In the early part of the century salt began to be made from the waters of Sippican harbor, first by boiling the sea water, and later by evaporation. The story is told that an enterprising man, in the early days of the boiling process, made each year an ox wagon load of salt, which he carried to Vermont. Here he sold his oxen, returning with a fresh yoke of animals and a return freight of butter and cheese for the home market. In 1808 the embargo on American commerce raised the price of salt and developed the salt industry of Sippican, which continued for many years and produced ten thousand bushels of salt for the market. The older inhabitants well remember the pumps by the harbor shores and the evaporating vats in the fields near the lower village. Rochester was one of the last towns of New England to give up the salt manufacture.

The churches of Marion are the Congregationalist, Universalist and Episcopal, besides a Methodist church a little out of the village. Not far from the latter, on a wooded road, is a disused building known as the old Protestant Methodist Church. Close beside the old Pound in the same section of the town there once stood a Quaker meeting-house. There were many persons of this faith in Rochester during the early days. The sect has now mostly disappeared from the Old Rochester limits, though a small society of Friends still worship in the little white meeting-house on the road between Marion and Mattapoisett.

The new town hall and music hall in Marion are Mrs. Taber's generous gifts to the town. She also established the Natural History Museum, with its accompanying library, built a chapel for the Congregational Church and left a fund toward the church support. The most far-reaching of her benevolences, however, was the founding and permanent endowment of Taber Academy, which stands in a line with the Natural History Museum in the upper part of the village, and is a permanent educational blessing, not only to Marion but to the other parts of Old Rochester as well.

Good roads have been built in and around Marion, and the state road towards Wareham is especially the delight of numerous cyclists. A favorite drive is the long triangular one through Marion, Rochester Center and Mattapoisett. A pleasant part of this drive is that from Mattapoisett to Marion, especially if one takes the longer road by the shore loop near the piled up rocks of Angelica Point and Aucoot Cove. It must be confessed that until lately the sandy strip of road leading from Marion Depot to Rochester has been the least attractive part of this fifteen-mile route. A year or two ago the old mother town decided to change all that. Aided by an initiative gift from Z. H. Thompson, a late citizen of Rochester, it has built a good stone road over this distance; and now the farmers are busily pulling down the stone walls which their fathers so painfully piled, and breaking them up with a view to further highway improvements.

Among the well-known people who, by owning summer homes or by repeated visits, have become some-

what identified with Marion may be mentioned not only President and Mrs. Cleveland and the Harding-Davises, but Richard Watson Gilder, Assistant Secretary Hamlin of the Treasury, Mr. Thurber, who was Cleveland's private secretary, Bishop John F. Hurst of Washington University, Attorney-General Knowlton, Mrs. Van Rennsalaer, Mrs. Gouverneur Le Morris, and Revs. Percy Browne, Floyd Tomkins of Philadelphia and John C. Brooks, brother of Phillips Brooks. General Greely was an early comer and entertained the Clevelands as his guests on the occasion of their first visit. There are many others who, by more fleeting or single visits, have become more or less familiar figures in the streets of this little seaport.

In summer Marion village is everywhere alive with pleasure seekers, lying in their hammocks, or rolling along the streets in open carriages or on wheels, bareheaded girls with bronzed complexions, and young men in outing suits and golf stockings, with all the paraphernalia for bluefishing, yachting and country recreations of all sorts. In the winter the scene is changed. The streets become silent and deserted, the extra trains on the Fairhaven branch of the Old Colony Railroad are taken off, and the town sinks again into the quiet of an old-fashioned seaside country village.

It is the all-the-year-round people of Marion and Mattapoisett who have primary rights in a historical sketch like this. These, like their neighbors in Old Rochester, are descendants of the old town stock. They hold up the church societies and other permanent village interests. They have a great annual spring house cleaning to get ready for their summer visitors, whose faces, as well as their purses, they are glad to welcome with each returning season. And though they sometimes hide a covert smile at hearing themselves characterized as "the natives," they do also gladly recognize that in addition to the floating population, whose only interest is that of holiday recreation, there are not a few summer people who really gain a friendly interest in the town itself, and who help forward the village enterprises in true fraternal and American fashion.

But I must not forget that this sketch has to do with Old Rochester more than with the modern society life of her grown-up daughters. On July 22, 1879, there was held in Handy's grove, in Marion, near the Rochester line, a great reunion of the people of Rochester, Marion, Mattapoisett and Wareham, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the old town. Six thousand people were assembled, and under the shady whispering pines the day was given to history and reminiscence, to feasting and enjoyment. Rev. N. W. Everett, a grandson of an early minister of Wareham, gave the historical address, and a memorial pamphlet was afterwards prepared. Although no Old Rochester Historical Society has ever been organized, yet with the exercises of that day it became evident that there exists abundant material for the work of such an organization. If the "Old Precincts" should unite in 1903 to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of church organization in Rochester, a new fund of historic material will doubtless be brought to light.

With its population of about one thousand thinly scattered over a large territory, Rochester keeps up in an unusual degree the character of a typical rural town. On the annual occasions when the few voters, two hundred and fifty in all, meet together in that most democratic of American institutions, the town meeting, the ladies of the Old Parish make a little harvest for church purposes by the town meeting dinner of pork and beans, Indian pudding, and brown bread, with plenty of pies and doughnuts—those still appreciated dishes of old New England fare—which suit far

better than any caterer's viands the palates of these toilers of the soil. The scattered condition of the people is a hampering element in town life. There are eighty miles of roadway to keep in repair. One who is so minded may do much exploring in a rural and wooded region like this; but many of the life residents have never penetrated the mysteries of such remote corners as "Feather-Bed Lane," and the little strip of old roadway known as "The King's Highway."

Near the village is a large open field, filled for the oldest residents with memories of Muster Day and those old training occasions before which Independence Day, Election Day, and even Thanksgiving Day pale into insignificance. Then the soldiery of the region, with improvised uniforms and smooth-bore guns, performed gyrations to the music of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and other inspiring melodies; while the hucksters in the stalls, and the gingerbread and cider venders did a lively business among the crowds. These old "musters" may have accomplished little of value in a military way, but they certainly added much to the social enjoyment of their day and generation.

Places supposed to be not worth knowing develop on acquaintance most likable traits. The best daily companionship is that which does not offer too many solicitations to the outside world, but beckons from behind commonplace barriers. An invasion of tourists takes away some of the charm of the hide-away nooks most fortunate in being uninteresting to the general travelling public. Here is the trout brook where many an enthusiastic angler has shared the enjoyments of old Izaak Walton. From a romantic lane, where the waters of Leonard's Pond flow over their high dam to turn the old gristmill, one may turn aside to visit the boiling spring and an immense buttonwood, said to be the largest tree now standing in Massachusetts. There are several lovely ponds in Rochester. The largest lake wholly within the town limits is Sniptuit, where the herrings breed. Near by is the picturesque Snow's Pond, with its beauty heavily marred, alas, in the minds of many, by the remembrance of a sad drowning accident in 1883, when five of the young people of the town found sudden death in its waters. Mary's Pond lies like a crystal cup in its wooded rim. Lakes Quittacas, Great and Small, lie partly within these borders, for the Rochester lakes are a continuation of the beautiful lake system of Lakeville and Middleboro, a region of great natural beauty, waiting for some electric road company to open up to the world a new and extensive park system.

Checkerberries ripen in redness along the grove edges, and the Haskell swamp is rich each summer with bushels upon bushels of luscious, juicy blueberries. There are marshy tracts where cranberries make a crimson carpet in the fall, and which in spring are alive with the voices of a myriad Batrachian throats. Tree toads in endless numbers puff their little bladders and swell their piping chorus. From the depth of the wood comes to our ears the thrice repeated "coo-coo-coo," of the American cuckoo, and all through the summer nights the whip-poor-will sings his pathetic call from many an old rock or mossy fence.

This is a land of sawmills and boxboards, of cranberry pickers, and of garden farms, producing truck for the New Bedford market. Sea fogs are frequent, brought by the winds that sweep over from Fairhaven, Mattapoisett, Marion and Wareham harbors, which "make in" on both sides of us a few miles away. The fishermen from these shores swarm in our streets, offering for sale their bluefish, quahaugs, oysters, clams, scallops and other fishy merchandise. Other peddlers, too, are numerous. Dry goods are brought to our doors in varied ways, and even the spectacles

man and the travelling barber make their occasional rounds to cut our children's hair and fit the declining eyes with helps to read.

As we ramble along the sandy roads of Old Rochester, breathing the health-giving, piny fragrance that floats out from the groves on every side, we say to ourselves that one of the best charms of any locality is the charm of "not too much." The quiet spots are peopled with memories. Old houses that seem indigenous to the soil, an occasional well-sweep, the old "pound" for stray cattle, long disused and empty,—all these have human associations. Traditions cling like lichens to each rock and tree. For here people have lived and died, and "all houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses." Some of the dangers of monotony, it is true, give threatened evils to the safe simplicity of such rural towns. We sometimes grumble because even the telephone communication which was once established between us and the rushing world has been cut off.

But even now we hear the hum of the vacation spenders near us, and feel their influence in the region round about. We like to see the seaside visitors drive through our village in their summer carts and outing suits. We cheerfully step aside to allow their wheels to roll over our country sidewalks, and we wish that they would respect the town traditions and not bring their golf games up to the Old Rochester Muster Field of a Sunday. Because for the most part the citizens of Rochester who are not degenerate work six days in the week, go to church on Sunday, visit the public library on Saturday afternoons to consult the magazines and get the new book for the next week's intellectual pabulum, and read cheerfully at evening the daily paper that comes to them on the evening mail with news of the outside world. They buy their everyday necessities from the little country grocery and the peddlers' wagons, and go over to New Bedford once or so in a season to purchase their rarer commodities. The children of to-day hang May baskets, as did their parents before them. They have picnic frolics in summer in the pine groves or at the neighboring shores. They fish for trout and pickerel in the streams and lakes, and look forward to skating and coasting in their season and a Christmas tree for the neighborhood during the holidays. And their elders prefer their quiet country life to the bustle of the noisy town or the fashionable seaside resort; and yet think, half with desire and half with misgiving, that the time may come when the summer visitors who throng the neighboring towns may push a little farther inland into the sequestered nooks and groves that still preserve so much of the old-time flavor of old "Rochester-Towne in New England."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is very important for a nation, as for a man, when it finds itself in a complex situation, with endless discussions of this and that raging in its ears, to determine rightly what is the important thing. This nation is today in such a situation. The last year has been one of the most congested years in our history. We have been compelled, month after month, to deal with combinations of circumstances such as we never dreamed of before. Dramatic and pregnant events have transpired so rapidly that it has been hard for our mental operations to keep up with them. Imperialism, expansion, militarism, colonialism, new spheres of influence and of trade, political competence, the rights and relations of races and a dozen other momentous subjects have been clamoring every day for discussion and practical settlement by this great democratic lyceum; and it is not strange that good people have been confused.

We are of those who believe that this nation is essentially a nation of good people. Like every other nation, it is very full of sinners, and many of the sinners are in high places, where they can blow loud blasts and pull strong ropes and often exercise the determining influence; but nothing shall shake us from the conviction that the great majority of men in this republic desire to know the truth and to do the right thing, and that if they do not do the right thing it is because they do not know the truth or see clearly what is the most important question.

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The important question at the present time is not the question of expansion. We certainly do not need to expand. Any man who told us a year ago that we needed more territory would have been laughed at. The desire for more territory for the mere sake of more territory, on the part of the United States, is like the hunger of the farmer for more land when he is not able to cultivate properly what he already has. No man of common sense can believe that a hundred million dollars put into the Philippines would yield half the returns of the same millions put into Oregon or Texas; we do not ourselves believe that they would yield the Boston or New York capitalists the returns of the same millions put into Maine, New Hampshire or Vermont. The possible profits which may accrue to a few syndicates from operations in the Philippines cannot in a century equal the expense which must be borne, not by the syndicates, but by the whole people, to maintain there an adequate military establishment to support those operations and keep the natives in subjection. No fallacy is more fallacious nor more pestilent than the fallacy that in order to trade with a people you have got to govern them—the fallacy that trade follows the flag. Trade has nothing to do with the flag. If we owned the whole of South America, we should not begin to have the trade with her which we have with Europe. If there were no wall of tariff, New England and New York would trade with Canada as freely as with Pennsylvania. If trade with China and the Philippines is what we want, all that we have to do is to send to their markets what their people need. If this be done at lower prices than what England, France and Germany do it for, then we shall get the trade; and the fewer battleships we

show, the more we shall be liked, the more we shall be trusted, and the better we shall get on.

But when this is said, we repeat what we have said before in these pages and said very often elsewhere, that we have no dread of any expansion of the republic for which there is any natural or sufficient reason. The proper limits of expansion for any nation, as we said a year ago, are hard to define; the sagacious practical statesmanship of each time has got to determine them for that time as best it can. Each push of our own—to the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific, Alaska—has been through controversy. Geographically there is no reason why we should taboo islands—why we should take in Alaska and refuse to take in Cuba and Hawaii; such reasons as there once were cease to exist. "Great empires commonly die of indigestion," Napoleon said, and said truly; and Gladstone has warned England of the indigestion which has already attacked her and is weakening her to-day. But great and small are relative terms. The French philosophers of the last century believed that republics must always be small, that large republics never could be strong and stable, because public spirit and opinion could not make themselves felt freshly and unitedly over great areas; but this was because they could not foresee those means of communication and relation which have made our United States smaller for political purposes than the thirteen states along the Atlantic coast which elected George Washington president. North America will be smaller for such purposes a generation hence than the United States to-day; and we are of those who believe that this republic will in due time be co-extensive with North America. With the victory of Wolfe at Quebec, says Green, the English historian, with true discernment, began the history of the United States; and Quebec will by and by be a happy city in the United States, finding there its natural place. Until it does find its place there happily and naturally, of its own free will, we do not want it there at all. Until then—for we have no fears, either, of adjacent islands, archipelagoes of them, on the basis of a "square deal"—we do not want San Salvador, where Spain first stepped ashore, nor Cuba nor Porto Rico, where her flag last flew. "Expansion" for expansion's sake, the thirst for conquest by a nation suddenly made drunk and heady by startling and sensational military successes, national highway robbery, are things for every sober man to set the seal of his damnation on, as the temptations to public sin and the sure ways to national disaster and doom.

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It is not a question of "world power" and world influence, with which we have to do. If it were that, as some very noisy people seem suddenly to have discovered of late, then it would be important to remind all troubled souls that world power does not depend in the least upon the number of square miles in the national domain. If it is a question of intellectual or spiritual influence, Palestine and Greece were small tracts compared with Tartary and Turkey. If it is a question of commercial power, which is what the Philistines are really thinking about nowadays when they talk of world power, then Venice was just a city; Holland which succeeded her in commercial supremacy was at the height of her power almost the smallest country in Europe; and Britannia, who now rules the wave, is smaller than Oregon. The student who does not know will be surprised to learn how little of her commerce, even with her colonies, depends upon any political dominance or connection. How much greater would her commerce with ourselves be to-morrow if we put a prayer for the Queen into our prayer-books in the place of the prayer for the President? If, as Gladstone predicted, we supplant her

some day as the world's chief carrier, we shall not do it because we supplant her in formal sovereignty over her present colonial possessions or because of sovereignty over any new possessions, but simply because of superior enterprise and efficiency.

It is only because of superior efficiency that we can acquire valid primacy anywhere in the world's markets or become commercially a world power. It is ridiculous to say that we are not that to-day; and it is reckless to throw away or to trifle with that peculiar advantage which most helps us to become so in ever higher and higher degree. Does America forget the eloquence with which John Bright used to point out to her this great advantage, an advantage which, while particularly her own, also, unlike most particular advantages, pushed on the general progress and welfare of the world? America, not burdened by taxes for the support of great armies and navies, was free to devote all her resources and energies to the development of her industries. This gave her an incalculable advantage over the burdened countries of Europe, an advantage which every one of them was feeling keenly. Let her maintain this advantage in the industrial competition, and they would all soon be forced to disarmament for sheer economy and self-protection. Did not the recent word of Prince Radziwill, a word so nervously explained away, mean the same thing? It cannot be that America will recklessly abandon a position in which she can steadily command the world to peace and efficient industrial organization, and consent to meet old tyrannies on their own terms and in their service. She has been a preëminently great commercial and industrial power during the last generation, putting the strain upon competing nations at the very point where strain is to be desired, precisely because of that wise and virtuous policy which shallow and ambitious adventurers are to-day urging her to abandon. We believe that there is wit enough in our great democracy to see that the course of wickedness is here in the short run the course of weakness, as in the long run it is always.

To-day one of the greatest of commercial powers, her commerce hindered and confined only by her own foolish and barbarous tariff laws, she exercises also a political, educational and religious influence upon the world at large not second to that of any other nation. Who shall say how much of the growth of democracy and liberal institutions in Europe during the century has been provoked and fostered by her example and by the words flying across the sea from the millions of struggling men who, coming thence, have here found liberty and opportunity? Sacred, thrice sacred, the responsibility to keep the great republic, whatever she does or leaves undone, true to this leavening and inspiring task, true to her own genius, the honest incarnation, the honest representative and instrument, of the liberty which enlightens the world and whose light the dark world still so sadly needs.

America not a world power? Who knows the educational and religious history of the Pacific Ocean, of India and China and the isles of the sea, and says it? What part of the miraculous renaissance of Japan in the lifetime of this generation has been due to American influence? Would the world's old fashion—our new fashion—bombardment, slaughter, subjugation—have effected better results than the education, the fraternity, the political advice and the political training which we gave? Is this record of Japan a condemnation of the old method of America as a world power, and an appeal for gunboats as the better tools of civilization? Has Robert College on the Bosphorus been so great a failure that in our new thirst for world power we must reverse the influences which it represents? One in high place has said, and truly said, that the leaders who have given law and liberty in so high measure to Bulgaria

in these days are men who learned what law and liberty are at Robert College. Can as high services be chronicled of all the fleets of all the "powers" which in the same decades have darkened the Bosphorus? "I remember," wrote an American scholar who travelled in the East just after the Armenian atrocities, "how in Constantinople the English companions of our voyage almost winced when they came to realize what a shining record America, by her schools, churches and colleges, had made in the last sixty years in the Ottoman Empire, set over against the measureless shame and cruel, diabolic selfishness of the European powers, who have been plunging from one depth of infamy down into those lowest deeps where now all the devils hiss and riot and applaud." This American scholar is John Henry Barrows; and the book from which the word is taken is "The Christian Conquest of Asia." The last chapter of that book, "Success of Asiatic Missions; America's Responsibility to the Orient," is a noteworthy picture of American educational and religious work in the East to-day, and a sharp answer to the man who thinks that America has no power or influence in the world at large. In everything which constitutes true and uplifting influence, it shows that there is no other power equal to hers; and it shows—this is the chief thing—that that influence is great precisely because it has been exercised by the methods of freedom instead of the methods of force; because the American missionary and schoolmaster have not heretofore gone out with bayonets and bullets, but simply in the panoply of truth and love; because they have believed not in the Mohammedan method of carrying gospel, but in the Christian method; because they have not been suspected by those to whom they have gone of ulterior motives and of being the mere Sancho Panzas of political and commercial adventurers. The American missionary has often been a man with a narrow theology and with a poor appreciation of the religious history and thought of those to whom he went—although this not half so often as his disparagers like to believe; but he has been a man of great devotion and unselfishness; and in the whole story of modern missions—a story not second in glory or in romance to the story of the Crusades—his part has been the most glorious and most important. The man who talks about "world power" should ask himself whether this kind of power is less great, less noble and less real or abiding than that represented by Clive and Warren Hastings, that dreamed of to-day by Joseph Chamberlain, Cecil Rhodes, Whitelaw Reid and Charles Denby, and which numbers among its brilliant episodes the Opium War, the Jameson Raid and the slaughter of the Filipinos.

"I have come back from a voyage around the world," wrote Dr. Barrows, "with a new feeling of the moral glory which belongs to our beloved land. I met numerous evidences that American missionaries have an especial advantage over their brethren from other nations;" and his story makes it plain that that advantage was the absence of ulterior political motives and the absence of the sword. "After all," he says, "there is a selfish look about much of England's predominance in the Orient and in the southern waters. England's dealings with subject populations, like our dealings with the Indians, have sometimes shocked the moral sense of mankind. . . . Her domineering ways, her fierce jingoism, have kept from her the completer confidence which a better England would surely have gained." Two years ago America was not represented in the Orient by the sword, but only by her better self. The American merchant was there, and it was pleasant to see him there, and to see American trade everywhere spreading. "But it is more inspiring," Dr. Barrows wrote, "to feel the presence of American teachers and

missionaries, bent on relieving the human mind from error and on laying the foundations of an ethical civilization. Other lands," he said, "are represented by the sword. In India, Great Britain stands for military power and commercial gain, as well as for justice, education, progress and civilization. Germany is stretching out her strong military hand for the subjugation of the Pacific Seas. . . . France has planted herself on the island of Madagascar and on the fertile lands of Tonquin. The American voyager in the East does not see the American flag in the harbors of the Orient as often as he might wish; but I have found the American name beloved and trusted where other names failed to awaken any happy and affectionate feeling."

In the two years which have passed, things have indeed changed. We, too, like the other lands, are now "represented in the Orient by the sword;" we, too, have come to stand there, like Great Britain, for "military power and commercial gain"; we, too, like Germany, are "stretching out our strong military hand for the subjugation of the Pacific Seas"; our name, too, then "beloved and trusted," has ceased to "awaken happy and affectionate feelings." Do we stand higher on account of this, or do we stand lower? Are we a greater or a less "world power"? Is our prospect brighter or darker for spreading among people less fortunate than ourselves the truths and sentiments which make for freedom, for fraternity, and for the real progress of the world? After all, was the old Christian way of expansion through honest trade and gospel and schoolmaster less fruitful and promising than the new Mohammedan way of slaughter, subjugation and the sword?

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It is not, we say, the question of expansion; it is not the question of world power; neither is it the question of missionary opportunity. We have seen how great and how unique were America's missionary opportunity and her achievement; and we have seen that this was precisely because her missionaries were suspected of no ulterior political motives and bore no sword but the sword of the spirit. This indeed has been hitherto her proudest boast. That the Christian way is better than the Mohammedan way has been the veriest commonplace of the missionary convention. It fortifies the soul to know that in the missionary circle itself it is still the boast and commonplace. Ministers in pulpits like men in pews have been swept off of their feet by the new craze for conquest which has swept over the nation; and there have been those who have even defended imperialism on "missionary principles" and applauded the booming cannon as the fitting announcement of the Prince of Peace. "Give them bullets first," said a famous clergyman in Boston the other day, speaking of our conquest of the Philippines, "and Christ afterwards!"—and in words less brutal and offensive, but to the same purport, a hundred clergymen have spoken. But they are all stay-at-home clergymen. In the circle of the devoted workers themselves, the same high word spoken when America was not "represented by the sword" in the Orient is spoken today. The greatest of American missionary organizations, that by far most representative of New England, is the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Its two foreign secretaries are Rev. Judson Smith and Rev. James L. Barton. Replying publicly to an assertion that the men interested in foreign missions sympathize with the new American imperialism, Dr. Barton recently wrote:

"I know the opinion of a large number of the missionaries of our board and of others, and I do not know one who is in favor of an imperialistic policy. I have never heard this policy advocated by the officers of our board or of any other. On

the other hand, I have constantly heard the officers and missionaries of the American Board express regret that the policy of imperialism was likely to prevail. . . . We believe that it would be most disastrous to our work to have this step taken, for it would be impossible to separate in the minds of the people missionary enterprise from government interference.

A few mornings ago we sat with Dr. Judson Smith in his high room, close to the sky, above the old Granary burial ground, and talked on this great question. We wish that every citizen of America who indeed loves his country and would be true to her, could see the flash of his clear eye and hear the noble irony with which he speaks of this new doctrine of subjugation instead of invitation as the means of spreading Christianity and American civilization, the democracy of Washington and Lincoln. We wish that every one could hear his burning words, based upon recent travels and a lifetime of devoted study, upon the character and possibilities of China—that China in whose seizure and partition the President's Philippine commissioner has just been suggesting that America should take a hand, failing in the alternative holding of the Philippines. No man coming down from that watch-tower could come with any feeling longer that the question of the conquest of the Philippines or the subjection of any people is the question of missionary opportunity.

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It is not a question of the competence of this republic to do any work which it ought to do. If there is any language more offensive to the honest American democrat than the language even of the imperialist, it is the language of the American pessimist and unbeliever who answers that the proposed policy would be well enough for some other nation, because others have the capacity, the training and machinery and political purity, but that we have not the capacity and would simply open new floodgates of corruption. First cast the beam out of your own eye, they say to each proposition that America should go beyond herself; and they revel in no rhetoric so much as that in which they iterate the census of the beams in our eyes. They talk of Indians and negroes, of lynchings and lawlessness and Standard Oil, of Quay in the Senate and Croker in New York. The Indian record is, God knows, red enough; but single years of England in Asia and Africa have shown a greater sum-total of savagery than our whole "century of dishonor." The negro record is, God knows, black enough; but the American people have done more for the negro every year since his emancipation than the English people in any corresponding year for the forty times as many poor of India. If there is lawlessness in America, America proposes to end it; if there is mammonism, she proposes to trample it under foot; and she proposes to put both Quay and Croker behind prison bars. And primarily she believes that no law of parsimony rules her soul. If some great duty calls her, she will not decline it because she sees that she has done but poorly this other lesser duty or that larger one; she will turn to it as the strong man answers the call to heroism, not thinking of his failures and his falls, of which in every heart there is so long a list, or if thinking of them then knowing well that every new response to duty makes the doing of every duty surer and the neglect of any a greater and more conscious shame. If America has authentic call to new and distant responsibilities, then America will learn, as England has learned, to keep the spoilsman in his place, and she will show that she has not one General Wood or Colonel Waring, but a hundred. America refuses to believe that a republic has not wisdom or capacity, such as kings and kaisers have, for dealing with peoples lower than its own and for lending them the honest

hand that shall help them up and on. That were a fatal impeachment of democracy—from which, could it be sustained, democracy could not recover. That were to gainsay the first principles of education and of neighborhood, to make the half-wise man a better teacher of the ignorant than the wise man. If the republic cannot stoop without danger to its back, if we alone cannot take risks for civilization, then are we of all men most miserable. If our guiding, helping and protecting hand is needed in the Philippines, if Cuba needs it, then let us freely give it; and let us know that it means danger to our democracy only when it means danger to theirs. The instant that it does mean that, the instant that it ceases to be the fraternal hand and begins to be the grasping hand, that instant the gods detect it and trip us; that instant some voice is heard in the very midst of our own body politic speaking with new boldness the accent of oppression here, sounding the fatal warning that a democracy cannot serve two masters. When a democracy finds that for this task or that it has no natural or proper tools, it may not be always true, but it is almost always true, that it is not a task proper for a democracy nor proper for any men who love liberty and are really concerned with the welfare and progress of their fellow men. Our present question, we repeat, is not a question of our capacity; it is a question of our duty, of what we ought to do.

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Not a question of expansion, of world power, of missionary opportunity, nor of political capacity; not these, but simply this,—whether America is to turn from a work like that of the Christian conquest of Asia to a work like the British conquest of India; whether military power and commercial gain are to become the dominant marks and motives of our democracy; whether we are to stretch out a military hand for the subjugation of the Pacific seas; whether militarism and mammonism are to be allowed to grow up and determine the policies of this republic and finally choke its life, as they have choked the lives of so many republics in the past, or whether they are themselves to be checked and choked—and that now. It is, in a word, the simple question, whether the people of the United States love liberty, love it for themselves and love it for others; whether the republic really stands for the advancement of liberty in the world or stands for the advancement of its own power and gain.

A century ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men —not simply all Americans—are created equal, are God's children and to be treated everywhere and always as God's children. Now we are engaged in testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can endure in the high service of that truth, or whether our great pioneering work for freedom is to take the second place and the new standard raised a hundred years ago to duck itself before those hoary old standards of military power and commercial gain at whose fatal reappearance the hearts of hopeful men have again and again grown sick and nations called by God to leadership and high emprise again and again and again decayed and died.

We are doing no new thing, men plead. England again and again has done it, and England was never so strong as to-day. Yes, again and again England has done it, and England is yet strong; but Rome did it oftener than England, and Rome was stronger than England,—and the present officials of the Roman Empire are not catalogued in this year's Gotha almanac. Two years ago every American said Amen as Gladstone showed how all this was England's weakness, not her strength.

Commerce is the great civilizer, the great sapper and miner for progress, the great stimulator and minister of men. "The world was made for honest trade," sings Emerson; and the heart of every strong man in Emerson's America swells and exults to see the busy railroads multiply upon the land and the ships upon the sea. Free trade with all the world is the desire of civilization in all lands. But commerce has its place, and its place is second, and not first; it is the servant, not the king, of worthy nations and of worthy men. When it becomes king, then the man and the nation cease to be worthy and to be the salt and the light of the world.

"And where they went on trade intent,
They did what freemen can;
Their dauntless ways did all men praise;
The merchant was a man."

This is the picture of the merchants whom New England loves to praise. When the merchant is only the merchant, when he does what freemen may not do, when he makes his trade subversive of freedom itself, then his trade becomes a curse and not a blessing.

"For what avail the plough or sail
Or land or life, if freedom fail?"

The baleful definition and the threat of the present crisis is the word, Commerce is king. The interests of freedom are subordinated to the interests of trade. Decadent and anæmic men talk of our seizure and subjugation of the Philippines for philanthropic and missionary purposes; but Mr. Frye and Mr. Reid and Mr. Davis talk of indemnity and China trade. The President's Philippine commissioner, Mr. Denby, believes in holding the Philippines only because he "cannot conceive of any alternative to our doing so except the seizure of territory in China." He scouts the pious sentimentalists. If the conquest of the Philippines will not help us to enlarge our markets, then "set them free to-morrow, and let their people, if they please, cut each other's throats."

There is nothing in the present situation more melancholy than the easy acceptance of Mr. Denby as the representative of the national policy in the Philippines, and the general indifference to the ideals and ambitions which through him dominate our operations there. For Mr. Denby, our former minister to China, a zealous student of Oriental trade and politics, is the real head and hand of the President's commission, the only man of political, diplomatic or commercial experience, the man of purpose and of power, the man who will settle the commission's policy and was chosen for that purpose. Were the people of the republic alive as they ought to be to their vital interests and their honor, they would learn by heart the words which commended this man to the government as the fittest instrument for its work in the Philippines. In truth, how many remember well those words, uttered only seven months ago? Here are a few of them:

"We have become a great people. We have a great commerce to take care of. We have to compete with the commercial nations of the world in far-distant markets. Commerce, not politics, is king. The manufacturer and the merchant dictate to diplomacy and control elections. The art of arts is the extension of commercial relations—in plain language, the selling of native products and manufactured goods. I learned what I know of diplomacy in a severe school. I found among my colleagues not the least hesitation in proposing to their respective governments to do anything which was supposed to be conducive to their interests. There can be no other rule for the government of all persons who are charged with the conduct of affairs than the promotion of the welfare of their respective countries. . . .

"We have the right as conquerors to hold the Philippines. We have the right to hold them as part payment of a war indemnity. This policy may be characterized as unjust to Spain, but it is the result of the fortunes of war. All nations recognize that the conqueror may dictate the terms of peace. I am in favor of holding the Philippines, beacuse I cannot conceive of any alternative to our doing so, except the seizure of territory in China. . . .

"The cold, hard, practical question

alone remains: Will the possession of these islands benefit us as a nation? If it will not, set them free to-morrow, and let their people, if they please, cut each other's throats, or play what pranks they please. To this complexion we must come at last, that, unless it is beneficial for us to hold these islands, we should turn them loose."

Crasser, more grasping and more brutal still were the words of the President's commissioner in the interviews published in the San Francisco newspapers on the eve of his sailing; and the newspapers of latest date bring the advices of the Denby interest in the great American syndicate which is already laying out railroads in China—that China whose conquest and partition, as we have remarked, the ex-minister proposes, failing the alternative holding of the Philippines.

Honest Tom Reed, whom New England loves, and who has chosen to leave public life while present policies obtain, once in his heat, we have been told, dubbed the administration a "syndicated administration." It is not strange that many said it was a harsh word; but it would be strange and it would be melancholy if any man, whatever his party, any man save him who believes that indeed "commerce is king" and ought to be, ought to "control elections," "dictate to diplomacy," and direct the dogs of war, should feel that even Mr. Reed could find too harsh a term for the proposals and the purposes of the politician sent to represent and help determine the policy in the East of the republic of Washington and Lincoln.

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It is this absorbing and merciless commercialism which has betrayed us into the militarism and indifference to the rights and aspirations of men lower than ourselves struggling for freedom, which two years ago or one year ago we should all have united to decry, and which, in any other nation, we should all decry to-day. For none of us surely in cool blood can doubt what we should say were England, Germany or Russia acting our part in the Philippines,—had either of these powers taken the islands as indemnity at a time when their people, after years of oppression and heroic resistance, had almost achieved success and independence, and then, refusing even to discuss with them, proposing to them the sole alternative of unquestioning submission or "ruin," dubbing them "rebels" when they had never owed allegiance and the only claim to their allegiance was that of conquest or purchase—there is no doubt, we say, what America would have said to England or Germany playing this part. Should we have thought worse of the Philippine people, or better, for resisting to the death in such a situation? Should we not have said that their resistance was the best proof of their character and of their right to a chance? Certainly we should have said it; it is a menace to our freedom, it is a menace to our souls, for any of us to say that we should not have said it. If some Under Foreign Secretary had replied to an interpellation in the House of Commons, that the purpose of the government was simply to train these people rightly to self-government, America would have reminded England that she was destroying the prestige and power of precisely that body of the people which had evinced capacity for government, capacity to organize and lead, to rise against oppression, to command enthusiasm, to command money, to maintain armies, and to wage long war against overwhelming odds. She would have reminded her that to the disinterested and impartial eye her course seemed calculated only to make sure her own supremacy, not to promote in this people self-reliance, self-help, a free spirit and a hopeful growth. She would have mocked her efforts to minimize and vulgarize the struggle by dubbing it a "Tagal riot" or what not; and she would have told her that

it was more creditable to herself and to her armies to recognize that the force which proved a match for them so long, so successfully and with such ever-growing energy was a large thing than to label it a little thing, a force that had strong popular support rather than a force that could give but half its attention to the enemy in front.

Let us not juggle with ourselves. All that is vital in this unhappy people, all that commands the future, all that we should name were the case not our own, is animate with the passion for liberty and independence. The question is not of them; the question is of us. The question is, how has it become possible that the spectacle of such a passion and such a struggle should fail to stir any American heart? How is it possible that this democracy, a century after Washington, should prostitute itself to the mouldy and poisonous doctrine that "sovereignty"—sovereignty over unconsulted, unconsenting and protesting millions of men—is something to be bought and sold?

Abraham Lincoln once said:

> "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent. When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism. Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us; our defence is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it."

No word was ever truer, nor more immediately true. No democracy can play the emperor and remain democracy; the mere temptation to it is evidence of taint. The moment that it exercises an outside oppression, that moment oppression asserts prerogatives within. Doubly threatening to ourselves is our denial of rights and of recognition to the Malays of Luzon; for it will be believed—and be believed for it is true—that had it been not Luzon but Bermuda, white men and not brown, we would have shown a different hand. The nation has come in 1899 to act upon the principle which it took up arms to suppress in 1861, that liberty belongs of right only to white men, and that black and brown men must take what white men give. The Civil War was a life-and-death struggle between "Black men down!" and "All men up!" It was, as the thronging spirits over Gettysburg and Vicksburg and the Wilderness are still solemnly chanting, whether or not we listen, "to settle once for all that men are men." The logic of events was making this the common gospel of the nation. The logic of Luzon has brought back to new life the warring philosophies of 1861. Not in these thirty years—is this not clear to all—has there been in the South such denial of the black man's rights as in these months since the nation has denied the brown man's rights; there has in the thirty years been no such assertion of the doctrines which 1861 called treason and which in those terrible four years shook the very pillars of the state.

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We refer to this sudden renaissance of secession sentiment and race hatred in the South only as illustrative and symptomatic, the quick and natural home fruitage of false doctrine applied in the antipodes, the warning to patriots in South and North alike of the crop inexorably sure in the whole domain if the seed is sowed in any corner.

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When General Wheeler, in 1861, felt that his country was wrong, he took up arms against her,—and still declares his cause was true and just. His text in Boston on Memorial Day was, "My country, right or wrong!" He was a nobler figure far in 1861 than as the preacher of this devil's doctrine. There is no doctrine which is poisoning the blood of this republic to-day like this. There is no man

so hopeless as he who knows nothing higher than his country and who feels it his duty to stand by his country in any cause to which she is committed, whether it be right or wrong. This republic is full to-day of this paralyzing fatalism, full of men who believe the country is in error, even in sin, but who believe it must still be kept on its course, because the course has been decreed. It is the ultimate political scepticism; but it speaks in the home and on the street, with the preacher's tongue and the editor's pen. It speaks from the chair where George William Curtis used to sit. We have made a great mistake,—thus it is written,—we are wronging the people of the Philippines, we are false to ourselves, we have turned our backs upon American principles; but we must stand by the administration in fighting it through. "The country is at war. When that is said,"—this is the monstrous conclusion,—"the duty of every citizen is at once evident. He must support the government, whether he differed from it or not as to the propriety of the conduct which brought on the war. It is immoral to do otherwise."

There are men in this country who believe that our course in the Philippines is thoroughly right; that, going there by accident or sudden military need, we found an unforeseen opportunity to destroy Spanish rule, and it was a good thing to do it; that the Aguinaldo government is not competent to govern well, and so it is a good thing to destroy that and subject the people to ourselves, not simply in the interests of our industry and trade, but in the interests of general peace and progress. The leaps in the logic of this position, the astigmatism of its look at facts, its sense of what is great and what is small, of what progress is, and of what right and wrong are, are to us appalling; but we can respect the position; we do at least respect a hundred noble men who hold it. They seem to us faithful blind men.

But the position of this "journal of civilization," the position of the multiplying thousands of men, in the republic for whom this journal speaks with a boldness and brutality only one degree greater than what is common, is the position of faithless men who see. It is faithlessness to civilization, faithlessness to humanity, faithlessness to our democracy itself,—to that higher law through love of which and fear of which and obedience to which alone can this democracy or any state continue to stand at all. It is a state of mind, says Ruskin, greatly to be dreaded, not to know the devil when you see him. More dreadful is the state of the mind whose "immorality" is obedience to the higher law.

Immoral to turn back from recognized error and undo confessed wrong —immoral to do right! It is expedient, it is hard necessity, it is sometimes solemn duty, when in some dreadful strait the very life of the state is at stake, for the citizen to be silent when he would else protest, because diversion to a little wrong might weaken a great right. But such occasions are rare indeed in history; it is impious even to remember them in the vicious escapades of nations revelling in insolent power. Immoral not to "support the government" in wrong and folly! Say it to Chatham and to Burke, to the great company of the English immortals who rejoiced in London at the news from Bunker Hill and Saratoga! Say it to Victor Hugo when to "support the government" meant to support Napoleon the Little in subjugating Mexico! Say it to Charles Sumner when the government meant the Quays and Platts and Hannas of James K. Polk!

Support the government! We, the people, are the government. "The People is the sovereign of this country," how often we need to remember that great word of Edward Everett Hale's;—"the People is sovereign here, the People is the fountain of honor here; the President is the ser-

vant of the People." This is not a government by presidents; it is a government by the people, a government by public opinion; and to the making of that government wise and righteous it is the duty of every citizen to contribute. Men say with a self-suppression which would be pathetic were it not so pusillanimous, that their "government" has "facts" which they have not and therefore must not be meddled with. The President has no knowledge of important facts which every citizen may not have. As the chief servant of the people, he has no right to important knowledge which he does not share with them; and in the present crisis he has frankly told us that he has not any. In the great town meeting of democracy the responsibility comes home to every man alike, to the selectman and the other; and no man can atone for what he confesses to be sin and shame by any maudlin talk about "supporting the government."

Consistency is truly the hobgoblin of little minds; and its sway is stronger over nations than over individual men. It is a fearful proverb, that corporations have no souls, though every member of the corporation be a deacon. Men are more willing to do wrong, and less willing to repent, in their corporate capacity than by themselves. Men have to learn that the ethics of the citizen, the ethics of the state, is simply the ethics of the gentleman—to confess mistake or wrong, and to undo it, the moment that he finds it out. Gladstone knows but one law for Hawarden and for Downing Street. *Noblesse oblige*—that is the doctrine and the test alike of the gentlemanly nation and the gentlemanly man; and the "white man's burden," if his whiteness is whiteness of soul and not simply of skin, is to be quicker to undo a wrong to an inferior than to an equal.

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History is kind to us in making this year, so big with fate to the country, the centennial of the death of the father of the country. We stand at the point just a century after Washington. Let us not keep the feast in desecration of his memory; let us keep it by the manly ceasing from wrongdoing and the humble, proud return to his approving smile; let us keep it by listening with new anxiety and reverence to his word. Could the voice of Washington reach us to-day, it would not speak to us with the accent of any selfish, smug parochialism, but with the accent of the citizen of the world. No man in his great day saw so far west as he; to-day his vision would sweep round the globe. He was the great expander of the republic; he would be the great expander of the republic's true influence among men. He would tell the republic that it was no longer boy, but man, and that it must now quit itself like a man. He would remind us that while he was yet with us he foresaw the time "when, our institutions being firmly consolidated and working with complete success, we might safely and perhaps beneficially take part in the consultations held by foreign states for the advantage of the nations;" and he would tell us that a hundred "entanglements" are expedient and imperative for us to-day which were not to be considered a century ago. But he would tell us also that there are truths which do not change with the centuries and with which the nation that measures its power on a continental scale may no more trifle with impunity than the new manchild.

"There exists in the economy and course of nature," he would say, "an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity. The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained."

The year is that when, in the hos-

pitable land from which the Pilgrims sailed, to lay the corner stone of this nation, the representatives of all civilized nations are gathered about the sacredest round-table of history, called by a higher and a holier call than any which ever came to Galahad or Arthur. It is the year which strikes the first stroke of the hour of Universal Peace, the year for which prophets have yearned and of which poets have sung, when the nations of the world first echo the strain of the Christmas angels of God. Is democracy to choose this year of years to put on the old armor which even sickened despotism seeks to cast away? Is this Great Republic, whereto waiting, praying Europe has looked for leadership, to choose this year to turn her face from the future back toward the blood-rusted past and make it the Year One of her era of armies and navies, conquest and subjugation, partitions of Poland and opium wars? Tragical was the irony by which the hour of the Peace Congress found her hands alone blood-stained, and which made the song of her poet an "Ichabod."

The faces of Whittier and Whitman and Lowell and Emerson are turned to the wall to-day, to remind us solemnly how "false is the war no poet sings" and that no line of theirs can be made to keep step with the situation. But to-morrow—who dare doubt it—her step shall be set once again to song; to-morrow—who dare doubt it—the nightmare shall end and she will come to herself. Things present and things past shall not persuade us that the heart of the people is not sound and that the nation shall not rise triumphant over every passion and temptation of the hour, disciplined by the hour's heart-searchings to better fitness for the imperial task to which God has called her in the family of nations. Imperial shall she rise? Yes, imperial; but an "imperial Salem, crowned with light." She shall go out into all the world, with new dreams, larger ambitions and bolder venture, conquering and to conquer. But she shall not go with lust or greed or cruelty or oppression in her heart. She shall go the herald still of liberty, proclaiming liberty to all the earth. She shall found an empire that shall be a universal commonwealth, an empire based not upon the fears, but upon the aspirations and the hopes of men.



By the kindness of *Harper's Weekly*.

HON. STANFORD NEWEL. F. W. HOLLS. HON. ANDREW D. WHITE. CAPT. ALFRED T. MAHAN. HON. SETH LOW. CAPT. WILLIAM CROZIER.

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THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE.

By Benjamin F. Trueblood.

IN 1869, in the preface to the French edition of Bluntschli's "International Law Codified," Mr. E. Laboulaye wrote these significant sentences: "Steam and electricity have so mixed peoples up, so run together all civil and commercial interests, that men have clearly seen all the horror and folly of war, all the wisdom and beauty of peace. By repeating, with every possible variation, that labor and exchange are the law of the world, that therein only are found the happiness of peoples and the greatness of states, economists have everywhere propagated ideas promotive of peace. Publicists have followed them in this fruitful path. The political ideal has changed, and so changed that we are not far from having done with the old, destructive admiration which our fathers had for those scourges of humanity called conquerors. Napoleon is decreasing; Washington is increasing. To abolish war, or at least to limit it and cut off some of its barbarism, to carry to the ends of the earth the blessings of labor and of peace,—such is to-day the great ambition of peoples. It must be made that of kings and ministers of state."



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

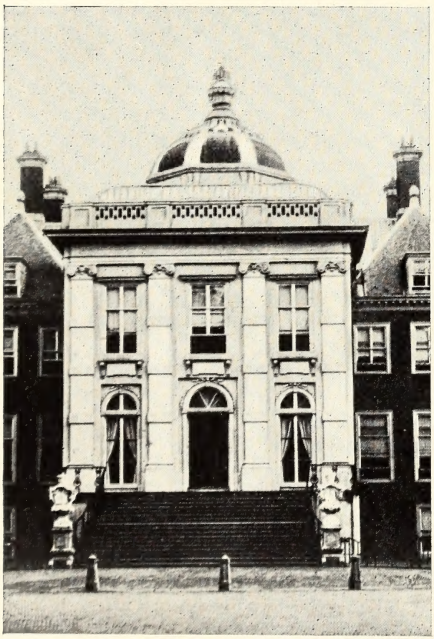
There may be doubt as to whether Laboulaye's estimate of the ambition of peoples was not much too high for his day, or even for ours. But the same thought has, in one way or another, been repeated by a multitude of pens since he wrote. If he were living now he would certainly feel that, with the progress that is being made toward the constitution of the different peoples into a world-society, kings and ministers have ripened, beyond his expectation, into peacemakers. The International Peace Conference just held at The Hague furnishes abundant proof of this.

It was an emperor who issued the great peace manifesto calling for the conference. "The oldest queen in the world and the youngest queen in the world," as a preacher at The



THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS, AT THE HAGUE.

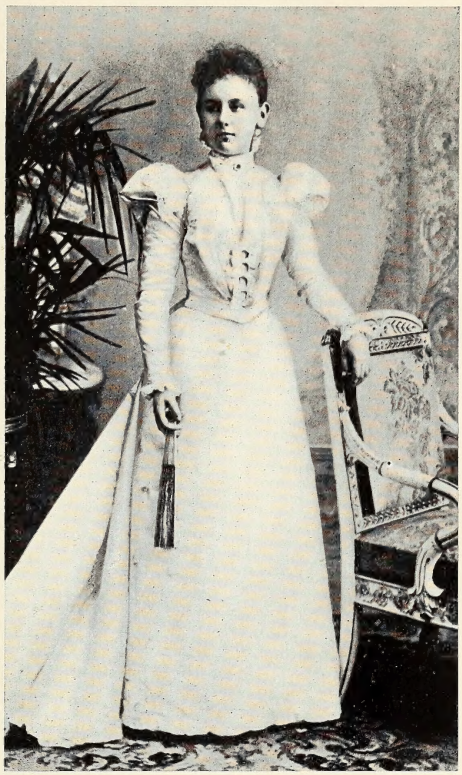
Hague felicitously referred to Victoria and Wilhelmina, are strongly, almost passionately devoted to the peace ideal. The other sovereigns of Europe, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Italy, the Queen Regent of Spain, Oscar of Sweden and Norway, and most of the rest are not, as a rule, one whit more given to love of war than their subjects. The presidents of nearly all the republics of the world are quite as advanced in their ideas of peace as the peoples whose representatives they are. When Nicholas of Russia asked for the Peace Conference, these sovereigns and presidents responded with a readiness and earnestness with which the peoples hardly kept pace.



ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

As to Laboulaye's ministers of state, won to the ideas which he attributed to peoples, if he had been at The Hague he would have found them there. One of the most satisfactory and significant features of the conference was the evidently sincere and earnest and what, as the deliberations went on, showed itself to be the persistent wish of most of the members to do something real toward the promotion of a better understanding between the nations and toward laying the foundations of a durable peace, out of which should come ultimate disarmament. There may have been something of policy and self-

interest in this wish; there were reputations at stake, and national honor too, though of an order somewhat novel; it would have been wholly unnatural if motives of this sort had not played their part in keeping the men of the conference up to their duty. But any one who came into contact with them and watched their course from day to day as to the objects before them, as I was permitted to do to so considerable an extent, was forced to believe that the motives which actuated them, with exceptions, of course, were a sincere regard for the good of the world and a true desire to use the occasion before them, to the fullest extent possible, for the promotion of that good. They were representatives of the governments and peoples from which they had come; they felt deeply their responsibility to that large and growing public sentiment in all the civilized nations, which is loudly demanding durable peace and relief from the exhausting burdens of incessantly growing armaments. But they were, many of them at any rate, more than this; they were representatives of themselves. They thought, spoke and acted as if the affair which they had in hand had been their own. This was distinctly true of the leaders in the deliberations, to whom was due in no small measure the admirable spirit which pervaded the conference from beginning to end; but it was true no less of a large number of the silent men who only listened, thought and voted. Hereafter, therefore, it may be expected that peoples on the one hand, and kings and ministers of state on the other, will move together in the attainment of what Laboulaye calls the blessings of peace and of labor.

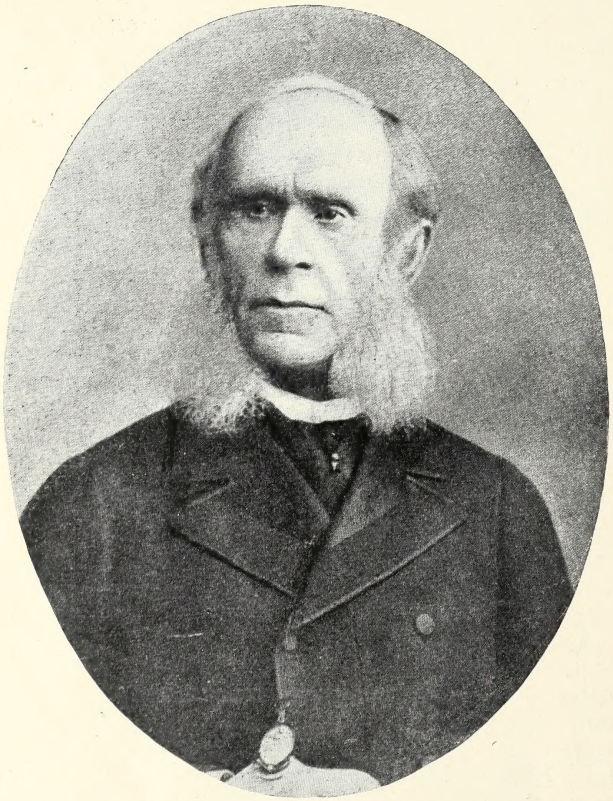


WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

It is somewhat difficult to speak of a conference which one has seen only from the outside. But the inside of a thing can often be very well judged from the outside. This is peculiarly true of assemblies of men, which in these days have no secrets. The attempt was made in the beginning to keep the proceedings of the committees and sub-committees secret. But this was found to be practically impossible. The leading speeches were, either "for substance of doctrine" or literally, in the newspapers before they were cold. Members would talk "confidentially" to their friends, and these to others. So it came to pass that the enterprising men of the press, some of whom, in spite of the dearth of news, persisted in staying and "hunting the hard fox," to use one of Mr. Stead's phrases, succeeded in giving to the world the purport of the daily deliberations, of course with many glosses of their own. The outcome was that the secretaries of the committees were authorized to

give out daily a brief statement of the proceedings; and after this there was little attempt at secrecy. There was however, still plenty of opportunity for the correspondents to use their imaginations and their investigating wits. When the incident of the German opposition to arbitration came on, the correspondents made the most of the fleeting opportunity. This incident proved to be much less serious than for the moment was feared. The manner in which it was blazoned to the world had much to do with lessening its harmfulness. I must bear testimony to the excellent service done by many of the correspondents in promoting the work of the conference. The English representatives of the *Daily News*, the *Chronicle*, the *Times*, the *Standard* and the *Manchester Guardian* deserve special commendation. Some of the German, Dutch, Belgian, French and Italian papers had also able and sympathetic representatives present, who did similar service. I was amazed at the dearth of American correspondents, and have puzzled my wits to account for it.

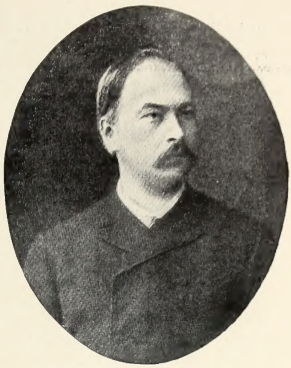
Looking at the conference *per se*, the chief thing of interest about it was the men of which it was composed.



BARON DE STAAL OF RUSSIA,
President of the Conference.

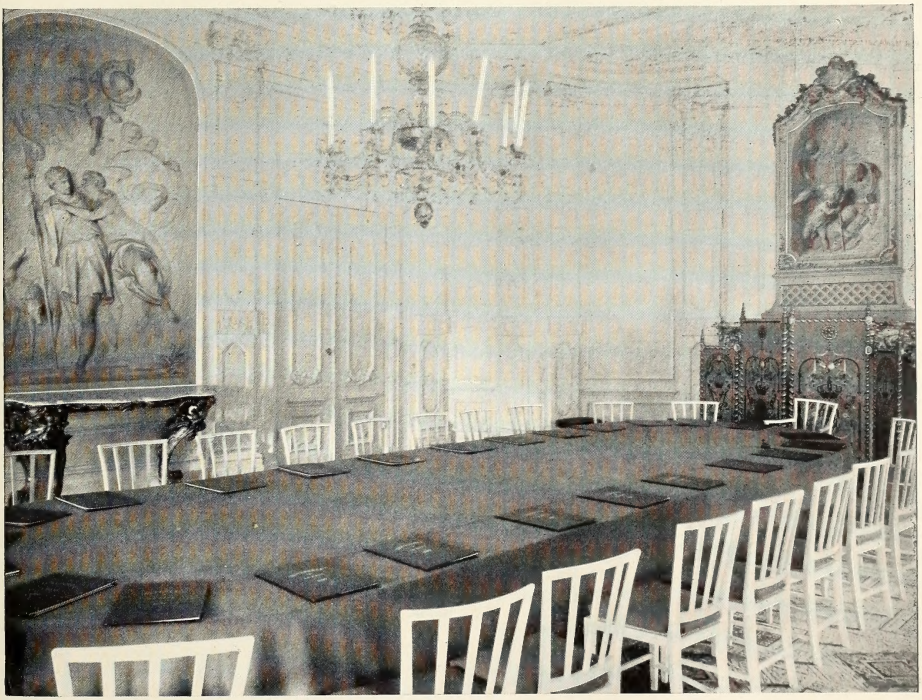
It would not be easy to gather together from living statesmen, diplomats and publicists a finer body of men. Thirty-three of them were actual ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary of their governments to foreign countries; five were ex-ministers of foreign affairs; several others were or had been in cabinet positions; some were connected with departments of justice; three were

senators, and four members of houses of representatives, two of whom were presidents of their respective bodies; two were university presidents, and five professors of eminence. The technical delegates, of whom there were two or more connected with each of the delegations from the larger powers, were among the most distinguished in their countries, and for the most part they were in thorough sympathy with the aims of the conference.

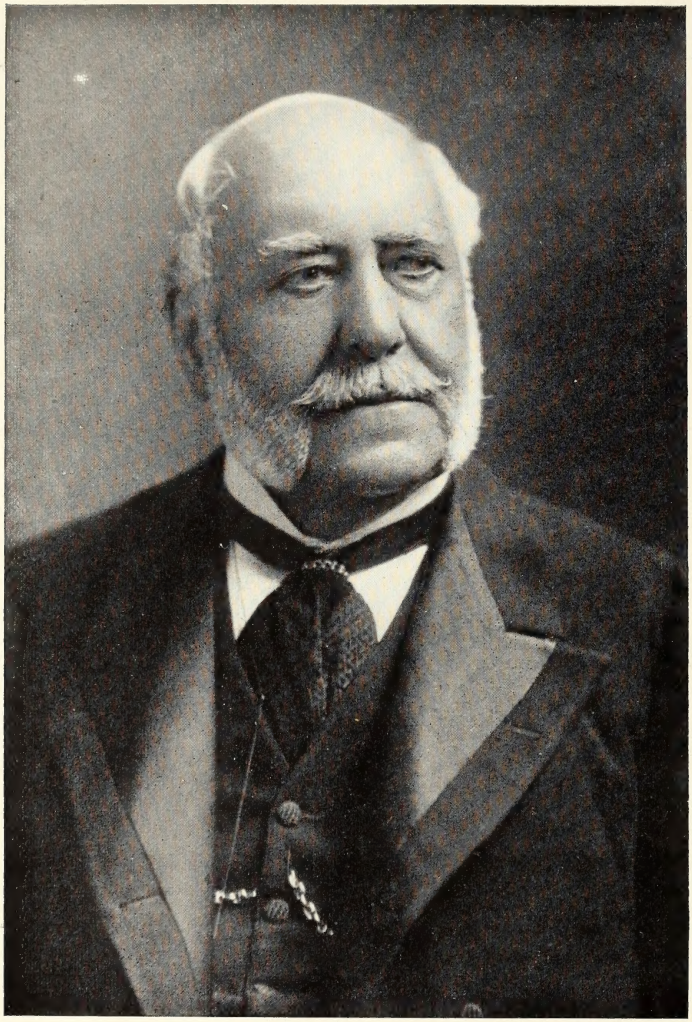


PROFESSOR DE MARTENS OF RUSSIA.

Germany had five delegates and one secretary; the United States six delegates (Mr. F. W. Holls, the secretary, ranking as a delegate) and three secretaries; Austria-Hungary, six delegates; Belgium, three delegates; China, three; Denmark, two delegates and one attaché; Spain, three delegates and one attaché; France, six delegates, four secretaries and two assistant secretaries; Great Britain, five delegates and three secretaries; Greece, one delegate and a secretary; Italy, five delegates and two secretaries; Japan, four delegates; Luxemburg, two; Mexico, two; Holland, five; Persia, two, with two secretaries; Portugal, four; Roumania, three; Russia, eight delegates and five secretaries; Servia, three delegates; Siam, four, with one attaché; Sweden and Norway, five, with a secretary; Switzerland, three, with a secretary; Turkey, four, with four



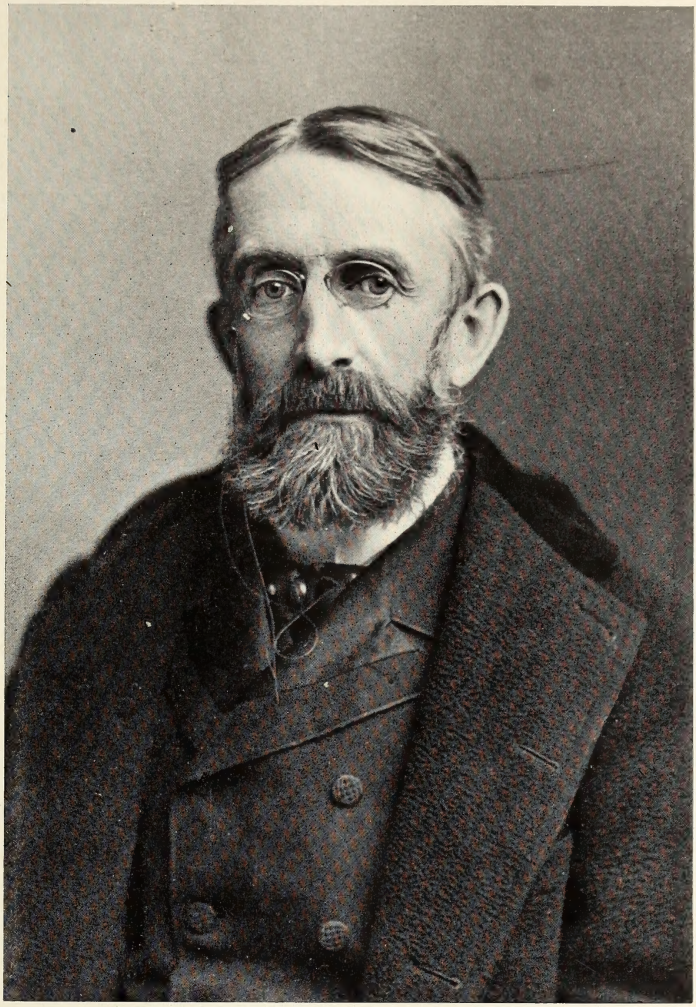
A COMMITTEE ROOM AT THE HAGUE.



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE,
Chairman of the British Commission.

secretaries; Bulgaria, two delegates. There were thus ninety-six delegates and thirty-two secretaries and attachés, not to mention the honorary president of the conference, Mr. W. H. de Beaufort, Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Secretary-General, Mr. J. C. N. Van Eys, and three of his staff not otherwise connected with any of the delegations.

It will thus be seen that there was no uniformity in the number of delegates sent, each country following very much its own genius in the matter of appointment. The size of the countries came little into consideration. But each delegation had only one vote in the deliberations, the smaller weighing as much here as the larger. It must not be inferred from this that all the nations had equal weight in shaping the work of the conference. The lead was taken and the chief influence exercised by the representatives of the great powers,—Great Britain, Russia, the United

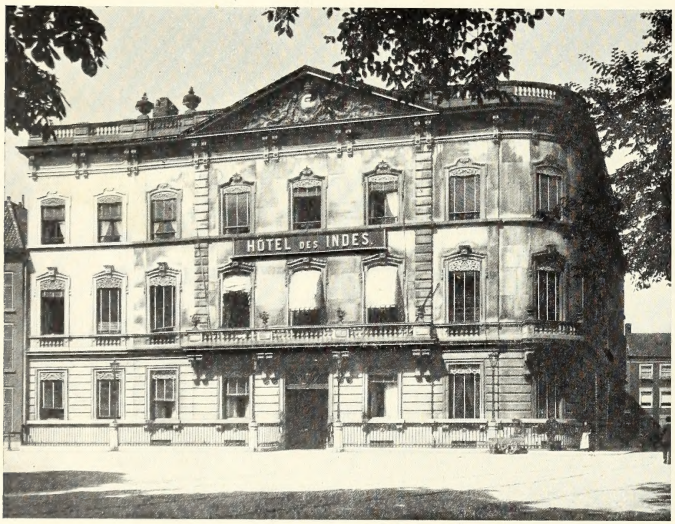


HON. ANDREW D. WHITE,
Chairman of the American Commission.

States, France, Italy, Germany. Among the smaller powers, Belgium and Holland took the first place, by reason of the distinguished ability and wisdom of some of their commissioners. In the actual shaping of the measures adopted, they were not outclassed by any of the countries. Switzerland might have been expected to rank with them, but unfortunately the first Swiss delegate was early called away because of the death of his daughter in a distressing railway accident.

Turning to the individual men, we find an interesting study. From the public point of view, there were five men who were eminent and influential above all others: Mr. de Staal, the president; Sir Julian Pauncefote, chairman of the British commission; Mr. White of the American, Mr. Bourgeois of the French, and Mr. Beernaert of the Belgian were easily the leaders, and in large measure gave the conference both its spirit and direction. Mr. de Staal, contrary to what one would suspect from

seeing his picture, is a small, somewhat delicate man. He has a very cultivated and refined face, which reveals both strength and gentleness. His voice is low and soft, and he speaks in a way that indicates perfect self-possession. He has an appreciative, conciliatory disposition, and sees quickly the merits of another's position. He did not seem in the least disposed to dictate to the conference, though feeling fully the position which Russia held in it. Some of the correspondents considered this evidence of a lack of strength. It was quite the opposite. It indicated not only strength, but wisdom as well. The least dictatorialness or stubbornness of opinion on his part would have ruined the conference.

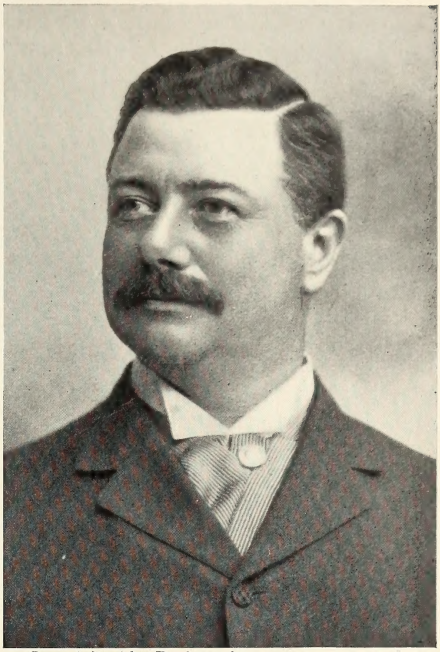


HOTEL DES INDES,
Quarters of the English Commission.

Sir Julian Pauncefote was in some respects the most important man at The Hague. As the chief representative of Great Britain, he was naturally much in evidence. But his prominence was due quite as much to his personal characteristics. He has not only abilities of a high order, but a large and generous heart, which age has only made more perfect. There is nothing narrow or insular about him. He is approachable anywhere, and sociable in the best sense of the word. His nature goes out in sincere and sympathetic interest toward every one whom he meets. His spirit and manner, therefore, did much to create in the conference the admirable spirit of concord which pervaded it almost without exception from beginning to end. His prominence was further increased by his profound personal interest in the object for which the conference met, and by the fact that the scheme of arbitration which he presented was adopted as the basis of the plan to be worked out. He and Mr. de Staal were much together, and reminded one sometimes of affectionate twin brothers—an example which Englishmen and Russians would all do well to follow. Though of nearly the same age, they are very unlike physically, Sir Julian being tall and stout, Mr. de Staal small of stature and of frame. In geniality and goodness of heart they are much alike.

Andrew D. White, chairman of the American commission, was one of the best equipped and most influential men in the conference. His ripe scholarship and wide diplomatic experience, coupled with an exceptionally clear and critical intellect and a thoroughly humane and honest heart, eminently fitted him for his position. He is small physically, and not very robust in health. Socially he was less seen than Mr. de Staal or Mr. Pauncefote, partly on account of his health, but also, I judged, from natural disposition. But in straightforward and intelligent devotion to duty

he had no superior. He went to the conference, like many others, very sceptical as to its success. He hesitated long on this account about accepting the appointment. But once at The Hague, he threw the whole weight of his position as chief of the American commission on the side of serious and honest effort to solve in a practical way the problems set for solution. It was due to him as much as to any one else that scepticism soon disappeared, and that the members entered upon their work with the determination to accomplish all that could reasonably be expected. In this he was loyally supported by his American colleagues. It has often been said that American diplomats have little weight in councils along with Europeans. But of this I saw no sign at The Hague. If the American commission was not absolutely first, it was not surpassed in weight by any other; and I did not once hear the Spanish war alluded to as having anything to do with it. The fact is that ability, good sense and devotion to duty always tell in any serious council of men, and it does not take a war to make an opening for them.



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HON. SETH LOW,
Of the American Commission.

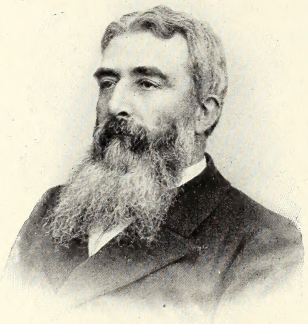
Mr. Léon Bourgeois, chief of the French deputation, now recognized as the foremost public man in France, was one of the most practical and businesslike of the first delegates. I was told that at the very opening of the deliberations he was determined that things should "march," as the French say,—that there should be as little red tape as possible about the proceedings. This reputation he sustained throughout as chairman of the Section on Arbitration. No man had a deeper appreciation than he of the importance of the task intrusted to the conference. When the crisis in France produced by the



THE OLD DOELEN HOTEL,
Quarters of the American Commission.

resignation of the Dupuy ministry came on, and France needed at the head of the cabinet the most capable and upright of her public men, Mr. Bourgeois, when called home and offered the premiership, declined it. He said he believed that he could serve his country better by staying at The Hague. The success of any conference is assured which has a few such men in it.

The fifth of the leaders in the conference was Mr. Auguste Beernaert, chairman of the Belgian commission and president of the Belgian House of Representatives. He is a man of commanding presence and equally commanding abilities. He is one of the clearest sighted and farthest sighted of the statesmen of continental Europe, and if he were a citizen of one of the great powers he would easily play a Gladstonian rôle in public affairs. Though coming from a small country, he figured among the leading spirits in the conference by the simple right of intellectual and moral superiority. It is needless to say that he took an advanced and progressive attitude, though tempered by wise conservatism.



W. H. DE BEAUFORT,
Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs.

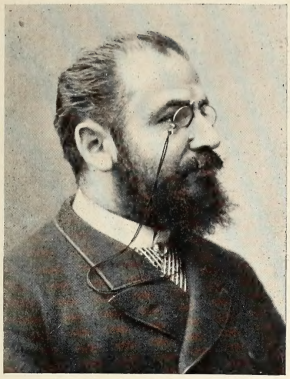


J. C. N. VAN EYS,
General Secretary of the Conference.

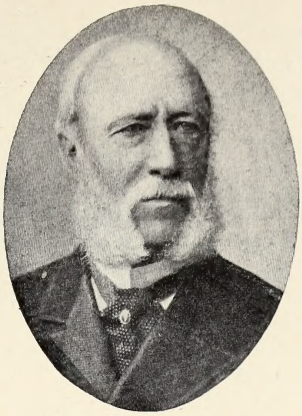
There was another set of men whose eminence appeared from another point of view, viz., that of practical work in the committees. Foremost among these may be mentioned Professor Martens of Russia, chairman of the section on the Rules of War; Senator Descamps of Belgium, chairman of the Drafting Committee on Arbitration; Professor Renault of Paris, Mr. Van Karnebeek, Den Beer Poortugael and Mr. Asser of Holland, Sir John C. Ardagh of Great Britain, Baron Bildt of Scandinavia, Captain Mahan and Mr. Holls of the United States commission. There were, of course, other men who aided much in the deliberations, and more would have done so but for the obstacle of language. Many of the men whose names scarcely ever appeared as taking part in the discussions were of the greatest value in helping to shape in private the opinions and plans of the separate delegations.

Professor de Martens is known throughout the world for his work in international law. He was reputed to be the author of the finely worked-out arbitration scheme brought by Mr. de Staal to the conference. He has a genius for plans and schemes and detail work. He is a man of medium stature, with a quick-glancing, penetrating eye and a quick, vital step. He has a somewhat unusual head, which is about equally developed toward all quarters of the world, marking him out at once as a man of cosmopolitan principles and tendencies. His pictures do him scant justice. He has a great dislike for interviews.

Senator Descamps of Belgium is an expert in matters of international justice. He is the author of the well-known plan for an international tribunal of arbitration adopted by the Interparliamentary Peace Union. He has just published an important book entitled "Le Droit de la Paix et de la Guerre." As chairman of the Ar-



M. LÉON BOURGEOIS
OF FRANCE.



COUNT VON MÜNSTER
OF GERMANY.



COUNT NIGRA
OF ITALY.

bitration Drafting Committee he held the most important practical position in the conference. He is still a young man, of fine presence, full of vigor and of faith in humanity, and much may be expected of him in any future work of the sort done at The Hague. Mr. Louis Renault is a distinguished professor in the law faculty of Paris. He is tall and slim, smooth shaven, with a serious, studious face, and looks very much like an American clergyman of the old school. The scheme extending the Red Cross convention to maritime warfare was chiefly drawn by him. It was so well done as to be accepted with great satisfaction almost as it came from his hand. The three Dutch delegates mentioned above were all prominent in their committees, Mr. Asser having few superiors in the conference.



MR. A. BEERNAERT
OF BELGIUM.



BARON HAYASHI
OF JAPAN.

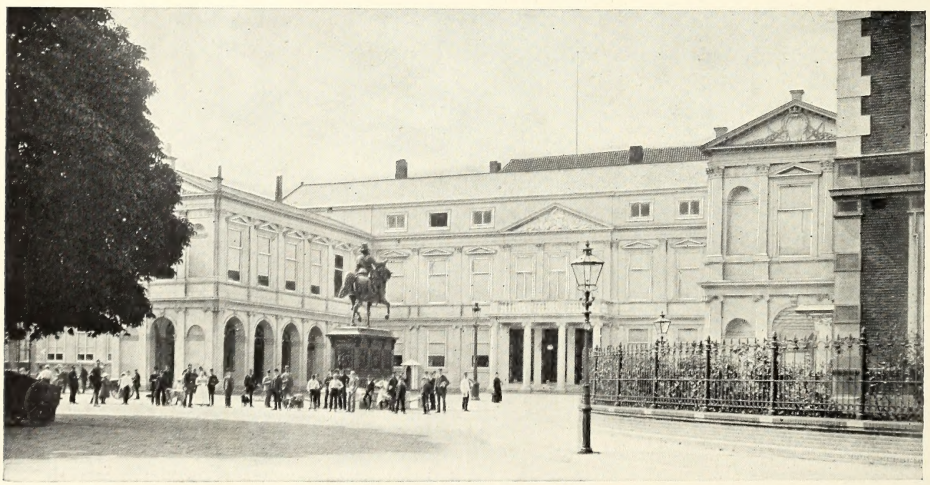


CHEVALIER DESCAMPS-DAVID
OF BELGIUM.

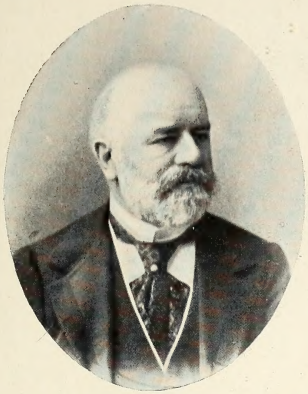
Captain Mahan of the United States commission would command attention anywhere. He is every inch a gentleman, tall, straight, self-poised, and having a face of extraordinary refinement altogether unusual in men of his profession. He made himself strongly felt in committee in presenting the demand of the United States that private property at sea in time of war should be made invio-

lable. In social circles he was always the object of some one's eye. Mr. Holls went to The Hague unknown as a public man. Few Americans outside of New York City had ever heard of him. But he came at once to the front in his committee, and had large influence in general in the conference. The mediation scheme adopted was virtually his as finally framed. In the drafting of the arbitration scheme he had much influence. In bringing the representatives of Germany into concord with the rest he was most influential, partly, no doubt, because of his previous friendship with Dr. Zorn of the German commission. Mr. Holls is a man of robust physique, of vigorous, direct and aggressive mental faculties, and has a good supply of hard common sense. He knows German and French well. He works with the methods of the lawyer, and aroused the distrust of the correspondents by what they considered his quibbling and perfectly useless attempts to cover his tracks from their scent.

As to delegations, those were most influential to which the various men above mentioned belonged. The Italian commission must, however, be included with them. Count Nigra, though not so prominent as the five leaders described, was a very able and fine-spirited man. He, with his colleagues, worked steadily for the best results. One of the four arbitration plans submitted was brought by him, and as a vice-president of the Arbitration Section he rendered valuable assistance in shaping the plan finally drawn around the British proposals. The German delegation attracted attention for several reasons. Professor Stengel's pamphlet on "Perpetual Peace," written some time before and without any reference to the conference, had already brought the whole delegation under suspicion. This distrust was increased by the manner in which Count von Münster and his colleagues at first held aloof from active participation in the proceedings. When Dr. Zorn, after the arbitration work was well along, unexpectedly presented the German objections, the committee was for the moment half paralyzed. There was at first a disposition on the part of some to ignore Germany and go on without her. But, on second thought, it was seen that if Germany should stay out of the arrangement its effectiveness would be greatly impaired. So leading members of some of the commissions deliberately set about, in a conciliatory spirit, to try to over-

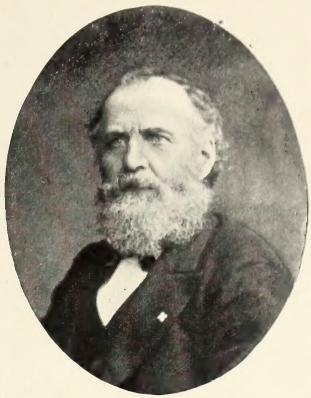


THE ROYAL PALACE AT THE HAGUE.



JOHN DE BLOCH.







BARONESS VON SUTTNER.
MADAME WASZKLEWICZ.



WILLIAM T. STEAD.
DR. W. EVANS DARBY.

come Germany's objections. A small deputation even went to Berlin. Germany's response to this kindly appeal was immediate, and afterwards her delegates worked in good spirit with the others, though not in entire agreement. There was no finer exhibition than that brought out by this incident of the splendid spirit of friendliness and coöperation which prevailed throughout the conference from the moment that Mr. de Beaufort and Mr. de Staal gave the noble keynote at the first sitting. This spirit wrought miracles in making easy of accomplishment, in considerable measure, the purpose for which the meeting had been called.

Count von Münster, head of the German commission, was about the tallest man among the delegates. He is an old, experienced diplomat, now representing Germany at Paris. He was not approachable by outsiders, though of charming address in social circles. His reserve was due in part, possibly, to the attitude of Germany, in part to his age, and in part to the atmosphere of suspicion in which he lives at Paris. Dr. Zorn, of the Königsberg University, was most prominent among the Germans, though Professor Stengel and the two technical delegates were also men of much ability.

The Japanese delegation was an interesting one. Baron Hayashi, its chairman, is a man of fine presence and looks much more like a European than the common Japanese. He, with his colleagues, was in strong sympathy with the aims of the conference, especially with the idea of a system of general arbitration. The Chinese first delegate, with his wife and boy, attracted a good deal of attention, but chiefly socially.

The Turkish delegation was conspicuous in two ways, first by its opposition to arbitration, under instructions from the Sultan, and, secondly, because of the presence at The Hague of representatives of those who have suffered so much from



OPENING OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE, IN THE ORANGE HALL.

Turkish injustice. There was much sympathy among members of the conference for these men and their cause, but the purpose for which the delegates had met precluded the doing of anything direct for them. One could not help feeling the anomaly of such a country as Turkey being represented in a peace conference. The outsiders were not the only ones who felt this anomaly, especially after the first Turkish delegate, Turkhan Pacha, had sent Mr. Ahmed Riza, of the Young Turkey party, a challenge to fight a duel, because of a lecture delivered by the latter in The Hague. Turkey had no real influence in the conference. She was there only by sufferance.

All of the deputations were supposed to have representatives on each of the three sections, and most of them contributed in one way and another toward working out the details of the reports finally made. Several able men, like Mr. Seth Low and Captain Crozier, who were not so much heard from in the general deliberations, had a powerful influence in the work of their own commissions and in a private way. Much of the best work was done in this way. The Austrian delegation, though it had some strong men, did not seem to have much share in the deliberations, possibly because of the distracted state of the dual empire and the overmastering position of Germany in the Triple Alliance. The Duke of Tetuan gave some prominence to the Spanish commission. With the exception of Belgium and Holland, the small powers had little to do with shaping the measures adopted. Switzerland contributed something through Colonel Kunzli and Mr. Odier, both capable men, but would have done much more if Dr. Roth had not left. Mirza Riza Khan of Persia was a charming man, and set a whole meeting into fits of laughter by a speech on the Czar's desire for disarmament.

No account of the personnel would be complete without prominent mention of the Dutch officials connected with it. The Queen herself was not at The Hague during the conference. She came but once, and that was to give a reception and express to the delegates her profund sympathy with the work which they had been sent to do. Her reception, to which five hundred persons were invited, was the most brilliant "function" which this generation has seen in Holland. She also gave the delegates another reception, toward the end of the conference, at her palace in Amsterdam. Queen Wilhelmina is intensely loved by her people and seems the idealization of all that is true, beautiful and good. Mr. de Beaufort, her Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was made the honorary president of the conference, is a descendant of the Huguenots who fled for liberty to Holland. He is a small, well built man, with dark full beard and hair, deeply streaked with gray. It is rare to find in high position a man so entirely free from all appearance of self-importance. He greatly impresses one with his quiet strength, dignity and thorough genuineness. I saw him frequently, on the street, at the receptions given by him and Madame Beaufort on Friday evenings, at the great artistic fête given by the Dutch government in honor of the conference, and once in his office, and he seemed invariably the same simple, natural, manly, brotherly man. He has thorough sympathy with the cause of peace, not only on political but also on Christian grounds, as he told me. The most laborious position in the conference was that of the General Secretary. This position was ably filled by Mr. J. C. N. Van Eys, Bart., an able and distinguished young man, who has already served his country as minister at foreign courts.

The Dutch government not only put at the service of the conference its "most beautiful historic monument," "the House-in-the-Woods,"

but did everything in its power, in a social way, to make the delegates happy. Its hospitality was generous, genuine and becoming. This was supplemented by that of the foreign ministers residing at The Hague, one of the most obliging and best liked of whom is Mr. Newel, from this country. Altogether the peaceful relations of the conference were greatly strengthened by the social elements. A fine dinner knows no nationality, and a grand *soirée* is a great lubricator of international friction joints.

A considerable number of the leading peace workers from different countries were present, as was to have been expected. They were not officially represented in the conference, except by a few members of the Interparliamentary Peace Union. They came because of their living interest in the cause. They were treated with much consideration, and had no small influence in developing the hopeful and earnest spirit of the occasion. They were prudent and unobtrusive, and accomplished quite as much by their attentive silence as by their speech. Mr. John de Bloch, whose monumental work of six volumes on "The Future War" has received such wide notice, though a comparatively new worker for peace, attracted the greatest attention. He is short, thick set, and has a head fine enough to serve as an artist's model. He is a rich Russian banker, and of high social position. He was in charge of the transportation of the Russian troops, including sick and wounded, during the war of 1877-78, and has "seen war," as he said. I never saw any one more absolutely possessed of his subject. He did not, would not, and I suppose could not talk about anything else. He brought with him great trunks full of sets of his books, which he gave freely to members of the conference and others. He had long interviews with leading delegates. He gave a course of lectures, which were attended by many of the delegates. He served supper in the middle and at the end of the lectures free to all comers. War under present conditions, as he portrayed its possibilities and illustrated it with lantern projections, seemed to bristle with terrors, death, bankruptcy, widespread and long-continued ruin; and every one who listened was anxious to do something to bring in at once the era of undisturbed and unarmed peace.

The Baroness von Suttner, whose great story, "Lay Down Your Arms," has gone through twenty editions in German and been translated into nearly all the tongues of western Europe, was present, with her husband. She is the foremost woman of continental Europe. She was admitted to the opening session of the conference, the only woman so honored. She moved in and out among the delegates with almost as much attention as if she had been the president of the conference. She had interviews with leading delegates, invited them to lunch, and met them in various ways. All this she did in a quiet, unobtrusive way, but as if by natural right.

The two oldest peace societies in the world, the British and the American, were represented by their secretaries. Dr. Darby of the former had the honor done him of having one hundred copies of his recent book, "International Tribunals," distributed by Mr. de Staal to the delegates. This book contains all the schemes hitherto drawn for the organization of arbitration. It was recognized as of great practical value in the study of the subject of arbitration, and demonstrated that the friends of peace have been not simply sentimental dreamers, but practical workers also. Mr. W. T. Stead, whose recent remarkable work in the peace crusade and travels in Europe and especially to Russia in the interests of the conference are so well known, was present and intensely active among the delegates, to try to

make the conference a success. Everybody had to listen to him. He held delegates up simply by lifting his umbrella, as one correspondent said, just as a semaphore brings a train to halt. As a journalist he must have his paper. He somehow got control of the *Dagblad*, the leading daily of The Hague, at least to the extent of becoming its conference editor. He also gave a lecture in the city, to a large audience, on the work of the conference. Other distinguished peace workers present were Dr. Charles Richet and Emile Arnaud from France; Fredrik Bajer of Copenhagen, president of the International Peace Bureau; Senator La Fontaine of Brussels, with a memorial signed by more than 100,000 Belgians; Madame Waszklewicz, organizer of the Dutch Peace Crusade, with a memorial from over 200,000 of her countrymen; Madame Selenka of Munich, one of the most remarkable women whom the peace movement has brought to the front, with the great memorial from millions of women in eighteen nations; Mr. Felix Moscheles of London; Mr. Novicow, the distinguished sociologist of Odessa; and, not least influential, a deputation of six English Friends from the Yearly Meeting in London, whom Mr. de Staal received with peculiar pleasure, because "he knew they were sincere."

The commissioners began their work very sceptical as to results. It was new work to most of them. But the surroundings were all such as to encourage them, and the multitudes of appeals and expressions of faith coming from all lands made it impossible for them not to try to do their best. The best spirit of the time was upon them. After a session or two, when they had looked into each other's faces and seen what an able and helpful corps of fellow-workers they had to coöperate with, they set to work seriously, earnestly and confidently. No body of men ever did more faithful work. There was no trifling. The committees and subcommittees toiled earnestly and patiently for nearly two months over the problems which had been set for them. The finest spirit of concord prevailed throughout. The differences in opinion were only such as are incident to any great discussion. The debates were conducted for the most part in a noble and generous spirit. There was almost nothing that could be called wrangling or twitting, no attempt at outwitting or beating one another down, no effort of representatives of great states to override those of small ones. The manner in which the deliberations were conducted would do honor to any national assembly. There was a sense of brotherhood, fellowship and mutual interest altogether unexpected in so mixed and varied an assembly.

It will be a long time before the full results of the conference will be seen. The fact that it met, with such a body of able, disinterested and for the most part progressive men, that it worked so faithfully and in so fine a spirit of mutual appreciation and harmony, is of vastly more significance for the future of civilization than any direct result accomplished. It is a notable proof that humanity as a whole has come to a real political consciousness of itself and is about to assume the sovereignty of the world which inherently belongs to it. The parliament of man, of the race, has actually begun, and no power on earth or under it can stay its completion. But the actual accomplishments of the conference are very great, and the high character and eminence of the delegates at home, and the close relations which they have maintained with their governments, make it practically certain that their conclusions will be ratified by all of the twenty-six nations represented, and probably accepted by a number of others.

The Geneva convention in its full significance is to be extended to

maritime warfare. The rules of war drawn up at Brussels in 1874 have been recast, and will doubtless become a fixed part of international understanding as to the conduct of campaigns when war befalls. The American delegates got through almost unanimously a resolution recommending a special conference to treat the question of private property at sea in time of war. But incalculably beyond these in meaning and value is the scheme for permanent arbitration. This will doubtless grow into something more perfect. But it is an exceedingly able and practical scheme as it is, as any one may see by studying it closely. It is the beginning of the permanent organization of international justice, and will have dealt war a blow from which it will never recover.

The disarmament question was deeply felt in the conference. There was a general fear to tackle it, but a profound feeling that it must be seriously grappled with in the near future. Many of the leading delegates said that a good arbitration system would lead inevitably to disarmament, either by the joint action of the nations or their individual action. The whole weight of the conference, with the exception of Germany and one or two of her military friends, went strongly against the present armed and exhausting peace, or latent war. The resolution which Mr. Bourgeois got through with practical unanimity, declaring that relief from the present armed condition was an object for which the nations individually should seriously strive, came near being the desired consummation. It is altogether possible that this virtual condemnation by the conference of the present rivalry of armaments will lead to almost immediate diplomatic action looking to gradual and general reduction. If not, then a special conference for this purpose is not far away.

A HOLIDAY.

By Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

I GAVE my heart a holiday,—
Companions good are we;—
All care and doubt I put away:
"Oh, little heart, go free!"

I threw aside its troubles grave,
Its worries keen and fine;
Light as the foam on the crested wave
I made this heart of mine.

But first I loosed the bonds it wore,
And to the earth let fall
The burden of a love it bore—
The heaviest load of all.

THE LOGIC OF CHANCE.

By Annie Howells Fréchette.



"THAT'S a good idea!" Mr. Prior read again the following: "Owing to the destitution which is the result of the continued hard times, it behooves every good citizen to feel for some less fortunate man who is forced to stand idle and listen to the cry of his hungry children, to give him one crust if he has two. We hope our townspeople will respond with their usual generosity to the appeal for assistance on behalf of the worthy poor of the city of C——. We are a comfortable, prosperous community; let us give of our plenty. Next Thursday evening a concert will be given in the town hall, in which the best talent of our music loving town will take part, and the price of admission to this concert will be *one potato*—or a dozen, or a bagful, just as you wish. The bigger the hearts, the bigger the heap of potatoes will be."

Now it so happened that Mr. Prior was a young man upon whom what he called "an idea" took a strong hold, especially when it touched his heart as well as his fancy. So after reading the above, he communed with himself as follows:

"I'll go to that concert, and I'll send a wagon load of potatoes! I ought to give freely of the wealth which father gathered up for me. By Jove! it stirs a fellow up to think how a man must feel to hear his children crying with hunger and having nothing to give them."

The following day he had occasion to make a flying visit to C——, the city destined to receive of the plenty of his native town. In one of the stores which he chanced to enter, his attention was attracted by something which lay upon the "notions" counter. At another time he might not have noticed it; but to-day the dull little object which lay among the feminine dainties presented itself boldly. It was an odd conceit,—a *papier-maché* potato, perfect in modelling and color.

"You see it opens. It is a bonbon box," explained the young girl who presided at the counter. "You press a spring which is covered by one of the eyes. It's awfully cute, isn't it?"

The *bonbonnière* was speedily transferred to Mr. Prior's pocket, and he took his way to his train. As he rushed homeward, a plan gradually took shape in his mind. The next morning he went to the bank and diminished his account there by one thousand dollars. This sum was in one bill, and the bill was crisp and new. When he returned to his cheery bachelor quarters, he locked his door and withdrew the potato from its tissue-paper folds. Opening it, he put the neatly folded bill within, and closed it with a snap.

"There, I hope that will do a thousand dollars' worth of good,"—and he turned it about admiringly. "I can imagine the excitement of the committee when they discover the joke I've played on them: for the moment they see this they'll know it isn't a potato. They'll never suspect where it came from. I don't think I could have given it if I'd had to parade my gift."

Mr. Prior presented himself early at the town hall next evening, and from fingers trembling with excitement delivered up his precious potato. The hall was crowded with an audience evidently anxious to betake itself to the basement, as soon as the local talent was willing, to see the result of the novel appeal. At last the end came, and the audience swarmed downstairs, where a goodly show greeted it. A monstrous heap of potatoes

filled the centre of the room, and around the sides were other farm produce and numerous bundles of well mended old clothing. Our hero quitted the building in an exalted state of mind. He was proud of his town and his neighborhood; his pride even embraced the whole country. He said to himself that nowhere but in America was such a thing possible.

The next day he took occasion to meet a member of the committee, who hinted that there was still a surprise in store for the public. Of course there was. All day he greeted acquaintances gayly and harped constantly upon the charity concert. It was the more noticeable, as he had always been a retiring young man. The affair had evidently carried him out of himself. He not only talked loudly, but laughed boisterously in the hotel office.

"What ails Prior?" asked one of the *habitués* there. "He seems mightily stirred up about something."

"He has been acting kind of queer for the last day or two. Doesn't take anything, does he?"

"Prior take anything! Why he's as straight as a post."

The next issue of the *Watchman* contained the committee's report. It closed thus: "It is with pleasure and pride that we anounce the handing in of a potato ticket to which was attached a check for twenty-five dollars, by one of our public-spirited citizens, whose name is withheld at his own request. Surely we may all feel proud to belong to a town which produces such a man."

That then was the surprise! Mr. Prior slept badly that night. Early the next morning he went to the man who had acted as doorkeeper.

"Smith, what did they do with the potatoes which were taken in at the door?" he asked as unconcernedly as possible for a man who was growing anxious about the success of a joke.

"The tickets? Oh, just dumped them in with the rest."

"Dumped them in with the rest!" The perspiration started out upon his palms.

"Why, you didn't expect us to do 'em up in pink cotton, did you?"

"Dumped them in with the rest!" he repeated in a dazed manner.

"That's what we did, sir," answered Smith.

"I think I'll take a look at those potatoes," Prior said in a voice which he hoped did not tremble.

"All right. Go gaze at 'em. You'll find nigh on to a hundred bushel down there." And as Prior's hat disappeared in the stairway he said to himself, "What can the fool want to look at them potatoes for?"

The anxious man hurried into the dimly lighted cellar. His joke had miscarried! He must find his thousand-dollar potato—and find it, too, without attracting attention. He was morbidly alive to ridicule, and he was a modest man. He could not face either the ridicule or the praise which would be his, should his gift and the manner of bestowing it become known.

Prior drew off his gloves. He took a long breath and began rapidly to sort the potatoes over. Night must not overtake him with his work unfinished.

By and by Smith became curious and made an errand to the basement. "Had a good look at 'em, Mr. Prior?" he asked in a patronizing tone.

"I hope I'm not keeping you from any business. Don't let me detain you about the building; I can let myself out."

"Oh, I ain't in no hurry," said Smith; and after whistling about for a little while he went upstairs. He sauntered to the front door of the building, where he stood whistling until a friend who worked in the livery stable near by came along; then he stopped and told the friend of Prior's strange interest in the potato heap. "He's ben down there most an hour—just standin' lookin' at things."

"What's that for?" asked the friend.

"Don't know no more'n you do."

"Let's find out;" and the friend led the way around to a side window of the basement. "I swan if he ain't a-countin' them potatoes!"

A little boy with a tin pail who was going past, seeing the men looking in at the window, went to see what they were looking at. "What's that man a-doin' down there?" he asked.

"That's a crazy man, an' you'd better clear out, ef you don't want he should nab you," explained the friend, who passed for a very humorous fellow with his circle.

The little boy backed off and continued his way until he met another boy, to whom he confided his discovery; and this boy in his turn shouted across the street to another: "There's a crazy man down to the town hall, and he's just slashin' the beggars' things 'round. Let's go see him!" —and they sped along on either side of the street, while the first little boy determined to hide his pail in a convenient mortar bed and go back with them.

They swept others into their wake as they ran. Stray passers-by were attracted by the knot of observers, and soon every window was surrounded. The story told by the jocular friend gained such credence, that timid women ran nimbly past the building, while others with stronger nerves joined the men and boys who rather grudgingly made room for them.

So absorbed was the object of this curiosity that, save for a sense of discomfort, on account of the dimmer light, he was entirely unconscious of it. He worked steadily on. The perspiration stood upon his brow, he trembled with weariness, and his head throbbed from long bending forward. He was therefore in no condition to meet calmly or with dignity the interruption coming in the person of Smith who felt that this was a fitting time to display his authority.

"Now, then, Mr. Prior, I think you'd better leave off tossin' them potatoes about. I don't want 'em bruised and banged up."

Prior looked up sharply—that is as sharply as a man can who, suddenly assuming an upright position, feels himself spinning around in space.

"I told you not to trouble yourself about me, Smith. This is a public building; I have a right to stay here if I wish."

"Not much you haven't. You just git."

Mr. Prior took a step toward him. "Do you want to get yourself thrashed, Smith?"

"Oh, you come off the roof. I guess you ben drinkin', Mr. Prior. You don't look over steady on your feet."

With a bound Prior was upon him, so unexpectedly that, although Smith was more than his match, he fell heavily to the floor. For a moment he was dazed, but then he closed with his assailant, and they flung themselves about the floor in close embrace. The potatoes rolled about, and cabbages, turnips and pumpkins added to the confusion. There was a rush from the outside, and the stairway was blocked.

"Stop that fighting!" shouted the constable, who had been one of the onlookers.

Public opinion was clearly on the side of Smith. Several men surrounded his panting form, and others ran to pick up his hat; while Prior was treated with severity, two or three peacemakers keeping an unyielding grip upon his collar long after he had ceased to struggle.

The town having but just outgrown the limits of a village, this breach of the peace meant much to the community. Men talked about it on street corners; women ran into their neighbors' side doors to compare particulars; and at the next meeting of the most influential sewing society the wife of the leading clergyman said that she did not know what the world was coming to,—which caused the ladies present to pass each other scissors

and thread in gloomy silence for a time. The society young ladies said they did not see how they could ever notice Mr. Prior again; while several young lawyers saw no way out of it except through legal proceedings.

Prior kept much to himself, offering no defence for his conduct. This naturally had a depressing effect upon his social atmosphere and its temperature sank steadily.

As the town became more cold and virtuous, he became more morose. He felt that he had been badly treated, that old friends should not have been so ready to turn the cold shoulder, and he said to himself that he would never explain; he would leave the place and begin life elsewhere.

Now as a matter of fact he had never really begun life anywhere; he had simply been born. Up to this time he had never thought whether he was even happy; but he now realized that he was distinctly unhappy. He felt that his old friends and neighbors owed him an apology; and they felt that he owed them an explanation. He gave notice to his landlord that after a certain date his rooms would be vacant, though he offended the town still more deeply by thus dropping out of it.

As he moved about, his horizon widened, and his native town did not seem so large to him. As a consequence, the grievance associated with it grew less; and there were times when he even forgot that he had a grievance. But one effect which his growing world had upon him was that he felt his aloneness in it. As spring, with its restlessness and expectancy, came on, this loneliness increased; and he flew from place to place in search of companionship and happiness.

It was on one of these journeys that he saw one evening, from the car, a young fellow flit along a country road upon a bicycle. He was not alone; beside him rode a young girl. They made a pretty picture against the setting sun, which remained with Prior after long miles had intervened. Why had he never thought of a bicycle tour? Of course he knew that the purchase of a wheel would not include a girl with rosy cheeks, fluffy hair and jaunty cap; but it would mean swift motion and flight akin to that of the birds,—so he would get a bicycle and glide through the "glad light green" of spring.

There is such a thing in the world as the logic of chance. A learned Scotch philosopher has written a book to prove it. There are a thousand chances to one against a certain thing happening; but by a mysterious logic life will now and again hit that one strange chance. It has sometimes been so in your life and mine; and the dice of destiny now dealt wonderfully in the case of Mr Prior.

A fortnight later, after he had bought and mastered his wheel, he was resting by the roadside late one afternoon. Before him stretched a peaceful landscape dotted with farm homes, and behind him stretched a forest untouched by the hand of man. From where he lay upon the grass he could hear swiftly rushing water; but the thick foliage hid it from his sight. He was just making up his mind to go and look at the stream when he heard a stealthy sound as of some one stealing through the undergrowth. Peering in its direction, he saw the figure of a woman making its way toward the hidden stream. The face he could not see, but the form was slight and girlish. In a moment it had vanished. It was all so like a dream that if the disappearance had not been followed by a splashing sound, he would have found it hard to believe that he had not been sleeping. He leaped to his feet and ran in the direction of the sound. Only the troubled water, dark and swift, met his gaze. Then two hands were flung up, and a terrified white face showed for a moment on the current and sank again. He flung himself into the stream, and a few strong strokes brought him to where she

would next rise; and as the water was once more parted, he caught the struggling figure and turned toward the shore. The dream still went on—as a nightmare—through the combat in which the drowning arms strove to pull him under the treacherous water, and as he clambered up the steep bank and laid the dripping but still conscious girl upon the grass, she broke the spell by crying reproachfully:

"Why did you bring me back? Why did you not let me drown?"

"Oh, don't—don't talk like that." His voice seemed to him to come from a great distance, and he half wondered if he were speaking. The girl had risen to a sitting posture and was rocking herself to and fro. She made no answer save by the sobs which came from between her chattering teeth. She shivered and rubbed her thin, cold hands together.

"Let me put something warm around you — you are completely chilled," he said; and he ran to his wheel and unstrapped his warm coat and drew it around her shoulders. "Take a sip of this; it will warm you. There now, tell me where you live. I will take you home." She looked so small and young in her clinging garments that he almost added, "You poor little child!"

"I don't live anywhere—any more. I am going to die. Don't stop me,"—and she tried to get upon her feet; but Prior threw restraining arms around her.

"Don't say such a thing! Don't think again of taking your life—it is terrible!"—and he gathered her hands into his. "Tell me what trouble you are in—if you have no friend to tell it to; maybe I can help you."

"No, no, no—you cannot. Oh, I thought it would all have been over by this time!"—and she bowed her wet face upon her clasped hands and was silent. Then lifting her head she looked steadily at him; and something she saw in his face made her ask: "Would you believe me? Oh, I wonder if I might tell you."

"I will believe you—anything you tell me. You are a truthful, earnest girl."

"Oh, I'm not an earnest girl—I once thought I was—I'm not truthful. And yet I want to tell you the truth. I'm—I'm—oh, I am so wretched! Will you believe me?"

"Yes, yes."

She clutched his hands pleadingly and then pulled them away. "What would you say if I were to tell you that you had saved the life of a thief? Oh, how my head aches and roars! Perhaps I had better tell you—for I think I am dying, and I must—must tell some one; it may save an honest person from being suspected."

"Tell me if it will relieve you—but not until I can get you somewhere where you can change these cold, wet clothes. I hear a wagon. You must let me stop it. You can't stay here."

"Oh, don't leave me—don't make me go away alone—I am the loneliest creature in the world."

"Of course I'll go with you," Prior answered, as he would have answered a lost child who had attached itself to him as its protector. He ran to the roadside, casting unseasy glances back as he ran, and halted the wagon. It contained an elderly man and woman, and to them he made known the situation; and somehow, without planning to mislead, he spoke of the girl, who had so narrowly escaped drowning "by falling into the creek," he said, as his sister. "If you could keep her to-night it would be a great kindness; she is not fit to go on—on our journey," he added.

So, thought they, this young man and his sister were on a bicycle tour, and she—just like a girl!—had ridden too near the creek and had gone in. Yes, they could not only keep her, but they insisted that he too should accept their hospitality. So they took her into the wagon, while he followed on his wheel.

"Now, mother, find dry clothes for

her; and if her brother can wear any of my things he'll be the better rid of his wet clothes," said the farmer as he drew up at his door.

When they met again, an hour later, at the tea table, the young girl was pale and silent. She scarcely spoke; and Prior had noted with relief that she had not even smiled at his emaciated appearance in the stout farmer's clothes.

The supper done, the sympathetic hostess led the girl away into the sitting-room and tucked her snugly up on the old-fashioned lounge. When she returned she told Prior that his sister wanted to see him.

She opened her eyes as he entered the room, and held out her hand. He drew a chair beside the lounge and took her hand. As he would have released it, she said simply and without embarrassment:

"No, I feel better when you hold my hand—I am not so frightened when you are with me—and—I think I am going to die, so nothing matters now." After a pause, in which he felt her hand tremble, she began again: "Perhaps you think I said what I did—there in the woods—because I was unnerved. I was unnerved, but what I told you was true. I *am* a thief. I got money—it came into my hand unsought, and so far I was not to blame. It was a large sum, five times as large as I could have earned in a year in my little school. It came to me in a very strange way, and at a time when there was a great deal of distress and poverty all about me; and—fool that I was!—I presumed to think it had come to me because I knew so well the needs of the poor. Yes, I even had the presumption to think I had been appointed the Lord's purse bearer! Oh, what can you think of me?"

"I cannot think badly of you," answered the young man softly.

"Oh, but I think badly of myself. This money—it was a thousand dollars—oh, it makes me sick to think of it all—my whole life has been a pretence since then. I had to pretend that what I was giving away was of my own earning; and sometimes the honest creatures I helped did not want to take it; and when I insisted, they called me generous and good. And I made mistakes sometimes. Once I gave money to a man who said his family would be turned into the street if he did not pay his rent, and he took the money and got drunk and tried to kill his wife; and last month he was sent to the prison. That was the kind of a purse bearer I was—I who thought I understood the poor, just because I was poor!"

"But this money was given to you to distribute. It—"

"No, it was *not* given to me. But it is too late to repent now; it is all gone. And people whom I've helped all winter keep coming to me, and I've woven such a web of lies about myself that I have no protection from them. When I say I have no more money to give, they don't believe me. But I am glad when they abuse me. I give away every cent I can spare, I go shabbily and thinly dressed,—and some days I'm hungry. Yet I can never atone for my dishonesty. I am glad I am going to die."

"Don't call yourself hard names; don't talk so dreadfully! I don't like to question you, but I don't understand—"

"How I got the money? Oh, I went to stay over Sunday with a poor woman—oh, it seems so incredible, I can't expect a stranger to believe me—I can hardly believe myself when I think back to it—and it doesn't matter how I got it—my sin isn't there. It *came* to me. But I *kept it—and I had no right to it.* I kept it; I stole it."

Prior, greatly puzzled, said finally: "I think you blame yourself too severely. You say you did not benefit by the money yourself, and I have no doubt you spent it to the best advantage. You say it is all spent. Don't think any more about it or about the past. Think of the future. Have you no friends?"

"Yes, I have friends—among the poor; but I cannot go to them. I have no relations. We were once a large family; but one after another went. Two years ago my last brother died; and since then I've been alone." Her voice trembled and her eyes filled with tears.

"I wish," said Prior tenderly, "that since I have been the means of thwarting you in your attempt to take your life, you would let me help you. Let me give you back this money you have spent, and you can restore it; and if you will tell me how, I will help you relieve the poor. The only time I ever tried to be charitable, I—well I made a fool of myself. But don't make plans to-night. You ought now to be sleeping. It has been a terrible day for you. Only you must promise me that you will not—not—"

"Yes, I know. I see now how wicked and cowardly it was. I ought to have taken what I brought on myself." She took away her hand and said: "I thank you for what you offer, —but—I cannot think to-night;" then starting up she cried out wildly: "What if I had drowned you! Oh, don't be so good to me—don't—"

* * * * *

Prior went out into the night and walked under the blossoming locust trees, trying to think calmly of what had happened. He knew that the past was a closed chapter—that to-morrow a new one would begin. Yesterday he was alone, with no one but himself to consider. To-morrow he must become responsible for the life he had saved. Strangely he realized that it was a pleasurable sensation. It was a new and delightful feeling to think he was going to take care of a lonely, helpless creature. He thought of the mistake into which he had led the farmer and his wife in his excitement, and it seemed to him that it would be very nice if she really were his sister. Indeed it would be so pleasant if she were walking beside him now and he were still holding her hand. He stood still under the sweet locusts, and her thin, pathetic little hand seemed to steal into his again. Poor little thing! What sweet brown eyes!—and how utterly alone she was! Ah, well, for the matter of that, so was he utterly alone; and he felt dreary. It must be awful to be a woman, alone and poor. He resumed his walk, musing about the young girl —and also a little about himself. Suddenly he wondered how she would look if she were laughing—whether she would have dimples about her mouth and in her cheeks. He could not imagine her smiling. The brown eyes came back to him only through tears, and seemed to say, "I am too lonely to smile;" and his heart answered them, "I am lonely too,"—and he felt very sorry for her —and for himself.

But to-morrow? What was he to do with her? It was in vain that the very little which was practical in him answered that he was simply to let her alone, that he was in no way responsible for her, that he had done quite enough in risking his life to save hers. The sentimental part of him resented this cold answer with great warmth, and retorted that only a scoundrel would force a human being to stay in this hard world and abandon it to misery. When finally he went to his room, it was with the two sides of him still quarrelling. The farmer's wife called to him that she had left a note on his table from his sister. Hastily lighting his lamp, he read:

"I could not finish what I wanted to say this evening. But I want to tell you how truly grateful I am to you for still believing in me, when you know how wicked I have been,—and for saving my life. From this on I will use it only for others. I have no right to it. How I wish I might some day repay you, some day do something to make you happy! To-night, as I look forward to the coming years, I feel lonelier than I ever did before. If only I had one friend! That would give me courage. After to-morrow our paths may never meet

again; but I would like to feel that somewhere in the world, you would think of me now and then, and believe that the life you have given me was being rightly used."

The young man's eyes were dim as he finished, and he involuntarily pressed the letter to his lips. Poor, lonely little girl! Instead of rushing away when she broke down, why had he not still sat beside her and comforted her—and held her hand? Why need their paths separate to-morrow—when they had so strangely come together? What could he do for her? How could he make her life happier? All that she needed, he said to himself, was sympathy—and protection—and a home—poor, homeless little dove!—and some one to appreciate her and love her, as such a treasure of a girl deserved to be loved.

Just at this point the practical side of his nature interrupted him, and asked him bluntly why *he* did not sympathize with her, and protect her, and love her, and give her a home himself? He was stunned at the question. He walked to the window and looked out; and after a time he walked back.

"Why shouldn't I? I will—that is, if she'll let me—dear little angel! Oh, no, she wouldn't give a blundering fool such as I am a thought!"

He picked up the letter again and read it through once more. Then he turned it over. There was more writing on the other side which he had not seen. He read:

"I ought to have told you exactly how I got that money. Can you believe me, when I tell you that I found it among the potatoes, which had been sent by the relief committee to the poor woman whose sick child I was nursing? I was preparing some potatoes for their dinner when I came to one which was hard. Feeling to see why it was so hard, I touched a spring, and it opened in halves! It was a bonbon box, and in it lay a thousand-dollar bill! I ought to have taken it at once to the committee,—but I did not. I have told you how falsely I reasoned. Where the money came from I never expect to know. You, a man, never acting upon impulse, may not be able to understand my course; but remember I am only a foolish, impulsive girl, and try still to think well of me, and believe that I meant to do right."

THE INGRATE.

By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

I.

MR. LECKLER was a man of high principle. Indeed, he himself had admitted it at times to Mrs. Leckler. She was often called into counsel with him. He was one of those large souled creatures with a hunger for unlimited advice, upon which he never acted. Mrs. Leckler knew this, but like the good, patient little wife that she was, she went on paying her poor tribute of advice and admiration. To-day her husband's mind was particularly troubled,—as usual, too, over a matter of principle. Mrs. Leckler came at his call.

"Mrs. Leckler," he said, "I am troubled in my mind. I—in fact, I am puzzled over a matter that involves either the maintaining or relinquishing of a principle."

"Well, Mr. Leckler?" said his wife, interrogatively.

"If I had been a scheming, calculating Yankee, I should have been

rich now; but all my life I have been too generous and confiding. I have always let principle stand between me and my interests." Mr. Leckler took himself all too seriously to be conscious of his pun, and went on: "Now this is a matter in which my duty and my principles seem to conflict. It stands thus: Josh has been doing a piece of plastering for Mr. Eckley over in Lexington, and from what he says I think that city rascal has misrepresented the amount of work to me and so cut down the pay for it. Now, of course, I should not care, the matter of a dollar or two being nothing to me; but it is a very different matter when we consider poor Josh." There was deep pathos in Mr. Leckler's tone. "You know Josh is anxious to buy his freedom, and I allow him a part of whatever he makes; so you see it's he that's affected. Every dollar that he is cheated out of cuts off just so much from his earnings, and puts further away his hope of emancipation."

If the thought occurred to Mrs. Leckler that, since Josh received only about one-tenth of what he earned, the advantage of just wages would be quite as much her husband's as the slave's, she did not betray it, but met the naïve reasoning with the question, "But where does the conflict come in, Mr. Leckler?"

"Just here. If Josh knew how to read and write and cipher—"

"Mr. Leckler, are you crazy!"

"Listen to me, my dear, and give me the benefit of your judgment. This is a very momentous question. As I was about to say, if Josh knew these things, he could protect himself from cheating when his work is at too great a distance for me to look after it for him."

"But teaching a slave—"

"Yes, that's just what is against my principles. I know how public opinion and the law look at it. But my conscience rises up in rebellion every time I think of that poor black man being cheated out of his earnings. Really, Mrs. Leckler, I think I may trust to Josh's discretion, and secretly give him such instructions as will permit him to protect himself."

"Well, of course, it's just as you think best," said his wife.

"I knew you would agree with me," he returned. "It's such a comfort to take counsel with you, my dear!" And the generous man walked out on to the veranda, very well satisfied with himself and his wife, and prospectively pleased with Josh. Once he murmured to himself, "I'll lay for Eckley next time."

Josh, the subject of Mr. Leckler's charitable solicitations, was the plantation plasterer. His master had given him his trade, in order that he might do whatever such work was needed about the place; but he became so proficient in his duties, having also no competition among the poor whites, that he had grown to be in great demand in the country thereabout. So Mr. Leckler found it profitable, instead of letting him do chores and field work in his idle time, to hire him out to neighboring farms and planters. Josh was a man of more than ordinary intelligence; and when he asked to be allowed to pay for himself by working overtime, his master readily agreed,—for it promised more work to be done, for which he could allow the slave just what he pleased. Of course, he knew now that when the black man began to cipher this state of affairs would be changed; but it would mean such an increase of profit from the outside, that he could afford to give up his own little peculations. Any way, it would be many years before the slave could pay the two thousand dollars, which price he had set upon him. Should he approach that figure, Mr. Leckler felt it just possible that the market in slaves would take a sudden rise.

When Josh was told of his master's intention, his eyes gleamed with pleasure, and he went to his work with the zest of long hunger. He

proved a remarkably apt pupil. He was indefatigable in doing the tasks assigned him. Even Mr. Leckler, who had great faith in his plasterer's ability, marvelled at the speed with which he had acquired the three R's. He did not know that on one of his many trips a free negro had given Josh the rudimentary tools of learning, and that since the slave had been adding to his store of learning by poring over signs and every bit of print that he could spell out. Neither was Josh so indiscreet as to intimate to his benefactor that he had been anticipated in his good intentions.

It was in this way, working and learning, that a year passed away, and Mr. Leckler thought that his object had been accomplished. He could safely trust Josh to protect his own interests, and so he thought that it was quite time that his servant's education should cease.

"You know, Josh," he said, "I have already gone against my principles and against the law for your sake, and of course a man can't stretch his conscience too far, even to help another who's being cheated; but I reckon you can take care of yourself now."

"Oh, yes, suh, I reckon I kin," said Josh.

"And it wouldn't do for you to be seen with any books about you now."

"Oh, no, suh, su't'n'y not." He didn't intend to be seen with any books about him.

It was just now that Mr. Leckler saw the good results of all he had done, and his heart was full of a great joy, for Eckley had been building some additions to his house, and sent for Josh to do the plastering for him. The owner admonished his slave, took him over a few examples to freshen his memory, and sent him forth with glee. When the job was done, there was a discrepancy of two dollars in what Mr. Eckley offered for it and the price which accrued from Josh's measurements. To the employer's surprise, the black man went over the figures with him and convinced him of the incorrectness of the payment,—and the additional two dollars were turned over.

"Some o' Leckler's work," said Eckley, "teaching a nigger to cipher! Close-fisted old reprobate,—I've a mind to have the law on him."

Mr. Leckler heard the story with great glee. "I laid for him that time —the old fox." But to Mrs. Leckler he said: "You see, my dear wife, my rashness in teaching Josh to figure for himself is vindicated. See what he has saved for himself."

"What did he save?" asked the little woman indiscreetly.

Her husband blushed and stammered for a moment, and then replied, "Well, of course, it was only twenty cents saved to him, but to a man buying his freedom every cent counts; and after all, it is not the amount, Mrs. Leckler, it's the principle of the thing."

"Yes," said the lady meekly.

II.

Unto the body it is easy for the master to say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Gyves, chains and fetters will enforce that command. But what master shall say unto the mind, "Here do I set the limit of your acquisition. Pass it not?" Who shall put gyves upon the intellect, or fetter the movement of thought? Joshua Leckler, as custom denominated him, had tasted of the forbidden fruit, and his appetite had grown by what it fed on. Night after night he crouched in his lonely cabin by the blaze of a fat pine brand, poring over the few books that he had been able to secure and smuggle in. His fellow servants alternately laughed at him and wondered why he did not take a wife. But Joshua went on his way. He had no time for marrying or for love; other thoughts had taken possession of him. He was being swayed by ambitions other than the mere fathering of slaves for his

master. To him his slavery was deep night. What wonder, then, that he should dream, and that through the ivory gate should come to him the forbidden vision of freedom? To own himself, to be master of his hands, feet, of his whole body—something would clutch at his heart as he thought of it; and the breath would come hard between his lips. But he met his master with an impassive face, always silent, always docile; and Mr. Leckler congratulated himself that so valuable and intelligent a slave should be at the same time so tractable. Usually intelligence in a slave meant discontent; but not so with Josh. Who more content than he? He remarked to his wife: "You see, my dear, this is what comes of treating even a nigger right."

Meanwhile the white hills of the North were beckoning to the chattel, and the north winds were whispering to him to be a chattel no longer. Often the eyes that looked away to where freedom lay were filled with a wistful longing that was tragic in its intensity, for they saw the hardships and the difficulties between the slave and his goal and, worst of all, an iniquitous law,—liberty's compromise with bondage, that rose like a stone wall between him and hope,—a law that degraded every free-thinking man to the level of a slave-catcher. There it loomed up before him, formidable, impregnable, insurmountable. He measured it in all its terribleness, and paused. But on the other side there was liberty; and one day when he was away at work, a voice came out of the woods and whispered to him, "Courage!"—and on that night the shadows beckoned him as the white hills had done, and the forest called to him, "Follow."

"It seems to me that Josh might have been able to get home to-night," said Mr. Leckler, walking up and down his veranda; "but I reckon it's just possible that he got through too late to catch a train." In the morning he said: "Well, he's not here yet; he must have had to do some extra work. If he doesn't get here by evening, I'll run up there."

In the evening, he did take the train for Joshua's place of employment, where he learned that his slave had left the night before. But where could he have gone? That no one knew, and for the first time it dawned upon his master that Josh had run away. He raged; he fumed; but nothing could be done until morning, and all the time Leckler knew that the most valuable slave on his plantation was working his way towards the North and freedom. He did not go back home, but paced the floor all night long. In the early dawn he hurried out, and the hounds were put on the fugitive's track. After some nosing around they set off toward a stretch of woods. In a few minutes they came yelping back, pawing their noses and rubbing their heads against the ground. They had found the trail, but Josh had played the old slave trick of filling his tracks with cayenne pepper. The dogs were soothed, and taken deeper into the wood to find the trail. They soon took it up again, and dashed away with low bays. The scent led them directly to a little wayside station about six miles distant. Here it stopped. Burning with the chase, Mr. Leckler hastened to the station agent. Had he seen such a negro? Yes, he had taken the northbound train two nights before.

"But why did you let him go without a pass?" almost screamed the owner.

"I didn't," replied the agent. "He had a written pass, signed James Leckler, and I let him go on it."

"Forged, forged!" yelled the master. "He wrote it himself."

"Humph!" said the agent, "how was I to know that? Our niggers round here don't know how to write."

Mr. Leckler suddenly bethought him to hold his peace. Josh was probably now in the arms of some

northern abolitionist, and there was nothing to be done now but advertise; and the disgusted master spread his notices broadcast before starting for home. As soon as he arrived at his house, he sought his wife and poured out his griefs to her.

"You see, Mrs. Leckler, this is what comes of my goodness of heart. I taught that nigger to read and write, so that he could protect himself,—and look how he uses his knowledge. Oh, the ingrate, the ingrate! The very weapon which I give him to defend himself against others he turns upon me. Oh, it's awful,—awful! I've always been too confiding. Here's the most valuable nigger on my plantation gone,—gone, I tell you,—and through my own kindness. It isn't his value, though, I'm thinking so much about. I could stand his loss, if it wasn't for the principle of the thing, the base ingratitude he has shown me. Oh, if I ever lay hands on him again!" Mr. Leckler closed his lips and clenched his fist with an eloquence that laughed at words.

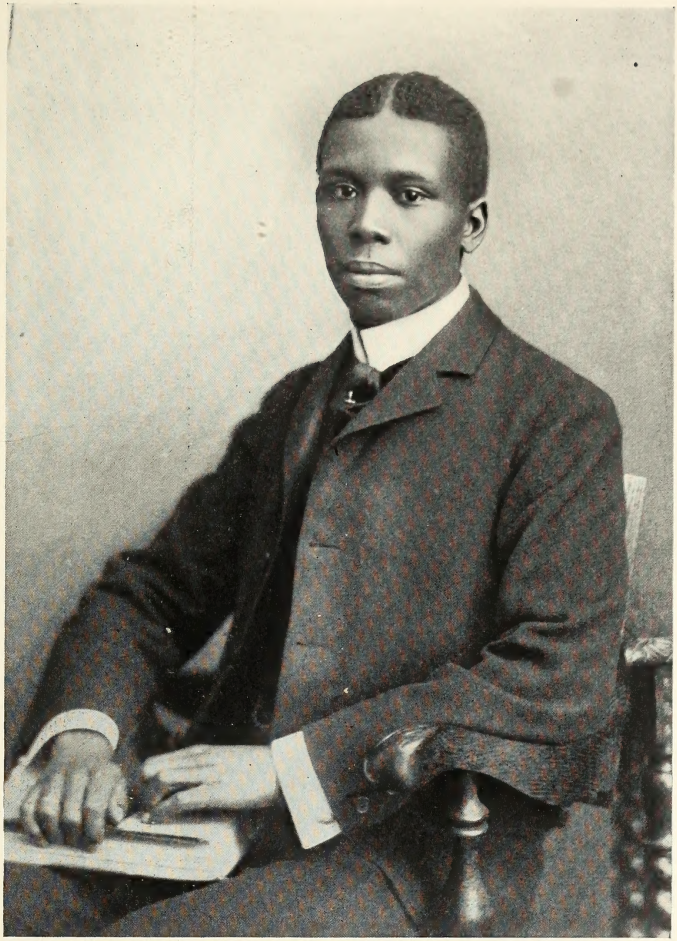
Just at this time, in one of the underground way stations, six miles north of the Ohio, an old Quaker was saying to Josh: "Lie still,—thee'll be perfectly safe there. Here comes John Trader, our local slave catcher, but I will parley with him and send him away. Thee need not fear. None of thy brethren who have come to us have ever been taken back to bondage.—Good evening, Friend Trader!" and Josh heard the old Quaker's smooth voice roll on, while he lay back half smothering in a bag, among other bags of corn and potatoes.

It was after ten o'clock that night when he was thrown carelessly into a wagon and driven away to the next station, twenty-five miles to the northward. And by such stages, hiding by day and travelling by night, helped by a few of his own people who were blessed with freedom, and always by the good Quakers wherever found, he made his way into Canada. And on one never-to-be-forgotten morning he stood up, straightened himself, breathed God's blessed air, and knew himself free!

III.

To Joshua Leckler this life in Canada was all new and strange. It was a new thing for him to feel himself a man and to have his manhood recognized by the whites with whom he came into free contact. It was new, too, this receiving the full measure of his worth in work. He went to his labor with a zest that he had never known before, and he took a pleasure in the very weariness it brought him. Ever and anon there came to his ears the cries of his brethren in the South. Frequently he met fugitives who, like himself, had escaped from bondage; and the harrowing tales that they told him made him burn to do something for those whom he had left behind him. But these fugitives and the papers he read told him other things. They said that the spirit of freedom was working in the United States, and already men were speaking out boldly in behalf of the manumission of the slaves; already there was a growing army behind that noble vanguard, Sumner, Phillips, Douglass, Garrison. He heard the names of Lucretia Mott and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and his heart swelled, for on the dim horizon he saw the first faint streaks of dawn.

So the years passed. Then from the surcharged clouds a flash of lightning broke, and there was the thunder of cannon and the rain of lead over the land. From his home in the North he watched the storm as it raged and wavered, now threatening the North with its awful power, now hanging dire and dreadful over the South. Then suddenly from out the fray came a voice like the trumpet tone of God to him: "Thou and thy brothers are free!" Free, free, with the freedom not cherished by the few alone, but for all that had been bound. Free, with the freedom not torn from the secret night, but open to the light of heaven.



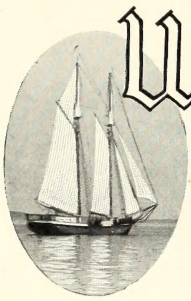
Paul Laurence Dunbar.

When the first call for colored soldiers came, Joshua Leckler hastened down to Boston, and enrolled himself among those who were willing to fight to maintain their freedom. On account of his ability to read and write and his general intelligence, he was soon made an orderly sergeant. His regiment had already taken part in an engagement before the public roster of this band of Uncle Sam's niggers, as they were called, fell into Mr. Leckler's hands. He ran his eye down the column of names. It stopped at that of Joshua Leckler, Sergeant, Company F. He handed the paper to Mrs. Leckler with his finger on the place.

"Mrs. Leckler," he said, "this is nothing less than a judgment on me for teaching a nigger to read and write. I disobeyed the law of my state and, as a result, not only lost my nigger, but furnished the Yankees with a smart officer to help them fight the South. Mrs. Leckler, I have sinned—and been punished. But I am content, Mrs. Leckler; it all came through my kindness of heart,—and your mistaken advice. But, oh, that ingrate, that ingrate!"

THE ROMANCE OF MOUNT DESERT

By Samuel A. Eliot



WE too often imagine that there is an absence of romance in the early history of our native land. There is a widespread notion that the local history of America is commonplace and prosaic, if not trivial. No mist of distance obscures the harsh outlines; no mirage of tradition lifts lives and events into importance. Literature and art and song have enhanced the charm of Old World scenes and themes, until our sense of the interest and witchery of nearer things has been dimmed. We need to shift our historical perspective and to realize that there is a charm in the records of our own past which is as entrancing as any in the annals of mankind. The hills and fields and islands of New England blossom with the sweet flowers of romance as richly as any meadows of Old World fame.

One cause for our feeling that America has a prosaic history is that we are wont to begin our historical observations with the permanent settlements of Europeans on these shores,—with Jamestown, Plymouth and Boston. We forget the years of discovery and exploration and of futile effort at colonization that antedate the ultimately successful enterprises. We make our history the record of merely material advance, and so the noise of axe and hammer drowns out the poetry. Is there not always more romance in brave endeavors that fail than in the equally brave endeavors that succeed? Shall we not do well to remind ourselves sometimes of the zeal and fortitude of the pioneers before the Pilgrims?

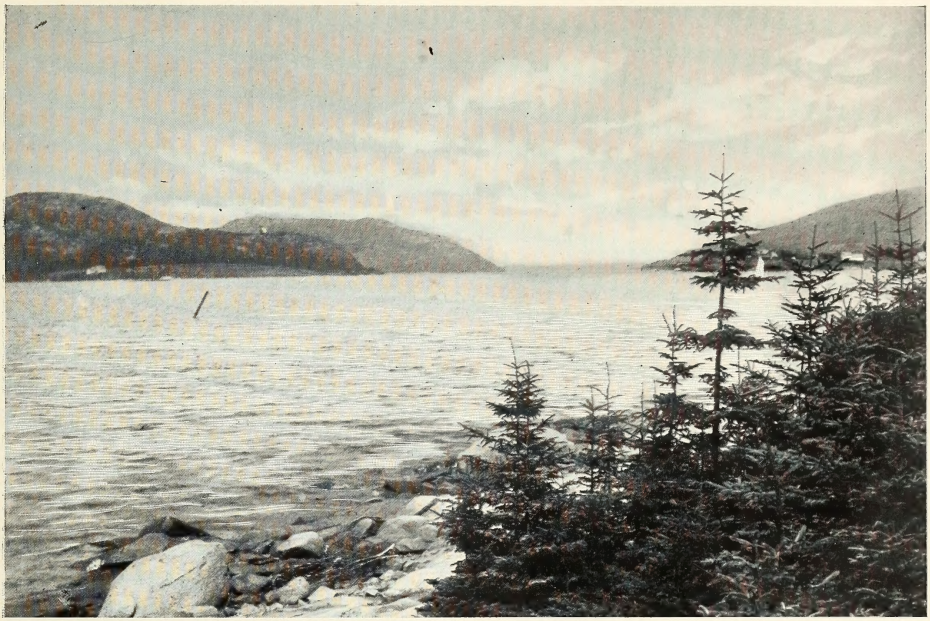
Again for the most part we inherit a purely English tradition of American history. We forget that the earliest settlements in America were not English, but Spanish and French; and there is somehow more poetry about the dashing courtiers of Philip II and Henry of Navarre, about the black-robed priests and their adventurous companions, than about our grim Puritan forefathers or the sturdy traders of New Netherlands. The oldest permanent settlement on our Atlantic coast, St. Augustine, is Spanish in its origin; and the two most interesting of the temporary settlements were made, the one by French Huguenots in Florida, and the other by French Jesuits in Maine. The ruthless bigotry of Spanish Catholics exterminated the Huguenots in Florida, and the violence of English Protestants dispersed the Jesuits at Mount Desert.

New England was called New France for fifty years before John Smith gave it its present name. Fifteen years before the *Mayflower* came to anchor in Plymouth Harbor, its waters had been sounded and its outlines mapped by an organized French colony seeking a permanent home. The Pilgrims, had they known it, might have bought ere they sailed, at the little shop of Jean Bergon in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais, at the sign of the Winged Horse, in Paris, a chart of Plymouth Harbor, remarkable for its accuracy and workmanship. Twenty-five years before John Win-

throp and his company landed on the peninsula where they planted Boston, Frenchmen had mapped the bay, described its features with surprising fidelity, and named its points and rivers.

It is not my purpose to speak of the exploits of the French voyagers and fishermen of the sixteenth century, for they only touched along our New England shores, and their courses cannot always be accurately traced.

The romantic story of the exploration of our hundred harbored New England coast really begins when a quaint little vessel, no larger than a fishing smack of to-day, glided one summer morning in 1604 under the frowning crags of the Grand Manan, and held its way up the river which marks to-day the boundary of Maine and New Brunswick. On board this little vessel was a strangely mingled company. The best and meanest of France were crowded there. There were nobles from the court of Henry IV and thieves from the Paris prisons; there were Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers; there were ruffians who were flying from justice, and there were young volunteers of high birth and character. The head of the expedition was Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, to whom King Henry IV had granted the title of lieutenant general in New France with vice-regal powers. De Monts was a Huguenot gentleman of good standing and proved ability who, led partly by hope of gain in the fur trade and partly by romantic spirit of adventure, had formed a company for the purpose of transatlantic colonization. In the ship with him were the Baron de Poutrincourt, the future founder of Port Royal, and the pilot Monsieur Samuel de Champlain. Another ship followed in command of one of the merchant adventurers, the Sieur du Pont Gravé. De Monts chose as a site for his projected colony an island which he called St. Croix—a name now borne by the river itself. The island commanded the river and was well suited for purposes of defence. The colonists landed, and with hardy industry



FERNALD'S POINT.

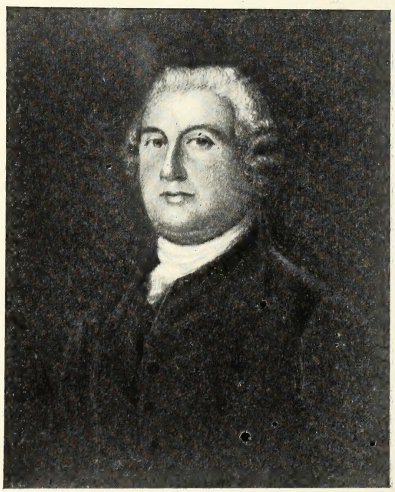


SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

cleared the woods, built a fort, mounted the cannon, set up rude shelters, and inclosed the whole with a palisade. There were workshops, a magazine, chapel and cemetery, and a big covered gallery for labor and amusement in the approaching winter. When their labors were well advanced the company parted. Poutrincourt and Pont Gravé took the ships and sailed for France to bring back reinforcements the succeeding spring. Seventy-nine men remained at St. Croix; and of these, early in September, Champlain took twelve, and together with two Indians, set out on a voyage of discovery in what he called a pattache,—which I take to be the longboat of one of the ships, or perhaps a rude craft that they had built on the island. Let me tell the story as far as it concerns Mount Desert in Champlain's own words, translated from the musty little quarto published in 1613.

Setting out from the mouth of the St. Croix and sailing westward along the coast, "we made the same day some twenty-five leagues and passed by many islands, reefs and rocks, which sometimes extend more than four leagues out to sea. The islands are covered with pines, firs and other trees of an inferior sort. Among the islands are many fine harbors, but undesirable for permanent settlement. The same day (September 5, 1604) we passed near to an island some four or five leagues long, in the neighborhood of which we just escaped being lost on a rock that was just awash and which made a hole in the bottom of our boat. From this island to the mainland on the north the distance is not more than a hundred paces. The island is high and notched in places so that from the sea it gives the appearance of a range of seven or eight mountains. The summits are all bare and rocky. The slopes are covered with pines, firs and birches. I named it Isle des Monts Desert."

Champlain then describes in detail the physical features of Penobscot Bay, which he makes to extend from Mount Desert on the east to Bedabedec, the present Owl's Head, on the west. With the scrupulous care that everywhere characterized his exploring work, he gives the necessary sailing direction for entering Penobscot River; and he sailed up the river to the point where the Kenduskeag enters it —where Bangor now stands—noting with enthusiasm the oak-covered river banks and the lovely stretches of meadow. Champlain had a genius for description, and his maps, defiant as they are of perspective, and liberally

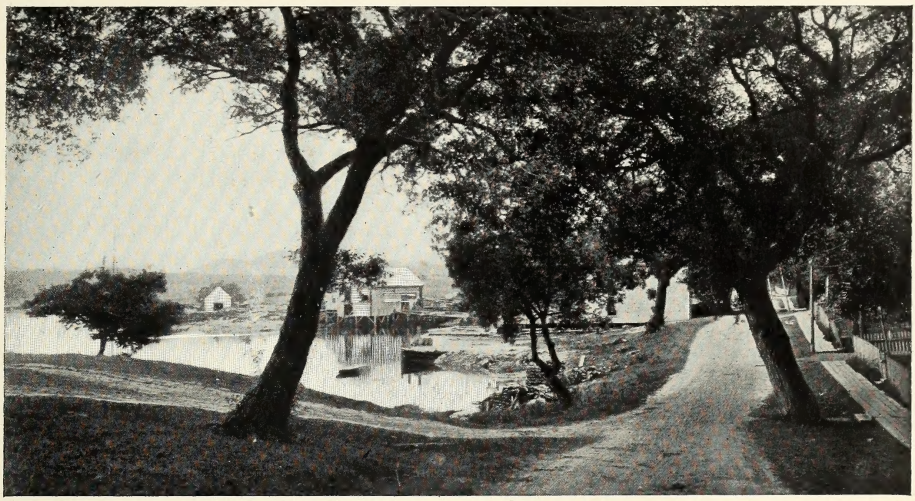


FRANCIS BERNARD.

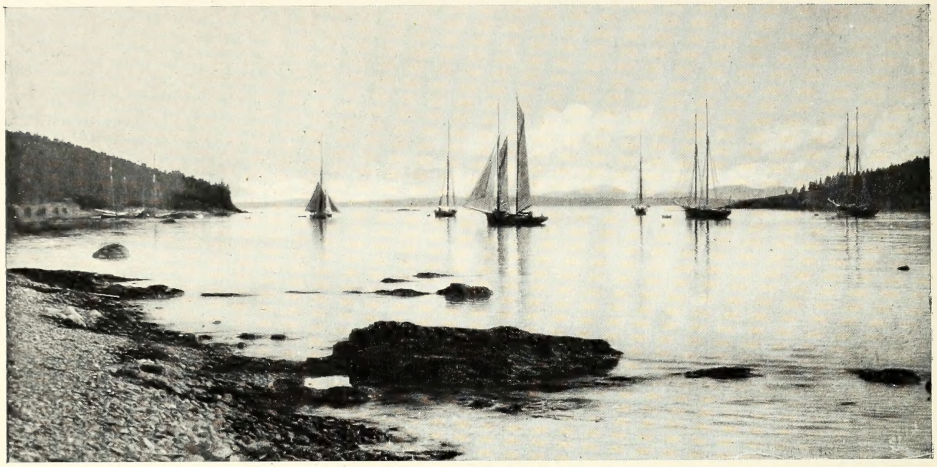
sprinkled with marine monsters, are wonderfully accurate when we consider that he made no surveys but judged only by his eye. On the seventeenth of September he descended the river, passed out by Owl's Head, and continued westward until close to the mouth of the Kennebec, where he was obliged to stop on account of bad weather and contrary winds. The provisions too were running low, so he ran back before the wind and arrived at St. Croix on the third of October, or just a month after he set out. When we consider what watchfulness it requires in these days of lighthouses, charts, coast pilots, buoys and beacons to navigate among the numberless islands and sunken ledges of that ragged and fog-haunted coast, what shall we say of the masterly seamanship and adventurous courage of the first pioneers?

I cannot here follow the adventures of these would-be colonists, nor describe the longer voyage of De Monts and Champlain in the succeeding summer, when they ranged along the coast, carefully exploring its bays and rivers as far as Nantucket Shoals. Their plans failed and the St. Croix colony collapsed, but the names of De Monts, Poutrincourt and Biencourt are dear to lovers of romantic daring, and the name of Champlain is writ large on this continent. With sword in one hand and cross in the other, he became the father of Canada, and his stalwart hand planted the Fleur de Lis on the rock of Quebec. Let us do homage to these half forgotten achievements, and gratefully remember the devout serenity and the blithe courage of our island's godfather.

After the failure of the St. Croix colony, De Monts's patent passed into the possession of the Baron de Poutrincourt, who with his gallant young son, Biencourt, afterwards the founder of New Orleans, maintained a precarious foothold at Port Royal in Nova Scotia. Meanwhile the party of the Jesuits was growing strong at the French court; and that society was not slow to perceive the possibilities of New France as a missionary field. Poutrincourt was commanded to invite the Jesuits to his colony, and Pierre Biard, professor of theology at Lyons, was named for the mission. His cause was taken up by Madame de Guerchville, a lady famous in the days of Henry IV alike for beauty and piety, who interested Queen Marie de Medici and other fine ladies in the enterprise. Fathers Biard and Masse



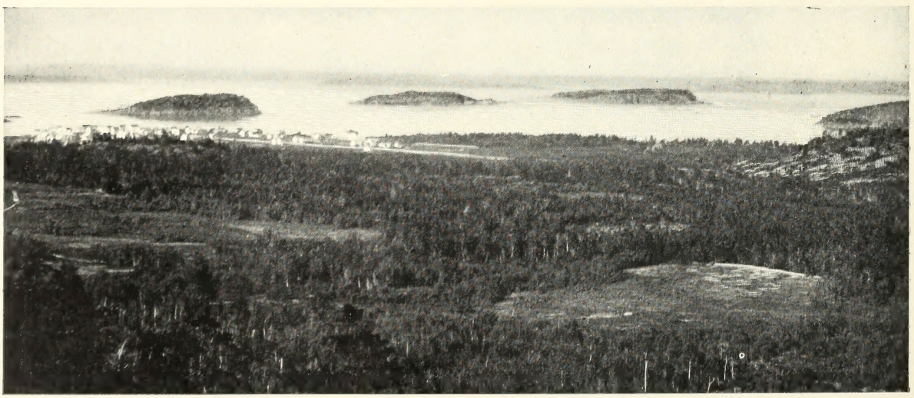
SOMESVILLE.



THE ENTRANCE TO BAR HARBOR.

were despatched to Port Royal early in 1611, and the next year a lay brother, Gilbert du Thet, came out with news that the whole of North America had been granted to Madame de Guerchville, excepting only the little seigniory of Port Royal, which was confirmed to the unfortunate Poutrincourt.

The next summer, Madame de Guerchville and her associates fitted out the ship *Jonas*, of which Charles Flory was master, with all the needed supplies, and appointed the Sieur de la Saussaye to be governor of their colony, in the name of the proprietors. Forty-eight persons, priests, artisans and laborers, constituted the colony. The ship sailed from Honfleur on March 12, 1613, and arrived at Port Royal on June 22. Here the colonists rested five days, and then, taking on board the priests who had preceded them, sailed for their destination. Father Biard had ranged the coast during the preceding summer in search of a site for the mission. He went as far as the Kennebec, and his narrative has many graphic descriptions of the Indians, whose souls he had come to save. It was agreed that the mission should be established at Kadesquit on the Penobscot; but hardly had the vessel cleared the Bay of Fundy when a dense fog shut down, and the voyagers drifted in great sus-



BAR HARBOR THIRTY YEARS AGO.

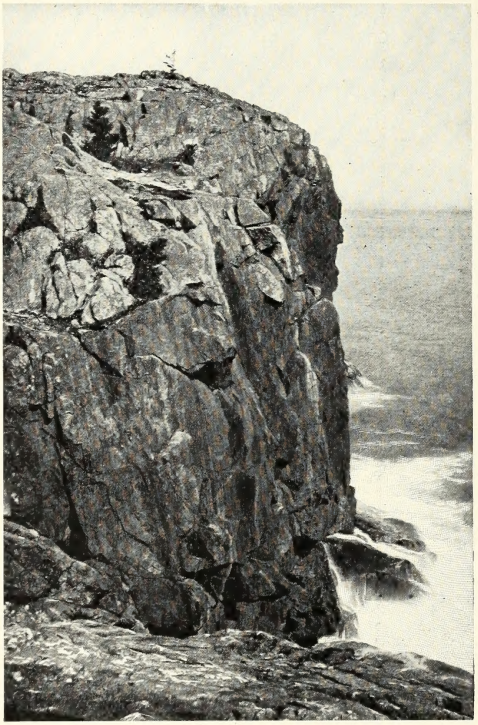
pense for two days. When the fog lifted, they found themselves close under the cliffs of Mount Desert, and they came to anchor off the east side of the island, apparently in the neighborhood of Bar Harbor. In consideration of their providential deliverance from the perils of the sea, they named the place St. Sauveur. There was no intention of remaining; but soon Indians came alongside, and Biard recognized them as some of those he had met on his first journey of exploration. These savages urged the colonists to establish themselves at Pemetic (Mount Desert), urging that it was "quite as good a place as Kadesquit"; but the Jesuits would not listen to them until they described how "Asticou, our sagamore, is sick unto death, and if you do not come to our village he will die without baptism and you will be the cause of his going to hell. He wishes to be baptized." No priest could withstand that appeal; so Father Biard and the interpreter and one other got into the Indian canoes and were paddled along under the dark cliffs of Newport Mount, by the surf beaten rocks of Schooner Head and Great Head, by fir clad points and islands, for three leagues, until they came to the village. Here they found that the illness of the chief was no more than a pretext by which the wily savages had induced them to view the spot where they wished the Jesuits to settle; and their device was abundantly successful. Father Biard describes the place as "a pretty sloping hillside rising gently from the water and with a spring on either side. It faces south and east, and there are twenty or more acres cleared of trees and bushes. The harbor is as safe as a pond, for it is sheltered by the larger island of Mount Desert, and also by other smaller islands which break the winds and waves and protect the entrance. There is no fleet for which it would not be sufficient, and vessels can discharge within a cable's length of the shore." This is a close description of the point at the entrance of Somes Sound which is now called Fernalds Point. The Indian village was just opposite on Manchester's Point. Biard decided to "stop there and seek no further"; and the leaders of the expedition were easily persuaded to agree with him. The *Jonas* was brought round and unloaded, and the colonists fell to work building houses and planting crops.



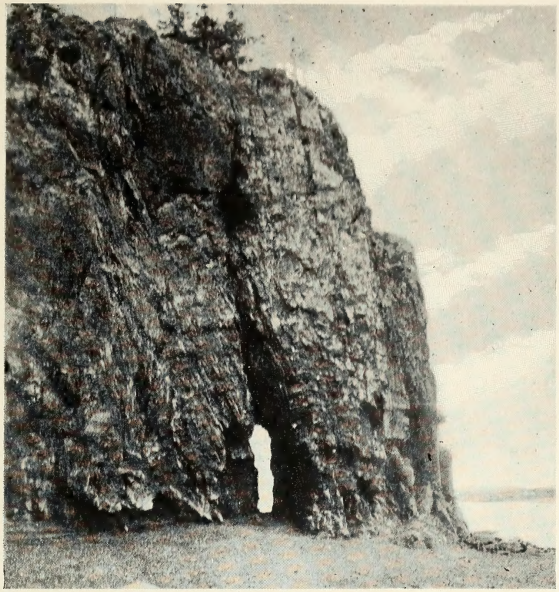
BAR HARBOR.

But the pious hopes of the originators of the enterprise and the activities of the pioneers were doomed to sudden and surprising extinction. Some Indians fishing in their canoes off the outer islands descried a vessel and, boarding her, made known to the captain that white men were building houses at Pemetic. Now the ship was the *Treasurer*, of Jamestown in Virginia, commanded by Samuel Argall, afterwards a knight and governor of Virginia, a rough, unscrupulous sailor, prompt in decision and ruthless in action. Argall guessed that the set-

tlers at Pemetic could be none other than Frenchmen; and though the two nations were at peace and no cause for hostilities existed, he remembered that King James the First had declared his lordship over all these coasts, and, in the true spirit of a reckless buccaneer, he decided that Frenchmen and Papists were interlopers who must be expelled. Detaining one of the Indians as an unwilling guide,—for too late did the savages discover that these white men were foes to their friends,—Argall set all sail, and soon was racing into the Western Way before the strong southwester, the British flag flying "and three drums and three trumpets making a furious noise." The French were utterly surprised. The pilot shoved off in the longboat to meet the incoming stranger, but, discovering the evident hostile intent, he hid behind Greening's Island. The mate and a dozen others tumbled aboard the *Jonas*, but they could do nothing for defence, nor could they escape, for the sails had all been unbent and rigged as an awning against the summer sun. The governor and most of the colonists stayed on shore. When the *Treasurer* came within range the English fired a volley, which the French in their consternation were unable to return, until Brother Gilbert du Thet, hearing Captain Flory order his men to fire, "took the match and caused our cannon to speak as loudly as the enemy's,"—only, as Father Biard adds in his narrative, "the misfortune was that he did not take aim; if he had done so there might have been something more than noise." The *Treasurer* ranged alongside of the *Jonas* and fired another volley, by which the brave young priest, Du Thet, was killed and the captain and three others were wounded. As the English boarded the ship, the French threw themselves into the rowboat or into the water and made for the beach. Two more were killed as they swam, while the French on shore, seeing the fate of their comrades, fled into the woods or up the crags of Flying Mountain. And now Argall proved himself as wily as he was unscrupulous. He realized that he had no legal justification for the attack; but on the *Jonas* he found the strong box of Governor de la Saussaye, and from this he took all the papers and credentials of the colonists. Gradually the French, finding nothing but starvation before them in the woods, came in and yielded themselves prisoners. La Saussaye was brought before Argall, who charged him with being a trespasser upon the territory of the king of England. This La Saussaye naturally denied and claimed his rights under the grants of the king



GREAT HEAD.



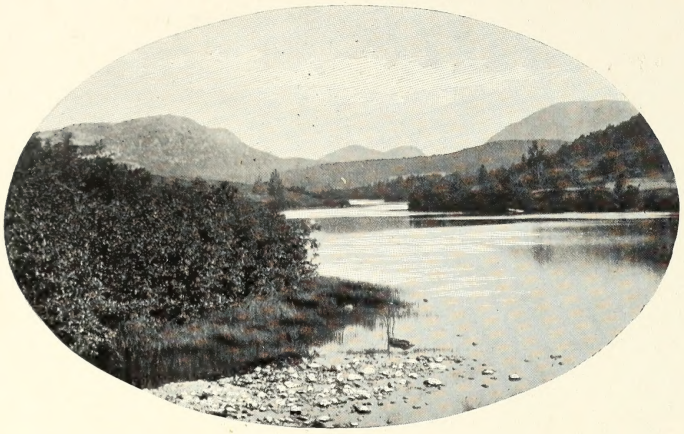
THE CATHEDRAL.

of France; but as he was unable to produce his commission he and his comrades were held as prisoners and the French ship and camp given to the pillage of the Virginia fishermen. The gifts of the French queen and the pious ladies who had founded St. Sauveur were quickly divided, the half-finished buildings were destroyed, and the prisoners, utterly subdued by misfortune and harsh treatment, were separated. La Saussaye and seventeen others were set adrift in an open boat, and were finally rescued by a French fisherman on the Banks. The rest, including the priests, were carried off to Virginia.

With the dispersion of the Mount Desert colony, the dream of Jesuit dominion on our coasts vanished forever; but still today, when the mists envelop the crags and hills of the enchanted island, the departed shades flit by, and feudal chiefs and black-robed priests and plumed warriors again people an untamed wilderness. In the chambers of imagery we see the unbroken wastes that greeted the bold explorers, the mountains silent in primeval sleep, and the untracked ocean mingling with the sky; and when the surf rolls on the rocky beach the rhythm sings of the poetry of those forgotten times, we hear the boom of the little cannon that the stout-hearted Jesuit fired at the advancing foe, and then the rattle of the volley that answered it; we hear the shouts of the warriors or the pattered Latin prayers of the learned professor of theology



BROWN MOUNTAIN ROAD.



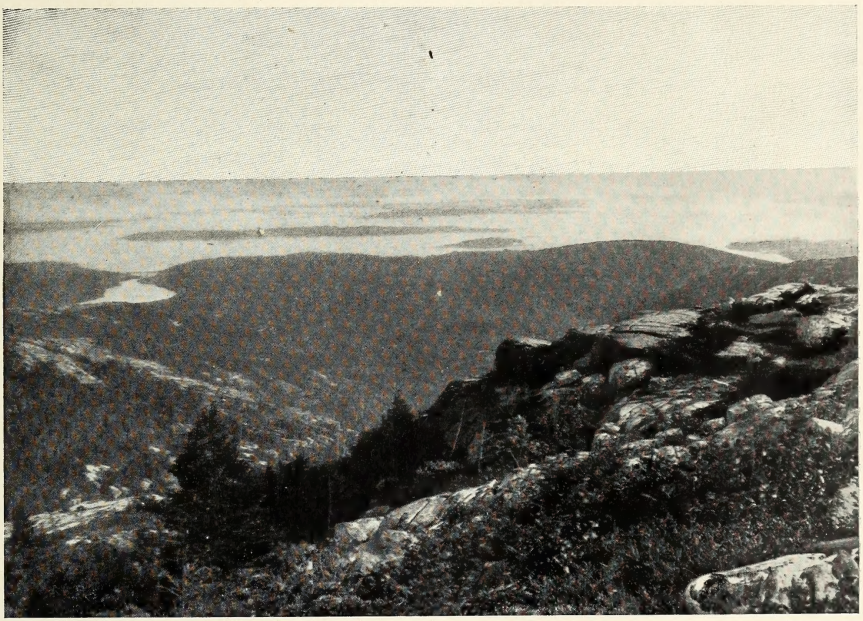
LONG POND.

who left the cloister to plant the cross under the shadow of desert mountains, and gather the savage hordes around it; and when the breakers dash themselves against the crags and fall back in defeat they repeat the story of tireless striving and baffled human endeavor.

A century and a half rolls between the dispersal of the Jesuit colony and the coming of the first permanent English settlers to Mount Desert; but the island does not wholly disappear from history. The great hills were landmarks that no sailor could miss, and many a voyager hailed them from the lonely sea. Captain John Smith on his voyage of 1614, though he did not sail to the eastward of Penobscot, saw the hills from afar and marked them on the eastern edge of his famous map of New England. The Boston colonists made their landfall at Mount Desert, or Mount Mansell as the English at that time called the island, and John Winthrop wrote in his journal on June 8, 1630, of the joy with which the weary travellers, after two months' battling with the sea in the little *Arbella*, saw the hills, and of the fragrance that came from spruce woods and of the "fair sunshine and so sweet and pleasant an air as did much refresh us." No permanent settlement was possible at Mount Desert, because the whole coast between St. Croix and Pemaquid was disputed territory. Frenchmen and Englishmen, Catholics and Protestants, wrangled over claims of sovereignty. Sir William Alexander held a patent from the king of England, while Charles de la Tour, a Huguenot, succeeded to the claims of Poutrincourt and Biencourt, and disputed his rights with varying fortune with his Catholic rival, D'Aulnay. But whether Mount Desert was in New England or in New France, its shores were untrodden save when the wandering Indians came for the spring fishing, or when some fishermen or traders from Boston or Port Royal stopped for wood and water.

Twice, however, in these years of silence the curtain lifts for a moment. In 1688 Sir Edmund Andros came to Penobscot in the frigate *Rose*, and he caused a census to be taken in May of that year of all "the inhabitants between Penobscot and St. Croix." This list of some thirty names, about half French and half English, was found preserved among the papers of Governor Hutchinson; and in it we read: "In Winsheage Bay on the eastern side of Mount Desert—Cadolick and wife." This was the Sieur Antoine de la Motte Cadillac, an adventurous young French officer, to whom Louis XIV had given a patent for Mount Desert and certain parts of the adjacent mainland. Cadillac afterwards, at the request of Frontenac, governor of Canada, wrote a report to the French minister on the condition of the colony, and this was presented in 1692. It is an interesting account not only of the scattered French settlements on the coast, but also of

New England. Cadillac had evidently lived at Mount Desert, which he briefly describes, mentioning that "it serves as an excellent landmark for ships from Europe bound either for Port Royal or Boston." "The harbor of Mount Desert," he adds, "is very good and very beautiful. There is no sea inside, and vessels lie as it were in a box. . . . Good masts may be got here, and the English used to come for them." The rest of the description is blind, but probably refers to the waters inside of the Cranberry Isles.



SOUTH FROM SARGENT'S MOUNTAIN.

Cadillac's name is identified with the history of three or four states. He was afterwards the founder of Detroit and the governor of Louisiana, and whenever he wished to give himself all his dignities he never failed to sign himself "Lord of Mount Desert and Donaquet."

The curtain lifts again for a moment when we read the instructions of the governors of Massachusetts to stout Benjamin Church, who five times led the yeomen of New England against the maurading eastern Indians. In the summer of 1696, Governor William Stoughton heard that the fort at Pemaquid had fallen and that "there was a French ship at Mount Desart that had taken a ship of ours." Church set out at once with his men in whaleboats and went as far as Mount Desert, but there "perceived all their rowing and travelling by land and water, night and day, to be in vain, the enemy having left those parts, as they judged, about eight or ten days before." Again in 1704, under orders from Joseph Dudley, Church's fifth expedition made Mount Desert its rendezvous; but no Frenchmen were found there, and the expedition proceeded eastward, destroying the homesteads of the wretched Acadians and breaking up the intercourse between the Indians and the French agents who incited them against the English border settlements.

Not until Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham forever destroyed French influence in North America, and put an end to the border warfares that had scourged New England for

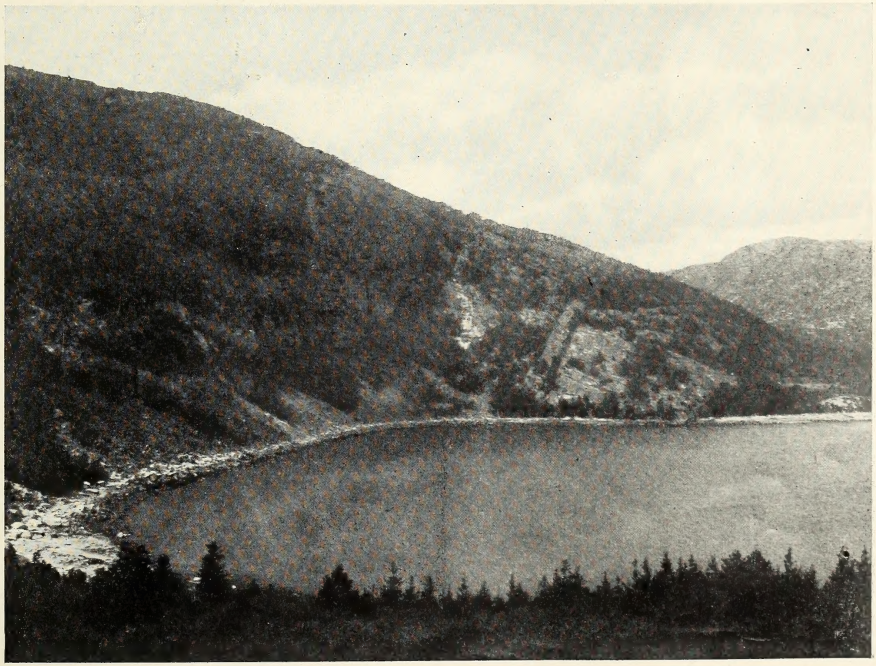


SOMES SOUND.

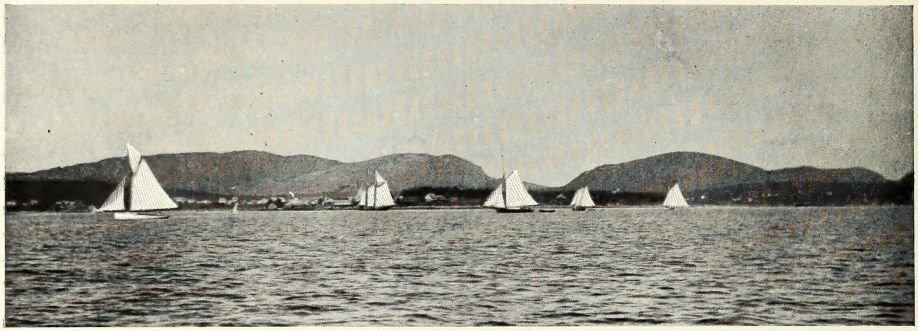
one hundred and twenty-five years, did English settlers venture beyond Casco Bay; but in the three years that followed the fall of Quebec a tide of immigration poured into eastern Maine. A whole fleet of sloops and little fishing vessels sailed from the Massachusetts shores, bringing a hardy race of settlers into every bay and harbor from Pemaquid to St. Croix. It was emphatically a family exodus, and its importance has not been realized by historians. It was the first of the great migrations which have by steady advances won the continent for English-speaking civilization; and it was the only migration that went eastward rather than westward. In the summers of 1760 and 1761 hundreds of men were hastening to Maine by every kind of craft that would float. The new free lands were an irresistible bait, the harbors were unequalled, the great woods promised inexhaustible supplies of timber, the waters teemed with fish, and the rushing streams gave power for grist and lumber mills. The men came in the first summer, chose a site for habitation and made a clearing. The next summer the family came, usually two or three families together, and lived in the vessels until the log houses were built. This is the story of the founding of all the shore towns east of Penobscot. The pioneer on Mount Desert was Abraham Somes, who came in the summer of 1761 from Gloucester in his Chebacco boat and cut a load of staves at the head of what is now Somes Sound. The next summer he brought his wife and children, and they spent the winter in the boat; and in 1763 they built the first house in Somesville. Their numerous descendants have always been among the leading citizens of the town. James Richardson, also from Gloucester, was the second settler, and his son George was the first white child born on the island. Soon grist and lumber mills were running on the streams that empty at the head of Somes Sound, and settlers came thick and fast. Young, Hamor, Bunker, Higgins, Salisbury, Hull, Manchester, Hadlock, Knowles, Lynam, Gott, Freeman, Smalledge, Sargent, Stanley and Wasgatt—these are names that appear very early in the records and that still flourish.

Meanwhile the gentry of Massa-

chusetts were not blind to the opportunity of speculation in eastern lands; and another dramatic figure crosses the stage in the person of Sir Francis Bernard, provincial governor of Massachusetts. In 1762 Bernard obtained from the General Court "for extraordinary services" a grant of the island of Mount Desert, and this grant was subsequently confirmed by the crown. The governor journeyed down to his new estate, accompanied by a considerable suite, including two surveyors, John Jones of Dedham and Barachias Mason of Medfield. The maps and field-books of these two gentlemen are still in existence. They started at Southwest Harbor and travelled in opposite directions, making note of the distances and of the character and quality of the soil and timber. Governor Bernard's papers, preserved in the Harvard Library, contain careful instructions for the laying out of a town site at Southwest Harbor, and from later documents and deeds it is evident that he built several buildings; but the political troubles of the time interfered with his plans. Bernard was a country gentleman, an Oxford graduate and a devoted loyalist. He roused the ire of the Massachusetts patriots by the enforcement of the Stamp Act, by the seizure of John Hancock's sloop and by summoning the British regiments to Boston. It is a curious illustration of orderly rebellion when we picture to ourselves the Boston town meeting of June 14, 1768, where a committee of twenty-one was appointed to wait on the governor and protest against his measures, and when a procession of eleven chaises carried the members of the committee to the governor's beautiful place on the bank of Jamaica Pond, where they drank his wine and listened to pledges which the governor had no intention of keeping. The next year Bernard was recalled to England, and the church bells rang and the cannon roared for joy on the day he embarked. He died in England in 1779, and in his will devised

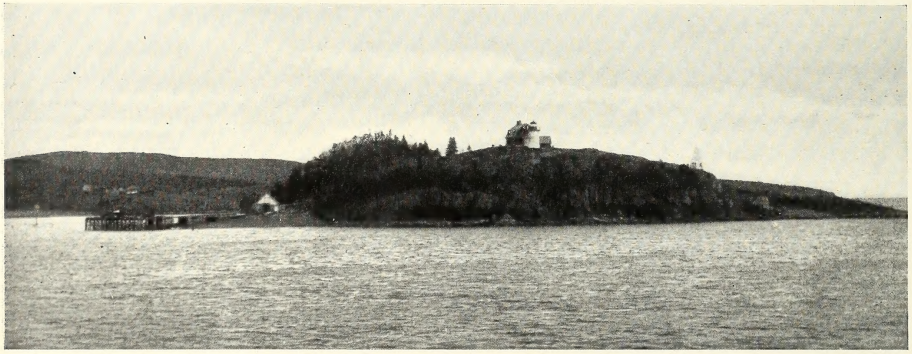


VALLEY COVE, SOMES SOUND.

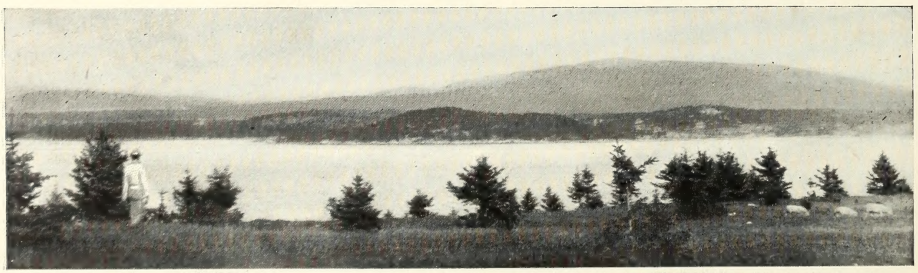


SOUTHWEST HARBOR.

Mount Desert to trustees for the use of his son John Bernard. But all his American estates had already been confiscated, and young John Bernard had a weary time of it in endeavoring to secure his rights. In 1785 he petitioned the General Court for permission to take possession of Mount Desert, and as his petition was accompanied by a certificate signed "by many respectable persons" to the effect that young Bernard was not implicated in his father's toryism, and was a decent fellow, and ought not to be made to suffer for his father's political opinions, the legislature by resolve of June 23, 1785, gave to John Bernard an undivided half of the island, due regard being paid to the rights of the existing inhabitants. Bernard did not settle on his grant, but returned to England in the year following the passage of the resolution in his favor, and he figures in history



BEAR ISLAND.

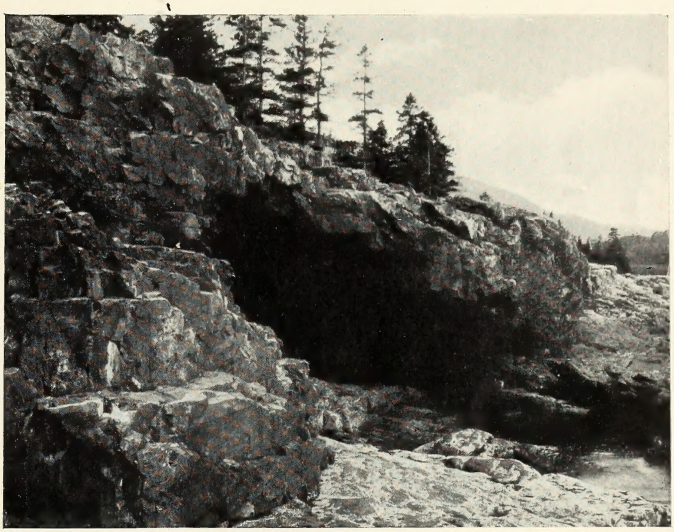


WESTERN MOUNTAIN.

as a colonial governor in Barbadoes and St. Vincent, dying in 1809.

Meanwhile still another claimant for a share in the possession of the enchanted isle appeared. In the year after the Bernard grant, a petition was made to the General Court of Massachusetts by Monsieur Bartolemy de Gregoire and his wife Maria Theresa. These were French emigrants, who brought letters from Lafayette and presented a claim to Mount Desert on the ground of the old French grant to Cadillac, Madame de Gregoire being the granddaughter of that adventurer. Of course this claim had not the slightest legal force; but the eastern lands were not held at a high value, and the utmost good feeling prevailed in America toward our late allies, the French, so "without nice scrutiny," as the historian says, the legislature proceeded to give to the Gregoires all the land of Mount Desert which remained the property of the Commonwealth. In the next year, in order that the title might be valid, De Gregoire, his wife and their children, Pierre, Nicholas and Marie, were naturalized; and in 1788, in response to another petition of the exiles, a survey was undertaken, which, after many delays, finally set aside the half of the island to the east of Somes Sound to the Gregoires and the western half to Sir John Bernard. By strange and dramatic fortune, therefore, the most picturesque and romantic island on our coast was at the end of the last century owned, except for the clearings of the hardy settlers, half by the son of a Tory provincial governor and half by the granddaughter of a French Canadian seigneur.

Both owners were poor, and at once heavily mortgaged their new estates. Bernard's half passed quickly into the hands of his creditors, though there is no record of the foreclosure of the mortgage; and among the various owners or administrators of the property we find the good Boston names of Russell, Lowell, Sullivan and Boylston. De Gregoire's property also came ultimately to his creditors, and the remaining lands were finally bought by the owner of many thousands of acres in eastern Maine, William Bingham of Philadelphia, from whose heirs many of the present summer residents of Mount Desert derive the titles to their estates. The De Gregoires lived at Hull's Cove above Bar Harbor, where they built a house and mill. The parents are buried there in the little graveyard; the children returned to France about 1810.

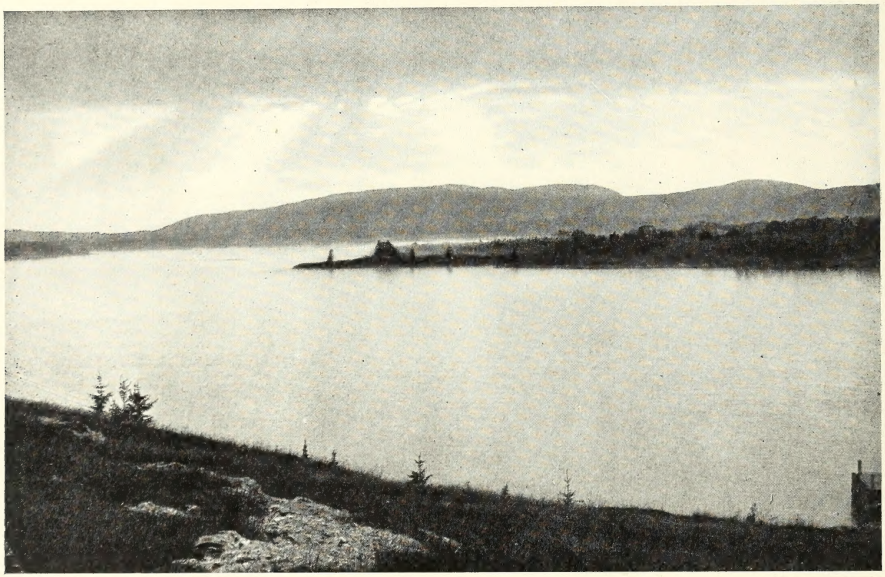


ANEMONE CAVE.

The story of the island for the next fifty years is uneventful. The population steadily increased, and was composed of seafaring folk, thrifty, self-reliant, producing at home all the

necessities of life. The town of Mount Desert was incorporated in 1789. Seven years later the northeastern part of the island was set off as the town of Eden, and in 1848 the southwestern part was set off as Mansell, changed in the same year to Tremont. It was not till about 1860 that the charm of the scenery of Mount Desert began to be talked about. Wandering artists, or parties of college students on a vacation, had discovered the beauty of the bays and islands and the grandeur of the desert mountains. "Westerners," as the local speech denominated the inhabitants of Boston or Philadelphia.

Bar Harbor has passed through the evolution of most popular American summer resorts. At first it was a primitive place, and those who lived at the hotels and boarding houses of the decade beginning in 1865 had to exist largely on climate and scenery. The village was an unkempt agglomeration of wooden shanties, and the life of the "rusticators" was altogether of an out-of-door character,



CADILLAC'S "HARBOR OF MOUNT DESERT."

Whittier and Weiss sang of the island legends and of the rude vigor of the landscape, while Church and Brown and Hart painted the crags of Great Head or the iron-bound and surf-beaten islands of Frenchman's Bay. At first, Southwest Harbor was the more popular resort; but when in 1868 Captain Charles Deering began to make landings with the steamer *Lewiston* at Bar Harbor, the exquisite beauty of its position, backed by the mountains and looking out on the island-gemmed bay and across to the Gouldsboro' hills, soon made that village the summer home of many easy-going as to costume and informal as to manners and customs. Gradually, following slowly the increasing demand for comforts, the hotels grew larger, and the bill of fare took on novelties. The decade from 1875 to 1885 was the period of the prosperity of the hotel life. The "Fish Pond" at Rodicks was famous all over the country, and the name of Bar Harbor was synonymous with a gay, unconventional existence, with merry courtships and happy, irresponsible days. The first cottage was built in 1867, and other simple homes for summer occupancy followed; but not till about

twenty years ago did the rapid change from hotel to cottage life begin. Then the value of land rose by the hundred per cent, superb houses began to be built, streets were laid out, sewers constructed, water and electric lights introduced, clubs organized, and smooth lawns painfully developed from the rocky pastures and steep hillsides. In ten years the whole social life and atmosphere of the rapidly increasing summer colony was transformed. Now the great hotels stand empty and desolate, though some of the smaller inns maintain a prosperous existence. Luxury has replaced the earlier rudeness of board and lodging, and "the season" at Bar Harbor is a matter of teas, dinner dances, musicales, yachting parties and balls, in the place of hops, buckboard rides and picnics.

Mount Desert is so far away from Boston and New York that it is conspicuously the summer home of city people who are not bound to frequent visits to "the office." The summer colony is thus largely recruited from the ministers of city churches, from college officers and professors, and from wealthy families who find refreshment and delight in the unequalled charms of sea and sky and mountain. In the connected but still somewhat distinct groups of cottages which dot the shore all the way from the Ovens to Southwest Harbor, the summer visitor can always find congenial friends; while for those who seek the peace of contact with nature in its most beautiful aspects and the delights of out-of-door life, the great hills still invite to broad views over land and sea and to the solitude of a wilderness, while at their feet the sunny waters offer abundant opportunity for sailing and canoeing. To the beauty of the landscape the romance of the island's historic past adds human interest and poetic charm.

THE DRAGON OF THE EAST.

By John Gwynne.

IN Asia's steppes wide-stretching,
Afar in the hoary East,
The yellow dragon sleepeth;—
Wake not the bloody beast.
In the ages long forgotten
His foot our threshold pressed;
He slew his tens of thousands
In the gateways of the West.

In Himalayan valleys,
On India's river plains,
Treacherous in sullen silence,
The tiger wears his chains.
Once hath he burst his fetters,
And still the strife would wage;
Lo, dread the demon's waking,
Beware the tiger's rage.

Ye kings that lust for conquest,
Ye men that lust for gold,
Turn back from the lair of the dragon
Ere his coils of death unfold;
For his progeny—the myriad—
A countless, bloody swarm,
One day may sweep the nations
As the steppes are swept by storm.

Ye force your rule upon him,
Ye earn his sullen hate,
Then arm him with your weapons,
And make him strong and great.
He learns to wield your engines,
He learns the art to fight,
Ye scorn his wit and valor
In the heyday of your might.

Ye drag him forth from slumber;
He cannot choose but learn;
Ye loose his bonds of darkness,
And dream he will not turn.
When he shall know his power,
And learn to wield his might,
Beware lest the dragon swallow
The world in rayless night.

Despise them not, ye nations,—
The yellow dragon's brood;
Beneath their sullen yielding
Hate smolders unsubdued;
For the hour of your weakness
They are treasuring up their wrath;
Your mighty works may perish
In the Mongol's bloody path.

Think ye to last forever—
The final birth of time?
Go, look on Egypt's ruins,
And think upon her prime.
They too despised night's children,
Did Egypt, Greece and Rome;
Yet the Vandal fed his charger
Beneath the Senate's dome.

Ye are storing up destruction;
Ye cloak with lies your greed;
Ye preach the law of mercy,
And act the devil's creed.
Ye'll wake at last the dragon,
Ye'll loose the cyclone's breath,
And leave your children's children
The heritage of death.

AN INTERRUPTED JOURNEY.

By May Bolton Peck.

THE Dover stage, in passing through Fairlee village, picked up a passenger, an elderly woman with an old-fashioned Stella shawl pinned carefully about her ample shoulders and a tiny bonnet, gorgeous with purple pansies, perched far back upon her smoothly brushed hair. The stage was empty of passengers until she clambered into the seat behind the driver and spread out her bundles and extra wraps over such part of the cushion as she did not herself fill. She gave a sigh of perfect contentment, snuggled herself against the high back, and with a broad smile of satisfaction said good-by to the family assembled to see her departure.

"I shall stay till my visit is made out, if it takes a fortnight," she announced. "I've got to make up for lots of lost time, and it'll be a good chance for Emma to see what sort of a housekeeper she can be, with Sarah Lombard and her advice right in the house to fall back on any time. Sarah's sure to be here by dinner time,—and you mustn't forget to ask her, Hiram, for something to try on your lame back. Sarah's always picking up new ideas, and sometimes they're real good ones. Be sure to keep an eye on that web of cloth that's bleaching, Emma; and if Mrs. Edmund's children come over, don't let them go up garret."

She twisted herself about on the seat to call over her shoulder the last injunction, while the heavy wagon jolted down into the sandy highway. Mr. Brisbane was a patient man, but he felt that he ought to give no more of the government's time to reiterated instructions and leave-takings.

The first half mile out from Fairlee is down a steep hill, a succession of sharp terraces; and Mr. Brisbane barely exchanged greetings with the large woman before his whole attention was absorbed by the brakes and the lumbering horses. When the last pitch in the road was passed, he loosened the reins and released the brakes, and they rattled down a long gentle slope in a cloud of dust dense enough almost to hide from view a flock of hens and chickens, revealed by squawks of fright as they scrambled across under the horses' noses.

"I run over them chickens of Joe Green's every day," remarked Mr. Brisbane, turning back to address his passenger. "I believe if I was to go by at midnight they'd be waiting to be scared out of their wits. Regular landmark to me, they be. But it seems to me, Mrs. Morse, that I haven't seen much of you, late years. You and me used to be great travelling companions. You used to go down to your sister Betsy's in Dover three or four times a year; but I don't believe I've taken you down there for three or four years."

"It's more than four years; it's six years this summer since I've been away from home to go by stage," said the woman, chuckling as over some huge joke. She was in the highest spirits and bubbling over with pleasurable excitement. "But I guess you will see me pretty regular again from now on."

"Was it sickness kept you to home?" he asked with evident interest.

She shook her head. "No, it was

the children. Six years ago they was pretty small and had to go when I did, you remember. I couldn't leave them behind, and I made up my mind that two youngsters were more bother than profit in visiting, so I gave up going about much."

"Sho, now!" ejaculated the man, "I don't believe your friends approved of that. You was dreadful good company, and I often said to my wife, 'Susan, if you'd only smart up some and go about sociable-like, as Mrs. Morse up in Fairlee does, you'd get considerable more comfort out of living.' No reason why she shouldn't; she has to make up work to keep herself busy; she's made rugs till there isn't a spot in the whole house that isn't cluttered up with them; and I've known her to take clean sheets out of the bureau drawers to put into the wash tub, so's to have a washing big enough to seem respectable to her."

Mr. Brisbane laughed silently over his wife's weaknesses, and Mrs. Morse joined in heartily from behind. Then he continued: "At any rate I'm mighty glad to see you again. Only yesterday I was thinking about you and the other folks I'd got to depending on for company, who'd sort of dropped off. There was old Uncle Silas Bent, who went back and forth between his son's house at the Corners and his daughter's down to East Fairlee. He couldn't stay more than a month in either place before something would happen that he couldn't put up with nohow, so he'd start without so much as saying good-by and go to his other home. He was a dreadful cantankerous old fellow to live with, I suppose, but amusing enough to ride with for a few miles. He had a shock a couple of years ago, when he was at Joseph Bent's, and had to stay there till he died, nearly a year after. It must have been a great affliction to him to be tied down to one spot."

The horses pulled up and stopped of their own accord at an iron kettle brimming over with clear spring water. Their driver climbed over the wheel to loosen the check-rein, and as he stood waiting for the thirsty animals to drink he looked up at Mrs. Morse. On her plump face the mirth had been replaced by a more serious expression, and she turned herself ponderously on the seat to look back along the road they had come.

"I thought maybe there might be a team coming behind us," she said apologetically, settling again into a comfortable position. "This is as lonesome a place as I know of. There isn't a roof of any sort in sight anywhere. I don't myself care for scenery that hasn't a house in it somewhere. The painter that boarded with Mrs. Marks last June made a picture of the old kettle and the weeds around it and that clump of bushes," —bobbing her head to indicate the thicket she referred to;—"but I didn't admire it much; it wasn't near as good as some houses in the village he painted; they were almost as good as photographs." Then she suddenly took up the topic that had been interrupted by the halt at the watering place. "Mrs. Hannah Grant was one of your regulars, wasn't she? Seemed sometimes as if she was always on the stage when I was going anywhere. You couldn't exactly call her good company, she was so dreadful still,—never had a word to say for herself. But you probably missed her considerable at first when she went off out to Wisconsin." Her eyes caught sight of a blackberry bush on the opposite side of the road and she changed the subject again. "My! just look at those berries over the wall there. If I wasn't so clumsy I'd be out of this wagon in a minute. I can't never see a berry growing that my mouth don't water for it."

"If you'll hold the lines, so the horses won't start up and leave me when they get through drinking, I'll see if I can't get them for you. Have you a cup or something I can pick them into?"

Mrs. Morse produced a tin cup from some one of her bundles and then watched with approval as the stage driver climbed stiffly over the loose stones of the half ruined wall. While he picked the big berries and dropped them into the tin cup he answered the question Mrs. Morse had asked a minute before.

"Mrs. Grant rode with me oftener than anybody else. She certainly wasn't much livelier than a cedar post, but she wasn't any one's fool, and she was a mighty good cook. The sight of that old brown wicker basket of hers affected my mouth about the same as you say berries do yours. She would pass her victuals around to everybody in the stage, strangers and all, before she began eating her own lunch. My wife used to say when I brought home my own lunch pretty much as it was when I left home, 'Guess Aunt Hannah's been riding out to-day!' Yes, I surely was sorry to have her go away to live with Mary Alice. Do your remember the fried turnovers she made? My wife's tried over and over again to make them so they'd taste like hers, but she hasn't succeeded yet."

There was small danger that the fat gray horses would voluntarily resume their journey. They made of the watering place an excuse for resting, alternately dabbling their noses in the cool water and splashing it over the edges of the kettle after their thirst had been satisfied, until they realized that this customary stop was being prolonged far beyond its ordinary limits. Then as they showed an inclination to seek for more solid refreshments in the tempting bushes along the way, Mrs. Morse reined them back into the road, guided them into the shade of an apple tree that leaned crookedly over the bounding fence of an orchard, and there stopped them to wait. She was too far from the blackberry bush for further talk, and, thrown upon her own resources for a few minutes, she became aware of an unmistakable depression of spirits. The play of shadows on the white dust of the road brought her a vision of the dance of shadowy grapevine leaves on her well scrubbed kitchen floor. It was very odd that she should have an almost irresistible desire to see the room in which she spent most of her waking hours; she had been so delighted at leaving it for a week,—and now in less than an hour from her departure she was seized with a silly longing to get back to its stifling atmosphere.

"I'm surely growing into a big baby!" she muttered angrily; "but I've got the pleasantest kitchen in Fairlee," she added in self-justification, "and Betsy's is certainly a dreary, tucked up little place; it can't hold a candle to mine! To be sure she has a sitting room that's nice enough, and that's where we shall do most of our visiting; but give me a good, big, sunny living room like mine, and all the sitting rooms in the world may go begging for all of me!"

She was distinctly thankful to see Mr. Brisbane hurrying towards the wagon. "I stopped longer than I calculated," he gasped, out of breath, handing over the wheel the cup heaped with berries; "but I guess we can make up the time going up the hill; the horses have rested so long they won't need another breathing spell before we get to the top."

Mrs. Morse hastened to find relief from her troubled thoughts in a renewal of gossip. As soon as the horses had been urged into motion she began, "Ann Watson is dead too. She depended on you considerable, didn't she?"

"Yes, she went everywhere there was any sickness. I always knew when I turned the corner just before I got to her house and saw that big bag of hers setting up on the gate post, as a sign to me to stop, that some one was took sick and she'd been sent for."

"Ann was a good hand to have about at such times," Mrs. Morse re-

marked,—"a little dispiriting for ordinary occasions, but dreadful capable in emergencies. The country suffered a great loss when she died, for there don't seem to be no one to replace her. Sarah Lombard might do as well if she was as reliable. We always knew when we sent for Ann that she'd come if she could crawl and wasn't helping some other afflicted family. But Sarah is peculiar. She has spells when she won't stir out for nobody; 'wants to realize she's got a home of her own and isn't beholden to nobody,' she says. I hope to goodness she hasn't got one of them attacks to-day; for if she has, the promise she made a week ago to help Emma out while I'm in Dover won't count for nothing!"

"Oh, well, I guess there's no cause for you to worry over that," said Mr. Brisbane soothingly. He had noticed the tone of alarm in the woman's voice. "I saw Sarah yesterday at the Corner post office, and she seemed real smart and chipper. She never has them cranky notions except when she's a little under the weather."

Mrs. Morse was too much crushed by the fear of such a catastrophe added suddenly to the burden of homesickness that was weighing more heavily each moment to make any reply to this attempt at reassurance. She acknowledged to herself that it was absurd to let the thought of Sarah's occasional whims alarm her now that she was actually started on her pleasure trip, while in the week since the agreement had been made she had felt no uneasiness. When she was in the midst of her preparations for this visit, if it had been suggested that Sarah might fail her, the knowledge that her daughter was quite capable of managing the household affairs unaided would have prevented any change in her plans. She had said more than once, "It isn't really necessary to have any one come to help Emma. I shall leave things so the work won't be much, and if anybody should be took sick Emma has lots of common sense,—as much as Sarah has, I honestly believe,—and the neighbors are all so kind they'd help her out till I could get home."

The hill that rose above the watering-place was long and steep; the road zigzagged up its wooded sides, increasing the distance, but lightening the labor of the ascent. The stage horses, accustomed to occasional halts during the long pull, to-day needed particular attention to keep them steadily at their work. The time lost in blackberrying must be made up here, or the postmistress at East Fairlee would be wondering and exclaiming over the tardy appearance of the mail carrier; and there was danger even of a late arrival at the end of the route in Dover.

The progress was so slow that Mr. Brisbane's fund of patience ran very low; but to the woman sitting behind him the trees and bushes beside the road were rushing past with unexampled swiftness. Every step placed between her and Fairlee village to her excited fancy seemed at the very least a mile. She had ceased to think and to reason with herself,—she simply endured; her misery was too intense for conscious thought. As they neared the crest of the hill she began to gather her bundles into a compact pile at the end of her seat; the big black valise that held the more bulky of her belongings she wedged securely among the mail bags upon the floor of the wagon. She hardly knew what she was planning to do, but she felt the absolute necessity for some action that would bring relief.

The horses pulled their load over the last water-bar, and on the summit were at last allowed to stop for a brief rest. Mr. Brisbane turned himself about and pointed with his whip in the direction from which they had come.

"There is the last we shall see of Fairlee to-day. When we go down this hill it shuts out everything behind it. It's the hardest hill on my

line; and I always feel as if I was most through to Dover when I get to the top here. I always said Fairlee was the prettiest village in this part of the state. Makes a regular picture, don't it? It's a good three miles off, but it don't look that far."

Mrs. Morse gazed at the distant village as if she thought it her last earthly glimpse of home. There was not much to see,—two church spires, a mass of trees, and a roof or two visible through rifts in the greenery. Then she rose from her seat and before the bewildered eyes of the stage driver clambered painfully over the wagon box to the wheel and dropped heavily to the ground. Without a word of explanation she reached up and gathered into her arms the bundles she had piled together on the end of the wagon seat, and would have started on her return journey in this speechless manner; but the man found his voice to call after her before she had taken many steps.

"Well, for the land's sake, Mrs. Morse, whatever are you going to do! I should most think you was crazy if I didn't know you had a good head on your shoulders."

"I'm going back home," she declared. "I'm frightened most to death for fear Sarah Lombard's got one of her spells to-day. Anyway I feel it borne in on me that something dreadful is going to happen unless I can get home. I never felt that way before, and I'm not going to fly in the face of Providence when I'm warned so powerfully. I'll carry my small traps, and you can bring back my bag when you come through Fairlee."

The day was very warm, and Mrs. Morse was a woman of ponderous frame. She was not accustomed to outdoor exercise; a few steps along the village street ordinarily rendered her breathless; but she set out on the three miles' tramp through the deep sand of the country road as happily as if it were purely a pleasure excursion,—as, in fact, it was.

The suffocating load of misery was gone, now that she was started for Fairlee. Her spirits were as light as air and her body had lost the weariness that age and an overbundance of flesh had given it. She did not care in the least for the astonishment of her family when they should see her plodding back ignominiously, nor for the teasing she would have to endure for the rest of her life from her husband, who might be relied upon to make the most of this opportunity for laughing at his sensible wife. The one thing in all the world which she wanted she would attain before nightfall; she would be once more in the Morse kitchen. She trudged cheerfully along, and Mr. Brisbane sat and watched her, too completely dazed to protest, expostulate or even exclaim. She went around a turn in the road, and only a thin cloud of dust curling above the roadside bushes marked her heavy-footed progress. Then the stage driver pursed up his lips as if for a whistle, though no sound came, gathered up the reins, and continued his journey to Dover.

HOMESICKNESS.

By Emery Pottle.

A PLAINTIVE cry of some home-turning bird;
The sting of rain across my face;
Long hissing curves of foam that lash the sand
And, reeling, break with sullen grace;
Against the sky, a lonely trail of smoke—
Gray mem'ry of a ship gone out
To meet the mist;—
A day that haunts my heart
With burned out dreams and hopeless doubt.
Ah! well, dear heart, thou didst forget,
And I, poor fool,—am loyal yet!

THE WORK OF FRANCIS PARKMAN.

By George Stewart.

THOUGH my personal acquaintance with Francis Parkman only began in the autumn of 1869, I had known him some years earlier by correspondence, he having asked me to secure for him some data regarding the Acadians of New Brunswick. We met at the inauguration of Charles W. Eliot as president of Harvard University, on the nineteenth of October. The function had attracted many of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of this country. Among the strong personalities present, none, to my mind, was more striking than that of the historian of France in the New World. His figure, tall and commanding, was spare. Lameness, which often interrupted his walks, had given him a slight stoop. His face was clean shaven and intellectual, and no one could look upon his brow without feeling impressed by its high mental character and energy. He was somewhat shy, and his natural reserve, which strangers sometimes mistook for hauteur, disappeared as acquaintance ripened. He lived in summer at his beautiful home on the shore of Jamaica Pond, where he had a study, and cultivated to perfection the rose and the lily, in which occupation he took keen delight. His estate was within easy distance of the Motley mansion, while his winter home was in Chestnut Street, Boston, not far from the residence of Prescott, on Beacon Street. Here he lived with his sister.

Francis Parkman could boast of a long line of ancestors distinguished in scholarship and social position. His great-grandfather was the Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, a Congregational minister of eminence in his day, and a Harvard man whose name stood high on the rolls of the college, from which hall of learning he was graduated in 1754. His grandfather, Samuel Parkman, was a famous merchant of Boston, and his father, the Rev. Francis Parkman, was a Unitarian minister of prominence, an author of repute, and the founder of the Parkman Professorship in the Cambridge Theological

School. On his mother's side he was descended from the Rev. John Cotton. Young Parkman was born in Boston on the twenty-third of September, 1823. He was carefully educated, and went to Harvard in 1840. His relatives designed him for the law, and he took up that study for two years, but, tiring of it, he sought recreation in travel. From his youth he was a fond lover of nature and outdoor life. He read much about the Indian tribes of the great West, whose lives proved such a fascination for him that he resolved to live among them for a time, and so become acquainted with their customs and methods. Physically he was frail, and a fall in the gymnasium obliged him to relinquish his studies for a while. He was sent to Europe, where he visited Gibraltar and Malta and other points along the Mediterranean, but returned home in season to be present at the closing exercises of his college class.

In 1846 Parkman joined his cousin, Quincy Adams Shaw, and the two friends started off on their memorable journey across the plains, the story of which is so well set down in the picturesque "Oregon Trail," dedicated to his kinsman, "the comrade of a summer, the friend of a lifetime." This was our author's first book, and its success encouraged him to plan out his brilliant series of historical works, which began with "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," and closed with "A Half-Century of Conflict." The "Oregon Trail" was first published as a series of papers of travel, in the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, then in the skilful hands of Lewis Gaylord Clark. The author and his friend lived among the red men of the prairie and Rocky Mountains, hunted with them, feasted with them at their great feasts, and experienced the same hardships and trials which their hosts endured. All these things were undergone that Parkman might familiarize himself with the habits and characteristics of the people whom he meant to present as they really existed, with the pen of one who had formed part of their inner life and movement. He saw the Sioux when they still killed their game with the bow and arrow, and tells of the terrific force of that weapon, when he witnessed the flight of an arrow clean through a buffalo. Some of the Ogillallah warriors had begun to use guns, but not all the tribes had yet been armed with them.

Though the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" is Parkman's first contribution to the history of the Indians and half-breeds of the West, the series proper, which deals with the wars of the English and French and red men, and treats of France and England in North America, begins with "The Pioneers of France in the New World." "Pontiac," which came first, may be read as a sequel to the collection.

To the preparation of his histories, which are marked by an eloquent and graceful style and strict faithfulness to facts, Parkman devoted an industry, care and thoroughness which leave unquestioned the statements put forward. We know of the vastness of his task, and the difficulties under which he worked for many years. He neglected nothing. He visited all the scenes which his luminous pen so admirably describes, not once or twice, but many times. The archives of France, England, Russia and Canada yielded their treasures to him. Every known letter, journal, report and despatch which bore, even in the remotest way, upon his subject were copied and sent to him, until at the end of his work he found himself possessed of no fewer than 3,400 manuscript pages, which he had bound up in several large volumes. Of course, all printed books, magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, maps, plans and engravings which could throw light on his theme passed the ordeal of his industrious scrutiny. It has been said that his Puritanism was strong; but he never allowed any spirit of prejudice to warp his judgment, or to destroy the value

of his conclusions. He has his critics, prominent among whom is the Abbé Casgrain, whose notes are entitled to respect; but, as Parkman remarks in a letter to the present writer, the learned Abbé, albeit a scholarly and estimable man, is by nature too excitable and effeminate to discuss in soberness the cold facts of history, particularly when his feelings, nationality and religion are concerned. He adds in a letter now before me, of August 21, 1874: "I am afraid my Canadian friends will not like the new book ('The Old Régime'). In writing, I put out of mind all considerations but the evidence before me, which in this case is not always favorable to Canadian society in the old time." He was right; the book produced much comment and attack, and several old friendships among the French-Canadians were estranged. But Parkman, true to his spirit of fairness and independence as a historian, preferred to lose a friend or two rather than pervert facts and present opinions which were erroneous and misleading. Perhaps his thoroughness in getting at the truth cannot be better shown than by quoting from his letters. On the twentieth of January, 1870, he wrote to the writer, then living in St. John, New Brunswick: "I have determined to write, as the next volume of my series, an account of La Tour and d'Aunay, postponing Count Frontenac to another time. So my subject is strictly Acadian, at least, if we adopt the broader signification of the name Acadia. You spoke of documents relating to La Tour. Of what nature are they, and where are they preserved? I have a score or more letters, patents, reports, etc., relating to him, found in the French archives (some of which are among the copies made for the Canadian government). There are also some in the State House here (Boston). Besides these, there are those printed in the Memoirs des Commissairies, together with those in Harvard and Hutchinson, and the statements of Winthrop, Denys, Hubbard, etc. Now there ought to be more at Annapolis and at St. John. Can you give me any information about them?"

I at once set about making inquiries in all directions, and in my reply named some printed books which bore on the subject then in Mr. Parkman's mind. On the twenty-fourth of February, he wrote from Boston: "I have all the *published books* you mention; but the volume of manuscripts entitled 'Acadia' may contain something very much to the purpose. It probably will not be necessary to copy all in them relating to La Tour and d'Aunay, as many of the papers may prove to be duplicates of those which I have already. The best way will be to have a list, with titles and dates, of such letters and documents as touch the subject, made by some competent person. *All papers on Acadia between the years 1628 and 1660* may be included in the list. This will simplify the work. Please have this done at my expense, and the list sent to me. I will then check off such papers as I do not possess, and request you to get them copied. This plan will save both trouble and expense.

"It seems more than likely that Mr. Calnek* is on the track of something valuable. I am well aware that La Tour had no establishment at Port Royal, but d'Aunay had; in fact, his headquarters were there, but, for the reason mentioned in my last, I do not think that anything will turn up there. I shall look with great interest for the results of an inquiry among the descendants of La Tour. One of them, I believe it was one of the d'Entrements, had formerly in his possession a very curious paper, the marriage contract between La Tour and d'Aunay's widow. This has been published by the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, but there may be more, and I should like especially to get a copy of that will. Let me, in conclusion, thank you most cordially for your very

*W. Arthur Calnek, of Nova Scotia, author of several historical sketches, notably "Port Royal, Its Graves," in *Stewart's Quarterly*, St. John, N. B., 1871-2.

active and efficient coöperation with me in this inquiry."

Later he writes: "Thank you for the numbers of *Stewart's Quarterly*, containing Mr. Hannay's* articles; but are you quite sure that the remains which Mr. H. describes are those of La Tour's fort? I confess to some doubts. The French government, in 1696, built a fort at the mouth of the St. John. May not the remains belong to this last? Fortunately there is extant a deed of La Tour, in which he conveys this fort in mortgage to Major-General Gibbons, as security for a considerable sum of money. This deed will, perhaps, serve to settle the question. I have Murdoch's History, which contains many facts, and is scrupulous as regards research, but is rather a collection of notes than a history. Haliburton, though not very profound, is much more readable.

"Do not give yourself the trouble to hunt up Gesner's and Munro's histories, if, as I believe, they are founded only on the known authorities, and do not contain original documents. *It is these that I am in quest of, as I do not like to draw except from the fountain head.* I think there can be no papers on La Tour at Annapolis, as I have lately discovered that all the records there were destroyed or carried off by the English in or about 1667."

The italics in the above are mine. The reader of these pages will note how scrupulous Mr. Parkman was as to the character of the documents he used in the preparation of his works. Nothing but the originals or authenticated copies were valued by him.

In Parkman's works, the Court of Old France is described with grace and color, the tragic scenes enacted in New France, the Indians, the intendants, the bishops and priests, the warriors and bushrangers, the soldiers and statesmen are painted in pigments which glow with life. There is nothing more fascinating than his accounts of the early struggles between the white and the red men of two centuries ago. He has elevated those struggles to the dignity of battles. He has photographed, as it were, the heroes and heroines, and described their deeds in language which charms on the instant. His galleries of worthies miss no name of real importance, and he has saved from oblivion the records of many characters whose careers would have been forgotten, despite the work they had done, despite the sacrifices they had made, despite the sufferings they had endured. No man had, up to Parkman's advent upon the scene, given us the real Indian. Cooper's Indian is romantic and false. Longfellow's Indian is poetic and striking. Indians by other pens have been caricatures. Parkman's Indian is historic, and a true portrait. He has told us all about him, laying bare his faults and his virtues, and showing how readily the savage nature assimilated itself to that of the marauding white man. The Jesuits, the Recollet Fathers and the Sulpicians find in Parkman a biographer and historian who is singularly fair and impartial towards their orders—much fairer than their contemporary critics. Their strong points, as well as their weaknesses and frailties, are sketched with no faltering pencil. Frontenac, La Salle, Bigot, Laval, Montcalm and Wolfe, as well as many lesser lights, illumine at every turn his rich and sparkling pages. In his great work he was the pioneer. He touched virgin soil, and has left his task so complete that no successor can come upon the ground and rob him of his fame.

We have spoken of his rare fidelity to facts, and the value of his sources of information, the original documents from which his narrative is drawn comprising seventy volumes, most of them folios, the very collecting of which occupied forty-five years. But few who read the dramatic compositions are aware of the labor which the author had to expend upon his authorities before a line of his book could be begun. They were not only volu-

* James Hannay, author of "A History of Acadia," St. John, N. B., 1879; also of "Sketches of Acadia," *Stewart's Quarterly*, October, 1867, January, April and July, 1868.

minous but often conflicting. Nearly every actor in the drama left behind him his own record of the events in which he was a figure. Sometimes the record assumed the character of a report to headquarters, private letters to friends, memorials, despatches, journals and diaries. The historian had to sift the data contained in these papers, and to compare them with the great mass of collateral evidence, "with," as he says, "more than usual care, striving to secure the greatest possible accuracy of statement, and to reproduce an image of the past with photographic clearness and truth."

But this was not all. His health was precarious, his frame lacked physical strength, his poor eyesight afflicted him sorely and seriously retarded the progress of his work. The "Conspiracy of Pontiac" was written under conditions which few men would have had the courage to face. The light of day was insupportable to the author for three years, and "every attempt at reading or writing was completely debarred. Under these circumstances, the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation. This process, though extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages, and I am well convinced that the authorities have been even more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been under ordinary circumstances." When, later on, in 1865, Parkman wrote his "Pioneers of France in the New World," his sight was fully as bad, if not worse. He was never permitted to read or write continuously for much more than five minutes at a time, and often days passed without a stroke of work being done, even under those conditions. For two periods, each lasting several years, any attempt at studying or writing was denied him, it being considered by the specialists and his friends as simply suicidal. For more than eighteen years his various maladies interrupted the work on the completion of which he had set his heart. But he bravely struggled on, uncomplainingly, amid the tremendous odds arrayed against him. From first to last he was a student. When he travelled, the object he kept in view was to verify facts, to see with his own eyes the places which must come under his pen, to discover hitherto unknown sources of information. As a college student he followed on foot the route of Rogers from Lake Memphremagog to the Connecticut. His aim was to know places as well as events, and the actors in them. To learn how well he succeeded we have simply to read his books. A man of singularly fine tastes, and a lover of good literature, his inclinations seldom led him to seek the society of men and women of letters, though many of them courted him. He was ever too busy. When he went abroad he had a special purpose in view. "I have been occupied chiefly," he writes, "when in England or France, with the official people in the Public Record office, etc., and such small literary acquaintance as I made has been slight and superficial, from casual meeting at clubs, etc. I have no intimate literary acquaintance in England. I never—exceptions excepted—much liked the company of professional literary people, and have never put myself in the way of introductions to them." But Parkman was always very charming socially, and no one received a heartier or more cordial welcome than he did when he dined at Parker's with the members of the famous "Saturday Club,"—which included such names as Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, Fields, Dwight and Whipple, —or when he spent an evening at the home of a congenial friend. His talk at table was always interesting, and he was often upbraided for neg-

lecting his small society duties so much.

Besides his historical works, Parkman produced an admirable book on the Cultivation of the Rose, which is held in high repute. Once, like Motley, he tried his hand at a novel. This he called "Vassall Morton," and in Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, he found his publishers. It was not a successful venture into the field of romance, and its author never again attempted to write fiction. It is by no means a poor performance, and judged by the standard of many novels of the present day, it is pretty fair reading; but in 1856 it failed to make an impression on the public, and, no second edition being called for, Mr. Parkman returned to his first love—history. He had not a very exalted idea of "Vassall Morton" and seldom liked to talk about it. The scenes of it are on both sides of the Atlantic, and the incidents are dramatic and often exciting. Especially so are the adventures of the hero, his arrest by the Austrian police and subsequent escape from prison, and his journey on foot to an Italian seaport.

We have spoken briefly of the "Oregon Trail," which has passed through many editions, and the volume among all others selected for illustration by Mr. Frederic Remington, "whose pictures," says Parkman, "are as full of truth as of spirit, for they are the work of one who knew the prairies and the mountains before irresistible commonplace had subdued them." In 1865, the first part of his great series, telling the story of France and England in North America, appeared. It was entitled "Pioneers of France in the New World," and begins with the year 1512, and ends at 1635. The narratives are devoted to France on this continent—"the attempt of Feudalism, Monarchy and Rome to master a continent where, at this hour (1865), half a million of bayonets are indicating the ascendency of a regulated freedom; Feudalism still strong in life, though enveloped and overborne by newborn centralization; Monarchy in the flush of triumphant power; Rome, nerved by disaster, springing with renewed vitality from ashes and corruption, and ranging the earth to reconquer abroad what she had lost at home. These banded powers, pushing into the wilderness their indomitable soldiers and devoted priests, unveiled the secrets of the barbarous continent, pierced the forests, traced and mapped out the streams, planted their emblems, built their forts, and claimed all as their own. New France was all head. Under King, Noble and Jesuit, the lank, lean body would not thrive. Even commerce wore the sword, decked itself with badges of nobility, aspired to forest seigniories and hordes of savage retainers." This is a fine introduction to what follows. We are treated to the story of the expansion of France, and the volume appropriately closes with the death of the founder of Quebec, Samuel de Champlain, one of the most heroic characters that ever lived. The first narrative is devoted to the Huguenots in Florida, while the second treats of Champlain and his associates. "The Jesuits in North America" in the seventeenth century followed in 1867. It at once created a sensation, for the story itself was striking, and the treatment was by a pen which did not mince matters. Mr. Parkman's materials were copious, and he made excellent use of them. Most of his facts were drawn from the voluminous writings of the Jesuit fathers themselves; and of their work he says: "The closest examination has left me no doubt that these missionaries wrote in perfect good faith, and that the 'Relations' hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy historical documents. They are very scarce, and no complete collection of them exists in America." It is with satisfaction that we know to-day that an exact

verbatim et literatim reprint of the very rare French, Latin and Italian originals, both manuscript and printed, accompanied page by page by a complete English translation, by John Cutler Covert, assisted by Mary Sifton Pepper and others, is in course of publication by the Burrows Brothers Company of Cleveland. Reuben Gold Thwaites is the editor of this monumental work.

Beginning with a sketch of the native Indian tribes and of Quebec in 1634, Mr. Parkman concludes the second part with the trials and disappointments which culminated in 1670. As he says, "The Jesuits saw their hopes struck down; and their faith, though not shaken, was sorely tried. The Providence of God seemed in their eyes dark and inexplicable; but, from the standpoint of liberty, that Providence is clear as the sun at noon. Meanwhile let those who have prevailed yield due honor to the defeated. Their virtues shine amidst the rubbish of error, like diamonds and gold in the gravel of the torrent. But now new scenes succeed, and other actors enter on the stage, a hardy and valiant band, moulded to endure and dare, the discoverers of the Great West."

This, perhaps, is the more interesting part of the series, for it deals exhaustively with La Salle and his remarkable adventures along the valleys of the Mississippi and the lakes. It was originally published in 1869, but in 1878, owing to a mass of new material being brought to light by Henry Harrisse, the historian revised and partly rewrote his account, and gave to the world the most complete and authentic story of La Salle's discoveries extant. The letters of the explorer had not been accessible to Mr. Parkman when his book was first issued, though he knew of their existence, but as soon as their discoverer made them public, he availed himself of the treasures. The original title of the book was, "The Discovery of the Great West." The increased prominence of La Salle, however, justified Parkman in adding his name to the title-page. This volume brings the subject down to the year 1689.

The period of transition is learnedly discussed in part four, which takes up some ticklish ground in "The Old Régime in Canada," and has caused much feverish comment in French Roman Catholic ecclesiastical circles. It was this work which led to the estrangement, for a time, of Parkman and his Canadian biographer and early admirer, the Abbé Casgrain. But Parkman, much as he regretted to have to say things that were not agreeable to persons for whom he had a very cordial regard, felt constrained to give the result of his investigations to the public as fully as possible. "The conclusions drawn from the facts," says he, "may be matter of opinion, but it will be remembered that the facts themselves can be overthrown only by overthrowing the evidence on which they rest, or bringing forward counter-evidence of equal or greater strength; and neither task will be found an easy one." In this book, as he points out, "we examine the political and social machine; in the next volume of the series we shall see this machine in action." In action surely the machine was. The narrative, noted as fifth on the list, is a strong presentation of facts and opinions. It treats of Count Frontenac and his times. It is in this work that we get great insight into the little disputes between governor and intendant, governor and prelate, governor and king, governor and minister, the intrigues of the Jesuits, the Recollets and their troubles, the brandy question, the Indian wars and treachery. It is a notable book, one of the most dramatic and interesting of the whole collection. Frontenac was a picturesque figure in history. In Europe, he was a strong man. In America, he was no less vigorous. No man ever understood Indian character better than he, and he had not been long

in the country before he had the red men completely under his spell and under his subjection. He is magnificently drawn by Parkman, and though no portrait of him exists, one can imagine how the proud old soldier and governor looked in the flesh. This volume appeared in 1877. The author resents the conduct of some of his critics, by whom he was not quite fairly treated. He says that his challenge in the "Old Régime" was not taken up. Vehement protest he received in plenty, but none of his statements of fact were attacked by evidence or were disputed.

Part seven appeared, for special reasons, in 1884, while the sixth part did not come out until 1892. The first-named is entitled "Montcalm and Wolfe," and occupied two volumes. Like all of the predecessors of the series, it is based on historical documents, of the accuracy of which there can be no question. Of all these narratives, in point of results, this one is the most momentous, for it relates the downfall of French power in Canada, and reaches the dawn of English rule. Of course, the book occasioned controversy, but Parkman, relying upon the faithfulness of his facts, was not disturbed in mind. Eight years afterwards, the sixth part of the series was published, under the title of "A Half-Century of Conflict," in two volumes. It fills the gap between the Frontenac and Montcalm and Wolfe volumes, and a continuous history of France in America, from early days, is thus made complete.

The author of these great books lived long enough to finish the work which he had undertaken so many years before. Few men, when one considers the disadvantages under which he pursued his task, would have gone on with it. But he persevered, despite blindness and rheumatism and vexatious delays, until the last chapter left his hand for the printers. In November, 1893, he died at Jamaica Plain, after a lingering illness, mourned by all who knew him, and by every reader of his scholarly and brilliant books.

THE TIN-PEDDLER'S CART.

By Helen Marshall North.

CALLING electricity and steam to his aid, the commercial traveller has rapidly distanced all competitors in the sale of commodities, in the large cities and towns. But away from the great centres, and especially in the remote corners of New England, one occasionally meets those interesting, slow-going travelling vans, which were once the only country stores known in sparsely settled communities.

In the hill towns of New England the tin-peddler's cart has been for more than fifty years a widely known and freely patronized institution, commending itself to thrifty housewives by its plan of exchanging fresh new tins and other household wares for the contents of scrap-baskets and rag-bags. Of all the hundreds of these carts which forty years ago threaded their way up and down the steep hillsides and along by quiet rivers, in western Massachusetts, patient in their lazy dignity as the camel is patient, none has known a more peaceful long life than the tin-cart of old Donald Glasgow.

When the bonny young Scotch-

man, in his early manhood, first adopted the tin-cart as a means of support for himself and his bairns, he thought chiefly of gaining relief from a troublesome disease which threatened to become serious if he continued indoor employment. The long cart was then bright with scarlet paint. At the rear, a large rack held two or three huge bags of coarse sacking, and piled above them stood a double row of brooms as defenders of the small caravan of the hills. Beyond this was piled a medley of serviceable articles, clothes baskets, brushes, wooden water pails, shovels, and even hoes and rakes; while within was a store of treasures for the busy housewife. When the lid was let down, there were revealed tin dishes of all sizes, from the tiny cup for the youngest member of the family on through the various grades of gill, half pint, pint and quart, up to the bouncing milk pan suggesting a broad expanse of rich cream. There were pint measures and quart measures with ridged divisions up their tin sides and a firm handle. There were strainers, fine and coarse, and handy skimmers and long-handled small dippers and short-handled large dippers; nutmeg-graters with a convenient little den at the top to hold the rough nutmeg; tin spoons, big and little; corn-poppers, bringing up visions of cold winter evenings by the great open fireplace, and yellow corn merrily bursting into suits of curly white grotesque jackets. In a still more sacred sanctum were carefully packed glass butter dishes, cheese plates, berry dishes, spoon-holders, sugar bowls and cream pitchers, and huge glass pitchers and goblets, all of which were esteemed luxuries among the plain people of the hills, who had barely redeemed their lands from the wilderness and hesitated yet to allow themselves any of the unnecessaries of life. In front, on a high seat, sat the young or old driver of the long red cart, the custodian of its treasures.

When young Donald first mounted his bright red cart and bade good-by to the wife and babies, the world was fresh and new, to him at least. The roads which he would traverse from town to town wound along the bases or over the tops of fair wooded mountains, where the air was like sparkling wine. The great blue arch of the sky seemed to breathe a blessing on the head of the young Scotchman, who had learned to sing,

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,"

in the far-away land of his birth.

Other red carts went to and fro through the hills, but none met a more generous welcome than that of young Donald. The housewives in all the villages and towns on his route soon learned that to save their scraps of cotton and wool for Donald's great bags meant that they would receive in exchange their full value, to the uttermost farthing. Donald won a name for strict integrity, which he never lost. His shining steelyards never failed to record exact weight. The moment of anxiety which every good housewife could not fail to experience while the mass of white and colored rags was passing through the peddler's measuring hands always ended, when the young Scotchman bore the scales, in a pleasant surprise. There were so many cents' worth, perhaps even a half dollar, of value if the housewife had been thrifty in her savings and the great bags were crowded to the top. Then came the real excitement of the occasion, the period of the good woman's triumph, the receiving of actual value for that which was worthless to her, which she would never miss and the gain to the household chattels by her own thrift, which would, she could not help feeling, increase her own reputation in the eyes of the family, and especially of "the old folks" who were generally found sitting by the New England fireside, forty years ago.

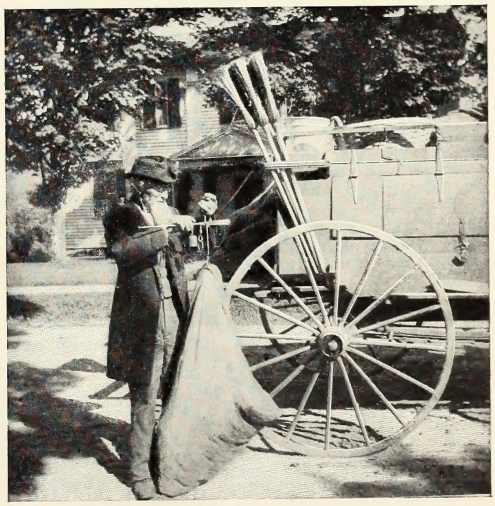


With a key produced from the depths of his pocket, young Donald, in the sight of the assembled family (and especially of all the children, who would not miss the occasion for a small fortune), proceeded to unlock the fresh little padlock and to let down the lid. Then there burst upon the family vision a literally dazzling array of tinny things from which to make choice.

The mother in her long sunbonnet, and with a gravity befitting an occasion when money was at stake, began to appraise the basins, cups and other tins, while each youthful admirer began to cherish hopes that a china mug inscribed "To a Good Child," or at least a shining tin cup, might fall to his lot. With knitted brows the good woman turned from pails to pans and from pans to measures and skimmers and dippers, tested the efficiency of nutmeg-graters and the hinges of corn-poppers, and scrutinized wooden pails and trim brooms with a frugal eye. Now the time for actual decision arrives; and first a needed pan is laid down on the grass and its price mentally deducted from the total amount, by both peddler and purchaser; another and another piece is added to the pile, a spoon, a pie plate, a cooky-cutter, until only a trifle of value remains to be absorbed. Now the children venture their last pleas for the pretty tin cups, priceless to them as so many diamonds. And by the by, if the housewife shows a leaning towards recklessness, Donald unlocks the secret place of the glass dishes, and before night all the village knows that she has, locked away in the sacred stillness of her best parlor cupboard, a glittering glass butter dish or spoon-holder, maybe, to be used only on company occasions.

All the family gaze regretfully while Donald closes and locks the red cart sides. Oh, for unlimited rag-bags and boundless chances to choose and choose and choose again from those wonderful stores! The dazzling wealth of Tiffany's counters could shine no brighter for the city child than this collection of travelling tin for the little New Englander of fifty years ago.

As the bright cart lost a little something of its first gloss, young Donald, growing older and more experienced as he rode year after year, grew stronger as well. With the blue



heaven to live under and with the mountain air to breathe, who could possibly renounce life on the high cart for life in a crowded workshop? With lungs filled every day with the vitality of the hills, who would wish to seek the close rooms of the city shop? Moreover, as Donald travelled his route from house to house, from one farm to another, he had come to feel a cordial interest in the families he served. The names of the children and the faces of the fathers and mothers had become the names and faces of friends. Naturally warm-hearted, the good Scotchman loved his kind and awakened love in return. A seat by the fireside and room for his old cart and horse were freely offered all along the way. To Donald many of the family secrets were intrusted, the oldest daughter's engagement, the raising of the mortgage, the prospect of increased prosperity. Visitors were not numerous in the scattered farmhouses. No one thought of Donald with anything less than respect and affection. No one remembered, not even the good man himself, that he was a travelling tin-peddler after the last bargain had been concluded and the steelyards laid aside. Often he carried messages, parcels and letters from house to house, and would have scorned a fee for his services. If by chance he varied his route, or was detained in the course of it, the neighbors were sure to wonder what had happened to Donald or whether some accident had interfered with the goings of the old horse and the old red cart.



As the years went on, changes were working out in all the avenues of trade. Stores multiplied, even in the country towns; waste wool and cotton no longer brought good prices; the commercial traveller began to traverse the country; the old red cart grew rusty and worn, the horse, rheumatic and slow; even blithe Donald was gray and bent and found less and less to buy and sell each trip. He stopped at fewer houses, and those removed from the town centres. His shining glass was no longer regarded as a luxury. Donald, the cart and the horse, it must be confessed, had plainly seen their best days.

The years are going on to the last of the long century, and the customs of the old days are passing away, Still Donald to-day patiently drives on his route.

"I couldn't be happy away from the cart," said the dear old man, still preserving in his rich speech the burr of old Scotland. "The old horse has aye grown old, and so has Donald; my e'en are fair worn out, and the hills are steep to climb; but we are going on yet, please God, the cart and I."

A Hudson Bay Trading Post.



By Russell W. Porter.

With illustrations from photographs by the author.

UP over the great divide, down the western slopes of the Rockies and Selkirks, at a point ten hours by rail from the coast, I alighted at Ashcroft, British Columbia. Sand butts walled in the horizon, sage bush and cactus tinged the landscape a delicate dusty green. The heat rising up from the parched ground was suffocating.

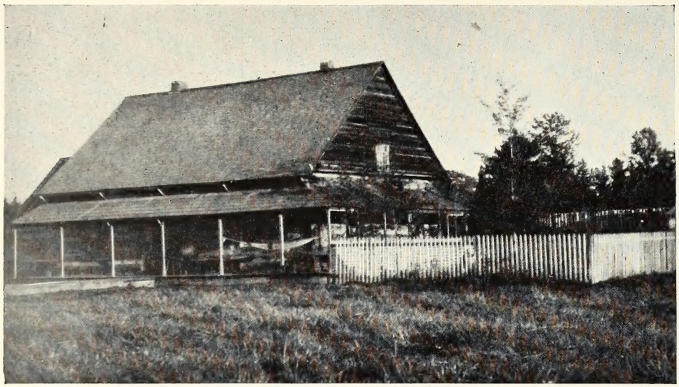
A glance at the town disclosed at once its importance at this particular time. Outfitting establishments bustling with activity, droves of half wild cayuses brought into corrals for inspection, pack trains making up and departing daily and a long row of white tents below the town, all pointed to one theme, the Klondike excitement. It was one of the starting points to the great North and its reported wealth of untold gold. But I was not one of the great multitude preparing for their three thousand miles' journey. Nor have the life and incidents which I encountered on my journey of over four hundred miles from this town to do with the Hudson Bay Company. Let me content myself with saying, as concerns that journey, that a fellow fresh from the East undertakes too much when he attempts to cover this distance with the above mentioned cayuses as his means of transportation, in the expectation of anything approaching comfort. If the devil visits this planet of ours, he surely enters with all his powers the bodies of these beasts.

When I saw Fort St. James for the first time, across the placid waters of Stuart's Lake, the general impression was of its striking resemblance to the Danish trading towns of western Greenland; and as I saw more of the settlement and its daily life, its officers and their routine work, the more did the likeness to those far northern towns hold true.

Surrounded by a high massive fence, the log walls of the Company's buildings are seen clustered together. Somewhat isolated from this group are the homes of the natives, the Carrier Indians, a long row of good substantial houses. With some pretence to follow a street line, or rather the gentle curve of the beach, each house faces the lake, within a hundred feet of the water. This area between the houses and the shore resembles in high degree a crowded back alley in a city. Rubbish is scattered every-



FORT ST. JAMES.



THE OFFICERS' HOME AT FORT ST. JAMES.

where, made up mostly of dead salmon and discarded dugouts. Among these melancholy phenomena, small Indian warriors play and crooning mothers rock babies on their backs.

We will not, however, stop here with the natives, but take a look at the fort itself, that which makes the life of the place and which brought it into being. Once inside the enclosure, one feels the privacy of the place, especially so in summer, when there is no trapping and hence little trading. The place looks almost deserted. The store occupies the centre; around the yard and joined to the high fence are the officers' houses and warehouses, massive buildings of logs, squared, mortised and calked with mud. A warm gray covers all except the yellow, sunburnt grass. Turning around and looking northwest, a superb view out over Stuart's Lake terminates many miles away with a line of blue mountains dotted near their summits with snow. Back of the fort the bush encroaches even to the fence itself.

I have found that few people realize the significance or extent of the Hudson Bay Company. Incorporated in 1690, it has had a wonderful career as a trading institution. A huge monopoly at one time, paying its stockholders big dividends, it has now taken a place among business enterprises as a gigantic country store which takes its pay in skins instead of dollars and cents. When one knows that it covers territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboards, from the Arctic to our boundary line, that its steamers are plying up the great rivers and its ships crossing the ocean, that it supplies all the wants of practically all the Indians of the Dominion, one's respect for such a power rises.

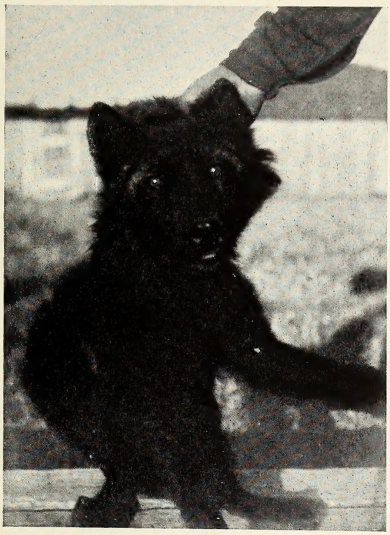
The life here as concerns the officers in charge and their families, if there happen to be families, is not, as might be imagined, a lonesome one. I was surprised one day after dinner to be ushered into a billiard room, where stood a table of regular size. I found it had been brought in sections in a scow all the way from civilization. To be sure the room was small, but that difficulty was overcome by using cues of diminutive size



THE LONG TELEGRAPH TRAIL.

or by opening doors or windows, should the player get one of these openings in line with his shot. The furniture on the whole is of home make, crude, but comfortable. A hammock swings from the posts of the piazza.

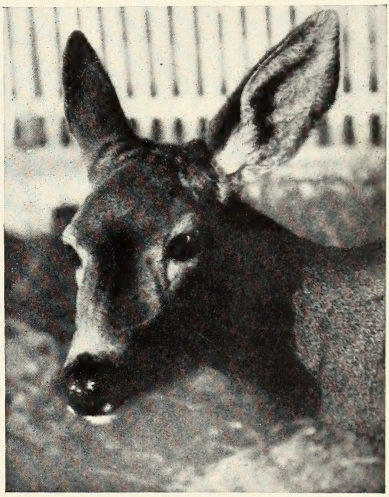
On retiring the first night I saw two moving coals of fire glaring at



YOUNG WOLF, FORT ST. JAMES.

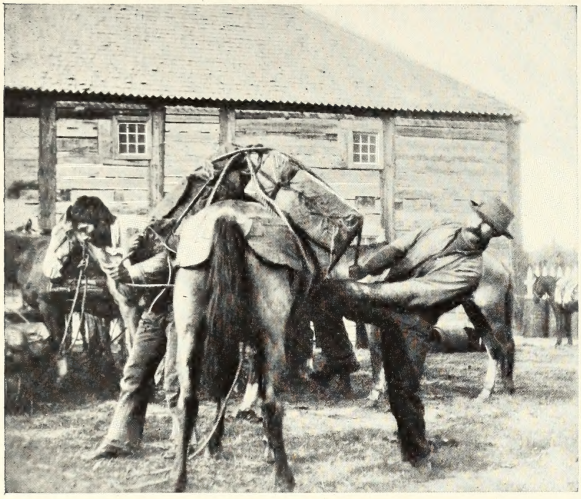
me through the window. I got up and locked that window as well as the others. The next morning I saw a timber wolf running about the yard, cutting antics with a big Indian pack dog. Just before rising from the breakfast table, I felt something pressed against my arm, and turning I looked down into the begging eyes of a young doe. A long array of cats, dogs and retired pack horses completed the list of these pets, which lived together in perfect harmony as one large family. The wolf, although tame enough, still clung to his natural instincts, and during the walks we took at dark preferred to slink along behind us, disappearing from time to time into the bush and coming out to the trail again at unlooked for places.

A busy scene is enacted at these forts when the year's supplies arrive or are shipped en route to other posts farther north. Everything has to be brought from the coast, first by steamer up the Skeena, then by pack train to Babine Lake, thence by schooner to a ten-mile portage, at the farther end of which another schooner brings the cargo across Stuart's Lake to the fort. But part of these supplies go on over the trail to Fort McLeod, and are there put into scows, which go down the Parsnip River and up the Findlay to Fort Graham. No wonder the greater part of a season is required to get food to some of these parts. The half-breed packers know well their business of handling these Hudson Bay pack trains. This is the way they do it. Some ten thousand pounds of supplies are brought out



A YOUNG DEER.

of the warehouse and arranged along the planks in piles of two hundred and fifty pounds each. Forty horses, not cayuses, are driven into the enclosure, blinders are fastened over the horses' eyes, and they are saddled. The saddle, composed of two leather pads, is thrown over the horse's back. A strap is passed under his body to two men, who brace themselves

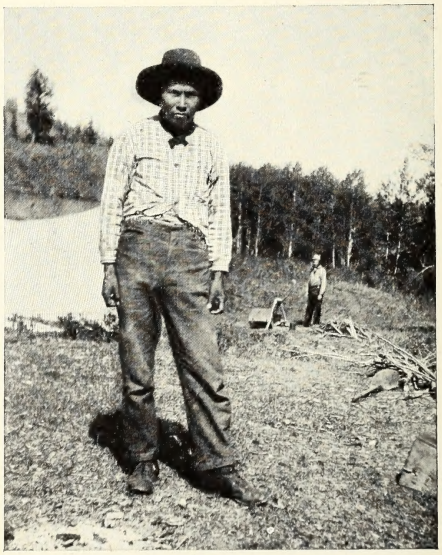


TIGHTENING THE "DIAMOND HITCH."

against the animal's side and pull the thing taut. The horse draws a deep breath and braces his fore feet. The strap gradually tightens until it seems that something has got to break, either the saddle or the horse. This operation finished, the packs are put on and are securely fastened to the saddle. By means of a cinch rope passed several times around the packs under the horse and drawn tight, the famous "diamond hitch" is formed, which makes it almost impossible for a horse to buck off his load.* Then the whole train files slowly out on to the long trail, and disappears into the bush, the bell horse leading, the half-breeds shouting.

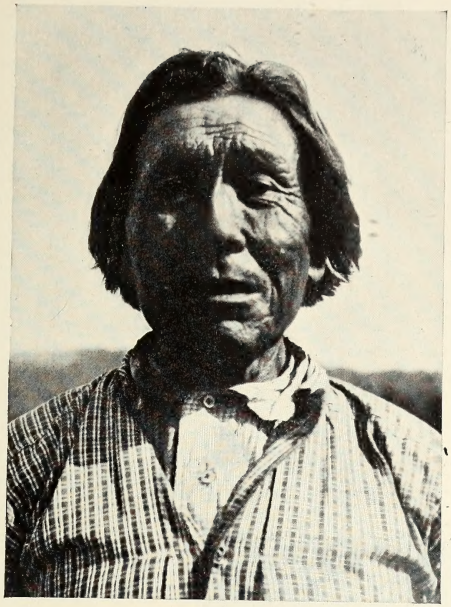
At the time I was at Stuart's Lake the Indians were busily engaged in catching and drying salmon for the year's supply. Man, woman and child, all enter into this work with a will; for salmon is their bread and butter. This fish never takes a bait; hence the natives use ingenious devices to lure them into wicker traps sunk to the bottoms of the rivers. The bulk of the catch, however, is obtained from nets in the lake. The nets and traps are tended by the natives in their dugouts. The fish are brought to the land, split and cleaned, and hung up to dry. A fiery spectacle this makes, blotches of crimson along the shore, up out of reach of the half starved dogs. For the salmon is also the dog's food. When working, he gets one fish a day; when idle, he is lucky if he gets one a week. The last stage of this industry is the storing away of the catch in peculiar houses of small logs set up on posts where the wind freely circulates. In these the fish are stored, several thousand fish to each family. When all else fails the salmon lasts.

One day in company with my host I went trout fishing down the river; for with all that is said against northern British Columbia, it is certainly a paradise for fishermen. The boat



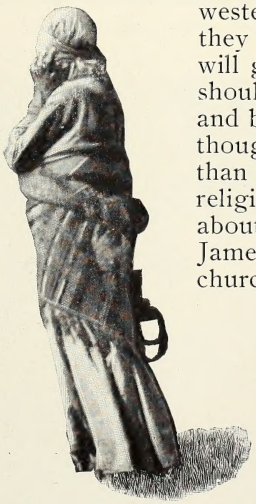
CHINOOK INDIAN, BLACKWATER.

* It is all important that any one travelling with a pack train in this country should be well acquainted with the mysteries of this peculiar hitch. At one point on my way north, I saw the following inscription cut into a tree by the trail, only a few miles from Ashcroft: "Stalled. Haven't found the diamond hitch."



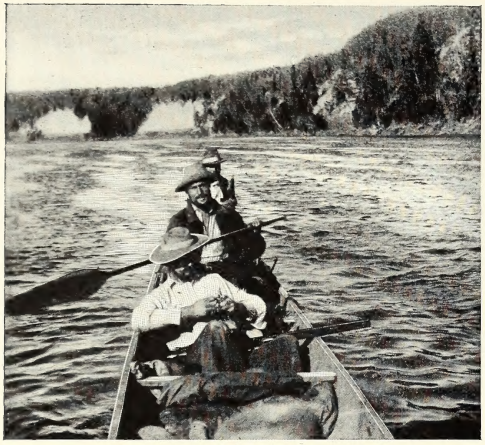
CHINOOK INDIAN.
PATRIARCH BROTHER OF THE CHIEF.

floated swiftly down the middle of the stream. Darting past us were schools of salmon, big fellows with red backs, making their way to the lake. The running season was about over. From time to time, we passed boys in all kinds of warped dugouts, with spears poised aloft, patiently waiting for the fish that must surely come. One woman was emptying her husband's trap. One end of the long wicker tube was lifted into the boat and opened. She took out nearly one hundred fish, none of them weighing less than five pounds.



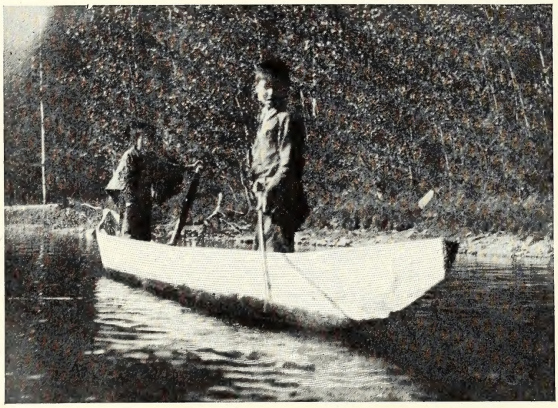
The Indians themselves are too far changed from their native manners and customs to make a study of them covering only a few weeks of any material value. Fusion of blood from the old French voyageurs, contact with the fort and mission and frequent visits to the coast and other points of civilization have all tended to transform the Carrier Indian. He can tell you first all about the Pope (so he thinks), then a good deal about the Queen, and lastly, a very little about the President of the United States. He cuts his hair short, wears textile clothing, the only remnant of his native dress being the moccasin. He speaks English; but if he is driving a bargain, about all one can get out of him is, "Me no savey." Consumption, that dread disease which, strange to say, is so prevalent among the most northerly tribes, claims its full share of victims. As regards their virtues, for veracity and reliance, Indians are pretty much the same everywhere. For willingness to work, I am told they compare favorably with their brothers in the western states. Like the Eskimos, they adore tobacco and coffee, and will give fresh meat and fish the cold shoulder when they can get bacon and beans. They have their chief, although this personage is hardly more than chief in name. As regards their religious tendencies, the population is about evenly divided at Fort St. James, one half clustering about the church at the mission a mile above the fort, the other living at the post itself. Those who attend church are, I think, faithful in their worship. The two Indians whom I took with me down the rivers, on my way out, lulled me to sleep every night, as we lay





COMING DOWN THE RAPIDS OF STUART'S RIVER.

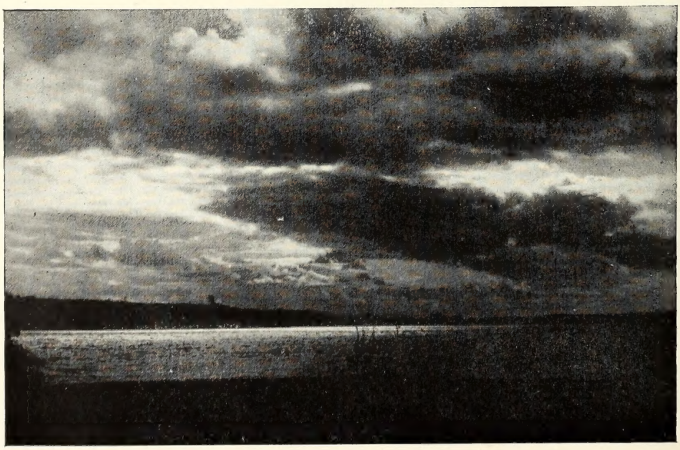
about the camp fire, with their prayers, translated, of course, into their own tongue. These incantations lasted fully half an hour, more for aught I know, as I was always asleep by that time.



INDIAN BOYS SPEARING SALMON.

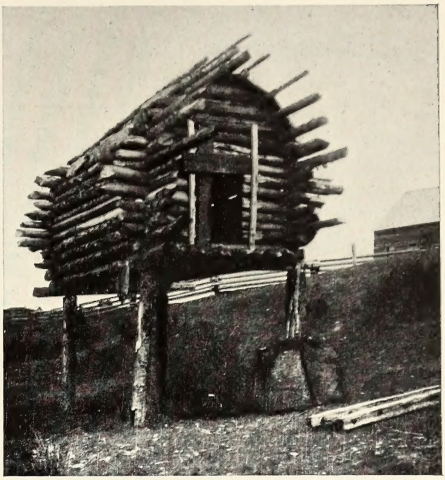
With all the benefits that are supposed to come with civilization, a half civilized nature is always to me a pitiable object. He stands like the wayfarer with his journey only partly finished, thinking of what he has left behind and wondering, or supposed by you to be wondering, what there is at the end. A generation of semi-transformed barbarians these men are, confused with relics of former days and surrounded with new and strange contrivances which mix with the old little better than oil and water. They are unhappy victims of circumstance, knowing not which way to turn.

Autumn had set in before I said good-by to the fort, the people and the gorgeous sunsets across the lake. As we shot down the Stuart River and into the great Nechaco, the thickly wooded shores with a wealth of autumn coloring passed in ever changing beauty. Young cottonwoods wore a brilliant chrome yellow; the underbrush protruded in patches of deep carmine and purple. In strong contrast with these fiery colors stood



APPROACHING STORM, TEINCARD LAKE.

out groups of coniferous trees in Prussian green, except where a forest fire had raged and changed them to a burnt sienna. And on goes the noble Nechaco, pressing against the high beaches until it is fairly turned back into its own course, and we find ourselves going towards the north. It is over all too soon, three hundred miles in four days. Then the steamer, then the stage, and two hundred more miles are covered. At last the coach rattles into dusty Ashcroft; and a faint whistle floating up the hot air from far down the valley tells that the train is coming to carry me three thousand miles and that in five short days I shall be in New England.

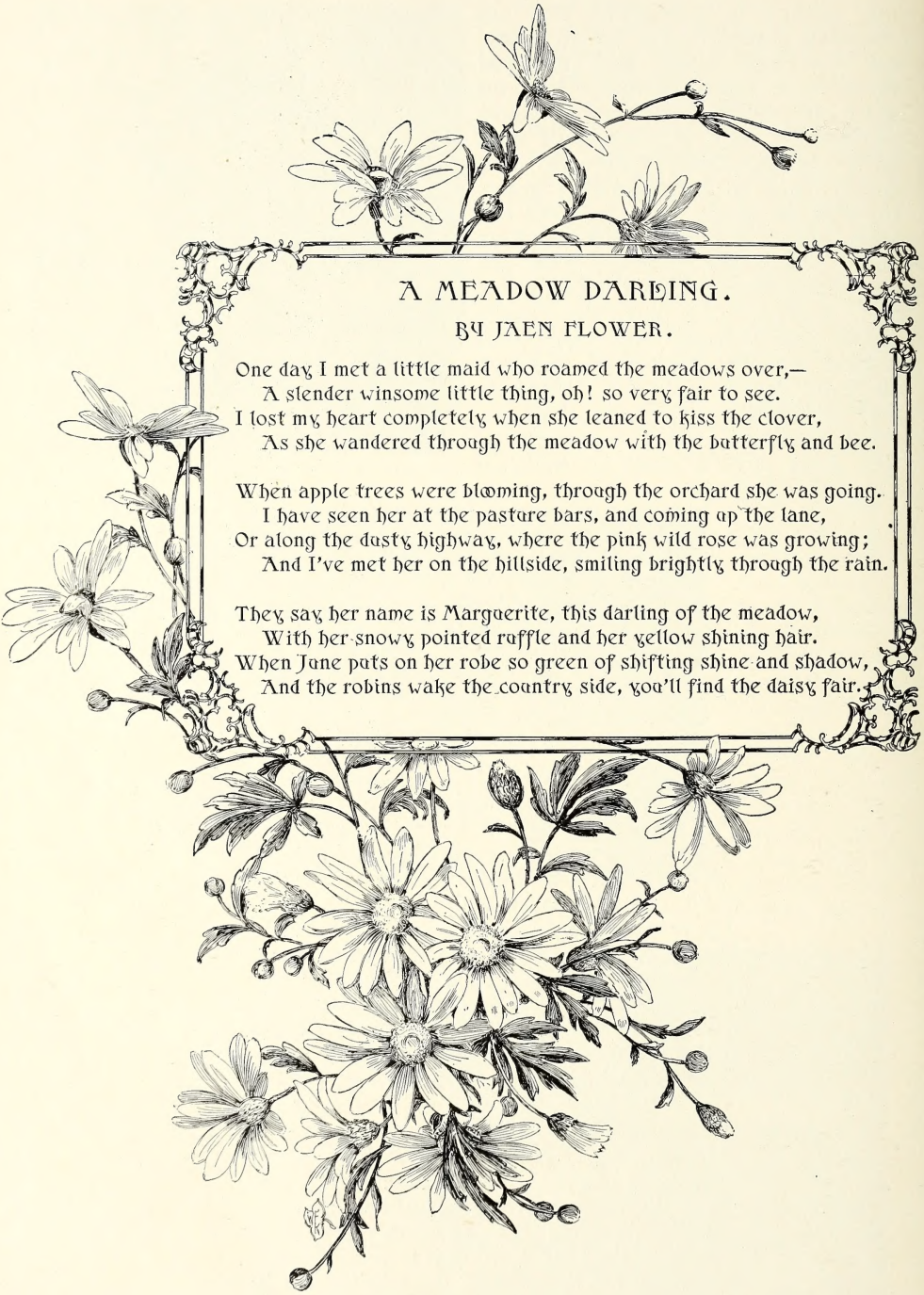


CACHE HOUSE, WHERE THE SALMON ARE STORED.

THE PEASANT'S TEMPTATION.

By George E. Tufts.

IN the deep sleep that to the toiler comes,
Arose the pale and fitful light of dreams.
By unknown deserts with my love I strayed,—
When down the wind a group of riders whirled,
Proudly attired and joyous eke and free;
And they and we upon the desert plain
Grew mixed in quaint and spectral minuet,
Gathered or scattered by a sudden whim;
And one, the fairest lady of the band,
Somehow was with me from the rest apart,
And love's sweet spell upon us fondly wrought.
Bright in the dream the glance of her mild eye;
Her soft, white hands were warm as human life;
Her soft and tender cheek was pressed to mine;—
When with mischievous glance to where she stood,
The lady said, "How fares it with your mate?"
I answered as an idiot, out of sense,
That she was only little peasant folk,—
And straightway woke in ecstasy of tears;
But why they fell I can not now discern;—
Whether for thought of the vanished lady fair
And my eternal exile from her sphere,
Or shame that I was false to my true love,
Standing alone, forgotten in the waste.



A MEADOW DARLING.

BY JAEN FLOWER.

One day I met a little maid who roamed the meadows over,—
A slender winsome little thing, oh! so very fair to see.
I lost my heart completely when she leaned to kiss the clover,
As she wandered through the meadow with the butterfly and bee.

When apple trees were blooming, through the orchard she was going.
I have seen her at the pasture bars, and coming up the lane,
Or along the dusty highway, where the pink wild rose was growing;
And I've met her on the hillside, smiling brightly through the rain.

They say her name is Marguerite, this darling of the meadow,
With her snowy pointed ruffle and her yellow shining hair.
When June puts on her robe so green of shifting shine and shadow,
And the robins wake the country side, you'll find the daisy fair.

"TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND," AND ITS COMPOSER.

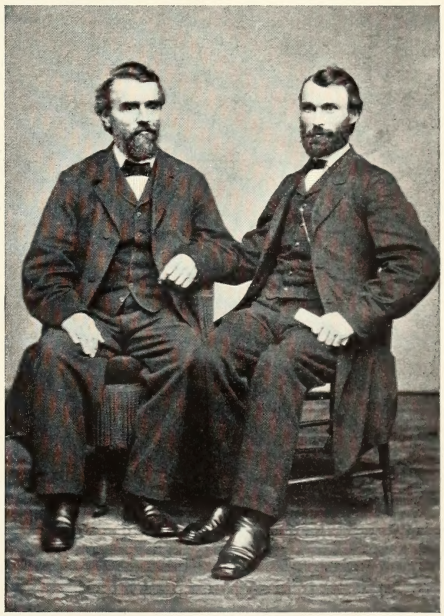
By Gordon Hall Gerould.

"I KNEW a very wise man," wrote Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, long ago, to the Marquis of Montrose, "that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws, of a nation."

The rare privilege of making a nation's songs is given to no one man. Often it is granted to those who make no claim to literary distinction or great learning, but who pour out their deep and universal feeling in simple melody that takes a people captive. The fame of such composers is largely merged in the renown of their songs; yet they have their reward in the enduring power of their work over men's hearts. Such a composer is Mr. Walter Kittredge, whose name indeed is widely known by the older generation, but whose greatest song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," is one of the enduring legacies of the Civil War to America.

Mr. Kittredge's own testimony concerning folk songs is of value. "I believe," he once told me, "that one must be almost ashamed of his song at first, because of its simplicity, if he is going to make a success. He must feel what he is writing, actually see it, if he is going to write a song that will move men. I tell you," he added, "a song will often do more than a speech." So it has proved in his own case. The song which seemed to him most simple has been his greatest success. Though heralded by no trumpets, it yet became within a few months of its publication, as sung by the author and his companions, the famous Hutchinsons, a household word all over the country. It has been sung on battlefields and by camp-fires, in war and in peace. It has become incorporated into the national life as only a few other songs have been.

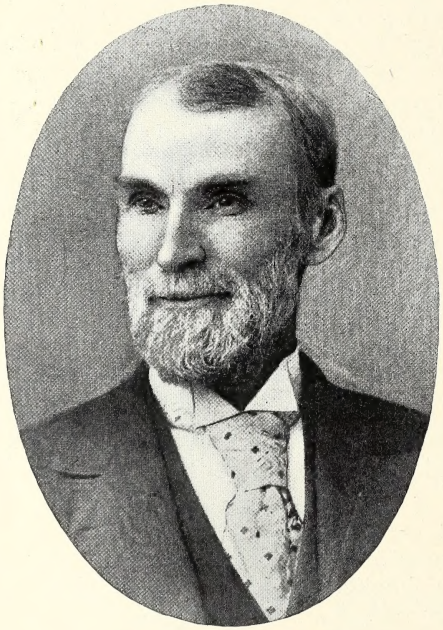
Walter Kittredge was born at Reed's Ferry, New Hampshire, October 8, 1834. He was the tenth of eleven children. His father, Eri Kittredge, was a prosperous farmer and owner of a thriving brickyard. Five sons settled near him as they grew up. Of the eleven children, only two still survive, Walter Kittredge and his youngest brother. As a boy, Walter Kittredge went to the district school near his home, and later, while helping his father at brickmaking and farming during a large part of the year, he attended the Merrimack Normal Institute during the winter months.



WALTER KITTREDGE AND JOSHUA HUTCHINSON.

He early became interested in music, and with his older sister Sophia, who herself had a remarkable voice, studied singing and harmony as best he could. The brother and sister practised faithfully, and used to please the brickmakers at their work and the people of the village by their singing. Their first musical instrument was a rude flute which Walter constructed from the stalk of a seed onion. When he was between twelve and fifteen, their father bought a seraphine, a rough reed instrument, with which they learned to play and to read music readily.

Kittredge's first ambition as a young man was for the stage. To one who has heard him sing and who remembers the dramatic power of his expression, his success as an actor would not seem to have been problematical. Indeed, the songs in character which he was accustomed to introduce into his concerts used to be among his most popular productions. He studied elocution as carefully as singing, and undoubtedly, if his family with their inherited hatred of the theatre had not opposed, would have followed his bent. As it was, he had to abandon his plan and aid his father till he came of age.



WALTER KITTREDGE.

After he was twenty-one, Mr. Kittredge determined to strike out for himself as a concert singer, beginning in a very humble way. He bought a horse and wagon from an older brother, had some advertising bills printed in Boston, strapped a melodeon on to a rack behind his wagon, and with little noise started on a tour through the villages of the county. His repertoire consisted chiefly of old popular ballads like "King Solomon's Temple" and "A Bachelor's Woe." He interspersed the songs with recitations, Poe's "Raven" and "Bells," with other American favorites, and humorous selections like "A Smack in School." He held the entertainments in small, bare, candle-lighted country halls, or in the churches, which were scarcely less desolate.

Obscure as was this beginning, it gave the young singer experience. In the following year he became associated with the famous Hutchinson family, who had already made their reputation as singers in the antislavery cause and whose history has lately been written by the surviving brother. With the Hutchinsons, Mr. Kittredge sang at intervals for twenty years, a great part of the time with Joshua Hutchinson. During the years preceding the Civil War, though separated for a time in 1857, the two travelled together extensively over New England and into New York, Pennsylvania and Canada. They sang simple patriotic and popular songs. Gradually, as need required, Mr. Kittredge began to compose airs of his own and words to fit the music. In time they came to make up their concerts largely from this source, and in 1862 gathered the songs into a little book.

When the Rebellion broke out, in-



MR. KITTREDGE'S BOYHOOD HOME.

terest in concerts declined, but there was an increased demand for patriotic singing at mass meetings, both in country and in city. The Hutchinsons and Mr. Kittredge became more widely known and were sought after as the great patriotic singers of New England. They attended numberless out-of-door gatherings for the support of the Union cause and stirred much slumbering loyalty into life by their songs.

"In my best days," Mr. Kittredge has told the writer, "I thought that I wasn't singing at my best at all, unless I could make my audience first cry and then laugh on the very next song. That's the secret of popular singing. Make your audience understand by pronouncing plainly, and if you feel the song yourself, you can carry them with you. Learning to enunciate distinctly is half of popular singing. It is so to-day, for all the advance music has made."

When in Boston during the war, Mr. Kittredge used sometimes to go out of an evening with a plain wagon and sing to the people in the streets. Even in the times of greatest excitement he received respectful attention when he began to sing. Sometimes the mob would fill the street from side to side and surge around his wagon, but even in the worst quarters of the city no one ever attempted to do him harm. One night as he stood on the wagon seat that all might see him as he sang, the horse started and pitched him headlong into the crowd. A great cry went up, which changed to a shout of joy as the singer rose unhurt and clambered back into the wagon.

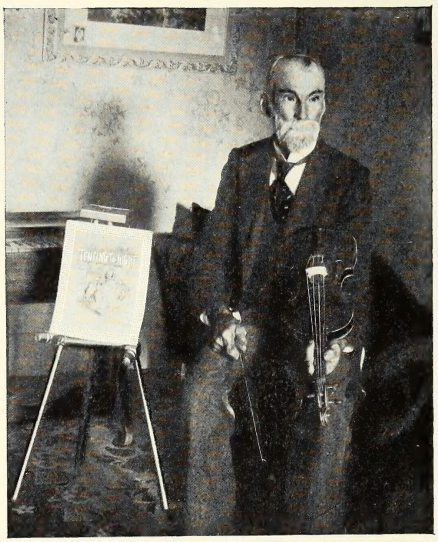
In the midst of a life like this, alternating the excitement of the great cities with the quiet of his home,—which he had built near his father's after his marriage to Miss Annie E.



MR. KITTREDGE'S PRESENT HOME.

Fairfield in 1860,—Mr. Kittredge composed his famous lyric, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." It was in 1863. He had never enlisted in the army because he felt that he could do better service as a singer than as a soldier. Now he was drafted and felt keenly disturbed over the matter. One night, on his return from a visit with the Hutchinsons at High Rock, Lynn, a persistent melody began to run in his head. "Tenting on the old camp ground" came the refrain. Yielding to the impulse, he went into his parlor and took up an old violin, though he seldom played the instrument and never, before nor since, used it in composing. Melody and words came together, and so were set down. That night both song and score were written as they now stand, except for one slight alteration.

Although he had written many songs before this time, Mr. Kittredge was so reticent in regard to this that for some time he did not show it to any one. He went to Concord to answer the draft, and was rejected by the surgeons. Later he went to High Rock, Lynn, and there taught "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" to Asa Hutchinson, who was the first to learn the now famous melody. In the autumn, while singing at Lowell, he was persuaded by Mr. Hutchinson to bring out his song there. It is related that the song received its first encore from a policeman in the hotel where the company was practising the music, he insisting on hearing it a second time. A little later, Asa Hutchinson, who was then in New York, wrote to Oliver Ditson, the Boston music publisher, that he had a new soldier song which he wished to have published. With Mr. Kittredge's permission he offered him "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" for fifteen dollars. Even at this modest figure Mr. Ditson declined the offer, on the ground that there was no demand for a new war song. Early in 1864, however, there came a demand for a new patriotic air. Mr. Ditson engaged a Mr. Turner to write something to meet the requirement; but his song did not prove successful. Later on the publishers bethought themselves of Mr. Kittredge's rejected song, which they finally published that same year. The result was almost unprecedented. Within three months over ten thousand copies were sold, and the song was known everywhere. In it there found expression the weariness of strife which the long-continued war had engendered. It was really a "peace song," as the author said, and therefore well fitted to catch the ear of a



nation which nothing but dogged perseverance held to its purpose.

"Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace."

The great war song is virtually a gospel of peace. And who shall say that it does not on that account more truly express the spirit of the nation? Certain it is that the continuous popularity of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" through so many years proceeds from the universality of its sympathy. It can be sung by North and



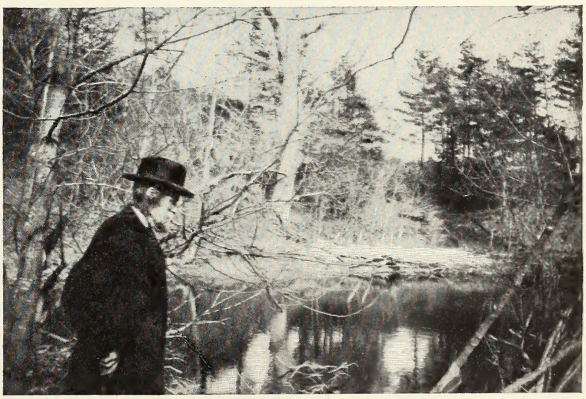
THE BABOOSIC.

South alike, now that North and South are one. It has been translated into one or two foreign languages, for it can be sung by any nation. Several hundred thousand copies have been sold since the beginning, and the demand is not yet satisfied. Indeed, the composer received a larger amount from royalties on the song during 1897 than during almost any preceding year.

"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" has been sung on many interesting and historic occasions. In 1866, a great antislavery meeting was held in Philadelphia to celebrate the consummation of the long struggle. Lucretia Mott, Anna Dickinson, Susan B. Anthony, Fanny Gage and Robert Purvis were among the leaders. Every day for a week Wendell Phillips addressed the assembly, and every day Walter Kittredge and Joshua Hutchinson sang their great song. Perhaps, however, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" was never sung with more striking effect than in the great spectacular "America," which was presented at the Auditorium in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition. There it was sung by a chorus of over five hundred voices and was the central attraction of the composition.

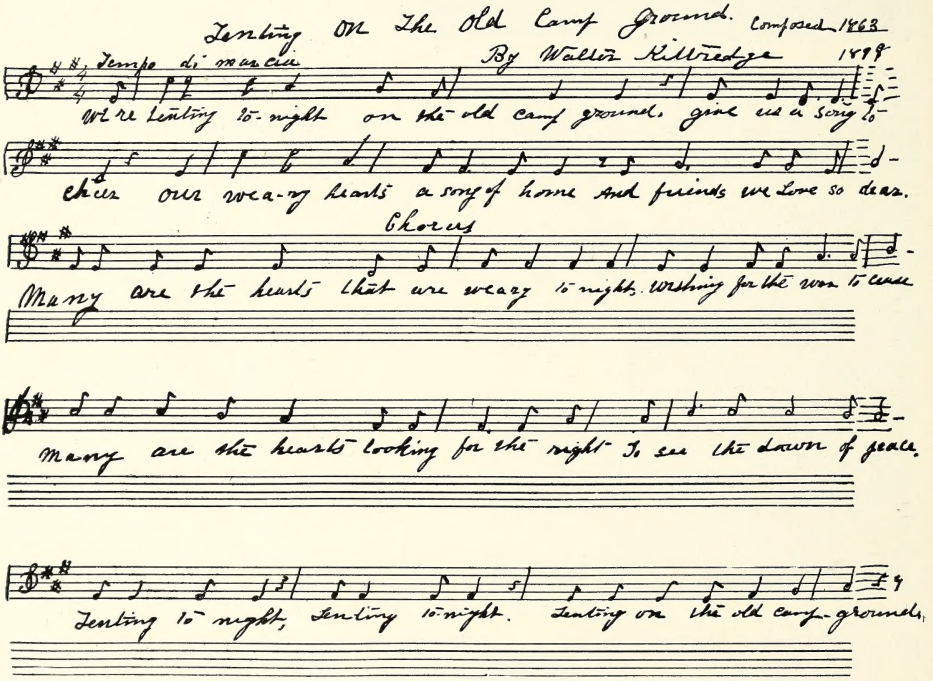
It would be a mistake to assume that Mr. Kittredge is the composer of only one song. He began to write very early and has continued to write all his life. The larger part of these compositions, though sung by the author in his concerts, have never been published. Very many, however, have been printed in one form or another, and some of these have had a wide circulation, notably "No Night There," published by Ditson and Co. in 1874, and "The Golden Streets," an earlier composition. "The War Will Soon Be Over" and "The War is Over," published respectively just before and just after the close of the Rebellion, were popular at the time. Some of Mr. Kittredge's other published songs are "When They Come Marching Home" (1864), "I'm a Child of the Mountain" (1864), "Life's Cares" (1865), "Make My Grave in the Lowland Low" (1867), "The Old Log House," and "Scatter the Flowers" (1889).

After the war, Mr. Kittredge went back to concert singing, which he followed for many years, long with Joshua Hutchinson and later by himself. He aimed to be nothing else than a minstrel of the people, and in that his success was great. There is



A FAVORITE SPOT.

scarcely a town in New England that has not heard his voice, and the larger towns and cities of New York and Pennsylvania, as well, have received him at one time or another. At the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, he sang with Joshua Hutchinson an original song, "Good-by, Uncle Caleb," which was afterwards published. He was an early advocate of the temperance cause, and wrote a rhymed lecture, which was very popular with his audiences.



In the course of his long career as a singer and lecturer, Mr. Kittredge has had many interesting and exciting experiences. Together with the Hutchinsons, he has been hissed and threatened for his opinion's sake, though he never received bodily injury. That courage and summary methods of treatment were sometimes necessary among his audiences is illustrated by the following incident. With Mr. Hutchinson, he was singing in a town near one of Vermont's copper mines. Before the concert a crowd of disorderly miners had made some disturbance about tickets, in which one burly fellow, partially intoxicated, was peculiarly exasperating. After the concert had begun and in the midst of a song, he tramped into the hall, stamping his great cowhide boots with all his might. The disturbed audience did not stir. Without a moment's delay, Mr. Kittredge, who was at the time a very slender but wiry man, jumped from the stage, seized the ruffianly giant by the collar, and before he could recover himself dragged him out of the door. The miners gave no further trouble that night.

Mr. Kittredge's experiences, however, have not often been of such an unpleasant character. He knew many of the great antislavery leaders of the country, and has often met the greatest men and women of the land, sometimes by chance and sometimes at gatherings like that at Philadelphia in 1866. In 1892, he attended the great soldiers' reunion at Washington with

WALTER KITTREDGE'S

UNION

SONG BOOK;

CONTAINING

Some of his most Popular Songs, Humorous and Sentimental.

BOSTON:
S. CHISM,—FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE,
No. 112 CONGRESS STREET.
1862.

Mr. John W. Hutchinson. There the two veterans met many old friends of war-time and made many new acquaintances. They were fêted and honored with the best, and sang again the old songs which still have power and life.

Mr. Kittredge remembers with pleasure Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley and Bayard Taylor, whom he met, among other famous men, at various times and places. With Joshua Hutchinson, who knew the poet well, he once called on Mr. Whittier at Amesbury. This was at the time when Whittier was writing his patriotic and war poems, which stirred the country like bugle notes. In reply to some praise from his guests, the poet said with characteristic simplicity, "If I have done any good I am glad, and if I have done any evil I am sorry."

For some years, Mr. Kittredge has sung little. A disabling accident, received soon after his return from Washington in 1892, and increasing years have kept him much at home. He finds the duties of his farm increasingly engrossing. Would you see him at home? You go westward from the little village of Reed's Ferry, which lies beside the Merrimac on the line of the Boston and Maine Railroad. You follow a sandy road out through fields and pine woods, which seem to be advancing in a broken wave. You pass a little pond, and soon come out where the fields stretch away on either side of the road, with the Uncanoonucs rising beyond. Before you stands an old-fashioned farmhouse surrounded by magnificent elms, Mr. Kittredge's boyhood home. A little beyond, you see a pretty cottage, rather fantastically decorated and having a great bow-window that reaches to the roof. By the door stand an oak and two Norway spruces, and across the road a grove of large pines. A well-kept barn with wide open doors is connected with the house.

Here Mr. Kittredge lives very quietly. At first sight you would hardly suspect him to be the composer of a song known round the world, so simple and homely is his appearance. But when his blue eyes light up with memories and his mobile face kindles with thought, you realize that you are with an unusual man, a man of intellectual power.

All Mr. Kittredge's tastes show a love for simplicity and simple greatness. Emerson and Thoreau are perhaps his best-loved authors, though Ruskin too is a favorite. Like John Burroughs, he is fond of all the school of nature lovers, if that free fraternity can be called a school. The writings of Frank Bolles, with their delicate delineations of New England scenery and the wood-life with which he is familiar, are especially dear to Mr. Kittredge. As he himself said, in speaking of these books, "I like them because they seem like nature itself."

He is attached to his home and its

surroundings as only a lover of nature who has kept his home for a lifetime can come to love any place. All the region was once his father's, and most of it is still in the possession of his family. Behind the house is a hill whence Monadnock and the neighboring ranges are visible. Baboosic Brook winds down through fields and pastures near at hand. Beyond the brook is his birthplace and the old brickyard. Every spot has its memory of boyhood or manhood. Here he wrote a song once known and now

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perhaps almost forgotten; there a song, it may be dearer, that never was published; and always within doors is the place by the window where he wrote "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," a song that will never die.

This earth-flavor he has embodied in his songs, which are simple and heart-felt melodies, truly "like nature itself." Many of them were composed while he was at work on his farm, and one at least was first written on an axe-handle in the woods. Withal, Mr. Kittredge is something of a mystic. Certain of his best known songs came to him as he woke from dreams, and were written in the night. He is a firm believer in inspiration;—and why not, since nothing else can account for the pervasive power with which a simple lyric like "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" is vitalized. "When I wrote 'Tenting,'" he says, "I actually saw the whole scene, as described in the song. It must have been inspiration. They sometimes ask when the national song is going to be written. I answer, never except in some humble way. It can never be written to order. It must come from the heart of the people, with no thought of a public, in order to live."

That "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" still lives would be amply proven by the number of letters concerning it which Mr. Kittredge still receives. During last year more than a hundred such letters came to him, as they have been coming for thirty-four years. He greatly values these expressions of sympathy and interest, coming as they do from men and women of every condition and place. Last year he received a cordial invitation to visit the Hawaiian Islands, with the announcement of his election as an honorary member of the Kanai Kodak Klub, an association which boasts of "Mark Twain," Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Joseph Jefferson and E. S. Phelps among its honorary members.

Although he sings but little now, except at home or about his work, as has always been his light-hearted custom, Mr. Kittredge retains to a great degree the power of his mellow voice. It gives new meaning to some old ballad when sung with the expression which a lifetime of practice has taught. The pathetic refrain:

"Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground,"—

never was rendered with greater feeling than by its composer.

So he lives, a simple, great-hearted man, touched by the hand of time, but still youthful and buoyant in spirit, with much to remember and little to regret, not wearing his laurels in sight, but sincerely unassuming. He has stirred and strengthened the heart of a great nation; yet he only says with modest simplicity, "People sometimes tell me that I have done something with my songs. I can only say that I am glad if I have done so."

IS THE UNITED STATES A GOOD NEIGHBOR TO CANADA?

By Edward Porritt.

JUST before the recent temporary agreement was reached between the United States and Great Britain with respect to the Alaska boundary, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier of Canada, made a statement as to the relations between Canada and the United States, in the House of Commons at Ottawa. He had been questioned in the House by Sir Charles Tupper, the leader of the opposition, who had again put forward a suggestion that the Dominion government should make use of the powers it has possessed since 1897, of imposing export duties on pine logs and other raw materials imported into the United States from Canada.

"I do not believe," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in reply to Sir Charles Tupper's suggestion, "that either in the future or in the past any policy of retaliation towards the United States would have or could have had any effect in settling our difficulties with them. But I am quite as much in earnest as Sir Charles himself in this respect, that we must stand upon our rights and upon our dignity. But standing on our rights and on our dignity does not call upon us to enter on a policy of hostility to the United States, even though the United States sometimes try our patience very much. Even though they sometimes more than try our patience, still I think it would be the part of wisdom in us under such circumstances to continue to be patient, and not allow ourselves to be moved by any sentiment of irritation."

It may come as news to many Americans that the United States has ever tried the patience of Canada, that the United States has ever irritated Canada; for the despatches sent out from Washington in reference to the Joint High Commission persistently give the impression that Canada is wrong-headed and needlessly bent on acting an irritating part towards the United States. The questions with which the Joint High Commission is concerned affect Canadian interests from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and it is worth while to examine them, to see what ground there is for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's statement that the "United States sometimes try our patience very much."

Nearly all the conduct of the United States of which Canada complains arises out of one phase or another of the protective policy of the United States. To begin on the Atlantic coast and with the fisheries

question. If there were no American tariff the fisheries question would not exist. As it is, the New England fishermen have a grievance against Canada with respect to the conditions under which they are permitted to use the ports of the Maritime Provinces, and the fishermen of the Maritime Provinces on their part complain of the high duties of the Dingley tariff. Canada has long been willing to grant the New England fishermen free fishing and the free use of the Canadian ports in return for the free entry into the United States of fish caught by Canadian fishermen. But the New England fishermen, or rather the interests at Gloucester which control the New England fisheries, will concede nothing on the tariff, and they insist that, because Canada will not open her ports without let or hindrance to them, they have a grievance against the Dominion. In short, they want all the advantages that Canadian fishermen enjoy, and also insist on holding to all the advantages which they enjoy under the tariff as American citizens.

In the absence of any later treaty, all that American fishermen are entitled to under the treaty of 1818 is the use of Canadian ports for repairs and shelter, and to obtain wood and water. Since 1888, by the generosity of Canada, they have been conceded more valuable privileges. Under a *modus vivendi* sanctioned by the Canadian Parliament and continued from year to year, New England fishermen, while still kept beyond the three-mile limit when fishing, are permitted to go into Canadian ports to obtain bait, ice and supplies; to ship crews, and to transship their catches in bond through Canadian territory into the United States. Through this transshipment privilege, New England fishermen are saved dead-horse voyages to and from the fishing grounds. All that Canada gets in return for these concessions is a small license fee from the owners of American vessels thus using Canadian ports. For ten years New England fishermen have enjoyed these privileges without any other recompense to Canada, and from the time they defeated the Chamberlain treaty of 1888 they have stood out against any concessions in the tariff to Canadian fishermen.

Inland from the Atlantic coast, along the border line, arise three questions which are a source of irritation to Canada. The first arises out of the United States contract labor laws; the second, out of the lumber schedule of the Dingley tariff of 1897; and the third out of the lack of laws or the non-observance of laws in the states bordering on the lakes with respect to fishing.

The United States alien contract labor laws are supposed to be general in their application. In travelling to and from Ottawa and Montreal, and also from Halifax, I have frequently made inquiries as to whether these laws were enforced on the New England border line, and have never been able to discover any proof that they are enforced against Canadians coming into New England from the Maritime Provinces and from the Province of Quebec. Farther west, unfortunately, there is no lack of proof of the harsh way in which the alien contract labor laws of 1885 and 1887 are enforced against Canadians from the Province of Ontario. Since the Joint High Commission was created in 1898 there has been some relaxation of the laws against Canadians in this length of the American border line; but before that time, instances of their frequent application were recorded in the Toronto and Montreal newspapers. It was then hardly possible to read these newspapers for a week without coming across paragraphs like these two, taken from the Montreal *Witness* of the dates named in 1897:

"Barrie, Ontario, March 12th. Frank King left here a few days ago for Detroit, where he had accepted a position as photographer's apprentice with Charles

Sergeant. When he was entering, the customs officers searched his trunk, and asked him what he was going to do there. King told the officers, whereupon he was told that he could not go. He left his trunk in Windsor, and in a day or two was about to make a second attempt to enter, when the officers told him if he came again they would arrest him. A man who left here to accept a position in Buffalo as book-keeper, a few days ago, is in the same position."

"Kingston, Ontario, April 5th. Here is a case of the application of the Alien Labour law. Mr. Dexter Pyke of Portsmouth was employed on the steamer *Nichols*, in command of Capt. Hinckley. Last week the authorities at Cape Vincent, New York, ordered his dismissal from the boat as he was not an American citizen, and Mr. Pyke was accordingly discharged. The steamer *Nichols* is owned in Cape Vincent."

Taken generally, the cases of this kind which appeared so frequently in the Toronto and Montreal newspapers until the Joint High Commission began its work showed that the contract labor law inspectors on the American border line were permitted to put the widest interpretation on the law and to bring within its provisions not only men and women who had made engagements to work in the United States before leaving Canada, but also men and women who were crossing the border to look for work. So wide has been the interpretation of the laws that men crossing by train or boat have been compelled to open their travelling bags in order that from an overhauling of their contents the American inspectors might satisfy themselves whether these Canadians were coming into the United States to seek work or were merely on a visit. When the inspectors were convinced that the Canadians were seeking work, they were promptly deported across the border and threatened with the penalties of the alien labor laws if they again attempted to cross into the United States. Young women from Canada have been refused admission to the United States to serve as nurse pupils at the Buffalo hospitals; and even nurses coming from Canada to attend cases on the American side of the border line have been turned back.

For nearly eleven years Canada put up with these American labor laws and the drastic manner in which they were enforced, without passing any laws in retaliation. At last, in 1897, after the methods of enforcing the American laws had been investigated by a parliamentary committee at Ottawa, and their hardships to Canadians adequately proved, the Dominion Parliament passed a Canadian alien labor law. But then, as in the 1899 session of the Canadian Parliament, Sir Wilfrid Laurier urged Canadians to be patient and not to permit themselves to be moved to any unneighborly action by any feeling of irritation. The Canadian law of 1897 did not originate with the government. At the beginning of the session two private members from the border counties of Ontario, one a Conservative, and the other a supporter of the Liberal government, introduced alien labor laws framed as nearly as was practicable on the existing American laws. The sentiment in Parliament was then so strong that the government dared not undertake to move the rejection of these bills. One of them was permitted to pass; but the government inserted a clause which prevented the act from becoming general in its operation, and which provided that it should go into force by orders in council and only in those parts of Canada which were suffering from the operation of the American laws.

Since 1897 the law has been put into force only in two or three places. There have been no deportments across the border under its provisions; and in 1897, after it was known that there was to be a Joint Commission for the settlement of this and other questions outstanding between the two countries, Sir Wilfrid Laurier announced in the House of Commons that he hoped, as one of the results of the Commission, that Canada would

soon have no further use for its alien labor law. With regard to this matter, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Ottawa government have undoubtedly acted in accordance with the spirit of the speech from which the extract at the outset of this article was taken, and they have not permitted the disturbing irritation on the Ontario border, due to the action of the United States labor law inspectors, to push Canada into any serious reprisals.

For six months past there has been a great outcry in the United States against Canada because of the Ontario log embargo. When this question is examined it will be seen that the fault is not all on the Canadian side of the border, and that the provocation has come from this side of the line. Under the McKinley act of 1890 there was a duty of one dollar a thousand feet on Canadian sawn lumber. Under the Wilson tariff, from 1894 to 1897, lumber was treated as raw material, and was admitted into the United States duty free. This arrangement did not suit the Michigan lumber men. While the presidential campaign of 1896 was proceeding, they obtained a specific pledge from Mr. McKinley and the Republicans that high duties should again be imposed on Canadian lumber; and when the tariff was under revision in the early months of 1897, these Michigan lumber men obtained the insertion of a schedule by which the duty was fixed at two dollars—twice the duty that sufficed during the McKinley tariff of 1890 to 1894. Between 1890 and 1897, however, the conditions of the lumber trade in Michigan had undergone an important change. Supplies of pine logs in Michigan had begun to run short; and to keep their mills going the Michigan lumbermen for two or three years prior to 1897 had been importing saw-logs in increasing quantities from Ontario. When they secured the two-dollar duty on Canadian lumber in 1897 they were consequently in some apprehension about the continuance of the supply of logs from the Canadian side of the lakes. They were afraid that the Dominion government might impose an export duty on these logs, or that the Ontario government, which owns the Crown lands from which logs are cut, might impose extra Crown dues. The Michigan lumbermen were quite aware that by the imposition of the two-dollar duty they had hit one of the chief industries of Canada the nastiest blow ever received by any Canadian industry from American protective legislation, and they naturally expected some retaliation. Their idea at this time was to make it impossible for Canada to retaliate—to endeavor by legislation at Washington to tie the hands of both the Dominion government at Ottawa and the Provincial government at Toronto. Accordingly it was provided in the lumber schedule of the Dingley tariff that, if either export duties or increased Crown dues were imposed on logs towed across the lakes to Michigan, the duties on Canadian sawn lumber should be increased automatically by the amount of the Dominion export duty and the Provincial Crown dues.

Canada, as these Michigan lumbermen then conceived, was bound hand and foot. But in drafting the lumber schedule of the Dingley tariff the Michigan lumbermen had failed to anticipate the contingency which has since arisen. They overlooked the fact that it is within the power of the Provincial government to regulate the conditions under which logs shall be cut on the Crown lands; and when, at the beginning of 1898, the Provincial government at Toronto imposed the condition that all logs cut on Crown lands shall be sawn into lumber within the Dominion of Canada, they were confronted with a deadlock, and one from which no relief can possibly be obtained through the schedule in the tariff of 1897, which had been drawn up with such an utter disregard of the rights of Canada.

These lumbermen knew that they had given Canada a hard knock, and early in 1898 they discovered that their manœuvre to prevent retaliation had failed, and that in spite of it Canada was in a position to protect herself. Since then they have been declaiming against the perfidy of the government of Ontario, and charging the government at Ottawa with a lack of good neighborliness in not using its powers, under the Act of Confederation of 1867, to disallow the act of the Provincial Legislature, by which the Ontario manufacturing clause was put into force.

The grievance of the Michigan lumbermen against the Ontario government is that it permitted them to buy trees standing on the Crown lands, and then sought to compel them to manufacture the logs in Canada. It would not suit the Michigan lumbermen to manufacture in Canada, because all logs cut there have to pay the two-dollar duty, and under such a condition the Michigan lumberman who has a mill in Canada would be no better off than the Canadian owner of a mill who ships his product to the United States. The answer of the Ontario government to this charge of unfair dealing is that when the Crown lands are sold it is no concern of the government whether they go into the hands of Canadian or American buyers, and that all buyers know that the lands are taken subject to conditions which are imposed from time to time by the Department of Crown Lands. It may be that in equity the Michigan lumbermen have a grievance; but in view of the history of the lumber clause of the Dingley act and the provocation to Canada which it embodied, it is a grievance which can draw to them very little sympathy. Their scheme in 1897, when the tariff was being revised, was to plunder the consumers of pine lumber in the United States by advancing prices, and to obtain the bulk of their raw material from Canada practically on terms which the lumber schedule was to put them in a position to dictate. The users of pine lumber in the United States have had no alternative but to submit to the exactions of the monopoly; but adroit as the lumbermen conceived that they were in attempting to tie the hands of the Canadian governments, a plan was easily and quickly devised for thwarting their schemes. The lumber schedule of 1897 is one of the irritations which Sir Wilfrid Laurier evidently had in mind in his reply to Sir Charles Tupper in the House of Commons.

The Canadian grievance against the United States with respect to the lake fisheries arises chiefly from the fact that the government at Washington has no direct control over fisheries in the lakes. In Canada the lake fisheries are controlled and regulated by the central government at Ottawa; and for thirty years past the Canadian Fisheries Department has given continuous care to the preservation and development of the lake fisheries. The fish are protected by Dominion laws, which establish close seasons, make illegal the capture of spawning fish, and prohibit pollution and obstructions in creeks and rivers flowing into the lakes. From $100,000 to $125,000 a year are expended by the Dominion government in preserving and developing the lake fisheries. On the American side of the lakes fishermen practically do as they please. There seem to be no laws which they regard it necessary to obey, and the Fisheries Department at Ottawa has more than once in recent years been brought to the verge of abandoning its work and bidding the Canadian fishermen follow the example of the American fishermen and go as they please so long as there are any fish in the lakes worth catching.

Since the High Commission began its work there have been complaints in this country that the Canadian sealers have been demanding exorbitant terms for the purchase of their interest in the fisheries. This may be true; but even as regards this ques-

tion, the irritation is not all from the side of Canada. In 1886 the American government attempted to secure a monopoly for the company which leases the seal islands. The dispute went before the Paris tribunal, and in 1892 it was determined that the United States was in the wrong and that damages were due to the Canadian sealers whose vessels and sealing outfits had been confiscated in 1886. It cannot be said that the Paris award of 1892 was loyally accepted by this country. It was declaimed against in Congress, and not until 1897 would Congress pass the act authorizing the treasury to hand the compensation over to the Ottawa government for distribution among the Canadian sealers.

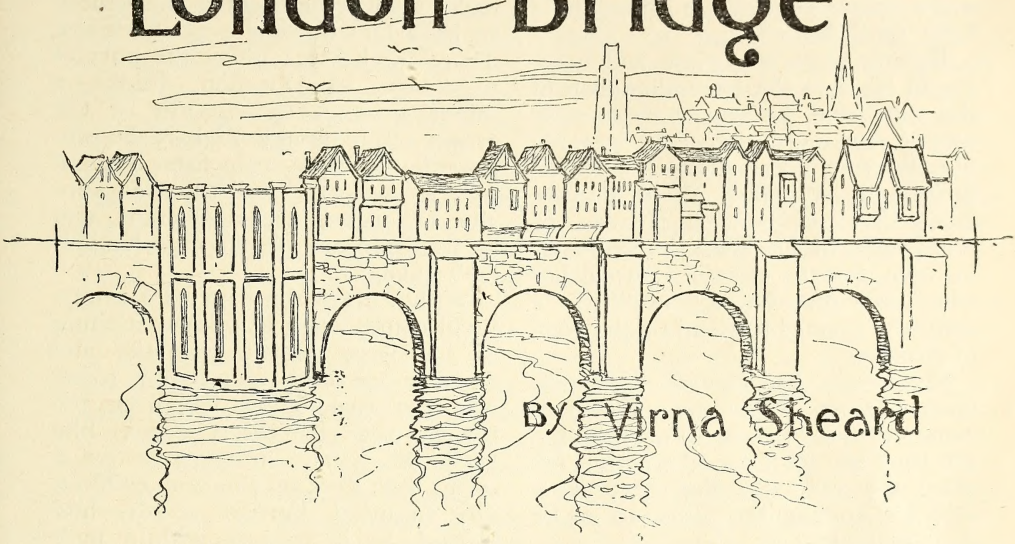
The discovery of gold in the Canadian Yukon country is responsible for much of the difficulty in connection with the settlement of the Alaska boundary; and the desire on the part of the Pacific coast cities that the United States should have control of all the available entrances from the coast into the Canadian Yukon territory was also responsible for the attempt which was made by the Senate at Washington in 1898 to dictate as to what should be done at Ottawa. Early last year the Dominion government proposed to construct a railway from the Stickine River to Teslin Lake, a length of line which was to form part of a rail and water route through Canadian territory from the Pacific coast to Dawson. Canadian territory on the Stickine River comes down to a point where the river is navigable, but not for ocean-going vessels; and had the scheme of the Dominion government been carried out there would have had to be transshipments in the neighborhood of Fort Wrangell from ocean-going steamers to boats which could navigate the river to the point where the Teslin Lake railway was to begin.

Under a treaty the Stickine River is open to free navigation by the United States and Great Britain. But in spite of this treaty condition the Senate bill of 1898 denied bonding privileges at Wrangell unless the Canadian government conceded to New England fishermen an absolutely free use of the ports of the Maritime Provinces, altered its railway policy in the Yukon country, discontinued the collection of duties on miners' supplies carried into the Yukon country from American cities, and also issued mining licenses for the Yukon at places in the United States named in the Senate bill. All these conditions were to be forced from Canada before she was to be permitted the right of free navigation of the Stickine River, a right guaranteed to her by the treaty between the United States and Great Britain.

In the United States this bill, originating in the Senate at Washington, received little or no public attention. In Canada it aroused the greatest indignation, and it drew from Sir Richard Cartwright, the present Minister of Trade and Commerce, and long one of the best friends of the United States in the Dominion Parliament, the statement that "if the government and the people of the United States should attempt to violate solemn treaties and deprive us of our solemn obligations and privileges, then it will become the duty not merely of the government of Canada, but the duty of the Imperial government, to take such action as may be found requisite to obtain the rights of the people of Canada, or to demand indemnity for any violation of them."

Such are some of the irritations which Canada has suffered in recent years at the hands of the United States. When these are borne in mind it cannot be a matter of wonder that Canada sometimes assumes an attitude of self-defence, an attitude which gives rise to actions on her part which are considered wanton and needlessly irritating, because the circumstances of the Canadian grievances are not generally understood in this country.

A Lily of London Bridge



By Virna Sheard

I.

THE tollhouse at the northern tower of London bridge was warped and rickety. Its gabled roof, red with rust, curled up at the eaves like the sides of a bishop's hat, and the whole place leaned far over the river, seeming, indeed, to keep from falling more by some "power of adhesion than stability of construction."

Those were the days of the old bridge. Afterwards Elizabeth restored it with much splendor, but at this time the narrow arches were crumbling and the foundations crazy with age. Still the people loved it well for all it had seen of England's past.

"If the bridge has a fault," said some wag of the time, "it is its irritating habit of falling down in places." Yet well had it stood out against the siege of time, and many a generation had it seen vanish as the river mists of early morning.

Many a king returning home from war had crossed it in triumphant state to the music of jingling spurs and linked armor; many a queen had been carried over the dark arches in silken-lined litter, and with her "bright-clothed ladies bearing her company."

Sombre funerals had passed across it in slow procession. Many a grim fight had stained the flooring red. Aye, and there had been jousts fought there for love of glory alone, when the towers had their turrets plumed with banners and gay gentlemen rode beneath.

All these things the place knew, and many were its burdens—most grewsome of all, the ghastly heads of traitors. These terrible trophies were still spiked upon the great Southwark gate, and were lit up in horrible brilliancy at night, when the flaming links fluttering in the river wind threw weird shadows over their staring faces.

Richard Davenport, toll-taker at the north tower, was known far and

wide in the days of his youth for his handsome face and also for being a most rare villain. Thrice had he languished in the pillory, once barely missed flogging at the tail of a cart, and later for highway robberies he was sentenced with three others to be hung on Tyburn Hill.

Having sown the wind, and hearing in his ears the oncoming rush of the whirlwind, he vowed to Heaven that if one more chance be granted him he would live peaceably to his life's end. Whether these prayers made in terror reached Heaven, or the Prince of Darkness looked after his own, fortune certainly turned her wheel and meted out long life to a man who seemed to stand on the edge of eternity.

For while he awaited execution Queen Mary died, and Elizabeth came to the throne. Furthermore, the time set apart for coronation fell upon the very day that Davenport and his companions were to make their unhappy exit.

Now, her Majesty was not minded that her reign should be ushered in by bloodshed, and graciously pardoned all criminals, not guilty of murder, who were condemned to suffer death on that auspicious day. She was also pleased to bestow the papers of liberation with her own fair hands. And when this prisoner, Richard Davenport, came into the royal presence with his fine, melancholy face and appealing blue eyes, the Queen's heart melted with pity, and she turned quickly to her attendants, saying that here some error of justice must surely have taken place, for if an evil spirit dwelt in so fair a body it was for the first time. Furthermore, as the youth seemed quite broken-hearted, she desired Lord Burleigh to bestow a purse of five golden rose-nobles upon him that he might begin life anew.

Following this the prisoners were disbanded, Davenport bowing himself away in graceful humility, and the nine others, who had no straight features or appealing eyes of azure, in a miserable, shambling bunch, making for the open, frantically, lest by some trick they be overtaken and condemned afresh.

Still more, the Queen bore this lucky scapegrace in mind and desired to have him become a good citizen. Therefore he was given the post of toll-taker on London bridge—a minor position in the gift of the crown. But though Richard Davenport found the earth firm beneath him instead of the distressful opposite, his nature was unchanged, and he lived a peaceable life only for policy's sake.

Within a year he married a pretty, timid country lass who knew nothing of his past. Gentle was she and sweet as one of her own garden roses, and the rushing of life over the bridge wore her heart away. She grew white and transparent as a spirit, then died, leaving one child—a girl beautiful beyond words, and blessed, as it seemed, with a high courage, for she feared neither the turmoil of the place nor the fierce and dominating temper of her father. And the little daughter of Davenport was well acquainted with all the haunting sights and sounds of the bridge, for since her starry eyes first opened upon this changeful world these things had been constantly before them—an ever altering panorama.

After her mother died, the man, tiring of the care of the child, sent her daily to a convent, where she learned out of books both French and Latin, and where her tiny fingers caught the cunning art of tambour embroidery. But when Joyce grew old enough to take charge of the house her father bade her stay at home, and, save for Silas Sloper, a one-legged old sailor who did odd work about the place, the two lived quite alone in the toll-house.

It was damp and dark and filled with the scent of mouldy wine barrels, for there was a tavern next, a

rendezvous for sailors and watermen where a thriving business was done by one Jock Ferrier in old Burgundy and a certain hot wine of Spain.

Joyce Davenport was used to the sound of drunken revelries and carousing, yet she grew up as clear of soul and white as one of the little lilies that blossom in the deep marshes where the river widens out, and her face was the one bright, pure thing the sun saw when he looked into the latticed windows of the old tollhouse. She was of a sunny nature and very gentle, yet with this gentleness was strangely blended an unbending will. There were times when the man wondered why he dare go but certain distance of demand with her, for though he had broken the spirit of his wife, this little maid of his had power to make him quail by simply looking at him in her still and tranquil way. And therefore she made a quiet place for herself in the heart of tumult.

Through the noisy hours of the day the toll-taker was busy and watchful lest some keen and money-saving driver pass by without tendering the city's lawful coin. Then he paid small heed to the comings and goings of his daughter, and she might trip in and out as she would. Provided only that his dinner be set to his liking, and she make no delay over it, he asked nothing further. But at eventide when traffic grew less, after the bell of St. Cleaves had tolled six times, and the river turned rose color in the west, when the diamond panes in the windows and shops of the bridge houses showed like cut brilliants, golden and fiery till they dazzled the eye, then did her father turn the key in the door, and the little maid was locked in, like a jewel in a rusty casket.

Then too came the one-legged sailor and watched the gate through the long evening, leaving Davenport free to follow his own wild fancies. Generally these led him to those places amongst the lowest river streets, where cock-fighting, bear-baiting and such pastimes were interlarded with much drinking of cheap wines, and games of chance.

The girl would throw open the windows that swung back like tiny doors, and leaning out, talk softly to Silas. He was slow of speech this old sailor man and not over-wise, yet of an honest heart and of enough shrewdness withal to let no rider go by without handing down his silver penny. It was his greatest pride to be left in charge of the tollhouse and the little lass, and he was much like a gray old watchdog who, while seeming to sleep, hears each smallest sound.

In idle moments Silas told tales of the sea, when sailing was a different matter from what we know it to-day, and it grew to be the dearest delight of his simple soul to watch the lovely face at the casement grow bright with interest as he spun his yarn out from one thrilling climax to another. Often afterwards would that poor head of his ache sorely, for the resources of his brain were not great, and those flights of fancy exhausted all its strength. Just where truth ended and exaggeration began he did not stop to ask himself; sufficient was it for Silas to see the blue eyes of his young mistress wide with astonishment, and to hear her sweet voice tremble with anxiety as she pleaded to know more of some hardy hero or reckless adventurer.

As time passed she grew tall and passing fair; then there came a day when Richard Davenport suddenly awoke to the fact of her marvellous beauty and all it might mean to him.

Joyce had come to the doorway to call him to his mid-day meal; and standing, framed thus in the rough wood, the room dark behind her, she made a picture rare and not to be forgotten. Her hair, which was of a flaxen that seemed touched with silver, waved about her head so light and soft that each breath ruffled it. The delicate brows and curling lashes of her eyes, in strange contrast, were

dark as a Spaniard's; and the eyes themselves blue like the hyacinth flowers that grew on the river bank far away from the city. The cupid's bow of her mouth was red and sweet, whilst her face had all the springlike coloring of an apple blossom.

The russet gown she wore fell open at the throat, and her father saw the warm whiteness of it and the exquisite curves of her rounded arms, for the sleeves were rolled high.

He gave a low exclamation and drew his hand across his eyes as though dazzled.

"What is't, father?" the girl asked. "Art not well?"

"Aye—well enough, lass," he returned half-roughly, following her into the room; "the sun was in my eyes—an' hark'e! keep thee close to the house in future. I will na have thee wandering past the shops, nor to Southwark neither! Dost heed me?"

"I hear thee, father," Joyce replied gently, cutting the wheaten loaf. "But it seemeth a strange command. Thou didst ever let me go as I wished, so I returned by sundown; an' I wandered far, far from the town, sometimes just following the river. Hast not seen the marsh marigolds and brown-eyed Susys I have brought back oftentimes? Yes, an' I went all the road to Greenwich last March for the first pussy-willows. Dost not remember? An' the tale I told thee of when I found the young cygnets in the old swan's nest? Thou didst not chide."

"Egad, I will do more than chide, an' thou goest again. So do not bring me to it."

Joyce stepped round behind his chair and clasped her arms about his throat; for in somewhat she loved the man, and ever her ways were coaxing.

"Give me thy reason, then," she said with a little sigh. "I am no child, father."

"An' that is my reason, i' faith; thou art no longer a child, Mistress Joyce, an' thou art too fair withal. Dost not know my face once brought me the luck of my life? Thine is more beautiful, an't shall bring thee gold, an' high fortune, an'—who knows, lass—a title to thy name perchance!"

She laughed merrily. "Well, I am content to bide; but, as for gold, I fear me 'twill not come my way. An' as for a title—count not on it, good father."

But there were others who had noted the girl's unusual beauty. Far and wide she was called "The Lily of the Bridge."

How she came by the name was not certain, though some said 'twas old brother Sebastian, a gentle monk from the ancient Dominican friary near the river, who first called her so. There were few of his order left, for the times had changed. Yet a number of them passed the tollhouse daily on their errands of mercy, and sometimes even stopped to rest there or ask for a draught of water. It was brother Sebastian, in his rough, hooded cloak girdled by the knotted rope, and his old face sharp and ivory white from vigils and fastings, who stopped there oftenest. He grew to love the maiden, and noticing her kindly spirit, wished her away from the keeping of such a dissolute father; for Davenport maintained but an outward semblance of respectability.

Now captured by a new idea, and fancying that in every man he saw one come to rob him of his daughter, the man guarded her with unreasonable watchfulness.

He called hmself a fool for not having seen before what a pearl was in his keeping; what price might not be bidden for it! "There was not the like of Joyce Davenport," he said to himself, "no, not in the kingdom."

Well had his own face served him; and hers—hers should bring him the best the country could give. He would live right merrily yet, and no gentleman of them all would know better how to spend a golden guinea.

This daughter of his should be seen by the highest in the land, and to see her was to worship her beauty and bid the highest price for it. Therefore to the highest bidder she should go—to the topmost title and the heaviest purse in all England. 'Twas a game worth playing—one sure of success—but how to play it? But where? But where? Difficult questions these, and they puzzled the handsome head of Dick Davenport as he stood by the tower through the long autumn day and collected the Queen's tax.

Inside the dark house Joyce pined for liberty. The days were weary, long and unspeakably lonely. There were the dogs—three of them that she had found at different times wandering about the bridge lost and lean, and as desperately miserable as only homeless dogs can be—these were company of course. They followed her so closely and watched her with such melancholy eyes, that she fancied they must understand her sad case. And there was her tambour work, and the books of Latin; yes, and the pigeons that flew to the upper windows. But oh! she longed to be away in the sunshine, longed to escape, and waited in patience and half-stifled hope for some change.

Then one morning there came to the tollman a thought that struck him as little less than an inspiration. He remembered there was a place near by frequented by the gay and wealthy people of the city. That was an inn on the Southwark side called "The Bear," a resort of fashion even like the Paris Gardens but smaller, and in the grounds behind there was often bull and bear baiting. Ladies sometimes witnessed these sports accompanied by their gallant cavaliers; this was the very place, and Joyce should go with him to see the sights.

"If she does not take the eyes of every man there from the play of the hour," Richard Davenport said to himself, "then the ways of the world have changed."

"Aye, my lass," he cried swinging the door open suddenly and looking in at his daughter, "thou hast been shut up long enow; to-night will I take thee for an outing to Ted Gillian's Gardens back o' the Bear Inn. Marry! thou need'st some gayety. An' thou'lt have a rare pleasant evening. There be hardly a gentleman in England but what finds his way to Gillian's soon or late, an' to-night's to be a grand night. Beshrew me if there won't be bear baiting, and bull baiting, and dancing! Thou'st seen nought of life, Sweeting, but thy father'll show 'e 'tis worth living."

The girl stood listening with parted lips and quick-coming breath. She leaned back slightly against an old seaman's chest, and with one hand steadied herself by it, for it seemed that she trembled a little. The dark wood made a wonderful background for her slight figure. Her eyes dilated as she listened, and then came by slow degrees an expression on the red curved mouth that the man knew well, and somewhat feared.

"I give thee thanks," she said coldly, "but I will na go. I will na go. I am na one who delights in seeing a poor beast tortured. I will bide here in peace."

Davenport swore softly under his breath. Twice before in her life had she answered him with the same cool determined spirit, and he knew her well—he knew her well.

She would not alter or be easily broken. To use force was to ruin the thing he valued; coaxing would not avail, and she was not to be affrighted nor intimidated.

Davenport turned on his heel muttering a curse, and his face as he went out was white and very evil.

He crossed to a shadowy corner of the tower, where he could watch the gate.

His thoughts were in a tangle, and he raged at such opposition. To be baffled by her—a bit of a lass, scarce eighteen. "Bah!" he said half aloud.

It made him ill. Gnawing away at his long mustache with strong, white teeth, he planned afresh, and, to help these angry meditations, drew from a beaded pouch by his side a heavy pipe and some of that new weed that was worth its weight in silver. Then he smoked in silence. This, like all Davenport's habits, was expensive and grew apace. Gold was what he wanted and must have, thought the man. As for collecting these wretched tolls, he loathed the task. And for the girl, if she would not fall in with his wishes, then she should marry Ted Gillian, who had wanted to wed her these many months. "Ted Gillian!" The man gave a short laugh. There was a chuckle-head, with a slow wit and a long purse, keeper and owner of the fashionable bear gardens! 'Twould answer. And she be obstinate? But he'd wait, he'd wait. So he pulled at his pipe savagely.

Presently came Silas to go on duty.

"There be rare doin's at t'other end o' bridge, maister," he called. "Rare doin's! There be a crowd gathered as I came by!"

"What's to do?" asked Davenport sullenly.

"There be a juggler all dressed in brown leather, flecked with little gold tassels where 'tis laced. Zooks! but he tosseth knives till it maketh t' blood stiffen in one! And there be gay red hoops and balls he throws as well; and he doeth magic with a silken ribbon, maister!"

" 'Tis a tame show, and one fit for women," said the other roughly.

"Tame show or no," returned the sailor, "it chilled the marrow o' my bones to see him toss the long knives, and catch them when eight were falling tines down!

"But there be more to it," he half whispered, leaning towards Davenport. "He weareth a brown mask, and they do say 'tis some noble in disguise. Beshrew me, but he looketh like one, for he standeth full a head over any man around. The show be'th on till dark, so thou canst see for thyself."

"Ah, so!" said Davenport, "'tis a strange tale; and yet I doubt me but what the fellow is some banished court jester. Any tattling goeth down with thee. Hark'e! Thou talkest over-much. Attend to thy business and there'll be short time for thee to be gazing open-jawed at some juggling fool or another. Be not late again, or I'll settle with thee."

Thus saying he went indoors and sat heavily down.

"Perhaps," thought the man, "an' I take the lass to see this fellow, it might bring her to easier mood. That far, and who knows, peradventure a bit of coaxing might lead her on to the Gardens. 'Tis worth trying, but it goeth against the grain." Rising, he settled his doublet and made up his mind.

His little daughter was in her room looking down into the river and watching a soft, yellow mist that, smokelike, rolled in from the sea.

"Ah, Joyce!" she heard him call, "I was over-harsh with thee; come, I will take thee for a stroll. At bridge-end is a fine show, they tell me,—a sight that maidens may see, for 'tis just harmless juggling, no more nor less. Put on thy best gown, lass, to out walk with thy father, an' in token that thy temper is sweet again."

Joyce answered back gayly, and soon ran down from her room arrayed in a white cloth gown, and with a long cloak of hunter's green velvet tied about her throat. She pulled up the small hood, and dropped her father a little courtesy.

"'Tis all the bravery I own," she said, "but 'twill serve."

"Aye!" he answered. "Thou lookest like a lily coming out of green leaves."

Laughing and chatting they walked down the bridge past the quaint bridge-houses, their tiny roof-gardens bright with flowers, and so in and out amongst the people.

The odd signs above the old shops

swung back and forth with low creaking, while the air was full of sounds of life, and fresh with a salt smell from the sea. Under those arches the river surged and beat. Vessels from all ports passed up and down the dusky water that at this hour was touched with gold and red from the western sun.

Great trading ships were going out, some to the old, old East, and others to that new land of the West. Little wherries and punts went bustlingly back and forth, making a great to-do for things so small. A thousand sails, black, brown and tawny, were raised in the freshening evening breeze.

Here and there the swans drifted homeward, like patches of floating snow, down to the lower marshes they went, where was quiet and deep peace. Out on the docks a day's work was drawing in, and weary longshoremen wheeled the last casks from some fast-emptying vessel, or piled great chests of tea, curiously marked bales of foreign silks and rugs, or boxes of spice into shelter for the night.

All this Joyce saw as she had seen it a thousand times before. The wind blew in many a fragrant odor from the vessels being unloaded, a perfume of wine and leather, sandalwood, coffee and tobacco, all blended with the scent of the sea.

The sun touched the gray old tower, where it stood afar off, raising its grim head to heaven, and holding the secrets of the years. It gilded the ancient priories of St. Mary Overies, and the convent of Bermondsey, and there was but an afterglow lighting up the world as the two came upon a knot of sight-seers circling about the man Dick Davenport sought.

Yes! there he was, the mysterious juggler still playing for the amusement of the passing throng, and, doubtless, the better filling of his own wallet.

He stood on a small cedar table, where lay an open case of long, double-edged knives, and he was—as Davenport noticed—a good head taller than any man around.

As for his dress, it was sober brown, cut withal in the extreme fashion of the hour, and it followed the lines of his firmly-knit form, as though moulded upon it. His boots of soft tan color rose to the mid-thigh, and were square and flaring at the top. His jerkin of leather also shone here and there where it was laced with little gilt tassels, as the old sailor had said. He was belted with a girdle of dull gold, from which dangled a small toy-like Venetian dagger. The hilt of this pretty thing glinted blue as though set thick with turquois. The linen at the man's throat and wrist was smooth and fair, testifying to the ease with which he wrought his work. Upon his short dark hair rested a jaunty peaked cap, holding one long pheasant's feather.

The pose of the player as he kept some ivory balls in midair was grace itself; still it was his face the people watched, for there lay the mystery of him. His lower jaws, strong and beautifully turned, were shaven clean; the mouth firm and close showed yet the faint indication of a smile, but across his eyes lay a mask, and none might say truly who looked from behind it.

An ancient serving man waited near the table holding a heavy cloak. The expression on the worn face was one of patience under great distress. He it was who collected the silver sixpences, groats and three-penny-bits after each performance—often from a fast-thinning crowd—and in truth his looks bespoke it an unwelcome task.

Davenport pushed through the mass of people to its innermost circle, holding Joyce fast by the cloak, so that she must needs follow.

They drew up just as the juggler stooped to take his knives from their case.

Next the girl stood a sailor all

agape; barefoot and swarthy he was, his hair burned almost yellow from the tropic sun. On one arm he held a wooden cage wherein were two homesick paroquets that now and then uttered harsh, unhappy cries. Next again was a man of most noble deportment, whose keen eyes missed nothing of interest that passed around him. His close pointed beard was trimmed to a nicety, and the half hidden mouth changed as he gazed about at the motley crowd with a smile, now grave, now whimsical.

All this Joyce saw as in a dream, for she was only conscious of one tall and beautiful figure clad from top to toe in sombre hue, flinging from him straight and high into the air a dozen glittering, dangerous knives.

She watched him breathlessly with eyes darkening, the pink coming and going in her cheeks, her hands clinging together till the rosy nails grew white. From her raised head the green hood slipped away, and in the golden evening light her hair made an aureole about her face. He of the pointed beard glanced at her again and again as one impressing a picture upon the memory. She stood as still as a lily in a windless garden, fascinated by the danger of the play going on.

One little slip—one breath too much — ah! The juggler glanced down and his eyes caught the girl's uplifted face. There was a quiver of his arm—and then a shower of knives rattled on the wooden table or fell to the bridge.

Three he caught, and one grazed his cheek, or even more, for the blood streamed down upon his collar.

Joyce gave a low, half-checked scream, and pulling her kerchief out of its swinging pocket held it up.

"Quick! Thy face!" she cried; "bind it up, oh, bind it up. Thou art welcome to the kerchief; I need it not."

Then turning to her father, suddenly caught his hand. "Take me home," she said again with soft intensity; "I like not such sights. Didst not see, he might have been blinded for life?"

The juggler had leaned down and taken the tiny lace-edged square, which he pressed to his face. Then he leaped lightly from the table and stood beside Joyce.

"I give thee thanks; but trouble not thy pretty head about me, little maid," he said. "Had I put out my life 'twere a ne'er-do-well gone, and not a better man."

Some voice in the crowd called out, "Go on with thy show, sir juggler; 'tis not thy death wound this time," and there was much chattering and laughter.

"'Tis not as deep as the Thames," called another. "'Twill keep thy head cool, and save from leeching," said a third.

"I trow 'twill make but a paltry scar," shouted a rough voice. "Finish thy show. Art turned chicken-hearted?"

The green paroquets set up a screaming like files over a saw.

Then the man who stood next the sailor looked quietly around, and the hum of voices ceased.

"Pray thee, go to thy homes, good citizens," he said in a rich commanding voice. "There will be no more knife-throwing to-night; the light has failed. Hast never heard this, 'He jests at scars who never felt a wound.'" So, laughing, he made his way through the people.

"'Tis Will Shakespeare," said one, looking after the man. "A young player from the Globe Theatre."—"'Tis Will Shakespeare—none else."

Thus they scattered noisily and went away as the dusk fell.

Davenport and his daughter had long disappeared, as had the juggler, while the old serving man folded the table by some contrivance and carried it towards Bridge House.

[*To be continued.*]



MONADNOCK LAKE AND MOUNTAIN.

OLD TIMES AND NEW IN DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By George Willis Cooke.

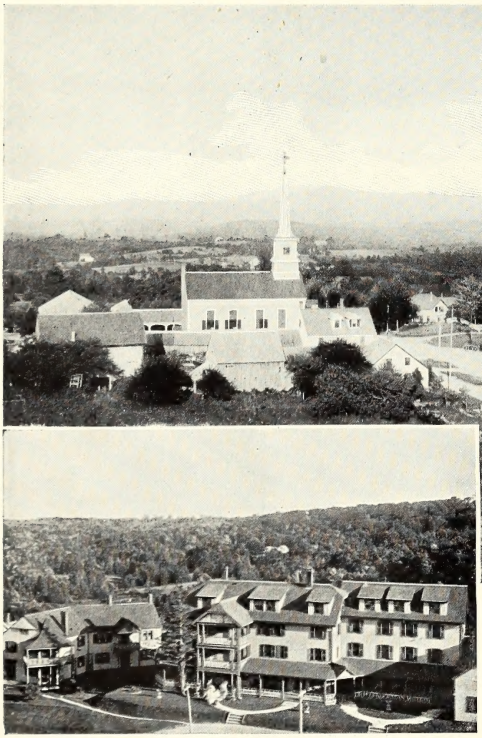
Illustrated from photographs by Henry D. Allison and others.

THE highest village in New England is Dublin, New Hampshire, situated at the foot of Mount Monadnock, in the southwestern corner of the state. The United States survey has established the height of this village as 1,493 feet above the level of the sea, while that of Bethlehem, long assumed to be the highest village, is only 1,454 feet. The whole town has a like elevation, many houses being higher than the upper village, while the lower village and many of the farms are of a height somewhat below the figure given. The whole town is something like 1,350 or 1,400 feet above the sea; and it therefore enjoys in summer the advantages of the bracing air, cool breezes and moderated temperature which such elevation secures.

The region immediately about Grand Monadnock was not settled until a few years before the Revolution began, the first farm being occupied in 1752. The original settlers were Scotch-Irish; and though only one out of a dozen or more of the families that came remained in the town, yet the fact that this first permanent inhabitant was from Dublin in Ireland gave the town its name. That a name with so small historic associations should have been accepted, while the beautiful name of Monadnock was discarded—the town having been originally known as Monadnock No. 3 or North Monadnock—is one of those unaccountable blunders for which there appears to be absolutely no reason. The only excuse for it seems to be that the

names of the surrounding towns of Troy, Fitzwilliam, Marlborough, Jaffrey, Peterborough and Harrisville are alike wanting in fitness of association or historic suggestiveness.

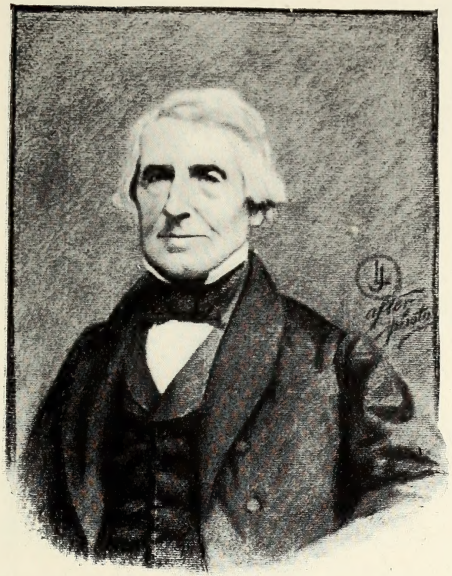
The permanent settlers of Dublin came largely from the towns on the border between Middlesex and Norfolk counties in eastern Massachusetts, the largest number being from Sherborn, but many other towns were represented, including Natick, Medfield, Holliston, Framingham, Concord and Amherst. The inhabitants organized themselves into a town in 1768, and legal incorporation was secured in 1771. In 1770 the town had twenty-three legal voters; but a declaration prepared in 1776, pledging the subscribers to "oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies," received fifty-seven signatures. During the progress of the war twenty-six men from Dublin were in the American armies. After the Revolution the population rapidly increased, from 305 in 1775, to 901 in 1790, and 1,188 in 1800. In 1810 the population had decreased by four as compared with 1800; but it advanced to 1,260 in 1820, which is the largest figure it has ever reached. A slow but steady decrease followed, which brought down the population to 1,088 in 1850, which decrease was accentuated in 1870 by the removal of a third of the town to aid in forming the new town of Harrisville. The population in 1880 was 455, and in 1890 it was 597. It will thus be seen how early began the tendencies which carried the people into the newer West and into the larger towns and cities of New England. Even so early as 1830 complaint was made that the young men were not contented to remain in the town and to engage in agriculture.



THE LEFFINGWELL.

DUBLIN VILLAGE.

As soon as there were persons enough in the town to hold religious meetings, an effort was made to organize a church. In 1772 a minister



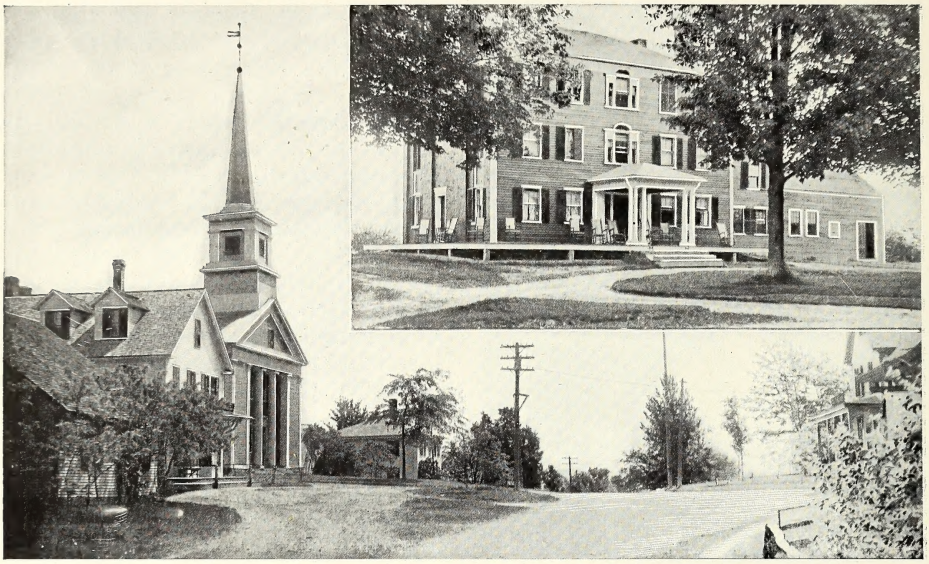
REV. LEVI W. LEONARD.

was settled; but poor health caused his withdrawal in a few years. In 1777 Edward Sprague was settled, and he continued in office until his death, in 1817. He was an eccentric person, rode about the country in a coach and four, and after middle life was quite wealthy, so that he entirely relinquished his salary. Many amusing anecdotes have been told of him, most of which have a very unsubstantial basis in fact. Mr. Sprague was a native of Boston, a graduate of Harvard, had no knowledge of agriculture, and was not of a practical turn of mind. He left to the church five thousand dollars, and to the town nearly ten thousand for educational purposes.

In 1820 Levi W. Leonard, born in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard in 1815, became the minister, which position he held until 1854. During the thirty-four years of his ministry the town knew its greatest prosperity and was at the height of its industrial and educational activities. He was a born preacher, an efficient leader of men, a true educator, a man interested in every subject of the day, who labored zealously for the good of his people and was contented to remain in the little community where he was first located. In his day the schools of the town stood among the best in the state and were often cited as models for other towns to follow. He was superintendent of schools, gave much attention to their encouragement and success, and made them thoroughly efficient. His ability as an educator found expression in the preparation of several successful text-books, one of which was an attempt to popularize the elements of science. Dr. Leonard—for he was made a D. D. by Harvard in 1849—was greatly devoted to scientific pursuits. He was a skilful botanist, a proficient entomologist, and he had a good knowledge of other sciences. In 1859 he was described as the best entomologist in the state, and he largely aided his classmate, Dr. T. W. Harris, in the preparation of his works on that science. He interested



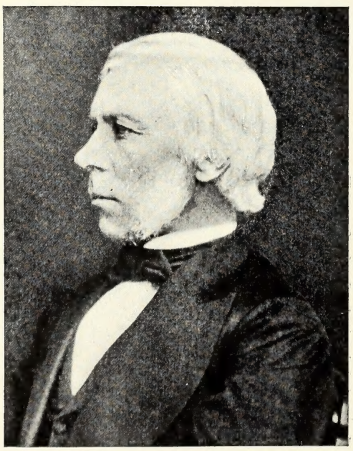
THE EPISCOPAL CHAPEL.



THE UNITARIAN CHURCH. LEFFINGWELL'S INN.

the people of the town in his studies, and especially the young. Soon after his settlement he began a town library, managed by himself and supported by subscription, but open to every resident of the town. It was undoubtedly one of the very first public libraries established in the country, and antedates in time by several years that at Peterborough, which has secured recognition as the first public library supported directly by the town. One who knew Dr. Leonard intimately said of him that he was "the man who has done more than any other for the intellectual, moral and religious advancement and elevation of the people of Dublin." He was ably seconded, however, in all his work by capable and efficient parishioners, men of enterprise and intelligence. The migratory tendencies had not yet taken away the active and educated men and women from the country; and men of business ability, mental activity and moral earnestness made the town life in many ways prosperous and satisfactory. After spending two summer vacations in Dublin, Theodore Parker, in 1855, wrote of the town and its minister:

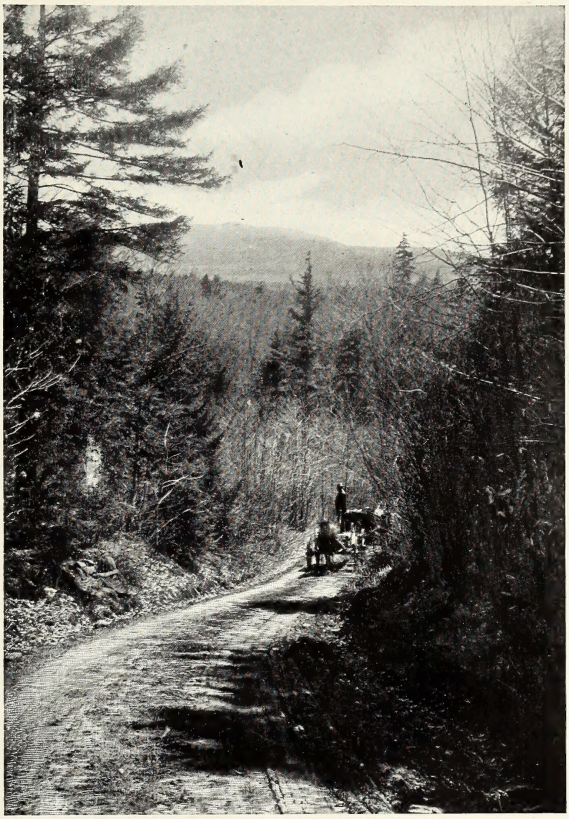
"Here I am rusticating in one of the nicest towns in New Hampshire or New England. Good Dr. Leonard has written his natural piety all over the town and in all the people. How much a noble minister may do for mankind in such a town as this! There are twenty-three copies of the New York *Tribune*, and nearly as many of the *National Era*, taken here. No rum in town, excellent schools, not eleven



REV. GEORGE M. RICE.

hundred inhabitants, and twelve hundred dollars devoted every year to schools. I often mention Lincoln, Dr. Stearns's old parish for so many years, to show what a minister may do; Concord is also a good example; but Dublin, I think, will bear the palm from all the rest. There is not a town in New England but would rejoice to have such a minister as Dr. Leonard."

Under the ministry of Dr. Leonard a considerable number of intelligent men and women were educated for the work of life. In several towns and cities, and in various callings, these persons will be found; and they look back to his influence with gratitude. Among these persons, a native of Dublin, is Professor S. C. Derby of the Ohio State University at Columbus. Another was the Rev. John C. Learned, also a native of Dublin, who was settled for many years over the Church of the Unity, St. Louis. He was an able preacher and a vigorous thinker.

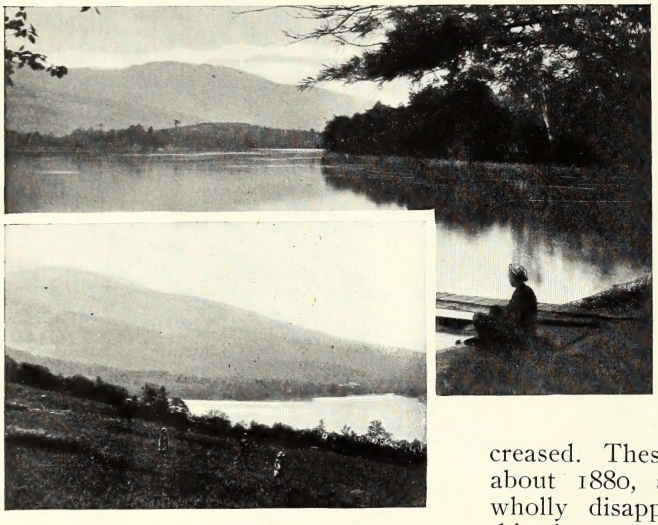


A DUBLIN ROAD.

Under the preaching of Mr. Sprague began those tendencies in the Dublin parish which brought it into accord with the Unitarian movement. The result was that in 1827 a few persons withdrew and formed another religious organization, which now bears the name of the Trinitarian Congregational Society. In other parts of the town, now included in Harrisville, the Baptists early organized, and other denominations held meetings. Within a few years the Episcopalians have erected a summer chapel and rectory, and the congregation of summer residents and visitors has been ministered to efficiently by Rev. Reuben Kidner of St. Andrew's Church, Boston. The Roman Catholics have also found it desirable to hold a service in the town hall during the summer season. Until within a very few years, however, the town of Dublin has been largely homogeneous in its religious interests. The First Parish meeting-house has been the only one with a continuous succession of ministers. Perhaps the Rev. George M. Rice, minister from 1866 to 1882, was the last who could be regarded as belonging practically to the whole town. He carried forward successfully the interests and the religious traditions of the town as they had been so efficiently inaugurated by Mr. Sprague and developed by Dr. Leonard. In more recent years sectarian interests have predominated,

as is the case everywhere in New England, over those of the community and the town, the First Church being now but one church among others.

From the beginning Dublin was almost wholly a farming community,



MONADNOCK LAKE.

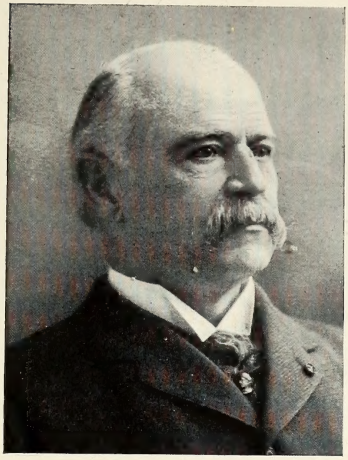
a store or two, a blacksmith's shop, a small tannery and one or two diminutive mills constituting all the other business interests. The tannery and the mills have now disappeared, and the only interest of the town, aside from that created by its attractions as a summer resort, is that of farming. No kind of social or intellectual organization exists in the town, aside from its two churches, except a grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, which has a membership of about one hundred and twenty-five and has been in successful operation for a number of years.

The interest in Dublin as a place of resort for the summer months began about the middle of the century; but for the next twenty years it was only in its incipient stages. As early as 1840 a few persons came to the town to spend the summer, with relatives, and not long after a few families began to take boarders. The lake and mountain brought tourists, who remained for a few days or who camped on the shores of the lake. Then came teachers, clergymen and a few quiet persons who enjoyed the retirement and the beauties of nature. One of the first regular summer visitors was Miss Harriet Graupner, formerly well known in the musical circles of Boston. It was undoubtedly his keen love of the world of mountain and forest that brought Theodore Parker to the town at an early date. Many of the farmers enlarged their income by taking summer boarders, while the number of tourists and campers-out gradually increased. These tendencies culminated about 1880, and have now almost wholly disappeared. The cause of this change was the appearance of the summer resident, who built a cottage and became a landowner.

In 1871, Dr. C. H. Leffingwell of Providence bought a family residence in the upper village; and in 1877 he opened it as a hotel, under the name of the Appleton House. He enlarged it from time to time, and finally gave



GEN. CASPAR CROWNINSHIELD.



COL. GEORGE E. LEIGHTON.

it the name of The Leffingwell. Mr. Henry R. Leffingwell has been its manager for a number of years. In 1888, The Boulderstone, a large boarding house, was built on one of the hills at the eastern end of the lake. The present year has brought the transformation of an old stage tavern, built more than a hundred years ago, located in the lower village, into a summer hotel under the name of Leffingwell's Inn, with the same proprietor and manager as The Leffingwell. The development of Dublin as a summer resort has not been in the direction of accommodations for the summer boarder, either in private houses or in boarding houses and hotels. Probably not more than two hundred persons can be provided for in these ways, even when every accommodation is utilized to the utmost.



THE LEIGHTON COTTAGE.

In the year 1868 there came to Dublin Mr. John Osgood of Boston; and connected with his family were the families of Professor Lewis B. Monroe and Dr. Hamilton Osgood. These three families boarded with Mrs. F. F. Myrick, whose house was on the Harrisville road, overlooking the east end of the lake and the mountain. Mrs. Myrick had begun taking boarders in 1864 as a convenience to three young men from Jamaica Plain (Boston), who were travelling on foot about the mountain. Others came, and she opened her house in summer to meet an urgent demand. Here it was that the Osgood family remained for several summers, until in 1872 Professor Monroe bought the Myrick house and farm, and his family have since occupied it as a summer residence. In connection with these families, though finding board at another house, came Mrs. J. S. Copley



THE LAKE, FROM COL. LEIGHTON'S HOUSE.

Greene and her brother-in-law, General Caspar Crowninshield, of Boston. In 1872 Mrs. Greene built the first summer cottage erected in Dublin, in the neighborhood of the Myrick house, north of the western end of the lake. Soon after Dr. Hamilton Osgood and General Crowninshield also erected cottages; and by 1879 five cottages had been built and three old houses remodelled for summer purposes.

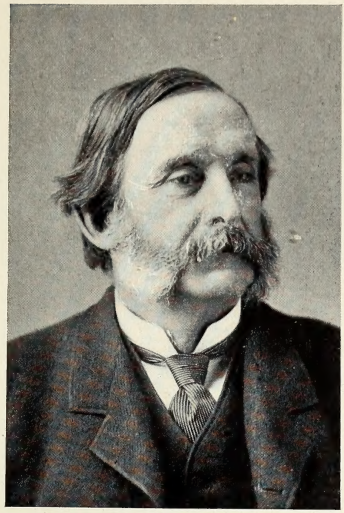
It was due to General Caspar Crowninshield that Dublin became a summer resort of a somewhat unique kind,—that is, a place of quiet and restful home life in the country. Well known in Boston business and professional circles, an active member of the Somerset and other clubs, and popular wherever he went, he praised Dublin to his friends and induced a number of them to find in the town a place of summer residence. Under this influence and others the building of summer cottages progressed steadily until 1893, when the number had reached fifty-six.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Up to the year 1872 Dublin had been going the way of most country towns in New England, decreasing in population and wealth. Agriculture had rapidly declined in importance, for manufacturing there was no opportunity, and the village was too far from the railroad (four miles) to open for it any possibilities of attracting those wishing a quiet and inexpensive place of residence. There was no market, the prices of farms went steadily down, and the town was rapidly deteriorating. The advent of General Crowninshield and his friends gave a new direction to the life of the town. Whereas in 1870 a good farm could be bought for $2,500 to $3,000, in a few years prices for the same advanced to $12,000; and in 1898 as high as $16,000 was paid for a farm that in 1870 could have been purchased for one-sixth or one-eighth of that sum. The town has taken on a new character, as a result. All about Monadnock Lake cottages are now located, and a considerable number of them are large and substantially built. Being occupied for four or five months of the year, they are not mere cottages, but some of them are well appointed and attractive residences.

After a few years on the northern side of the lake, Dr. Osgood and Mrs.

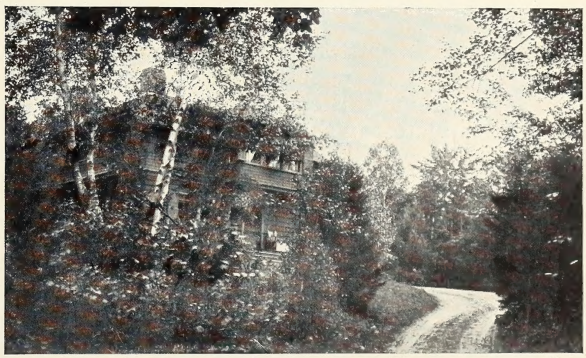


COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

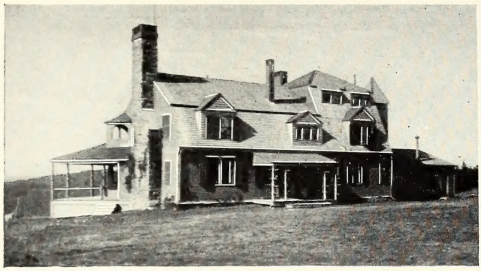
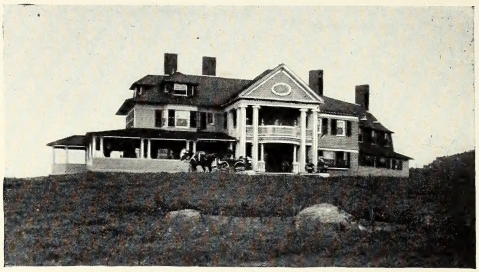
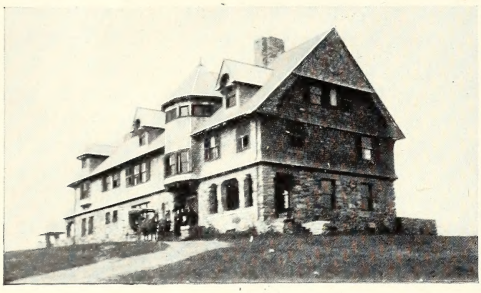
Greene built cottages on the southern shore, in the woods that reach from the lake to the mountain. Cottages were also built by Colonel T. W. Higginson, Professor H. B. Hill of Cambridge, and others. Here located the painters, Abbott H. Thayer, George De Forest Brush and Joseph Lindon Smith. The literary and artistic interests of these persons gave to this locality the name of the "Latin Quarter." Here was erected a few years since, on Mr. Smith's grounds, a unique out-of-door theatre, following an Italian model, and named the Teatro Bambino. It will accommodate but a few persons, but it has been so planned and decorated as to have genuine attractions for those who admire what is simple and yet artistic. In this theatre, during the summer of 1898, was presented a miracle play written by Henry Copley Greene, with Colonel T. W. Higginson, Professor Raphael Pumpelly and Russell Sullivan in the cast of characters. All the cottages in this region are brought into neighborly relations with each other by means of footpaths through the woods.

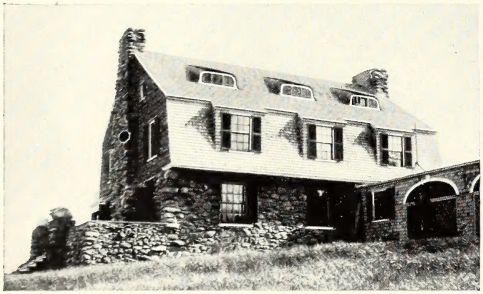
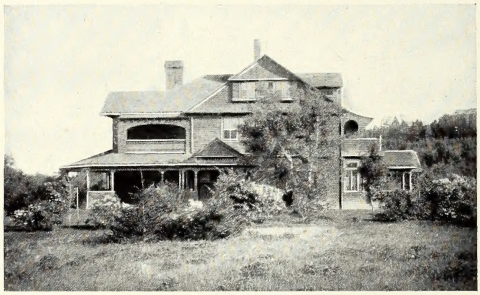
Colonel T. W. Higginson first came to Dublin about the year 1880, and boarded in the family of John H. Mason, at the west end of the lake. After a number of years he built a cottage, which he has named "Glimpsewood." He is enthusiastic in his praise of Dublin as a place of summer residence, and he finds it favorable to his literary occupations throughout the summer. He has actively identified himself with the interests of the town, often presides at public meetings, nearly every year gives one or more lectures in the town hall or elsewhere, and has helped to give character to the summer colony.

At the west end of the lake the Gleason farm was purchased, fifteen or more years ago, by Colonel George E. Leighton of St. Louis. Coming to the town originally to secure help for his invalid wife, he has turned his attention to agriculture, purchased four or five farms in his neighborhood, and built up a large dairy and farm interest. Actively connected with the railroad and manufacturing enterprises of the state of his residence, formerly president of the trustees of Washington University and a member of the United States Currency Commission, he has brought the same business skill to his agricultural pursuits in Dublin. Having travelled extensively throughout New England, he has found Dublin the most desirable place for sum-



COLONEL HIGGINSON'S COTTAGE, "GLIMPSEWOOD."

THE PUMPELLY COTTAGE.
THE MASON COTTAGE.
THE PARSONS COTTAGE, "STONEHENGE.".

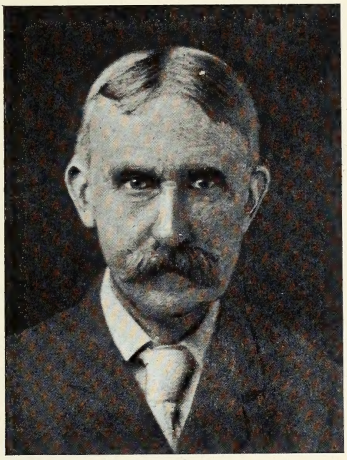
THE CATLIN COTTAGE.
THE HITCHCOCK COTTAGE, "WESTMERE."
THE FROTHINGHAM COTTAGE.

SUMMER HOMES AT DUBLIN.

mer residence known to him. He has drawn others to the town from St. Louis, until a considerable western colony has been attracted to the place, the members of which are among those who come earliest in the spring and remain latest in the autumn. Immediately in Colonel Leighton's neighborhood, Mr. Daniel Catlin of St. Louis has built an attractive residence, on the old Mason place. Among others of this group are Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. McKittrick and her son, all of whom are now engaged in building. In this neighborhood is the cottage of the Hon. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, now Secretary of the Interior in President McKinley's cabinet. At the outlet of the lake, on the old Morse place, Mr. Daniel A. Dwight of Boston has found a summer residence for many years, being one of the earliest of those to purchase a farm and give his attention to agriculture.

At the east end of the lake, on the old common, located Dr. Horace P. Farnham and Mr. James H. Frothingham of New York. This was the location of the second meeting-house and town hall. Toward the lake was the town cemetery, now one of the

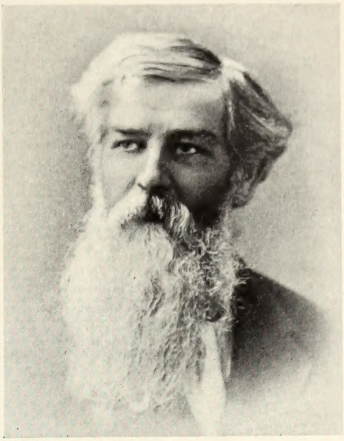
most attractive burial places to be found anywhere. In the near neighborhood of the lake, with the mountain in full view, nestling at the foot of Beech Hill, with plenty of natural growth of forest trees interspersed among the graves, with here and there a touch of cultivation, this place has kept its natural beauties and its fitness for its purpose. Across the road to the north the first church building was located, and eastward was the house occupied by Parson Sprague. Toward the village was built the first church edifice of the Orthodox society. In 1818 the second church of the town was built on the hill to the eastward of the first, but in 1852 a removal was made about a quarter of a mile still farther east-



FRANKLIN MAC VEAGH.

ward, to the centre of what is now the upper village. A few years later the brick church of the Orthodox society was taken down and a wooden structure erected in the lower village, about half a mile east of the original location.

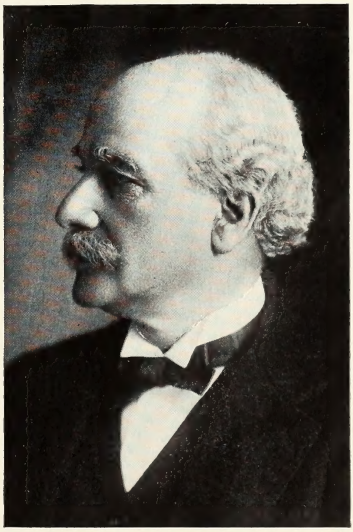
About the meeting-house and town hall was the town common. This site having been abandoned, Dr. Farnham, a skilful and successful New York physician, purchased it and erected a house thereon in 1885. His house stands on the very spot occupied by the second meeting-house.



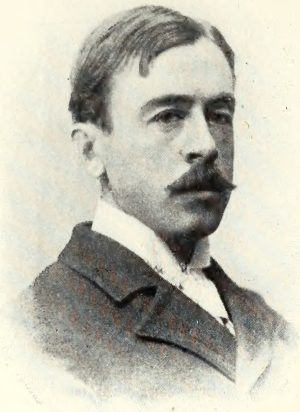
PROF. L. B. MONROE.

In this neighborhood Mr. Frothingham built a house the same year. He also purchased the Sprague mansion, enlarged and rebuilt it, and made it into a summer residence.

Another group of houses is located on the lower spurs of Monadnock, which lie at the east end of the lake. Here is the cottage of Professor Raphael Pumpelly, whose geological surveys in this country and China have made him widely known. His cottage is one of the highest in the town, overlooking the lake, with the mountain in full view to the west, and

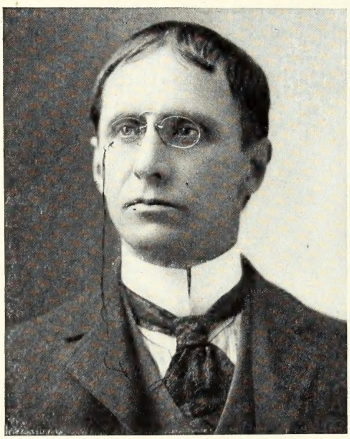


HON. E. A. HITCHCOCK.



JOSEPH LINDON SMITH.

commanding a wide reach of hill and forest. Some of the best houses in the town are on this hill, and others are being erected here. In this neighborhood is The Boulderstone; this was originally built by Mrs. Richard Burton as a summer residence, but some years since it was added to and has been developed into a large boarding house. Mr. Burton is well known by his poems and essays, has been literary editor of the Hartford *Courant*, and last year became a professor in the University of Minnesota.

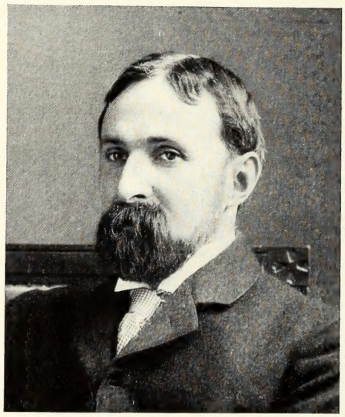


RICHARD BURTON.

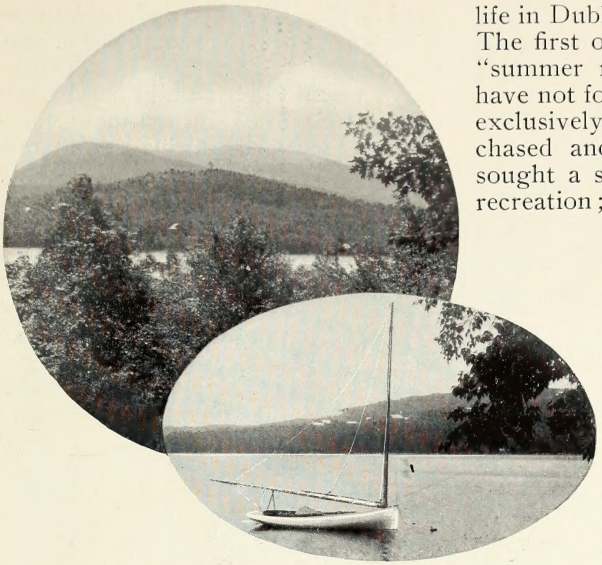
The spur of hills extending eastward from Monadnock has been occupied by other summer residents. The Learned farm, a little east of the Pumpelly cottage, was not long since purchased by Mr. Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago, whose active business career has made farming attractive to him. Here he is transforming two farms into a valuable estate, and a fine residence will soon add to its attractions.

In this neighborhood are the Masons and Cabots of Boston. Mr. Louis Cabot has purchased several farms and gives much attention to agricultural interests. He has a large herd of fine Guernsey cows, and takes much interest in the care and breeding of horses. He has shown what excellent results can be secured by one who seeks pleasure in farming rather than profit. Toward Jaffrey, on the old Derby farm, Miss Edith Page of Boston, who came to Dublin an almost helpless invalid a few years since, has found health and delight for the whole year in her country life, and in the management of fields, orchards and barns.

For a few years after 1893 almost no building was done in Dublin; but the summer of 1898 brought a revival in that direction. The present season, new houses are occupied by William Amory, Miss Susan Upham of Boston, and Mrs. Hugh McKittrick of St. Louis. Houses are now in the process of con-



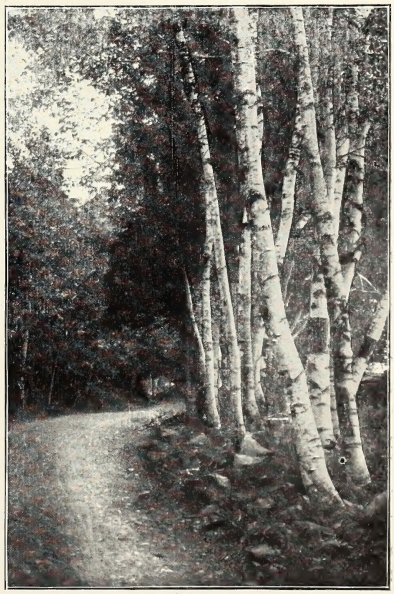
PROF. ALBERT B. HART.



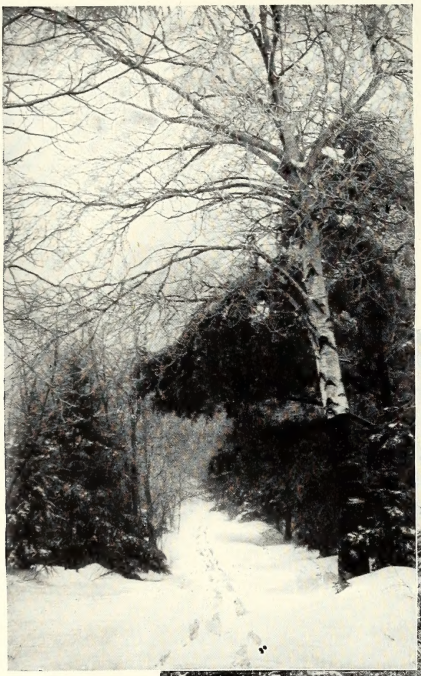
struction by Dr. H. Osgood and Mrs. William Parsons of Boston, Mrs. J. G. Chapman and Thomas McKittrick of St. Louis, and by Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago. Those who will begin building during the present year are the Misses Houghton and Professor A. B. Hart of Cambridge, Mrs. Edward Frothingham of Boston, Francis M. Jencks and Dr. Lindon Mellus of Baltimore, and C. W. Wyman of New York.

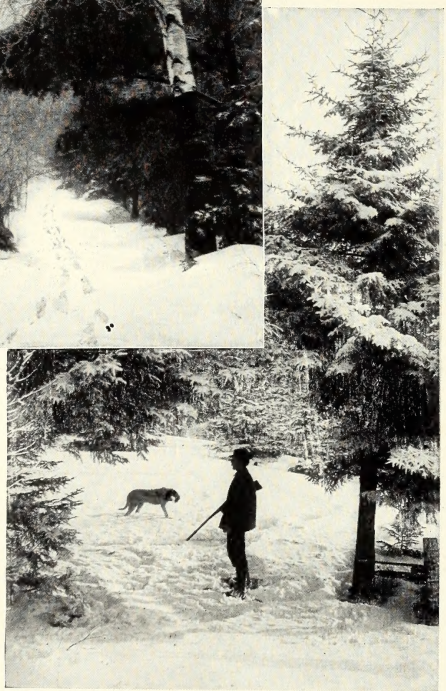
Nearly the whole of the region about Monadnock Lake, as well as the western slope of Beech Hill and the eastern spurs of Monadnock, are now occupied by the summer residents. The western end of the town is still devoted to farming to a limited extent. The eastern end has not yet been invaded by the summer resident; and here are found the greater part of the farms. It has come about, however, that every interest of the town now centres in the summer population. The farmers find here a profitable market for their produce; the securing of wood and ice offers a winter occupation; while a goodly contingent of laborers, mechanics and others are actively employed for at least six months in the year.

Two characteristics of the summer life in Dublin deserve special mention. The first of these is the fact that the "summer resort" aims and methods have not found manifestation. Almost exclusively the persons who have purchased and built in the town have sought a summer home for rest and recreation; they have not wished for society or fashion; and the life has been kept natural and simple. While there is a kindly interchange of social courtesies on the part of the summer residents, any display of fashion or wealth has been discarded to a large degree, and many interests bring persons together in a simple and unconventional manner. To keep to the ways of nature in yards, walks, roads and fields has been accepted as desirable; and an unwritten law has been adopted, that nature is to be interfered with as little as possible. The same law has been followed in society,—that simplicity is to obtain on all occasions. The absence of fashion may be said to distinguish Dublin as a place



of summer residence. The limited hotel accommodations and the small number of houses that are rentable have had an effect in limiting the summer population largely to those who have sought in Dublin a natural and recuperative life.





These conditions have been conducive to bringing to the town every summer a considerable number of persons devoted to literary and artistic pursuits. Already the names of Colonel Higginson, Professor Pumpelly and Professor Richard Burton have been mentioned. To this number may be added Justin Winsor, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Rev. William R. Alger, Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. William C. Winslow, and Professor Henry W. Rolfe of the University of Chicago. During the summer of 1898 nearly a dozen books were in the process of making by persons spending the summer in the town.

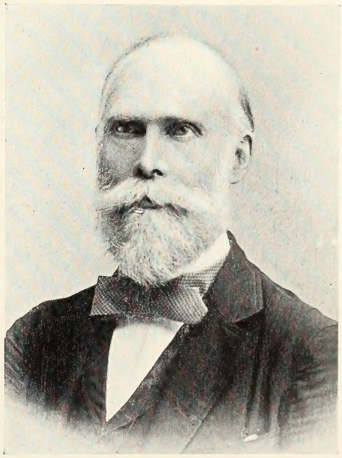
For many years Dublin has been a favorite place of resort for artists. The scenery is of unrivalled interest to painter and poet alike. The quiet, simple life of the town, in the midst of many charms of wood, lake and mountain, make this an ideal place for the dreams and labors of the artist. Every summer sees a number of studios in the town; and the work of Smith, Thayer and Brush has come to be widely known. To these names may be added those of Frank W. Benson, Edmund C. Tarbell and Miss Rose Lamb, all of whom have been drawn to Dublin year after year in pursuit of beauty and the helpful conditions of artistic production. George



THE APPLETON FARM.

Grey Barnard, the rising young sculptor of New York, has also spent one or more summers in the town. In former years Miss Maida Craigin and Miss Georgia Cayvan found rest and recuperation here after the close of the theatrical season. In the neighboring town of Chesham, William Preston Phelps devotes himself almost entirely to the painting of Monadnock scenery.* Edward Waldo Emerson occupies his studio every summer, on one of the southern spurs of the mountain.†

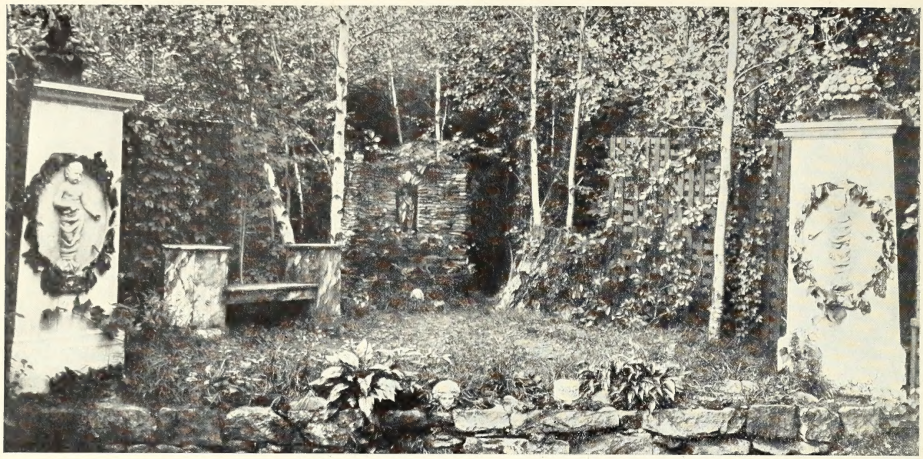
There can be no doubt that the attractions of Dublin for the summer resident have been the cause of its redemption as a town. The house and barn, with the surrounding acres for garden, orchard and pasture, one of the best village properties in the town, that sold in 1865 for $600, has been offered for rental the present summer for two-thirds that sum. That indicates the merely financial gain that has been secured by the summer visitor. The improved roads indicate another advantage, and one of no inconsiderable importance. The summer resident has much leisure for driving, he possesses good horses and carriages, and he calls for excellent roads. As he is quite willing to be taxed for this purpose, the roads have been greatly improved, so that they now offer unsurpassed attractions for riding and driving. The same tendencies have given a greater neatness to houses and yards, the planting of trees has been encouraged, and, what is far more de-



REV. JOHN C. LEARNED.

* See the illustrated article on "A Painter of Monadnock," by Charles E. Hurd, in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, November, 1897.

† See Dr. Emerson's illustrated article, "The Grand Monadnock," in the September, 1896, number of the magazine.

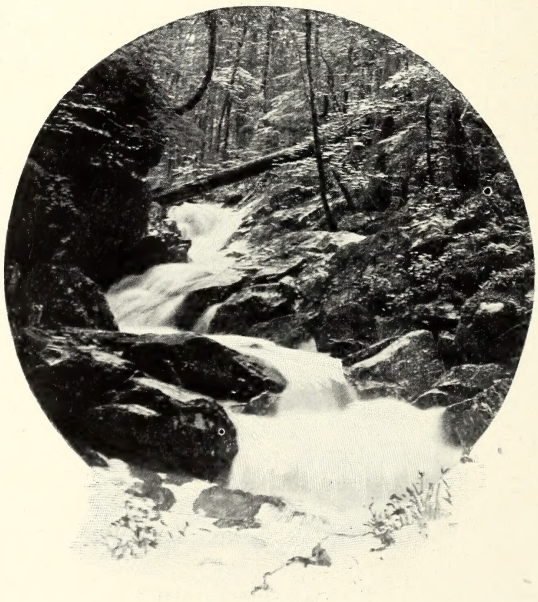


MR. JOSEPH LINDON SMITH'S ITALIAN THEATRE.

sirable, their wanton destruction has been guarded against. The tidiness, thrift and beauty of the town have been in considerable degree increased. The assessed property of the town has been much more than doubled in the last twenty-five years.

In a more limited way the summer resident has contributed to the social and intellectual life of the town, by aiding in the rejuvenation and enlargement of the town library, now containing about 3,000 volumes, and by bringing before the people various lectures, concerts and other entertainments of a high order. During the summer of 1898 Colonel T. W. Higginson, Professor A. B. Hart, Professor Raphael Pumpelly and Mr. Franklin MacVeagh gave on Sunday afternoons in August, in the First Parish church, talks on the events of the day as developed by the Cuban war. A talk on his latest impressions of life in England, given in the rectory by Colonel Higginson, was one of the attractions of the season. Two piano rehearsals by Professor Karl Baermann, in the primitive concert hall (an old barn) adjoining the May cottage, proved sources of the greatest delight to those privileged to attend. All these things add to the interest and attractiveness of the town life.

It is not to be assumed, however, that the summer resident and boarder are an unmixed good to the hill town. Such in reality is not the case, for they bring into it divisive interests, destroy the homogeneity of its life, and pre-



THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

sent standards of living which the native population cannot accept without injury to their social and moral conduct. The summer resident wishes for good roads, and he secures them; he is not interested in the schools, and they have deteriorated. Probably more money is spent on the schools than in 1850, but the standard maintained is much lower. At that earlier time the Dublin schools would compare well with any in the state, even in the larger towns and cities; but at the present time they are not adequate to the educational needs of the town. For this there can be no remedy until the state is persuaded to work for the equalization of school privileges throughout all its territory or until the summer resident can be made to see that he ought to aid the schools as he aids the roads and the library. With the deterioration of the schools and the incoming of an outside population, conditions it is perhaps impossible to prevent or to overcome, it has been made somewhat more difficult to maintain the old standards of moral and intellectual life. The native population of Dublin, however, has always been intelligent, self-respecting and moral, with an almost entire absence of vice and crime.

What gives Dublin its characteristics as a town is the fact that it lies on the lower slopes of "Cheshire's haughty hill," as Emerson nobly described it. The solitary presence of Grand Monadnock gives climate, beauty and distinctness to the town, has made its outward attractions what they are, and has moulded the lives of its people. This isolated and unique mountain has been well described by one who knows it well:

"From field and fold aloof he stands,
A lonely peak in peopled lands,
Rock-ridged above his wooded bands;
Like a huge arrowhead in stone."

Finely did Emerson describe it as

"An eyemark and the country's core,"

standing in the midst of a wide-extended region as a

"Pillar which God aloft hath set
So that men might it not forget;
It should be their life's ornament,
And mix itself with each event."

One would need to travel far to find another mountain so individual as Monadnock, with so distinct and assertive a character. Individual as he is, however, multifarious are the forms of his manifestation, presenting a new face from almost every point of view. What he is from Monadnock Lake is so unlike what he is from Jaffrey or Troy that the view might be that of an entirely different mountain. A half-mile walk will give a new aspect of this "mountain strong," and give a new indication of the many elusive forms he presents. Monadnock is not rugged, bold or high, lifting his head only 3,169 feet above the sea and 1,676 feet above the lake and village; but he stands in masterful repose in the midst of a beautiful land, a majestic beacon and friend

"To all the dwellers in the plains
Round about, a hundred miles,
With salutation to the sea and to the bordering isles."

To the eastward, a distance of ten miles, are the Pack Monadnocks, a long succession of wooded hills in Temple and Peterborough, that are fit companions to their loftier neighbor. From Dublin village they present on the eastern horizon a constant miracle of beauty, only less elusive and shifting than that of Grand Monadnock himself. These hills are beyond the territory of Dublin, but at least one-half of Monadnock belongs to the town by right of possession; and with it belong the brooks, wooded slopes, forests, mountain paths and lake, that make up a perpetual succession of delights to the lover of nature. With these go the succession of flowers, the variety of trees and shrubs, the many kinds of bird life and song, that give to this region an unrivalled charm.

To climb Monadnock is not a difficult task, so gradually does he rise

out of the plain and the lower hills. The ascent may be made by the way of Mountain Brook on the western side, through the woods and by the side of the rushing waters as they flow downward; or one may walk across the fields and up a trodden path that can be ascended in two or three hours. The most attractive climb is that past Professor Pumpelly's cottage, over the lower spurs of the mountain, through high hillside fields, struggling up steep rocky slopes, climbing two or three of the lower peaks on the way, and finally reaching the highest pinnacle from the east. This ascent is marked by piles of stones put in place by Professor Pumpelly and Rev. William C. Winslow, and affords a delightful visit to the woods of the upper slopes and charming glimpses of lakes and woods and villages to the eastward. A leisurely climb reveals many delights by the way.

Monadnock Lake lies at the foot of the mountain and is one mile in length and nearly as broad. Woods come down to its shores, except on the western side, and a fine road, three miles in length, circles around it. In its waters are found great numbers of brook trout, of a variety unknown elsewhere. The lake is fed by springs, and has no visible inlet except the tiny brooks that come from the surrounding hills. Its pure waters, pebbly banks, wooded borders and cool breezes, with the mountain background, give it a charm quite its own, that wins for it the admiration of all who behold it.

To the northeast of the lake is Beech Hill, that would demand its own praises if it had not rivals so near at hand. From the vantage ground of its upper slopes Monadnock can be seen with great distinctness and fulness of outline. All about its borders are woods to ramble in and to find joy of their shade and wandering pathways. Across the lake, on the sides of Monadnock and its lower hills, this is one of the chief attractions, to wander along woodsy paths, to hear the murmur of singing brooks, to watch the outlook of sky and mountain, to sit on sunny slopes and study cloud effects or delight in the far-reaching vision of hill and lake. The road from Dublin to Jaffrey—any one of the three or four—the road which circles about the whole mountain and those that follow across fields or along old mountain ascents to wood-lots—afford drives one may enjoy for many a day. One of these, close at hand from the village, is found in Blackberry Lane, which affords a glimpse of how Nature most adorns herself when permitted to follow her own sweet will.



WHEN DEY 'LISTED COLORED SOLDIERS.

By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

DEY was talkin' in de cabin, dey was talkin' in de hall;
But I listened kin' o' keerless, not a thinkin' 'bout it all;
An' on Sunday, too, I noticed, dey was whisp'rin' mighty much,
Stannin' all aroun' de roadside w'en dey let us out o' chu'ch.
But I didn't think erbout it twell de middle of de week,
An' my 'Lias come to see me, an' somehow he couldn't speak.
Den I seed all in a minute what he'd come to see me for;—
Dey had 'listed colo'ed sojers, an' my 'Lias gwine to wah.

Oh, I hugged him, an' I kissed him, an' I baiged him not to go;
But he tol' me dat his conscience, hit was callin' to him so,
An' he couldn't baih to lingah w'en he had a chanst to fight
For de freedom dey had gin him an' de glory of de right.
So he kissed me, an' he lef' me, w'en I'd p'omised to be true;
An' dey put a knapsack on him, an' a coat all colo'ed blue.
So I gin him pap's ol' Bible f'om de bottom of de draw,—
Wen dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.

But I thought of all de weary miles dat he would have to tramp.
An' I couldn't be contented w'en dey tuk him to de camp.
W'y my hea't nigh broke wid grievin' twell I seed him on de street;
Den I felt lak I could go an' th'ow my body at his feet.
For his buttons was a-shinin', an' his face was shinin', too,
An' he looked so strong an' mighty in his coat o' sojer blue,
Dat I hollahed, "Step up, manny," dough my th'oat was so' an' raw,—
W'en dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.

Ol' Mis' cried w'en mastah lef' huh, young Miss mou'ned huh brothah Ned,
An' I didn't know dey feelin's is de ve'y wo'ds dey said
W'en I tol' 'em I was so'y. Dey had done gin up dey all;
But dey only seemed mo' proudah dat dey men had heerd de call.
Bofe my mastahs went in gray suits, an' I loved de Yankee blue,
But I thought dat I could sorrer for de losin' of 'em too;
But I couldn't, for I didn't know de ha'f o' what I saw,
Twell dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.

Mastah Jack come home all sickly; he was broke for life, dey said;
An' dey lef' my po' young mastah some'rs on de roadside,—dead.
W'en de women cried an' mou'ned 'em, I could feel it thoo an' thoo,
For I had a loved un fightin' in de way o' dangah, too.
Den dey tol' me dey had laid him some'rs way down souf to res',
Wid de flag dat he had fit for shinin' daih acrost his breas'.
Well, I cried, but den I reckon dat's what Gawd had called him for.
W'en dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.

WORKMEN'S HOMES AND WORKMEN'S TRAINS.

By Charles Welsh.

WHEN, thirty years or more ago, some public-spirited people of London, interested in the welfare of the workingman and realizing the importance, to his moral and physical well-being, of his being properly housed in sanitary dwellings and in a pure atmosphere, started a joint stock company with the view of providing suburban homes for artisans and laborers, their idea of "philanthropy and five per cent," as it was jeeringly called by some, came in for much obloquy and derision; and the financial failure of some of the earlier organizations of this kind seemed for some time to justify the animadversions of their opponents. But in later years the idea, under efficient management and proper administration, has prospered and brought forth fruit abundantly. In all the suburbs of London, north, south, east and west, large tracts of land have been acquired by these joint stock companies and have been covered with dwellings for workingmen.

To these colonies the name of parks has been frequently given,—such as Queen's Park, and Noel Park, to cite two of the best known. These parks do not consist of dismal rows of houses all built in one deadly uniform style, nor of barrack-like tenement houses, but of pretty, tasteful cottages of various sizes and of various degrees of accommodation, soundly built, with all modern improvements, each with its own little garden and rented at from four to twelve shillings ($1 to $3) a week. These estates are tastefully laid out, paved, sewered and lighted; and the companies owning and operating them pay a very fair dividend to their shareholders, after providing for maintenance, an amortization fund, and adequately remunerating the staff required.

These parks are governed by all those conditions which insure the moral and social well-being of the people. Not only are no intoxicating liquors allowed to be sold upon any premises therein, but every influence is used to keep the public houses far away from their borders. All matters affecting sanitation are most carefully looked after, and as they are well away from the smoke and impure atmosphere of the city and the manufacturing districts, in suburbs where good air and pure water abound, they are the healthiest living places near the metropolis; and, thanks to a system to which we shall refer later on, they are within easy access of the great centre which is the scene of the daily labors of those who dwell therein.

The congested condition of city habitation was for many years a problem for the London municipal authorities. They succeeded in removing the congestion; but it was left mainly to private enterprise to provide for the thousands who were made homeless by the city improvements. The rookeries in which thousands of the working classes in London were packed together have their counterpart only in some of the worst tenement houses of New York. City improvements, the widening of old thoroughfares, and the opening up of new ones, were constantly destroying acres of them; and workingmen were being literally driven out of house and home by thousands.

Many of these rookeries still exist; but they are fast disappearing, and to-day, thanks to the agencies to which it is our purpose to call attention, the condition of the workingman in London, so far as his dwelling place is concerned, is better than that of his peers in almost any city in the world. But the homeless evicted workingman was at one time one of the most serious social problems that

London had to face; and the promoters of the Artisans' and Laborers' Dwellings Companies came forward to solve it. They raised the necessary capital, bought the land within reasonable distance of the city, and built the houses such as we have described. But there was yet another problem to be solved—that of transporting the possible dwellers therein to and from their work.

Special railroad tickets at reduced rates for workmen, available between certain morning and evening hours only, had long been issued by most of the railroad companies serving suburban London; but the rates were yet too high, and only the better paid mechanic could afford to avail himself of the facility thus offered. New armies of workingmen of all grades of pay were every month seeking suburban homes; capitalists were building such homes all around the city; but the distance between the workman's home and his work had yet to be bridged.

The promoters of the different Artisans' and Laborers' Dwellings Companies in the different suburbs got together to advocate cheaper workman's fares and more frequent trains. Prominent social reformers joined them; and the workingmen themselves took up the matter. Government was appealed to, to bring pressure upon the railroad companies to induce them to give greater facilities in the way of cheaper rates and greater train accommodation for workmen between city and suburb, with the result that a service of workmen's special morning and evening trains was organized on practically every railroad system leading out of London, with fares so low as to be within the reach of the laboring man as well as of the skilled artisan. Low as these fares are, the trains are run at a profit to the railroad companies. The full complement of passengers being always practically assured, it was easy to base the fare on the actual expense of running the train.

The result of all this, which, like all reforms in England, was brought about in the face of difficulty and opposition and by very slow degrees, is that the last quarter of a century has witnessed a complete revolution in the conditions of the housing of the working classes, not alone in London, but in the other large cities, which were not slow to follow the example set by the metropolis.

Has not all this some lessons for the people of some of our own cities, especially in manufacturing districts, which are becoming overcrowded? The conditions under which hundreds of workingmen in American cities are living to-day are in every way as bad as those which existed in London thirty years ago; and there can be no doubt that many places are ripe for improvement—improvement in the direction of extended accommodation in the shape of suburban homes for artisans and laborers who are compelled to live in unhealthy surroundings and in overcrowded and congested quarters, and in the direction also of providing them with special facilities of transportation.

Some of this work has been rendered more practicable in and around London by the reclamation of waste lands. Immense tracts of land on the eastern outskirts of London, which were for many years the dumping ground for the city ashes and solid rubbish, and of the slag and refuse from the factories round about, are now covered with long streets of houses that are constantly let at good paying rentals. In the neighborhood of New York City ashes and refuse have made good and valuable ground of what was formerly waste and marsh land. All the way from Communipaw station to the ferry, on the Jersey side, an area of hundreds of acres has been thus reclaimed and made available for bulding purposes. The project of filling up the Hackensack meadows with the ashes and refuse of New York City has already been mooted. It is estimated that in five years the whole of this tract could

by this means be converted into available building land.

As business enterprises, then, London experience has shown that undertakings such as these under consideration can be made successful; as to their value as affecting the social and moral well-being of those who are still compelled to live stived up in city tenements there can be no two opinions. "Philanthropy and five per cent" may be found as compatible in American city suburbs as they have been found in England; and artisans' and laborers' dwelling associations could not fail to flourish here, both as investments and as instruments of social well-being, if they are only properly founded, capitalized, governed and administered.

But we shall still have the question of transportation to deal with; and for the solution of this problem, in the same way as it has been solved in England, we are surely ripe also. Not long since a workingman put forward in a leading New York newspaper an earnest plea for special trains for workingmen going to and from their work, on account of the manner in which other passengers avoided him when he was obliged to board the car at the end of the day, covered with the grease, dirt and grime inseparable from his occupation. It was, he urged, not fair to him that he should be treated as a pariah by the better dressed passengers; nor was it, he was quite as ready to admit, fair to them that they should be subjected to this unavoidable contact with his soiled clothes.

This, however, is only a minor factor in the problem, though it involves the comfort and convenience of all concerned. It would be quite possible to run special ferry boats and special trains, at special reduced through rates, for workingmen during certain of the morning and evening hours. The fares should be brought to the lowest possible point, allowing only a profit on the actual cost of running the trains; for, as we have seen, the full complement of passengers can always be counted on; it is not a casual, but a certain traffic. The transportation companies would surely find it as practicable and as advantageous to work on this basis here, as they have done in England.

The need for these two interdependent reforms is great; and they only require to be taken up in earnest to bring about good results, and nothing but good results, to all concerned.

It may be suggested that such workmen's dwellings as these London parks may injure the value of the better class of surrounding suburban property. Experience in England has proved the exact contrary. All around most of those parks of workmen's residences, which were quite in the country five, ten or fifteen years ago, the land is now built up with houses of a superior and more costly kind, and the volume of non-workmen suburban railroad traffic has enormously expanded in consequence, while the individual burden of local taxation has naturally been largely diminished.

It may be urged that it is un-American so strongly to define such class distinctions as are involved in what has been put forward,—that our republican independence of character will not tolerate this making flesh of one kind and fowl of another; and that, as the European system of first, second and third class carriages on the railroads has not taken hold here, so special workmen's trains would not be popular.

But since we have admitted the principle, at one end of the scale, by the introduction of parlor cars, there is no logical reason against extending at the other; and there is surely nothing derogatory in the idea to any one concerned. The question is a practical one. We are confronted with an actual problem, not a theory, and considerations of the general comfort, convenience, health and well-being should surely commend to America those solutions of it which have been found so effectual in England.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"WE are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington,"—these were the memorable words of Webster on the centennial of the birth of Washington, in 1832; "and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing for human intelligence and human freedom more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the New World. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders; and of both he is the chief. If the poetical prediction, uttered a few years before his birth, be true; if indeed it be designed by Providence that the grandest exhibition of human character and human affairs shall be made on this theatre of the western world; if it be true that

'The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last;'

how could this imposing, swelling, final scene be appropriately opened, how could its intense interest be adequately sustained, but by the introduction of just such a character as our Washington?"

We are at the point of a century from the death of Washington; and it is profitable to go back to 1832 and read in solemnity the words which Webster uttered in buoyancy. The whole world was looking on at the still new American experiment; the career of the American government was "among the most attractive objects to the civilized world"; "that love of liberty and that understanding of its true principles which are flying over the whole earth, as on the wings of all the winds, are really and truly of American origin." He described the era as that "when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle" and "when society has maintained its rights against military power and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself." He would have been surprised indeed if told that at the centennial of Washington's death we should be debating whether the military establishments which we are planning could be maintained without conscription, and describing the struggle at whose beginning, not end, we feel ourselves as the struggle between the social and the feudal principle. Imperialism, the forcible subjugation of foreign people, he did not dream of; the republic was to be an eternal liberator. "The spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty is to show, in our own example, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations and moral order is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at

this moment, is regarding us with a willing but something of a fearful admiration." Conscious of this "deep and awful anxiety" and of our peculiar responsibility for the weal or woe of "all the unborn races of mankind," we should rise to a larger and loftier patriotism and a more solemn sense of our duties; and our leaders, rising above "the little arts of party delusion," should "act right, and trust the people." "We cannot wish better for our country nor for the world," said Webster, "than that the same spirit which influenced Washington may influence all who succeed him." He urged his America, as he would still more strongly urge ours, to go back to the words of Washington, especially the words of the Farewell Address, and ponder and obey them. "Washington's Farewell Address is full of truths important at all times, and particularly deserving consideration at the present. With a sagacity which brought the future before him and made it like the present, he saw and pointed out the dangers that even at this moment most imminently threaten us. I hardly know how a greater service of that kind could now be done to the community than by a renewed and wide diffusion of that admirable paper and an earnest invitation to every man in the country to reperuse and consider it."

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We are of those who have an abiding faith in the American people. If they are making mistakes, they will correct them; if they are wrong, they will right themselves; and it is certainly true that they have few better helps at any time than the serious counsel of Washington.

We are at the point of a century from the death of Washington. In 1832 that great life was commanding and eloquent; in 1899 it is more eloquent and commanding still, and it is still more expedient and necessary than at the earlier centennial for the nation to turn back for fellowship with it. It is a kind Providence, as we said last month, which brings it to pass that in this year, when the need is more imperative than in any former year in our history, the American people will have their attention directed so constantly and emphatically, with the dramatic reënforcement of the great anniversary, to Washington's words and work, to his political character and his high conceptions of what the political character and purposes of the republic should be.

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We wish that there might be given in every city and town in the country during this centennial year lectures upon the Life and Influence of Washington. The Old South Lectures for Young People in Boston the present summer are being entirely devoted to this subject. A hundred towns could do nothing better than adopt bodily this Old South programme. The course consists of eight lectures, the several subjects being as follows: Washington in the Revolution, Washington and the Constitution, Washington as President of the United States, Washington the True Expander of the Republic, Washington's Interest in Education, The Men who Worked with Washington, Washington's Farewell Address, and What the World has Thought and Said of Washington. Among the Old South lecturers are such persons as John Fiske, Edward Everett Hale and Alice Freeman Palmer. Few places can plan to use these lecturers; although Brooklyn for many years regularly and other places occasionally have arranged to have each summer's course of Old South lectures repeated for their people by the Old South lecturers. Most places will use their own people—ministers, lawyers, editors, teachers—as their lecturers; and it is better that they should. But many should be glad to follow this Old South programme; and in connection can be used many of the Old South leaflets relating to Washington. For

attention to Washington is no new or occasional thing on the part of the directors of the Old South work. Each year there is an Old South celebration of Washington's birthday for the young people of Boston, with a strong address by some strong man upon some significant phase of Washington's life and influence; and among the hundred Old South leaflets already published are a dozen relating to Washington, almost all of them made up from Washington's own papers. These include Washington's Farewell Address, his Inaugurals, his Circular Letter to the Governors of the States in 1783, his Letter to Benjamin Harrison on the Opening of the West, Henry Lee's Funeral Oration on Washington, Washington's Journal of his Tour to the Ohio in 1770, his Account of the Army at Cambridge in 1775, his Account of the Capture of Boston, his Addresses to the Churches, his Words on a National University, his Correspondence with Lafayette, and his Letters on the Constitution. These Old South leaflets are reprints of valuable original documents, accompanied by historical and bibliographical notes, prepared for the use of students in the schools and for the general reader, and furnished to all, through Mrs. Hemenway's generous endowment, for the mere cost of printing. The Washington leaflets will be of special service at this time, and will direct students to the best books for their further studies.

At the Old South, the life and influence of Washington not only form the subject for consideration in the summer lectures to the young people; they also prescribe the topics set for the Old South essays for the year, the essays for which the annual prizes are given in the competition open to the graduates of the various Boston high schools. The two subjects announced for this Washington year are "The American Revolution under Washington and the English Revolution under Cromwell: Compare their Causes, Aims, and Results," and "Washington's Plan for a National University: the Argument for it a Hundred Years Ago and the Argument To-day." It seems to us that much good might be done if the schools of the country generally would set their pupils to studying such Washington subjects and writing essays upon them in the course of their regular school work. The solid and abiding benefits of such study are vastly greater than those of any amount of spread-eagle celebrations, even celebrations of the virtues of Washington. We have somewhat too much spread-eagleism in our schools. Enthusiasm is a good thing; it is always good to be zealously affected in a good cause; but what we want in our schools is zeal according to knowledge — real and critical knowledge, and not superficial half-knowledge.

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The student who wishes to learn everything about Washington's writings and about the immense literature concerning Washington is fortunate in being able to refer to the great bibliographical volume (five hundred pages) by Mr. Appleton Griffin, published two years ago, one of the most thorough works of the kind in existence, beginning with a critical account of the books formerly in Washington's library and now in the Boston Athenæum, and then passing into the wider field of Washingtoniana.

The writings of Washington have been published in two fine editions, edited by Sparks and Ford. The almost numberless biographies of Washington—by Marshall, Irving, Sparks, Everett, Lodge, Woodrow Wilson, Dr. Hale, Scudder and the rest—meet the needs of all sorts and conditions of men. From the time of Henry Lee to the time of George William Curtis, almost every great American orator has upon some occasion or other delivered a Washington oration. From Burns and Byron to

Longfellow and Lowell, the poets one by one have paid their tribute.

It were much to be wished that every American citizen, in this Washington year, might make his own little Washington bible, by going through Washington's writings and culling the passages which seem to him most noble and didactic and most necessary for these times. It were to be wished that each, when he has made this little bible, would read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it, until it becomes a part of him. It were to be wished that all would study Washington with the eyes of the men of vision who were his contemporaries; that they would ponder upon what the world's great men have said of Washington during the century since his death, and diligently inquire whether the things so highly praised are praiseworthy and to be desired and maintained in our national life.

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It matters little with which words we begin our Washington bible. Open his letters, his journals, his messages to Congress, his inaugural address, his farewell address,—and the fitting and commanding words abound. We open to these:

"Let me warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party. . . . Its common and continual mischiefs are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it. It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms, kindles the animosity of one party against another, . . . and makes the public administration, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common counsels and modified by mutual interests. . . . However such combinations or associations may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people."

"It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those entrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism."

"Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened and great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue?"

These words, as all will recognize, are from the Farewell Address. It is interesting to turn back to the Inaugural Address and find that at the beginning as at the end of his administration his thoughts were on public morality. This word too shall go into our Washington bible:

"The foundations of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality, and the preeminence of a free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens and command the respect of the world. I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my country can inspire; since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between honor and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity; since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained; and since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people."

The words on the sacred regard to public justice, from the circular letter to the governors of all the states in 1783,—that letter which was felt by him to be so important that, supposing himself to be then retiring from public life, he spoke of it as his "legacy,"—should go into our little bible; so should his noble words on toleration, from various of his addresses to the churches; so should his words upon education in good citizenship and the science of government, from his letters on a national university.

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The young people of America might profitably put together a little Washington bible of their own. It might begin with the maxims of conduct which he wrote down for himself in early life, including the injunction always to keep alive in his breast that little spark called conscience; and it could embrace many of his sensible counsels for school and youth. The correspondence between Washington and his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, belonging to the period when young Custis was a student at Princeton, exhibits Washington in a relation in which few are familiar with him. It contains much that is entertaining, and the dozen or more letters from Washington himself give some sound advice on education. Here is a passage from one of them, to go into our young folks' Washington bible:

"You are now extending into that stage of life when good or bad habits are formed; when the mind will be turned to things useful and praiseworthy, or to dissipation and vice. Fix on whichever it may, it will stick by you; for you know it has been said, and truly, 'that as the twig is bent so it will grow.' This, in a strong point of view, shows the propriety of letting your inexperience be directed by maturer advice, and in placing guard upon the avenues which lead to idleness and vice. The latter will approach like a thief, working upon your passions, encouraged, perhaps, by bad examples, the propensity to which will increase in proportion to the practice of it and your yielding. This admonition proceeds from the purest affection for you; but I do not mean by it that you are to become a stoic, or to deprive yourself in the intervals of study of any recreations or manly exercise which reason approves.

"'Tis well to be on good terms with all your fellow-students, and I am pleased to hear you are so; but while a courteous behavior is due to all, select the most deserving only for your friendships, and before this becomes intimate, weigh their dispositions and character *well*. True friendship is a plant of slow growth; to be sincere, there must be a congeniality of temper and pursuits. Virtue and vice can not be allied; nor can idleness and industry. Of course, if you resolve to adhere to the two former of these extremes, an intimacy with those who incline to the latter of them would be extremely embarrassing to you; it would be a stumbling-block in your way, and act like a millstone hung to your neck; for it is the nature of idleness and vice to obtain as many votaries as they can.

"I would guard you, too, against imbibing hasty and unfavorable impressions of any one. Let your judgment always balance well, before you decide; and even then, where there is no occasion for expressing an opinion, it is best to be silent; for there is nothing more certain than that it is at all times more easy to make enemies than friends. And besides, to speak evil of any one, unless there is unequivocal proofs of their deserving it, is an injury for which there is no adequate reparation; for, as Shakespeare says, 'He that robs me of my good name enriches not himself, but renders me poor indeed,' or words to that effect. Keep in mind that scarcely any change would be agreeable to you at *first*, from the sudden transition, and from never having been accustomed to shift or rough it; and, moreover, that if you meet with collegiate fare, it will be unmanly to complain."

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More useful in many high respects than the biographies, and certainly more stirring, are the great orations upon Washington, of which there are so many and by men so eminent. The careful words on memorable occasions of men like Webster and Winthrop and Everett and Parker and Curtis mean much. The student in this centennial year will not neglect these; and he will go back to the first of them all, the funeral oration which General Henry Lee delivered before the two houses of Congress on that

December day in 1799. Among them all he will find no words which characterize Washington more impressively and fittingly than those famous words at the close of General Lee's oration:

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate and sincere; uniform, dignified and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting. To his equals he was condescending, to his inferiors kind, and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand. The purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues. . . . Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns! Methinks I see his august image, and hear, falling from his venerable lips, these deep sinking words:

"'Cease, Sons of America, lamenting our separation. Go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint councils, joint efforts and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to and cultivate peace with all nations; . . . be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that union, which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors: thus will you preserve undisturbed to the latest posterity the felicity of a people to me most dear; and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high Heaven bestows.'"

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One of the lectures in the Old South course is to consider "What the World has Thought and Said of Washington." There is a large book, published a dozen years ago, which bears the title of "Character Portraits of Washington as Delineated by Historians, Orators and Divines," in which the compiler, Mr. Baker, has brought together nearly a hundred memorable estimates of Washington by men who personally knew him and by critical students of a later day, from James Thacher, who records the personal impression which Washington made upon him at West Point in 1778, to the English historians, Lecky and John Richard Green. Each reader will remember the noteworthy tributes which the editor does not include and which would have swelled his volume to many times its size; and we remember two words of peculiar penetration and significance which have been added to the ever growing monument within the dozen years. We think of no higher tribute to Washington as the maker of the nation than that, but a little while before his death, of our own Francis Walker. The true path by which alone the English race may hope to advance to a beneficent supremacy in the world is pointed out with power by Freeman in his essay on "George Washington, the Expander of England." Freeman sees well, as all Englishmen of insight see and say, that the men behind the redoubt at Bunker Hill and not King George's soldiers were the true representatives of the English idea, that Sam Adams was the bearer of the English idea when England set a price upon his head, and George Washington bombarding the British army out of Boston. Washington effectually taught England how alone she could hope to expand and what the policies were which would inevitably check and ruin her. Let him, interpreted by the great English historian, teach that lesson anew to America. We cannot here cite Freeman's words. The most striking words of General Walker are these:

"Chief among the forces which contributed to make the United States a nation, I believe,—largely as the result of recent thinking on the subject,—was the personality of George Washington. Conscious of a distinctly grudging disposition in respect to the influence of great men upon the political development of peoples, perhaps even subject to a depreciatory spirit respecting their very greatness itself, I yet find myself more and more turning to regard the first President of the United States as in no inconsiderable degree the

maker of the nation. In the experiment authorized and undertaken by the Constitution of 1787-89, not only his transcendent authority among his countrymen, derived from his personal character and from his services in achieving independence, but his lofty bearing in office, his impartiality as between antagonistic sections and competing interests, his prescience respecting the evils of foreign alliances and affiliations, and his fervent Americanism were far more to the future of the country than the fact that the Philadelphia convention had used the phrase, 'We, the people of the United States,' in the preamble of the Constitution. He was to the plastic elements of the country, in the outset to that great political experiment, more than all other statesmen put together. In securing comparative peace between the angry factions of that day; in holding the nation, as no other man could have done, out of the giant struggle between France and England; in impressing respect for law, for public credit, and for the forms of the new government; and in silently, but powerfully and grandly, teaching the lesson of devotion to union, he not only gave time for a fortunate trial of the Constitution, but he contributed a positive force which we cannot overestimate toward its orderly and energetic operation during the first critical years."*

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We are fortunate in possessing among the many biographies of Washington one which was written by one of his contemporaries, and one of the greatest of his contemporaries—John Marshall. In the article by General Walker from which we have quoted, his general tribute to Washington is followed by particular specifications; and his first word is this: "Of the direct contributions made by President Washington to the development of American nationality, the greatest must be admitted to have been his judicial appointments. . . . From 1789 to 1810, the tremendous powers intrusted by the Constitution to the national judiciary were, essentially through Washington's own appointments, exerted steadily and unremittingly on the side of an indestructible union." General Walker should have named a date much later than 1810; for the traditions of Jay and Ellsworth were continued to the end of his life in Marshall, whose influence, legal and political, for a full generation, was greater than that of any other man who ever sat on the Supreme bench. The great chief justice was the intimate and trusted friend of Washington to Washington's death. He was, like Washington, a Virginian; he served in the army throughout the Revolution, fighting by Washington's side at Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth, and enduring cheerfully with him the hardships of the terrible winter at Valley Forge; his influence was second only to that of Madison in securing the ratification of the new Constitution by the Virginia convention; and he was the stout defender of Washington's administration. If any man was preëminently fitted to be Washington's biographer, it was this great friend of Washington and most judicial of Americans; and he was induced to undertake the task by Washington's family, who placed in his hands the great collection of Washington's papers. Begun in 1802, four of the five octavo volumes of the work (a volume upon the early history of the American colonies was afterwards placed at the front) were ready for the press in 1804. It was a too hurried preparation of so great a work, surveying not only the personal life of Washington but the whole history of the period; and Marshall himself was keenly alive to its defects. It was afterwards revised and compressed; but Marshall was not a literary man, and the charm of the work is very unlike the charm of the life by Irving. Its great value will lie forever in the fact that it is Marshall's work. There was much polemic against it in its day on the part of Jefferson and his friends, who condemned it in advance as a Federalist book, written for electioneering purposes; and how Jefferson and Marshall stood with reference to each other in the politics of the time is best

* Article on "The Growth of American Nationality," in the *Forum*, June, 1895. See also his book, "The Making of the Nation."

pictured, for Old South students and others, in Henry Adams's magnificent history, where the two men are brought face to face. When all is said, there was probably no man in America who could write of Washington then more impartially than Chief Justice Marshall. That he did write of him we should all be devoutly thankful; and one of the best things that we can do in this centennial year is to make ourselves more familiar with his monumental but neglected work. His summing up of Washington's character at the end is often printed and well known; but none of us can read it too often, as the judgment of one whose opportunity and right to judge were so preëminent:

"General Washington was rather above the common size, his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous, . . . capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness. His manners were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve when carried to an extreme; and on all proper occasions he could relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation and the pleasures of society. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship and enjoyed his intimacy was ardent, but always respectful. His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to anything apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and to correct. In the management of his private affairs he exhibited an exact yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally wasted on capricious and ill-examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial though costly improvements. They remained therefore competent to that expensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him, and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence. He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius constituted the most prominent feature of his character.

"As a military man, he was brave, enterprising and cautious. That malignity which has sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a general has conceded to him personal courage, and a firmness of resolution which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candor will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious measures adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country. Placed, without having studied the theory, or been taught in the school of experience, the practice of war, at the head of an undisciplined, ill-organized multitude which was unused to the restraints and unacquainted with the ordinary duties of a camp, without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander in chief was yet to acquire, it would have been a miracle indeed had his conduct been absolutely faultless. But, possessing an energetic and distinguishing mind, on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors, if he committed any, were quickly repaired; and those measures which the state of things rendered most advisable were seldom if ever neglected. Inferior to his adversary in the numbers, in the equipment, and in the discipline of his troops, it is evidence of real merit that no great and decisive advantages were ever obtained over him, and that the opportunity to strike an important blow never passed away unused. He has been termed the American Fabius; but those who compare his actions with his means will perceive at least as much of Marcellus as of Fabius in his character. He could not have been more enterprising without endangering the cause he defended, nor have put more to hazard without incurring justly the imputation of rashness. Not relying upon those chances which sometimes give a favorable issue to attempts apparently desperate, his conduct was regulated by calculations made upon the capacities of his army, and the real situation of his country. When called a second time to command the armies of the United States, a change of circumstances had taken place, and he meditated a corresponding change of conduct. In modelling the army of 1798, he sought for men distinguished for their boldness of execution not less than for their prudence in counsel, and contemplated a system of continued attack. 'The enemy,' said the general in his private letters, 'must never be permitted to gain foothold on our shores.'

"In his civil administration, as in his military career, were exhibited ample and

repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment which is perhaps the most rare and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, and pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate at a distance those critical situations in which the United States might probably be placed, and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe. Taught to distrust first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information which was attainable, and to hear, without prejudice, all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine, and his decisions, thus maturely made, were seldom if ever to be shaken. His conduct therefore was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pursued. Respecting, as the first magistrate in a free government must ever do, the real and deliberate sentiments of the people, their gusts of passion passed over without ruffling the smooth surface of his mind. Trusting to the reflecting good sense of the nation for approbation and support, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests in opposition to its temporary prejudices; and, though far from being regardless of popular favor, he could never stoop to retain by deserving to lose it. In more instances than one, we find him committing his whole popularity to hazard, and pursuing steadily, in opposition to a torrent which would have overwhelmed a man of ordinary firmness, that course which had been dictated by a sense of duty. In speculation, he was a real republican, devoted to the constitution of his country, and to that system of equal political rights on which it is founded. But between a balanced republic and a democracy, the difference is like that between order and chaos. Real liberty, he thought, was to be preserved only by preserving the authority of the laws and maintaining the energy of government. Scarcely did society present two characters which, in his opinion, less resembled each other than a patriot and a demagogue.

"No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments and to his own countrymen were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction which forever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as truth of the maxim that 'honesty is the best policy.'

"If Washington possessed ambition, that passion was, in his bosom, so regulated by principles, or controlled by circumstances, that it was neither vicious nor turbulent. Intrigue was never employed as the means of its gratification, nor was personal aggrandizement its object. The various high and important stations to which he was called by the public voice were unsought by himself; and in consenting to fill them, he seems rather to have yielded to a general conviction that the interests of his country would be thereby promoted, than to his particular inclination. Neither the extraordinary partiality of the American people, the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence upon his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind. In him, that innate and unassuming modesty which adulation would have offended, which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, and which never obtruded upon others his claims to superior consideration, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion, he could maintain the happy medium between that arrogance which wounds and that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it.

"It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them, in some measure, to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war, against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities; of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and of passions could produce; of the constant favor of the great mass of his fellow citizens, and of the confidence which, to the last moment of his life, they reposed in him;—the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who

are candidates for political fame. Endowed by nature with a sound judgment and an accurate discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide; and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right, which would tolerate the employment only of those means that would bear the most rigid examination, by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise, and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted, but unsuspected."

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A great man is fortunate if he lives under poets' eyes. The poets after all are the popular and influential historians. How many men take their English history chiefly from Shakespeare—and their Julius Cæsar too! They might take it from a much worse place. It is dangerous to go behind Shakespeare on the vital point. Cromwell is forever safe against the critics, with Milton's sonnet and Marvell's odes in the library. A little volume has just been published containing the noteworthy poems on Lincoln. Lincoln was fortunate indeed in living in the golden age of our poetry; and almost all of the great poets—Emerson, Lowell, Bryant, Whitman, Holmes—wrote some great word of him. Washington's age was not an age of poetry in America. The poetical tributes to him are chiefly later tributes. But it is a brilliant collection; and we wish that, in this centennial year, a Washington volume might be placed beside the Lincoln one. Most noteworthy it is that the same hand which wrote the greatest poetic tribute to Lincoln gave us also the greatest poetic tribute to Washington. What better last words here than these few from the many noble lines in Lowell's "Under the Old Elm":

"Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first, but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
The common faith that made us what we are.

* * * *

What figure more immovably august
Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,
That mind serene, impenetrably just,
Modelled on classic lines so simple they endure?
That soul so softly radiant and so white
The track it left seems less of fire than light,
Cold but to such as love distemperature?

* * * *

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.
For this we honor him, that he could know
How sweet the service and how free
Of her, God's eldest daughter here below,
And choose in meanest raiment which was she.

Placid completeness, life without a fall
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
His will say, 'Here!' at the last trumpet's call,
The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much."



THE SUNSET LANDS OF THE NARRAGANSETTS.

WHEN, in 1636, Roger Williams and his associates founded the settlement at Providence, the Narragansett tribe of Indians occupied nearly all the lands now composing the state of Rhode Island. Their number has been estimated by historians at thirty thousand.* Roger Williams stated that they could raise five thousand fighting men, and Hutchinson that they were the largest of all the tribes between Boston and the Hudson River. At this period the adjoining tribes, viz., the Wampanoags, the Nipmucs and the Nyantics, were subservient to the Narragansetts, while the Pequots, occupying lands on the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound, with their principal homes and forts near the mouth of the river Thames, were their deadly enemies. Previously a fierce battle had occurred between the Pequots and the Narragansetts in which the latter were victorious. There is ground for belief that the hardest of the fight took place on the lands we are especially to consider.

In 1637, on May 26, the Pequots were attacked in their forts at daybreak by the white colonists, and about six hundred were killed. From this disaster they never recovered, and the few survivors affiliated with other tribes. Only two Englishmen had fallen in the encounter, and but sixteen were wounded.

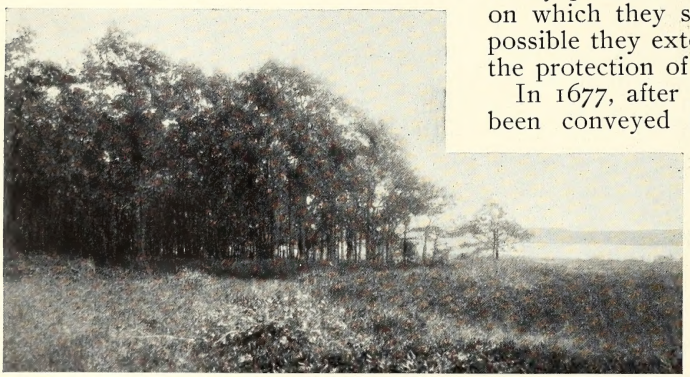
*In October, 1636, news reached Providence that the Pequots were trying to induce the Narragansetts, as well as the Mohegans, who occupied lands north of the Pequot country, to unite in a general rising and sweep the English from the soil. Although Roger Williams had been banished from Massachusetts, he received letters from the authorities of that colony requesting his speediest endeavors to prevent the league. Alone, in a poor canoe, he hastened to the home of Canonicus, chief sachem of the Narragansetts, and his nephew, Miantonomi, where he found the Pequot ambassadors. For three days and nights his business compelled him to live and to lodge with them, in constant danger of assassination; but he succeeded in averting the conspiracy, and after the destruction of the Pequot tribe peace reigned for thirty-eight years. This achievement of Williams is regarded as the greatest triumph of diplomacy in relation to Indian affairs that ever occurred in New England and perhaps in North America.

The Narragansetts were in advance

*Brinley's History of Narragansett in Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections.

*Arnold's History of R. I., Vol. I, p. 90.

of other tribes as regarded civilization. Besides hunting and fishing, they carried on some rudimentary farming. Their lands for eight or ten miles from shore were cleared of wood and used for raising Indian corn, which was furnished to the white settlers in liberal quantities. They were more courteous than other tribes toward the whites, and their chief sachems lived in friendship with Williams, receiving satisfactory payment for the lands which he bought of them. After a residence of six years among them had given him an intimate acquaintance with their characteristics, he wrote:* "I could never discern that excess of scandalous sins among them which Europe aboundeth with.



Drunkenness and gluttony, they knew not what sins they be, and though they have not so much to restrain them as the English have, yet a man never hears of such crimes among them as robberies, murders, adulteries, etc."

Canonicus and Miantonomi considerably reduced their possessions by selling land,—to Williams at Providence, in 1636; to Coddington, in 1638, the island of Rhode Island on which he settled at Portsmouth; to Richard Smith at Wickford in 1639; and to Gorton at Warwick in 1642. †Roger Williams made the following statement in 1679: "Mr. Richard Smith, senior, . . . put up in the thickest of the barbarians the first English house among them. I humbly testify that about forty years (from this date) he kept possession, coming and going himself, children, and servants, and had quiet possession of his houses, lands and meadow." This would carry Smith's settlement back to 1639.

By 1644,* eight years after the founding of Providence, the colonists had so gained the confidence and respect of the Narragansetts that the tribe, with the sanction of the chief sachems, placed itself under the guardianship of the whites. In 1650† the General Sessions at Newport passed an act restricting slavery in the colony to the term of ten years. It is stated with authority‡ that during King Philip's war in 1676, "except in the single case of the conquered Pequot territory, they [the colonists] scrupulously paid for every rood of ground on which they settled and so far as possible they extended to the Indians the protection of the law."

In 1677, after East Greenwich had been conveyed and erected into a township, the Narragansett country was limited to Washington County. When the Indians had become much decimated, three tribes, viz., the Narragansetts, the Nyantics and the Nipmucs, united to form the Narragansett nation.

The brave Miantonomi, always friendly to the white people, left a son, Canonchet, who commanded the Indians at the Great Swamp Fight in 1675, and soon after paid the penalty with his life. Thus perished the last chief of the Narragansetts, and with Canonchet the nation was extinguished forever. Ninegret was the sachem of the Nyantics who, with his tribe, joined the remaining Narragansetts and afterwards occupied their tribal lands in Narragansett County.

The General Assembly of Rhode Island, in 1757, passed an act§ exonerating the tribe of Indians in Charles-

*Updike's History of the Narragansett Church, p. 13.
†Updike's History of the Narragansett Church, p. 15.

*R. I. Colonial Records, Vol. I, p. 134.
†The same, p. 243.
‡The Beginnings of New England, by John Fiske, p. 227.
§R. I. Colonial Records, Vol. VI, p. 14.

town from taxes which the town had by a vote assessed.

The Church of England sent as a missionary to Narragansett the Rev. James McSparran, who arrived on April 28, 1721, and assumed charge of St. Paul's parish. He proved a most worthy and acceptable minister for thirty-six years, and on December 6, 1757, was buried under the communion table of the church in which he had so zealously labored.* This church, built in 1707, was located south of Wickford, on an Indian trail leading from Connecticut to the salt water, and was afterward removed to Wickford where it now stands.

Mr. Updike, in his history of the Narragansett Church, gives the following extract from the parish records: "September 6th, Thursday, 1750. The bans of marriage being duly published at the church of Saint Paul's in Narragansett, no objections being made, John Anthony, an Indian man, was married to Sarah George, an Indian woman, the widow and Dowager Queen of George Augustus Ninegret, deceased, by Dr. McSparran."

George Augustus Ninegret had been acknowledged as sachem in 1735. The last principal sachem was familiarly called "King Tom Ninegret." His tribe sent him to England to be educated, where he acquired indolent and expensive habits. On his return he built a house for his residence on the post road, nearly a mile west of Cross's Mills, the post village of the town. That the frame of the house was prepared in Newport and taken across the water was probably due to the fact already noted, that the lands along the Narragansett coast had been cleared of timber in order to plant grain.

"King Tom's" expensive habits brought his people nearly to financial ruin. After his death, which occurred about 1770, his house was sold to pay his debts. Purchased by a resident of the town, it still remains in the family of a descendant, a prominent merchant of Providence, who occupies it as a summer residence.

In 1879 leading men of the tribe petitioned the legislature to end all tribal relations by removing the state's long existing guardianship and elevating the Indians to citizenship. The state had annually appropriated money for the tribe which was used for the support of the aged and infirm, and for the maintenance of an Indian school. The petition was referred to the legislature of the following year. When the sun went down on April 30, 1880, it set forever on the fair lands of the once powerful Narragansett tribe—lands dear to them which they had long tenaciously held, but now relinquished of their own free will, never to be restored to men of Indian blood. Who after the Anglo-Saxons will be the next race or people to occupy this noble domain, none can dare predict. The petition was granted, the act passed.*

The march of civilization has been rapid. Where the proud Indian hunted with his bow and arrow wild game on which to feed his wife and children, the whistle of the locomotive is now heard at short intervals. Fourteen trains in a day stop at Wood River Junction, passing near these lands on the north, and the Sea View electric railroad between Wickford

* Updike's Narragansett Church, pp. 62 and 260.

* Public Laws passed at the January Session, 1880, State of Rhode Island, Chapter 800.



and Westerly—now in operation from the former place as far as Narragansett Pier, and promised to be completed next year—will sweep near them on the south. The journey which in colonial times required several days by stagecoach and packet between Boston and New York is now made in six hours. Thus Wood River Junction is but about two hours from Boston, four and a half from New York and one from Providence.

Perhaps the fairest tract in all this region is that known as Watchaug Heights, extending from the Champlin road to Watchaug Pond, on which it borders for about five eighths of a mile, and for the most part under stately oaks a hundred and fifty years old. By the road, at an elevation of one hundred and forty feet from the sea,* is a plateau of fifteen or twenty acres, half of which is covered by a grove of thirty or forty years' growth, that serves as protection from north and east winds.

Watchaug Pond, if it were not already named, might fairly claim the title of lake, for its circumference is rated at three miles, and its water, clear and deep, fed from springs, has considerable outflow that finds a way to the ocean through the Pawcatuck River. It is navigable for steam or sailing craft.

The Watchaug lands are separated by a narrow strip from the Champlin stock farm of 700 acres, which retains its name from the early proprietors of more than a century ago. This farm, now owned by a gentleman of wealth, extends to the ocean, and from it in colonial years were shipped to the West Indies quantities of cheese, oats and other products employing a large number of hands, both women and men.

In 1745 George Ninegret, then chief sachem of the Narragansetts, conveyed to Colonel Christopher Champlin and others forty acres of land on the post road adjoining the Champlin farm for a church which was built there and in which Dr. McSparran at times preached.*

†Like Plato, the Narragansetts believed in the immortality of the soul, and this belief they affirmed came down from their ancestors. It could in no other way be accounted for, since they had had no acquaintance with civilized nations, and were thus ignorant of revelation.

Probably there was never a prouder and more sensitive race of primitive people than the advanced tribes of North American Indians. The willingness with which a majority of the New England tribes yielded their lands to the white colonists has hardly been explained.

In the reservation of ten miles square, as adjusted in 1709, is included Shumunkaug Hill, an elevation averaging two hundred feet above the sea level, and at some points reaching two hundred and twenty-three.

History does not tell us for how many years or how many hundred years this was one of the localities most favored by the Narragansetts. It is about a mile south of Wood River Junction in the direction of the sea. The views from its heights are still interesting, although some of them have been temporarily obscured by the growth of wood.

The decidedly health-giving qualities of this reservation are attributed to several causes. Its elevation above most fogs, whether of land or sea, gives it a pure, dry atmosphere; its drinking waters are excellent; indeed, there is such an absence of contaminating influences that the visitor must applaud the choice by which this district was retained to the last as the home of the aborigines.

Fortunately no Narragansetts of pure blood survived to witness the transfer of their favorite lands from the red man to the white. A careful estimate places less than fifty persons in the township, who claim any descent from the once dominant Narragansett tribe.

* U. S. Geodetic Surv[illegible]

* History of the Episcopal Church in Narragansett, 12.

† Arnold's History of the State of Rhode Island, Vol. I, 78.

1607

1604